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31 Mar. – 26 Aug., 1899.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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DR. T. L. FLOOD, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

WOMEN AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.*

BY RUTHELLA BERNARD MORY, B. A.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HAWTHORNE said of Oxford, when he visited it many years ago, "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

His tribute to Oxford is scarcely less true of Cambridge, and it is amid these classic surroundings—the prerogative of their brothers for many generations—that the academic among English women have achieved so much in the past few years.

But we will put aside all allusions to these historic university towns as the royal dwell-

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

"THE EIGHTS."

ing-place of king and queen, of court and Parliament. We will ignore the hoary traditions which would fill their thousand-year-old streets with Briton, Saxon, Dane, and Norman.

It is the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day, each with its three thousand men and two hundred women students, which attract us, and the majestic old gray halls, in their ever-fresh setting of oak, ivy, and verdant lawn, are a fitting background for the vigorous young life which pulsates amid the time-honored associations of the past.

Twenty-three colleges at Oxford and nineteen at Cambridge constitute the university proper. At Cambridge, the women are housed at Girton and Newnham Colleges, the former opened in 1873, the latter in 1875, by Miss Clough, the sister of the poet. At Oxford, the four women's halls—Somerville, Lady Margaret, St. Hugh's, and St. Hilda's—are of even more recent origin, and have only been established since the formation of the Association for the Education of Women in 1878, of which Mrs. Max Müller and Mrs. Humphry Ward were the worthy pioneers. These women's halls are, however, only residence halls. For unlike Cambridge, where most of the lectures are repeated to the women at Girton and Newnham, at Oxford the women attend the university lectures at the same time and place as the men, Magdalen College being the only exception, where courses are still closed to them.

A GARDEN PARTY, OXFORD.

At the lectures, which are given in the college dining or banquet-halls, the men wield pen, or more frequently the ancient quill, at long oaken "forms," extending the length of the hall, while the women sit at separate forms, or are elevated upon the platform at the dons' and fellows' tables. Time was, and that only a few years since, when conservative sentiment made it imperative that the women students should be accompanied to lectures by discreet and matronly chaperons (at sixpence per

hour), but the "lady students" increased so rapidly that the demand for "sixpenny chaperons" far outran the supply, and the ignoble custom was wisely abandoned.

Apropos of chaperons, one of the Oxford dons tells with much relish the story of a request he received in the early days of the women students to lecture at one of the women's halls. As he was young, unmarried, and, therefore, unprotected, he replied he would be very pleased to come if he might bring *his* chaperon with him!

Other tutors tell with much amusement of the days when they "coached," or lectured to, two or more fair students, while as many chaperons sat demurely by, intent on fancy work or something equally engrossing. But those days are past, and now the women visit the lecture room, laboratory, and library as freely as the men, with, perhaps, a certain coyness, or shyness, as to mutual recognitions which would hardly be observable in an American institution.

The lectures are given by the professors or tutors, as in Tom Brown's time, "in full fig of cap and gown," and the men must always appear in like garb. The women, excluded still from the Bachelor's degree, are also excluded from its accompaniment —the cap and gown.

Even were this allowed, it would be a questionable dignity, since the undergraduate's gown is, in fact, "not all a" gown, but a short, sleeveless jacket, frequently bundled up in winter as a neck-muffler, and which to the glory of the undergraduate becomes very degenerate as to rents and scorches before it is exchanged for the dignified ermine-hooded B. A. robe. In its present curtailed condition, the undergraduate gown is a prerogative which the women can wisely forego, although the fascinating "trencher," or mortar-board, is an accompaniment which few would relinquish after once its charms were apparent.

GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

To an American woman recently at either Oxford or Cambridge, the most absorbing question has been the much-mooted one of degrees. The royal road to a degree is by way of the examinations. The women take the same examinations as the men—but alas! as yet they do *not* take degrees.

END OF LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD.

The matter *pro* and *con* has been discussed even to weariness, and some time must elapse before it is again vigorously renewed. The outlook is encouraging, however, as each time it is proposed there is a smaller majority against it, and its final adjustment is simply a question of time and a little longer agitation.

The peculiar constitution of the English universities makes it quite a complicated question. All university changes must be submitted to the vote of Convocation—the non-resident, as well as the resident M. A.'s, and, as might be expected, the non-resident element, many of them long "gone down," is more conservative and less in sympathy with change than the resident portion, and frequently overrides the wishes of the latter. In fact, many of the opponents of the B. A. for women have been inspired by the fear that the M. A. would follow, with its privilege of voting in university affairs. The recent decision at Cambridge was against granting both the B. A. and M. A. without the voting privilege.

It is, perhaps, fair to say that many of the friends of women's education have believed that there were disadvantages in the requirements for a degree heretofore which would not compensate for its advantages.

The degree of B. A. is attained by two

NEW HALL, SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND THE CHERWELL, OXFORD.

distinct courses. That which entitles one simply to the pass B. A. demands no more work than is required for the same degree in any first-class American college.

Those who do not yearn for the credit of scholarship are readily satisfied with the pass degree; and as it is residence at the university that makes the English gentleman, nearly half the graduates every year are content to be pass-men, rather than class-men.

The other course—that for honors—is the one usually taken by the women, and at Cambridge no other is permitted them by the Woman's Association.

Three examinations are essential to the honors degree. First, the "prelim," or matriculation examination, known as "responsions," the "little go," and "smalls," taken a short time after the student "comes up." The second, usually known as "moderations," or "mods," occurs within the first year and a half of residence. The third, known as "greats," is taken at the end of the three years' course. The *viva voce* examination, or "vivas," is an ordeal which especially tries one's soul, as the public is permitted to be present, and some are "plucked" who would never be "turned down" by a written examination.

Consecutive residence for three university years is an absolute requirement for a degree. If a man is compelled to "stay down" one year, he usually loses his chance of an honors B. A. and must accept a pass degree. This is a very severe restriction, as a man's position in professional life is more uniformly gauged by his university standing than in America.

At present, the women, not being admitted to the degree, are permitted to "come up" for the final honors examination whenever ready, whether at the end of two, three, or four years. Though most of the women are in residence, this is not absolutely required at Oxford, but is enforced at Cambridge.

It does not, therefore, work the same hardship as with the men, of whom, both don and undergraduate, it is strictly required at Oxford that they "must sleep within a mile and a half of Carfax" (the center of the city). One of the professors, erecting a new house, suddenly discovered it to be a few feet beyond the restriction. He compromised matters by adding a room within the limits, in which he *slept*, and thus in true British fashion complied with the very letter of the law.

ADDISON'S WALK, OXFORD.

As women are not admitted to degrees, both the time-limit and the conditions of the preliminary examination have been relaxed in their cases. Cambridge is, however, insisting on the same requirements as the men, and were the degree once conferred the conditions would, of course, be made identical.

The women have long taken "first-class" and "double-first" (two schools) in the honors examination and twice have surpassed the men as senior wranglers in the mathematical tripos—the highest honor at the University of Cambridge.

A distinctive part of the university system is the peculiarly English method of "coaching" with an individual instructor. "It is this personal intercourse of teacher and taught which is the most marked and valuable feature of English university education." Students "coaching" each week, with men who are authorities in their particular departments, not only come into intimate and stimulating contact with advanced thought, but are given an impetus toward original work and investigation. As most American women who study at the universities have already taken the B. A. degree, it is in securing an efficient "coach," rather than in the lectures, that the most valuable help is received. The M. A. is an honorary degree solely, conferred on graduates of the university.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

Oxford is particularly strong in classics, philosophy, and history, constituting the Litteræ Humaniores School, Cambridge in science and mathematics.

The subject of English is treated only from the philological standpoint in the university, although strong memorials are being presented for its study as literature. The courses

on English literature arranged by the Woman's Association at Oxford, and given by university tutors, are attended each year by an increasing number of both men and women students. It would seem that no places could lend themselves so attractively to the study of the nation's classics as these, which have produced the creators of English literature—Spencer, Milton, Addison, Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, Ruskin, and many others.

The writer remembers with keen interest a recent course on Shelley, in the old Hall of University College, Oxford. Here Shelley himself had sat in the days before he was expelled from his *alma mater*, which now glories in an exquisite monument to his memory. Across the "quad" was the room where he and his friend Hogg had built such disastrous philosophic air castles, and beyond "The High," in that vast treasure-house, the Bodleian, were choice relics of the poet, an exquisite miniature, the autograph manuscripts of "Prometheus Unbound," and the copy of Sophocles which he clasped as he sank in the far Italian waters. Disciples of Ruskin's utilitarian ideas can visit the still very miry spot on the Hincksey road where Ruskin, then professor of the fine arts, used to induce his elegant pupils to taste the sweets of manual toil in the useful exercise of road-making. These are some of the "living facts" which vitalize the writings of an author and make literature and life seem one and inseparable.

Both at Oxford and Cambridge the social life is quite as interesting as the student life.

The women's halls are not built around quadrangles, or "quads," as is the university custom. A few of them, originally manor houses, still retain their broad lawns for tennis and the charms of garden parties.

Among a race as devoted to sport as the English, one naturally finds much time given to athletics, for which the women are quite as "keen" as the men. The mornings are given up to lectures, "coaches," and reading in the Bodleian. The afternoons are as studiously devoted to sport and relaxation. Cricket, tennis, la-crosse, and rowing all have their disciples, who rigorously prepare for the inter-university matches. Walking is the exercise *par excellence*, and that an English girl is always equipped to enjoy it her ankle-length skirts will prove at a glance. Hockey is the great fall sport, and no more animated scene can be imagined than when the rival "elevens," in white and blue blouses and short skirts, their ankles safely encased in stalwart guards, go bounding over the field in pursuit of the elusive ball. At such an exciting moment an American girl is fairly paralyzed by the inflexible kind of applause (?) which distinguishes an English from an American athletic crowd.

The English rarely or never let themselves go, no matter how excited they become, and the invariably stolid and uninspiring "Well-played, Newnham!" "Well-played, Lady Margaret!" is simply an exasperation to an American, familiar with the inspiring "Rah! rah! rah!" which thrills our winning teams.

No matter how absorbing an afternoon's sport becomes, it is an unwritten part of every English man or woman's creed "Never, no, never! to be slaves!" to aught but four o'clock tea; and at this national function the men are no less ardent devotees than the women. In fact, it is a debated question who can brew the better cup of tea, the university man or maiden. So addicted to "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates" are these compatriots of Dr. Johnson—he of twenty-cup fame—that they quite fail to appreciate the feeling of the American girl, who pressed time and again to know if she had not become a devout tea-drinker, confessed that she had absorbed so much tea while in England that she felt as if she were "held in solution." No one hears of "afternoon chocolate," even with "switched cream," and "sweets"—English for bon-bons—are equally out of place. Hot-buttered buns, Banbury cakes, scones, and petticoat-tails shortbread, the last fresh from Scotland if possible, are the proper *menu*, with jam sandwiches and plum-cake as a finish. An American would suggest lemonade, or more

properly "lemon-squash," in summer; but no, the tea-cup reigns supreme all the year round.

Societies and clubs are quite as much in vogue in England as in America, and consume no less of the "varsity" girl's spare time.

The fortnightly sessions of the House of Commons give the debating society fine opportunity for trenchant discussions on momentous issues, and the "members of the House" become intense partizans, as the "honorable proposer" or "opposer" of the motion carries everything before her.

When on social problems bent, the Fabian Society listens to such economic authorities as Mrs. Sidney Webb, or Mrs. Millicent Fawcett; while the Architectural Society needs only stroll around the corner to find the choicest monuments of Saxon, Norman, Gothic, or Renaissance.

No less of a treasure-trove exists for the Historical Club. For Oxford and Cambridge—athrob with the vital memories of the past—are, in fact, English history in miniature.

Think of passing each day the stirring spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned at the stake, or of prosaically taking notes within the majestic Hall of Christ Church College, from whose walls look down the faces of those makers of history, Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and Queen Elizabeth—with those of its famous students, Sir Philip Sydney, the Duke of Wellington, Peel, Pitt, and Mr. Gladstone. Across the street is Pembroke gateway, where "Great Johnson" in tattered gown and dirty linen used to delight his fellow students with his brilliant audacity and wit. Down "the stream-like windings of that glorious street," as Wordsworth calls "The High," stands the ancient church of St. Mary the Virgin, whence Cranmer, brought for trial, was hurried to the stake. Within its chancel lies Amy Robsart, the wife of Lord Dudley, Elizabeth's favorite, whose tragic fate Scott portrays so vividly in "Kenilworth," and just beyond is old Queen's College, where were educated in -gone student years the Black Prince, Henry V., and John Wyclif, the Morning Star of the Reformation.

But, perhaps, it is this very embarrassment of historic riches which overwhelms the "varsity" girl's soul, and causes her to give utterance to sentiments such as these which appeared recently in the sympathetic columns of *The Fritillary* (the woman students' magazine) on

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

It was a hist'ry student who resided by the "Cher,"
Round her head a moistened towel,
She sat buried in "Yorke Powell"
And anon she murmured sadly, "How many views there are!"

Were the Saxon villeins servile when they voyaged o'er the sea?
Did the sheriffs farm the taxes?
If the druids had no axes
How they gathered all that misletoe 's a mystery to me!

Now Stubbs' three-volume hist'ry is a prop which cannot fail,
He is cautious, he is wary,
He is agile as a fairy,
"'Tis hard to catch a downy bird by salting of his tail."

When views are most conflicting and you don't know what the mean
Discreetly draw a curtain,
Delightfully uncertain,
Assert your deep conviction that the truth must lie between.

You can show a rare intelligence by phrases of this kind,
"*On the whole*, we may say, *mainly*,
Hal the Eighth was not ungainly":
For a hesitating attitude becomes the humble mind.

Try your best to catch the spirit of the medieval past
For a pleasant party bias
Will save it being dry as
Dust, and shows a human interest in times remotely cast.

A proverb or quotation gives a light, fantastic touch,
If it's known, invert the commas,
If it's not, cast conscience from us,
Pretend it is original and write it down as such.

A wholesome private conscience is well enough, of course,
But the *true* "Historic Method"
Leaves the mental sphere untethered,
Intellectual morality's another colored horse.

It is at moments such as these, when the "grasshopper has become a burden" and the jaded brain refuses longer to be spurred, when even one's ethics threaten to become sadly mixed, that the Dramatic Society comes to the rescue with a play, or the restful abandon of a fancy dress dance.

Here one may study Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins from the life, sympathize with the "Undergraduate," zealously pursued by the "Senior Proctor," or watch "Lady Teazle" impartially distributing her favors, and thereby creating mad jealousy in the heart of a gallant young "Surface." While "Autumn" is suitably accompanied by the "Sere and Yellow Leaf," others are not so fortunate in partners, and one smiles to see Jack Horner with Mary Stuart, Trilby with Boadicea, while Louis XIV. stoops to the "Cherwoman," and "Panting Time" toils after them in vain.

Each of the yearly terms, Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity, has its own particular attractions, ending in June with the long-remembered festivities of commemoration week. The great boat-races, "the eights," are the pivot, around which revolve the boat procession, the bump-supper, banquet, ball, and bonfire.

At this gay season half Oxford or Cambridge spends its afternoons on the banks of the Isis, or along "the Backs," by the Cam. The college barges—elegant club-houses—overflow with university men and maidens, and their visitors, adorned in all the glory of Paris and London styles. Let us, too, imagine ourselves among the visitors, and increase the enthusiasm with a "Well-rowed, Balliol, or Christ Church!" as the winning crew makes its victorious "bump."

As we wend our way from the races back to "the quaint city with its dreaming spires," Magdalen's exquisite chimes peal forth and suggest we are still in time for vespers. University women are eminently religious, and not even the gaities of "the eights" week will tempt them from this service.

With them we pass through the cloisters, down Addison's Walk by the banks of the "Cher." Here gay Oxonians, paddling down stream in birch-bark Canadas, remind us of the days when Lewis Carroll, then a student at Christ Church, used to row little Alice Liddell, the daughter of his dean, under these same pink and white hawthorns, and tell her the delightful tales now famous as "Alice in Wonderland."

But as we glance up at the stately tower, we too almost fancy ourselves in wonderland. From its graceful top we seem to hear the glorious old Latin hymn—the "Magdalen Grace"—which has greeted the ears of Oxford students every May morning for centuries past.

A peal of the chimes rings forth as we turn to enter the chapel, and leaves in our ears the memory of the long-ago in the bloom and verdure of the English summer twilight. "Surely," we exclaim, "a noble heritage are these learned foundations for the sons and daughters of fair England's past!"

THE AMERICAN CARPET INDUSTRY.

BY FRED. V. FLETCHER.

THERE are but few industries in the United States which are of such interest to the public generally as is the manufacture of carpeting. The product of the carpet-loom appeals to every housewife, and in the rise and development of the industry there is much to arrest the attention alike of the mechanic, the man of business, and the student of economic problems.

In colonial days the only woven coverings used to any material extent for floors were rag carpets and rugs. All other textures employed for this purpose were imported, their production here being prohibited by the British government on the theory that

the manufacturers of the mother country should be protected from competition in her colonies.

The bulk of the carpeting imported here in those times was the old-fashioned ingrain, known then as Scot's or Kidderminster carpet. A small quantity of Turkish carpets and rugs found a market among wealthy people, but such persons were far from numerous then, and in most houses a rag carpet was regarded as good enough for the parlor, while for the chambers, bedside strips or rugs of the same material were thought sufficient. In the kitchen the floor had generally no other covering than sand, which was strewn over it, as is still the custom in the public rooms of some country hotels or taverns. In New York it was not unusual for the Dutch *vrouw* to employ sand on the parlor floor, the covering being often made more ornamental by drawing designs upon it with a broom. These patterns would, of course, be marred by footprints, but they could be quickly restored, and in those days, as even now in farmhouses, the parlor was used by many housewives only on such occasions as weddings, funerals, and formal family gatherings.

The manufacture of rag carpets and rugs was then a wide-spread industry. Every village had its weaver with his primitive hand-loom, and many farmers' wives had their own looms, which were brought into service whenever the family rag-bags had become sufficiently full.

Rag carpets were made then, as now, with a warp of cotton thread or twine and a weft of rags. There were several other kinds of floor coverings, but in most of them rags formed the basis of the fabric. Hooked rugs, made by drawing bits of rags or waste woolen yarn through a foundation of burlap, got their name from the hook used in forcing the yarn through from one side of the burlap to the other. A pattern was drawn on the burlap and worked in with yarns. If home talent were not equal to the designing of the pattern, the burlap with designs stamped upon it could be bought in the country store. Another popular rug was made of strips of rags, dyed and then braided together. A piece of Brussels carpet was generally used as a center, around which the braids were sewed. Such rugs are still made in farmhouses, and in the census of 1890 the number of workshops producing rag carpets was given as 854, their aggregate product in that year being valued at $1,714,480.

The first factory in this country in which carpets made of yarn, not rags, were manufactured was established at Philadelphia in 1791. This may be called the beginning of the American carpet industry, as floor coverings made of rags cannot be regarded as carpeting in the ordinary commercial sense of the term.

During the twenty years following the opening of the Philadelphia factory several others were started. Most of them were situated in the Quaker City. Massachusetts had two or three, Connecticut and New York about the same number, and Maryland one. According to the census of 1810 only 9,984 yards of "carpeting and coverlid" were made in the United States in that year, and of this amount Philadelphia produced about 7,500 yards.

The first important advance in the industry was made in 1829, when the pattern weaving apparatus invented by Jacquard was adapted for use on carpet-looms.

A still greater advance, one which marked a new epoch in the industry, occurred about twelve years later, when Erastus B. Bigelow perfected his power ingrain loom, the first practicable power carpet-loom invented. The hand-loom could produce but seven or eight yards of carpet in a day. Bigelow's original power-loom wove only four or five yards more in the same time, but improvements soon made by him in the mechanism increased the product, until it amounted to twenty-seven yards a day.

In 1840 there were about thirty carpet factories in the United States. Most of them made ingrain carpets only, Brussels carpet being produced to but a small extent, and solely on hand-looms. Ten years later Bigelow invented a power-loom for weaving Brussels carpets, and the production of this kind of carpeting was then greatly increased.

The principal kinds of carpets now made in this country are Wilton, Brussels, tapestry Brussels, velvet, Axminster, moquette, and ingrain. Wilton and Brussels carpets are made on the same species of loom. They have a cotton or linen chain, a linen filling, and a warp of colored worsted yarn. The worsted warp is raised into loops on the face of the carpet and forms the pattern. The loops are made by wires which are successively inserted and withdrawn under the worsted warp as the weaving progresses. In making Wilton carpet each wire is provided with a sharp blade which cuts the loops open as it is withdrawn and thus forms a velvet-like pile on the face of the carpet. Wilton carpeting has usually about fifty per cent more wool than is used in Brussels. Tapestry Brussels, generally called tapestry carpet, has a cotton chain, a linen or jute filling, a jute yarn backing, and a worsted warp. The face of the carpet is composed of this worsted warp, which is printed in the yarn so as to produce a pattern when woven. The loops on the surface are formed by using wires, as in Brussels carpets, and when these wires have a cutting blade tapestry Brussels becomes velvet carpet. Wool is used much more largely in velvet carpets than in tapestry Brussels. Moquette is a pile carpet woven on a power-loom of American invention, which forms the pile face by cutting off little pieces of woolen yarn and fastening them to the warp-threads. American Axminster carpets are similar to moquettes, the loom used being but slightly different in principle. Ingrain is a carpet made in two plies, the warp being worsted or cotton and the filling wool.

The Quaker City took the lead in carpet manufacture in the infancy of the industry, and has retained it ever since. Philadelphia manufactures more carpeting than any other city in the world, and in the amount of carpeting made the United States excels all other countries, Great Britain, which was first, being now second in the industry. Carpet manufacturing was greatly stimulated in this country by the Civil War, the higher duties on foreign goods, and some other results of the war. Still, in 1866 the product of carpeting in the United States was valued at the comparatively small amount of $7,851,696. But ten years later the product had increased to $21,761,573, and in 1890 it had reached the value of $50,000,000. According to the census of that year, the number of factories then in operation was 173, representing a capital of $38,208,420 and employing 29,121 persons. These statistics do not include rag carpet factories.

American inventors have supplied our carpet industry with machinery superior to any made elsewhere and the carpets woven on American power-looms are fully equal, grade for grade, to the power-loom products of European mills. As but one illustration of the successful application of American inventive talent to carpet-making machinery, the tapestry Brussels loom may be taken. Fifty years ago the product of this loom was about five yards a day. Ten years later it had increased to sixteen yards a day, and now fifty or sixty yards a day is the usual product.

Until about twenty-five years ago there was a tendency among us to underrate our own carpets and regard the British goods, especially Wiltons and Brussels, as superior. This idea had some justification in the infancy of the industry here, but has none whatever now, and the general recognition of this fact is clearly shown in the immense decline in imports of European carpeting during recent years.

In 1870 the imports of British carpeting into the United States were valued at $6,882,451. Nine years later the imports of such goods had dropped to a valuation of $367,105. In the eleven months ending November 30, 1898, the imports of carpeting and rugs from Great Britain were valued at $534,938, and a considerable proportion of these imports consisted of oriental rugs, London being a great market for such goods.

The European carpeting now imported consists mainly of choice and costly specialties. Great Britain sends us a small quantity of Wilton and Brussels carpets, which

are sold here at from $3.50 to $5 a yard. The Scotch chenille Axminster carpets bring here about the same prices, and the English or Scotch hand-made Axminsters cost in this country from $10 to $50 a yard. From France we get a few Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets. The Savonnerie goods cost us from $15 to $50 a yard, and for Aubusson carpets we pay from $20 to $35 a yard.

The great decline in imports of European goods is of course to be attributed largely to the protective tariff, but quite as much to the remarkable improvements effected in carpet-making machinery by American inventors and the enterprise of our manufacturers in utilizing these and other means of improving the quality of their goods, increasing the product, and lessening the cost. The present tariff provides for duties on all foreign carpeting, but also imposes a high duty on the third-class foreign wool which is the principal raw material of carpet manufacture.

It is now the oriental weavers, the rug-makers of Turkey, Persia, the Caucasus, and India, the straw-matting weavers of China and Japan, who are the principal competitors with our home manufacturers. Imports of oriental rugs and straw-matting have increased greatly in recent years. Eastern rugs are fashionable, and have solid merit as well. Straw-matting is low in price and makes an excellent floor covering during hot weather.

But neither of these products of the Orient can ever interfere seriously with our carpet industry. Straw-matting, although lower in price, is not so durable as woolen carpeting, and our cold winters and springs call for something warmer under foot than a straw fabric can be. Good oriental rugs are ideal floor coverings, but they are costly and rapidly becoming more so. The growth of the demand for them has stimulated their manufacture, but the oriental weavers as a class are not adapted to the factory system, and the production of the goods is therefore not likely to increase sufficiently to make them an especially important factor in the American trade. The attempt to meet the demand for them has already resulted in a serious deterioration in the quality of many of these rugs, and indeed a large proportion of those now imported lack all the virtues which made the antique rugs so famous. The public here does not want these inferior goods and the better grades are too expensive for general use.

Our export trade in carpets has never been large, and it is not capable of increase to any material extent. European manufacturers control this branch of the trade, because labor and all the raw materials required cost much less in Europe than they do in the United States. American manufacturers are obliged to import their wool and pay a heavy duty on it. Our tariff provides for rebates on woolen carpeting of American manufacture when such goods are exported, but the compensation thus offered is so hedged about by restrictions and complicated requirements as to be practically useless to exporters.

Our exports of carpets consist principally of goods which are sold at cost or near it, to relieve the manufacturer of an inconvenient surplus. Canada takes the larger part of such carpeting. The countries south of us use but little, for the climate renders it unnecessary or undesirable. The small quantity sent to Central America, Mexico, and South America finds a market chiefly among the European settlers there, and is almost entirely of European manufacture.

The only great market open to our carpet manufacturers is in their own country, but this is the best in the world. Our population is now more than 70,000,000 and we consume far more carpeting than does any other nation.

But the carpet industry of this country labors under one serious disadvantage, one which has apparently no remedy. This is that the United States does not produce the kind of wool which is the principal raw material of the trade. All but an insignificant proportion of the wool used is imported, and this must always be so, for American wool-growers have no inducement to produce the inferior low-priced wool which is indispensable in carpet manufacture. Such wool comes

from sheep that wander over wild or but partially cultivated regions of Europe and Asia, the bleak, lonely steppes of Russia, and thinly settled, barbarous, or half-civilized countries of Asia. There is no similar territory in the United States excepting some parts of New Mexico and Colorado, and from there comes nearly all of the small quantity of domestic wool available for carpets. In this country the wool-grower will not keep the inferior breed of sheep producing carpet wool, when with the same land and but little more trouble and expense he can breed the merino sheep, whose finer and thicker fleece can be used for clothing and return a far greater profit.

Notwithstanding these facts, which are familiar to most sheep-breeders, although not so well known to the public, a small clique of wool-growers is continually striving to raise the duties on foreign carpet wool, the object being apparently to make it as high in cost as the domestic clothing wool. This scheme is based upon the notion that if the foreign wool were not imported, the demand for our domestic clothing wool would be greatly increased.

It will be observed that this plan ignores entirely the unquestionable fact that our clothing wool cannot be used for carpets. It is not simply the cost, it is the character of the wool which renders it unfit for such a purpose. It lacks the indispensable quality of durability. It is strong enough for garments, but cannot bear the rough usage which a woven floor covering must endure.

Heavier duties on foreign carpet wool would not prevent its importation, but would so increase the cost of carpeting as to make it a luxury for the rich alone. The masses of the people would dispense altogether with carpets, as they now do in most European countries.

Carpet manufacturers believe in the necessity for a protective tariff, and in consideration of the general principle of protection they are quite willing to pay a duty on the wool they import, although it does not enter into competition with any domestic product, but there is a point beyond which such taxation cannot be increased without dealing a staggering blow to their industry.

Surely fair treatment, at least, is due to an industry so typically American, in which the national energy and enterprise have accomplished such great results, and American mechanical skill and inventive genius have found such brilliant expression.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF SEMITIC LANGUAGES IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Success incarnate, self-inspired, self-raised
To that proud height whereat youth's fancy aimed,
Whom even those who doubted whilst they praised,
Admired, e'en whilst they blamed.

FOR nearly forty years one of the most potent forces in England had held him up to ridicule and laughter. But when death closed in at last upon Sheikh Ben Dizzy, *Punch* paid him a tribute, from which the above verse is taken, which is a good measure of the rôle he had played and the place he had won in those momentous years of English politics. A stranger in blood, he had become the guardian of the things most sacred to the people among whom he lived. An oriental to the backbone, he had gotten in trust the interests of the most occidental nation in Europe. A Jew still at heart, he had become the stanch upholder and defender of a national Christian Church. He had turned ridicule into admiration and scorn into respect; he had disarmed criticism and silenced censure. A plebeian at birth, he had become the trusted friend and adviser of his queen. A man who can accomplish all this must surely have possessed exceptional powers.

Most potent among these powers was an all-embracing, all-controlling will. From the day of his first and abortive effort

in the Commons, in 1837, to the day of his triumphal return to Parliament, after the signing of the Berlin treaty in 1878, success came to him as the reward of unflagging determination. "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me" —the historic ending of his maiden attempt —was the watchword of this determination. Few statesmen have entered the arena of politics with less armor on than he. He was an alien in race and in appearance. Even in school—so he tells us in "Contarini Fleming" and "Vivian Grey"—his eastern extraction had stood in his way. He was without riches—in fact, often embarrassed for money. He was a coxcomb in his dress, and a speaker after a fashion then unknown at the hustings and on the floor of the House. Any one with less will power would have speedily turned tail and fled. But he fought his way through all. He could afford to wait. He could accept defeat with grace, and failure with good temper. He had complete confidence in himself and in the final rising of his star.

Four times he had attempted to enter Parliament and had failed. The fifth time he succeeded. For three times he was a member of the cabinet, twice as chancellor of the exchequer, and once even he was prime minister, without having a parliamentary majority with which to work. On the fifth occasion (1874) he took office with a strong majority in both Houses and sustained by the publicly acknowledged good will of the sovereign. Two years later, this coxcomb of an alien race passed into the House of Lords, and sat with the select representatives of England's nobility as Earl Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield, Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden, Knight of the Garter.

With this determined will he combined an exact knowledge of the extent of his own powers. While he never underrated them, he never for long taxed them beyond their strength. He tried poetry in "The Revolutionary Epoch." He knew that he had failed; and, though some of his verses in "Venetia" are said by critics to have real value, he never tried again to write in verse. He found that his powers lay in a different direction, and he used those powers to his utmost advantage. This knowledge of himself gave him the needed courage. No more dauntless act is on record than his daring attack on Sir Robert Peel (1845) from out of the ranks of that minister's own supporters. It was a great risk to take. Peel was an accomplished parliamentarian, the first man in England. But he who took that risk had full knowledge of his own powers and felt his ability to follow the road upon which he had started.

Disraeli has been called the Great Sphinx, and one of *Punch's* celebrated caricatures represents him as such with a knowing wink in one of his eyes. I do not think that this carries with it any charge of insincerity or simulation. He abhorred cant in all its forms; and, if his aspirations were not of an ethereal nature, he was the first to say so. He worked for a name and for place. "Fear not, faint not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit and find a ready instrument in every human being," is the advice given to one of his heroes. But he never once descended to a low trick or a mean action. They who accuse him of insincerity have missed the root nature of his being.

It was his constant boast that he was the representative of the Semitic principle. Few Jews who live outside of the synagogue have had so strong a feeling for their race as had Disraeli. Few Jews who live within its four walls have made the extravagant claims for the work their people have done in the world's history which this Jewish member of the English Church puts into the mouth of Sidonia. It speaks well for him that he never put the fact of his origin in the background. He prided himself in that which others cited to his discredit. And even when malicious tongues had been silenced by his success, he continued to glory in it.

The foundations of his character were laid in this Semitism. The blood of Judæo-Spanish grandees ran in his veins and affected his whole character. If he had

the love of show and of spangle and of garish ornamentation, showing itself in his own personal appearance and in the characters of his novels, he had also that indomitable courage in the face of untoward and ill-starred fate which had enabled his forefathers to withstand suffering and pain. He owed to it that ubiquity, that suppleness and pliancy which made it possible for him to accommodate himself so readily to altered circumstances. He owed to it, also, that love of law and order, that veneration for old England in its feudal character, that desire to "conserve" the old that made him the real founder of the Conservative party, the vindicator of the British constitution.

But this descendant of the haughty race of Spanish Jews had been born in England. He had read voraciously and had traveled much. He had imbibed something of the new spirit which had caused his father to leave the Bevis Marks Synagogue on account of what he called the "narrowness of the Jewish system." This new had, in a sense, been grafted upon the old. Disraeli himself believed that the graft had been successful. To the people at large it appeared different. He was looked upon as inconsistent and unsteady. It appeared impossible that one and the same man could be both courtier and tribune. The one was his Semitic nature, the other the English ongrafting. It seemed impossible that one and the same man could, to use his own words, "approve the action of the Chartists and at the same time disapprove of Chartism." The Englishman in him compassionated the workman's lot and felt for his aspirations. The Semite in him thought that this could be carried out only by a return to a sort of feudal system, in which the various sections of society should have duties as well as rights. It seemed impossible that one who rated so highly the genius of the Semite and the value of the Semite's religious gift to mankind could at the same time be the stanch upholder of the Protestant Established Church. His ancestors had been brought up in an established Jewish Church, in which ecclesiastical authority had not been weak. But he had become an Englishman and he looked now to the church of that country and was zealous for it. He inveigled his own conscience into really believing that "Christianity was Judaism for the multitude." And so these two streams were continually flowing through him. They were the expression of a double nature, which only in his own mind could live on side by side. He commenced political life as a Radical; he ended as a Conservative. "No statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives" was his own explanation!

In the changing character of events it is difficult to estimate the effect which individual statesmen exercise upon the destinies of the country they have been called upon to lead. "One who affects the mind of his generation" is a great man, according to Disraeli's own definition. But adjectives have little meaning; and the title "great" has been oftener misapplied than it has been deserved. Disraeli can hardly be said to have exerted a strong influence upon the development of the internal life of Great Britain. No great measure will remain connected with his name. He was the ruling spirit of the Derby administration of 1867; but the Reform Bill which he passed was but a trump card snatched from the Whigs and played for the success it would bring his party with the people. He had, it is true, called the Jews to enter Parliament. But he had been entirely unable to grapple with the great Irish question. Gladstone had come into power in 1868 with the express purpose of finding a solution to this difficult problem. He left the ministry in 1872, with nothing accomplished. Now was Disraeli's chance. But he let the chance slip; he tacitly acknowledged his inability to do anything. His Public Worship Act, which was intended to put a stop to ritualism, has not stopped discussion and acrimonious debate within the ranks of the church.

But the success of his later years, the only years in which he had real power to mold the course of events, lies in his policy

toward the Greater Britain and the globe at large. He was an imperialist in the truest sense of the word. England's greatness, to him, lay in her colonial empire and in the work which she could there do to make her civilizing influence felt in all directions. Disraeli has been reproached with being the father of jingoism. In so far as jingoism is a natural outcome of all imperialism, this charge may be true. He has also been reproached with having tried to make of England an Asiatic power. Recent events in the far East have shown how clear a view this Hebrew-English prophet had.

The great world-struggles of the twentieth century will be in Asia. Disraeli saw the small cloud on the horizon. Asia was to live again at some time, and he undoubtedly felt that his own race would in some manner share in this upbuilding. He had a romantic interest in Palestine; in the face of Bulgarian atrocities and of a strong anti-Mohammedan sentiment, he upheld the integrity of the Turkish Empire; Turkey had been sinned against as much as she had sinned. He created his queen empress of India and brought Indian soldiers to Malta. He acquired possession of Cyprus, and bought up a controlling interest in the Suez Canal. He saw that England's great enemy was Russia, whether at Constantinople or near the Himalayas. Had his policy been continued, England would not now be confronted by the danger of being wiped out of Asia by that same Russia, nor would she see Muscovite railroads and Muscovite soldiers at the very gates of her Indian Empire. And even should England turn from the dream of becoming a great Asiatic power to the hope of becoming a great African one under a Cecil Rhodes, the foresight of Disraeli in securing for her a firm foothold at the joining of the continents will go a long way toward enabling her to realize such a hope.

To all this the policy of the Liberals had been in direct opposition. It had been an almost unbroken series of disasters and of retreat. And with this retreat went also the prestige of England in the council of European nations. The four years of Gladstone's administration (1868–72) had seen the pitiful rôle of England during the Franco-Prussian War, the undoing of everything gained by the Crimean War, and the enforced settlement of the Alabama Claims. It was Disraeli who once more raised that rôle to some importance; and his traditions have been sacredly kept by his pupil, the Marquis of Salisbury. The Berlin Conference (1878), which he had called, in order to save Turkey from falling a prey to England's enemy, Russia, was perhaps the great success of his life. His figure dominated its councils; and though most of its provisions have remained without effect, it has brought England once again into its rightful place as one of the great European powers. Shortly after the congress had been held, the words of Zachariah (viii. 23) were not inaptly applied: "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold of the languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you."

I have said that as a speaker his style was unknown to the House at the time he entered it. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the two great leaders who for so many years stood upon opposite sides of the table. Gladstone was forceful in his simplicity; he was calm, even when speaking with great emphasis. Disraeli was never calm, except when he was poking fun or pouring out his sarcasm. He had a jerky way of talking; his whole body would sway and his head and hand assist in marking certain points. He was greatest in sudden effects; his most deadly weapon was sarcasm. It was this that brought such big game as Peel to his feet. But at times it cost him dear. When he spoke of "grasping the bloody hand" of O'Connell he brought down upon him the fury of the whole Irish party, which at one time almost submerged him. In answer to a criticism of Gladstone, he described his great opponent as "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination!"

But Disraeli was something more than a

statesman and an orator. Like Julius Cæsar, Cicero, Frederick the Great, Guizot, and Thiers, he was also an author. At one time, in early life, he seriously thought of taking to literature as a profession. He was a voluminous writer. The literary merit is greater in his earlier than in his later works. But they are all full of fine pieces of description, and exhibit those powers of sarcasm and debate which won him influence in his chosen walk of life.

All his novels are "tendency" novels, with the exception, perhaps, of "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple." "Sybil" treats of the problems of social reform; "Tancred" is busied with religious questions. "Coningsby" and "Lothair" are the works by which he will live longest as an author. They are the political novel, of which he was largely the creator. Here, under a very thin guise, we can follow the political life of the time in which their author played so important a part. "Contarini Fleming" and "Vivian Grey" are full of pictures of his own early life.

As statesman, orator, writer he was never idle. Nothing that Disraeli did was small and puny, and he will always remain one of the most picturesque figures among the many great men who have served England during the Victorian Age. When he once stood for election he was asked upon what he stood. "Upon my head," was his characteristic reply.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

He showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs.—*Acts i. 3.*

IN treating the resurrection of Jesus Christ we are oppressed with a sense of its tremendous importance. No fact excels it. No fact carries so much in it. Christianity stands or falls with it. Risen or not risen? that is the question. If Christ be not risen then his character is a wreck, and a wreck from which it is impossible to save anything worth advocating, worth having, worth keeping.

But if Christ be risen, what then? Then Christianity is divine and true, and everything that conflicts with Christianity is human and false. Then Jesus of Nazareth is what he claimed to be—the Son of God. Then redemption on Calvary is a glorious reality. Then life beyond the grave is a fact. Then the coming triumph of goodness is certain and indisputable.

Risen or not risen? that is the question. In dealing with this question we take the position of the text, viz.:

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is an historic fact, and as such it is substantiated by infallible proofs.

There are three lines of argument upon which I wish to dwell.

1. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ is established by other facts which grow out of it and which are connected with it.

(*a*) The Christian Church is a witnessing fact. Whence this great organization, the Christian Church? Where did it get its missionary life? It got it from the resurrected Christ, who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." What gospel does it bring to the world? The gospel of the resurrection.

This is its creed, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth that Jesus Christ is Lord, and shall believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." But what is the Christian Church? It is an organization linked to the days of the apostles by an unbroken history. It is the fruit of Christ's resurrection. It stands related to Christ's resurrection just as this republic stands related to the patriotism of the revolutionary heroes.

(*b*) The Christian Sabbath is a witnessing fact. The Christian Sabbath was not the original Sabbath; the Jews in our midst with their seventh-day Sabbath are a proof of this. By their seventh-day Sabbath-keeping they are raising the question from

pole to pole, "Why do the Jews and Christians keep a different Sabbath?" The answer to this question brings out the history of the Christian Sabbath. This is its history: The Christian Sabbath is kept as a memorial of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and as such it dates back to the time when the apostles saw the Risen One. In the Christian Sabbaths which have blessed the earth we have a grand chain of time which is made out of the links of weeks. Taking hold of the last formed link and throwing our might into one long, strong, testing pull, we can feel the rebound which tells that the far-away first link is securely fastened to an eternal reality. I would as soon doubt the fact commemorated by the Fourth of July as doubt the fact commemorated by the Lord's Day.

In the second place—

2. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ is established by the testimony of competent witnesses.

Our source of information and authority is the New Testament. This book introduces us to the witnesses and furnishes us with a copy of their testimony. According to the New Testament there are two classes of witnesses, viz.: Christ's enemies and Christ's friends.

It is important to notice just here that there are some things which are admitted by both classes. They agree upon three things at least: first, that Jesus Christ was dead; second, that Jesus Christ was buried in the tomb of Joseph, which was closed with a great stone, sealed with the Roman seal, and guarded by a Roman guard; third, that on the morning of the third day the tomb was empty.

The enemies of Christ had every motive to account for the empty tomb in a way to dishonor Christ. The very same envy and hate which surrounded the cross surrounded the tomb. Nevertheless, we are bound candidly to listen to what these enemies say. How do they account for the empty tomb? They persuaded the Roman soldiers to say: "While we slept the disciples of Jesus came and stole his body away"!

Look at their story. It falls to pieces of itself. It is confessedly the testimony of sleeping men. "While we slept his disciples came and stole his body." They saw nothing. They were asleep. As sleeping men they were virtually dead to everything transpiring. To admit that they slept was to admit that they knew nothing, and were therefore incompetent as witnesses. Their testimony was only a conjecture. Conjecture is not evidence. No court of law allows facts to be buried by theories and conjectures. Conjectures and theories are all that the enemies of Christ have ever produced up to date. This story, which falls to pieces of itself, is positively the best story that the enemies of Christ have ever gotten up as an explanation of the empty tomb.

It is said by the enemies of Christ that the witnesses of the resurrection deliberately bore false testimony, in order to deceive the world. This way of accounting for the empty tomb is no better than the soldiers' story, because there was no possible or conceivable motive to induce the disciples of Jesus to deceive the world. If Christ rose not they were deceived themselves, and it would have been human nature for them then to brand their cruel deceiver with infamy instead of glorifying him by the proclamation that he had risen. It is not human nature to treat deceivers as though they were saints. Mark what the disciples met with because they proclaimed the resurrection of Christ! They were persecuted by those who crucified Christ. They were scourged and stoned and exiled. Are these the things which tempt men to become impostors?

Besides all this, we must keep before us the results which the fact of Christ's resurrection worked in these witnesses. It lifted them out of their old selves and made them new men. They rose to higher faith and higher work. They gave the world its purest doctrine, and principles, and ideals. Their raised character is a proof of the raised Christ. The tree of falsehood has never grown such lives as the after lives of the witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

When this theory, the theory of deception, fails to smother the great fact, it is suggested that perhaps the witnesses of the resurrection were true in themselves, but labored under a delusion. Perhaps their intense desire to have Christ rise from the dead led them to imagine that they saw him. There is more modesty in this theory. But it does not fit the facts any more than the former theory. The resurrection had no place in the thoughts of the disciples prior to the time when it took place. They refused themselves to believe it when it was first announced. They had forgotten all that Christ had said about it. It is true that his wonderful life ought to have kept them from forgetting it, but it did not. His very miracles made his death all the more crushing. The disciples reasoned that if he could have prevented his death he would have done so, but his power gave out. True, he claimed that it was his arm that upheld the universe, but they saw that arm stark and stiff, and this neutralized his claim. To the disciples the death of Christ contradicted everything that went before. It left them panic-striken and in grief.

To show us that the disciples were not looking for the resurrection of Jesus, and that they believed only when strong evidence was presented, we have such incidents as those recorded of Peter and John. When word was brought them that the tomb of Christ was empty, they did not say: "That is what we expected, for he is risen." No. They could not believe that the grave was untenanted, and they ran to the sepulcher to see for themselves. The trueness of this story shines out in every part. John is John and Peter is Peter. They act themselves, and the details of the story which seem unnecessary to the casual reader bring this out and stamp the story as genuine. According to this story John was the first to believe in the resurrection of Jesus. He was the disciple of love, and love sees farthest and quickest. How was he led to faith? He tells us himself.

He was led to faith by what he saw in the empty tomb. He saw the grave-clothes folded and orderly arranged, the linen in one place and the napkin in another. This was what arrested his attention and occupied his thought, and led him to the conclusion that Christ had risen. He reasoned that here was the evidence of deliberation, leisure, calmness, and perfect freedom. There was no robbery, for the signs of robbery are confusion and disorder. Foes did not take the body away, for foes would not have taken such care, but here are the evidences of care. Friends did not, for the soldiers were here to keep off friends. Besides the body was already in the tomb of a friend, and could not be in a better place. Then what does all this mean? As he mused, the explanation came to him. He remembered the words of Christ about rising on the third day, and there and then, in the empty sepulcher, he believed. These are his own words: "Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw and believed."

Take a second story in this line, viz.: that of Mary. To her the empty tomb meant the body hurried away in dishonor. This was the cause of her grief. If she is ever to believe in a risen Christ, she must see him. Christ knows this, and so shows himself to her. He came to her and called her by name, and she knew him by his voice, for it rang with the old notes of love. This was the way this witness was convinced. It was different from the way any other witness was convinced. The witnesses of the resurrection were convinced according to their nature and disposition, and so the proof comes to us along all manner of lines. To Mary was granted the first appearance because of the intensity of her love. The first honor was placed upon the first grace. With this story of Mary before me I ask myself, what proof does the New Testament give us of the resurrection of Jesus Christ? Out of this story comes the answer: The proof which the New Testament gives us of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the living Jesus himself and the post-resurrection life of the living Jesus. We are told nothing, absolutely nothing, as to how he rose, but we are in-

troduced to him as risen. The New Testament hides out of our sight all the non-essentials. It sets before us the risen Christ. What more do we need?

Among the witnesses who testified that they had seen the risen Christ there were persons who had all manner of experiences with him, and all manner of opportunity for testing his identity. The proofs afforded them were infallible. They walked with him, looked into his face, handled him, examined the scars of crucifixion, ate with him, and talked with him. Who were granted these privileges? His mother, his comrades of childhood, the men who had been with him night and day for three years, his chosen apostles. These were the people who knew Christ best. These people could not be deceived. If it be possible to believe any company of people, it is possible to believe them. They bore their testimony in the very place where Christ died, and on the very day he rose. They proclaimed his resurrection to his enemies and three thousand of his crucifiers, men who had ample time to look into all the facts, in a single day came out and confessed their faith in Christ as risen. I have now reached my third point. It is this:

3. As an historical fact the resurrection of Christ rests upon an authentic record of evidence.

You say to me, "The testimony which you have presented is conclusive if true, but the question with us is, is it true? Can the genuineness and credibility of the New Testament narrative be proven?" This is a vital question. If the New Testament cannot be authenticated, then everything falls to the ground, but if it can be authenticated then everything stands.

Let me say in dealing with this question that the claims of no book have been more thoroughly sifted than the claims of this book. The sifting goes on and out of the sifting comes new confirmation.

We admit we do not have the autograph copy of the New Testament. The book as we now have it was collated in the course of long years. Part was found here, and part was found there: one tract in one country, and another tract in another country. Fragment was found by this man, and fragment was found by that man. What a marvelous history! But does not this invalidate the book? Modern research answers the question in the negative, and shows us that God never let the book out of his hand.

During our lifetime two of the oldest and fullest manuscripts of the New Testament have been found in old convents. These manuscripts are known as the Vatican and Sinaitic. These were written as far back as A. D. 325. When we compare our collated New Testament with these copies, what does the comparison show? This, namely: There is not enough difference to change a single doctrine. That certainly is marvelous. But there are three hundred years between the writing of these manuscripts and the time of Christ. Can these three hundred years be bridged? Happily, yes. Fortunately these three hundred years abounded in Christian writers, and the works of many of these writers stand upon the shelves of our libraries to-day. I have handled them with my own hands. In these extant works there are multitudinous quotations from the New Testament, accompanied with comments and expositions. From these it is possible to collect the greater part of the New Testament. These quotations prove that the New Testament was written at the time it claims to have been written.

To specify by way of example: We have the writings of Clement, the friend and companion of Paul. If the writings of Paul were blotted out, we could get the Pauline doctrines from him. Clement died A. D. 102.

For example, we have the writings of Polycarp, the disciple of John. These early fathers, whose writings we have, connect us with the apostles, and the apostles take us right back to Jesus.

Now from all this we see that the authenticity of no book is more clearly established than the authenticity of the New Testament. It is an authenticated New

Testament that brings to us the infallible proofs, the indisputable evidence of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Having now an authenticated New Testament, I imagine you ask me what is the strongest part of this authenticated book? I answer it is all strong; but the strongest part is that which contains the biography and the writings of the apostle Paul. The straightest line to the empty tomb is through his history. If we had nothing but Paul's writings we would have all that is necessary to establish Christ's resurrection as an historic fact. Let me put the whole case in a nutshell.

Men say, "Give us authentic records which run directly back to the eye-witnesses of Christ! If his resurrection be an historic fact, give us historical documents recording that fact! This is what we require when we deal with other facts." This is not an unreasonable demand. It is answered, I claim, in the writings of Paul. It is only necessary to say here that the most thorough of unbelieving skeptics have subjected the writings of Paul to the most rigid sifting, and they have pronounced four of his epistles to be unquestionably authentic; his two letters to the church of Corinth, his letter to the church of Rome, and his letter to the church of Galatia. There is not a scholar of any note in all the world who thinks of disputing this verdict. Now what of these undisputed writings of Paul? This. They are the oldest writings of the New Testament. They were written before the Gospels. They go back to within twenty-five years of the resurrection of Christ. They were written by a man converted six years after the resurrection.

But what was the man doing during these prior six years? He was persecuting those who affirmed that Christ had risen. This persecution only makes his testimony for Christ all the more powerful, for he as it were was driven into faith by indisputable and infallible proofs. But let us keep to his writings, which, even the learned skeptics admit, are as authentic as Macaulay's "History of England," or Bancroft's "History of the United States." Let us see what these writings set before us. They set before us the following things: Paul was at one time the chief disbeliever in the resurrection of Christ. He branded it as an out-and-out lie. He persecuted those who asserted it. Thus it was for years. But this order of affairs wholly changed one day. The living Christ called down to him from heaven and demanded a reason for his persecuting hate. This convinced Paul at once that Christ had risen. He saw his glory, he heard his voice, and he there and then devoted his life to the task of bearing testimony to what he saw and heard.

But this is not all: These writings show that Paul narrowly and searchingly investigated the history of the evidences of the resurrection of Christ. He interviewed John and Peter. He questioned James, the brother of our Lord. He saw the women who were with Jesus. He visited the church of Jerusalem, which had been gathered by the risen Christ. He interviewed half a thousand people who saw Jesus at one time. Even this is not all. Such were the proofs which he was able to gather that he went into heathen cities, and when he presented his proofs there, hundreds admitted their force and believed his gospel. Remember, these hundreds of converts were living when they could investigate every statement which Paul made, and could, like him, interview the living witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus. Such is this line of evidence—a line wholly independent of the four Gospels.

Behold then what a man must strike down in order to strike down that wonderful man, Paul, than whom no historic character has greater certitude. He must strike down his wonderful life. He must strike down the story of his conversion. He must strike down the Christian churches which he founded by preaching Christ's resurrection. He must strike down his four epistles, which the best scholarship outside of the Christian Church has pronounced authentic. What straighter historical line back to the empty tomb of Christ can reasonable men demand? — *Rev. David Gregg, D.D., in "Facts that Call for Faith."*

SOME SPRING BIRDS.

BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

I.

FEW persons who do not habitually make bird-life a study will turn to the humbler kinds of the deep woods, either to those which stay in the winter or those which merely pass in the northward journey, for hints of the spring's coming or the sure signs of its permanent presence. It is fortunate, therefore, for most of us whose outlook is the yard only and whose up-look is a few home trees with a snatch of azure between, that so many of the early migrants and best singers come about our houses when they first arrive, although some of them may seek the deep woods later. This habit is very noticeable in the bluebirds, blackbirds, meadow-larks, brown thrashers, some vireos, the two wrens ("house" and "Bewicks") and, of course, the robin and the phœbe, or common pewee.

With all this happy incidence, it is surprising to find so few persons who know even the commoner birds and their ways, and so many who manifest no interest whatever in their feathered visitors. Others see much of their neighbors but they regard a bird as a bird—rarely as a species, and scarcely at all as an individual.

Too many of us must have some projecting angularity far out of the usual on which to hang our languid interest, not realizing that even the most commonplace species has about it when studied, or even observed rationally, many striking traits not wholly expressed in wings and beak; and that every individual bird may have a personal character not hidden by its feathers. But our notes will have to be confined mostly to species purely and only a few of these.

It is scarcely possible to say which bird comes first in the spring even of those so commonly noted as spring-comers. My own notes have sometimes one first, sometimes the other, in various seasons. Likewise different regions differ in the same season. From away north of me, last spring, on the edge of Lakes Michigan and Erie, correspondents sent in records of the arrival of the bluebirds and robins long before these birds reached my region in the Mississippi Valley.

A careful observation puts the average time of arrival of blackbirds, bluebirds, and robins at from February 15 to March 15. With me an individual or so of any one of these may spend the winter, so that a few of them seen in early spring do not indicate migration but merely activity. In the same latitude east the bluebird often stays also; and even further north, as in the south coasts of New Jersey, Dr. Abbott and others note that this bird is a winter resident.

Of all these the robin is perhaps the hardier, and could stay with us anywhere were it not that he is so fond of the things found in an unfrozen soil, though the persistent winter berries of the woods would feed him here. We shall not, therefore, try to take the spring birds that stop in their order of coming, strictly.

Before talking of these which come, let us stop to note a bird which belongs to all the classes of which we have spoken; for to us he is all things to all seasons and the main thing to each. To some rather northern states, as in some parts of Minnesota, the cardinal is a spring-comer; to those further south he is a winter visitor, in that every thicket is livelier and prettier for his more frequent appearance. He is one of the "birds that stay" to all those states more southward still. For these reasons he is the bird of birds in the wide extent of his range, and the *spring* bird without a rival —not simply because this season hears his rich reviving song, but that, no matter what the time of year, he runs through each vernal day—as a bead upon his rosary—a thread of summer melody. His seasons, like Thoreau's hours, are not fretted by the

calendar or minced by months or inclined with the declination of the sun. After he has fed all the families for which he is responsible during the hot months, and has grown his new suit, compact against the blast of the cold, and glossed for the gentler things of the softer season, every pretty day is his to rejoice and hope in; and with cheering melody and crimson flashes he builds fragmentary springs of hue and harmony within the jaws of winter at every yawn in its icy sleep. Perhaps not all my readers are so fortunate as to have the cardinal at all seasons; or at any, for that matter, since the cruel habit of trapping for pets is now so extensive. Here in Missouri we have not only our own birds all the year round but many that come from Iowa and Minnesota, perhaps, during the severe winters. It may be these which break so easily into song at every glint of the sun, which hints of a return home.

All the late winter and early recent spring a pair made my yard and my neighbor's near-by orchard their trysting-place. I feel sure, without knowing, that they "had met before." It is quite probable even that they were mates of a former season. Still they went anew, as is so frequently the case with birds, through all the delightful and delicate attentions of a fresh courtship. Birds are apt to have a wedding ceremony at each anniversary, as we human folk do at certain years of round or half-round numbers, which have such a rich suggestiveness of a free renewal of the worn-out wares in the china closet.

I had never before heard the female sing replies to her lover, though I had heard of the habit with some skepticism; but often when the male began his full rich whistle, she broke in, always at the proper place, and kept perfect time on to the end. I could not tell, however, if she had that little undertoned "churr-r-r-r-h" so frequently heard from her lover. At other times she began the song herself, usually when he was away, whereupon he flew to her hurriedly and excitedly. He, however, never broke in upon her song, but seemed to be a bit surprised at her masculine manners. At other times they called and answered each other, remaining apart some minutes, as if each were testing the other's love or patience, till sometimes one, sometimes the other could endure no longer the strain of separation and affectionate pleading, and answered with an abrupt and anxious presence.

In their different yet confiding positions in my neighbor's dooryard they hatched out three different broods in rapid succession; and later they brought portions of their year's output into my yard to feed. Largely, this duty seemed to devolve upon the father. I never saw him with more than one youngster at a time, and this was usually a male. The few times when I saw the mother she had a single one of the girls of the brood with her. This was quite likely merely accidental—though it may be that they thus divide these matters as other folks do.

Late last September I found the father still feeding a lubberly copy of himself—one of the most persistent of chattering beggars. It was hard work to find enough to stop—even occasionally—the rattling jaws. One day a little female pine-warbler, on her way South, stopped upon an elm-bough which almost swept my study window and peeked at me a long while. After she left she returned in an hour, and after another interval among the outer branches she came again. Next morning I was honored with a nearer visit and began to flatter myself that I was interesting; but closer inspection seemed to satisfy and she left for good. But after noon I was aware of a distressing chitting near me and I saw the male cardinal—his boy following—coming up the limb toward me. He gazed at me, and my study of him, so strongly returned, disconcerted him and he flew away. Later I heard him "chit" somewhere—again hard-pressed still by his son for an afternoon lunch—and a moment later he was inching up the limb with the ague-afflicted stripling mincing after, scarcely able to walk in his rigor. The parent hesitated a moment, gave me a searching look, crept softly a little further, tiptoed away out as he stretched his neck and turned one eye upward, and from under

a leaf almost against the glass he plucked a smooth, green slug nearly half the length and size of one's finger. Then I knew why I had been so interesting.

At the sight of so much food the youth went almost into hysterics, and looked as if he would clap his quivering wings together could they have met around his already swollen crop. He must have it before the father had finished killing and chewing it; but no sooner had he got it than he seemed to realize that it was too large and fearful for him, and he stood holding it out as far as possible from his shins, with a sort of grunt for help, reminding one of a child showing its chewing gum. Again the parent took it, fairly pulped it this time, gathered it into a ball, and thrust it so far down the squealing throat that swallowing was not an effort but a necessity.

About those days when the prophecies of the cardinal are very frequent we are apt to hear the robin scolding as if he were testing the season's temper with a taunt. "Sleet! sleet! sleet!" he seems to sneer at its pretenses of softening up; and your first view of him is apt to be as he pitches headlong from some tree-top in the gauziest pretense of fear and complaint, or as he sits on a post lower down, and stamps and scolds and flirts his saucy tail in the most hypocritical manner. While he usually waits till the frost is well out of the ground, when he comes to stay, though his manner be so tentative. Capable of enduring cold, he can well brave out what March and April can bring, and he meets their bluster with a kindred braggadocio.

At first he is not much concerned about his music. He has sense enough to see that his heart's inspiration is not here yet; and being a business bird, he wastes neither time nor capital. So he puts in his days looking out a larder and leaves the selection of a home to his paler-bosomed charmer, who, he has learned to know, has a will of her own in these matters. But when he has toned his system with the fat from the soft spots in the meadow, he mounts some topmost twig, yet leafless in the bleak breeze, and "too-weelerips" in wild abandonment that nervous song of his, as though he had been taking lessons a little bit but had not practiced much. In his amateurish strains there is not only gleeful enjoyment of all that earth has now, but there are tones which tell of better things to come; they are preludes to the songs of the catbird, the brown thrasher, the mocker, the wood thrush, and the hermit. Then he is an all-round weather bird—a thing in many spring days to be thankful for. If it is going to rain, is raining, or has rained, he carols forth hopes of brighter skies and softer winds—of home and housekeeping and hints of the earthworm's response to the tepid shower's patter and the berries budding in the tangle. If he swears a little about the weather we forgive him because he does not wail or whine and swears interestingly. He is a little gluttonous, I must admit, later when the fruits come, though his gulping habits make him a large sower of seeds, and he deserves to reap. But it is his social neighborly ways in his later days which make him charming. If he is a little rough and plebeian in some of his manners, his confiding moods—for he is a bird of moods—are irresistible; and to know him well you have only to turn your head at the proper time. He is a bird that thrives with civilization despite his rude customs. After a little good living upon the meadows has cured him of his neurasthenia and he has found that no one cares for his bluster, he comes about his human neighbor to build his house and raise his children amid civilizing influences. His ideas of architecture are in keeping with the rest of his character. His whole demeanor is that of the pioneer, sturdy and hopeful, and in harmony with his habits, he wears a few more wrinkles in his boot-tops than the other thrushes and has the half military bearing of a scout.

In the spreading fork of an old apple tree or the low crotch of an elm; on the projecting corner of the old worm fence, or high in the scraggy tangles of the oak, he may place his picturesque nest. He has an eye for the compatible if not for the beautiful, and the bunch blends well with its surroundings

without any attempt of either art or concealment. He has anchored it with strings, studded it with sticks and stiff stems, slimed it inside with mud, and then lined it with dead grasses. It is the crudest of buildings, with the straw carpet and dirt floor of the long ago, and it hints an ancestry reared in log cabins with mud chinks, and keeps a loving remembrance of the old house at home after which his is modeled. He is a bird of traditions.

Few feathered things are better gifted to express distress than this one. It is the genius of all the thrushes, but the robin is histrionic as well as vocal. The young also will suddenly assume the greatest simulation of fright, and leave the nest to-day half-fledged and screaming when you peep socially in; and yet only yesterday they opened their mouths to you in the most gaping confidence. The robin impresses you as a great success—a bird of opportunities because he times himself well. His first brood is out with the acid of the June cherry and the nectar of the ripening raspberry; and unlike those of the redbird, jays, etc., the young of the robin takes good care of himself almost at once. By mid-June, the father is again in song, recharming the pretty bride of spring, and later his tipsy triplets are heard only after the clearing of a warm shower, as though he sang because it reminded him of spring. The worst I have against him is that he does not always give the second children a new nest. Later he goes to the woods, where various berries struggle to ripen before the frost, and then in loose straggling flocks he drifts rather than journeys southward.

While it is yet cold and cheerless Bewick's wren—sometimes called "long-tailed house wren"—drifts in upon us as a feather on the wind, and alights so suddenly that his tail seems as if it would go on over his back and so finish the migratory impulse. Then he bursts into the most gleeful and musical threnody to the March wind, which is worrying him so now, but must soon cease. Few birds are more beautifully or variedly musical. He comes a long time before his wife, but seems to make himself believe that she may arrive any moment. Unlike robin, he begins at once a tireless home hunt and explores all the crevices of the place—scolding in a peculiar "churr" at all human interruption.

No bird delights more to follow and tantalize a cat. After building under some eve or on some porch plate, no bird is more confiding. Like the house-wren, whatever the male does he pronounces it good in a rollicking burst of song, but unlike this blustering cousin, his song is musical. Coming to our ears far over the spring gale it is one of the most cheerful and piercing sounds of the season, and like that of the robin is not confined by any means to sunshine only.

The thing I have against him, which I do not harbor long, is that he has pulled me up from my desk oftener than any other bird, by means of the great variety of his music. When I hear him in full he is easily recognized, but the varying part of his song is the loudest, and from afar off will come this musical fragment, new in its isolation and very inspiring to any bird student. Often I grab my glass, rush out, and the fuller sound which the outer air permits shows me that I have again hoped for a song-sparrow and found only this little familiar.

His song varies with the early or lateness of the season also, and the kind of day it may chance to be at present. Very early in the morning, if it be a little cool there will be a brief, "sweet-see-wee, chee, chee, chee!" If it warms a little later, "su-wee-ee, see-wee-zer, che-che-che!" or, "su-wee-e, su-wee-zer-h-h, che-dick!" Sometimes a jarring trill is placed in the downward, sometimes in the upward "su-wee" of the song. As the season advances he may put the "chee, chees" front and warble in many other quirks and phrases, some of which resemble those of other birds. I think he himself never just knows his song or where he may terminate it when he begins; but it is always a rather well-rounded effort, repeated often, and rarely changed till a new position is secured. He almost invariably sings immediately after alighting, unless he is investigating some nesting-place or scolding some intruder.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

EVERY man in the United Kingdom who has lived for twelve months in a house which is rated to the relief of the poor is entitled to vote at a parliamentary election. Until 1885 the franchise was far less wide; and outside the boroughs a man could not vote unless he was a freeholder, a leaseholder, or the occupant of land of a certain rental value. Even this franchise, which lasted until 1885, was much wider than the county franchise as it existed until 1832; for prior to that time a man could not vote at a county election unless he was a forty shilling freeholder—that is, unless he was the owner of land or the owner of a rent charge which brought him in forty shillings a year clear of all encumbrances. In those days too many large towns had no representatives in the House of Commons, while scores of small, decayed boroughs, some with no residents at all, returned two members.

In these old towns the franchise was by no means general. In a few of them every inhabitant had a vote under what had come to be known as the potwalloper franchise—a franchise under which a vote was conferred upon every man who provided his own food. This franchise dated back to the very early days of the House of Commons, the days when there were still serfs in England; and a potwalloper was free, a man owning no lord, and who, to show his freedom and independence and that he provided for himself, boiled his pot in the sight of his neighbors. Before the Reformation this boiling of the pot often took place in the church kitchens. Later on it was done in the street before a man's door; and in many of these old English boroughs, even until the early years of this century, when a voter moved from one house to another he boiled his pot in the street to give notice that he claimed the right to vote. When the reform of 1832 took place, all the potwalloper voters had their electoral rights continued to them, irrespective of the fact that they did not occupy houses of sufficient value to give them the vote under the new Franchise Act; and until three or four years ago these potwalloper voters, so described, continued to appear on the electoral rolls of the old towns.

These potwalloper towns, however, were not numerous. In most of the old boroughs, those sending members to the House of Commons prior to 1832, the right to vote was restricted to freemen or to burgage holders, or in many cases to the ten or twenty men forming the self-elected municipal councils. These old franchises, both in the counties and in the boroughs, had each most interesting histories. They were picturesque and quaint in outward aspects, but for nearly two hundred years they had been anything but representative, and their existence enabled the crown to have, almost continually, a very complete control of the House of Commons.

It took three reforms to bring about the franchise I have described in the opening lines of this article—that under which practically every man can have a vote. The first was in 1832, when nearly half the old boroughs were either swept away or cut down to one member, and when leaseholders and large occupiers were added to the forty shilling freeholders in the counties. The second was in 1867, when the franchise in the towns was extended to the working classes. Between 1832 and 1867 it had been restricted to those who lived in houses of a rental value of at least ten pounds a year, a restriction which practically confined the franchise to middle class people. The third reform was made in 1884–85, when the working classes in rural England were enfranchised; when the counties were cut up into electoral divisions, and when, except in the case of a few cities,

such as Newcastle, Leicester, and Derby, single member constituencies were made general all over the country. The movement for the reform thus completed in 1884–85 had been going on since the days of Queen Elizabeth. When it culminated the House of Commons was once more on a democratic electoral basis. It was again on the basis on which it was established in the thirteenth century; for then every man who did watch and ward had a vote, and, moreover, he was liable to be elected to the House of Commons, and compelled to serve there whether he liked it or not.

The existing House of Commons, however, differs in two important particulars from the House of Commons of the far-away days when every man voted and every man was liable to parliamentary service, as he was to municipal and military service. In those days a member of the House of Commons had to be a resident of the constituency he represented, and he was paid for his services in Parliament. He was allowed the expenses of his journeys to and from the House and a *per diem* allowance for the whole of the time he was away from home. Nowadays a member of Parliament need not live in his constituency, and he receives no payment for his services. He has not even the privilege of franking a letter. The disregard of the old enactments that a member must reside in his constituency began as far back as the fifteenth century. It began, in fact, as soon as seats in Parliament became in demand; and as soon as this demand became general wages ceased to be paid. When men became desirous of being of the House of Commons, they sought out boroughs willing to elect them, and to ingratiate themselves they offered to serve without any cost to the constituencies. As the constituencies had to tax themselves to pay members who were residents, they listened willingly to the overtures of these non-residents, with the result that by the end of the sixteenth century no heed was paid to the law as to residence, and instead of members receiving wages, they were bribing constituencies to elect them by building bridges, town-halls, and market-places, and repairing churches and quays, and dredging rivers and harbors.

Bribery began in England in this way. First constituencies were bribed in bulk in the manner I have described; then individual bribery began. At first individual bribery took the form of treating, free eating and drinking; but it was on a money basis early in the seventeenth century, and remained on that basis until the drastic bribery law of 1883. It was not until the middle years of George III.'s reign that non-residence was made legal.

Even yet no law has been passed abolishing wages; but no *bona fide* claim for wages has been made against a constituency since the Restoration Parliament. The breakdown of the laws as to residence and wages was entirely due to the electors themselves. The changes were made gradually and silently; but these are the most important changes ever made in the House of Commons, and between them they account for the fact that to-day England is not a democracy in the sense that the United States is a democracy. The results accruing from these changes form the first of the two great barriers between England and democracy. People are sometimes apt to think that the House of Lords is the only barrier; but the fact that members of Parliament are not paid and that they have to pay every penny of the expenses connected with the elections, is in itself a barrier almost as important as that of the House of Lords. Every man in England can vote; but only men of leisure and means can meet the expenses of elections and afford to serve at Westminster for seven months out of twelve without receiving a single penny for their services.

A man cannot hope to go into the House of Commons unless he is in a fairly independent position. I am not overlooking the fact that the majority of the Irish Nationalist members, since Parnell began his great movement, have been needy men; nor am I overlooking the fact that since 1868 the House of Commons has never been without several representatives of

labor. As regards the labor representatives, they have usually been trade union officials. Their unions paid their election expenses, and continued their salaries while they were of the House of Commons. As regards the Irish members, many of them are supported from Nationalist funds, while others have worked as journalists, or followed some other calling which did not demand all their time and permitted them to live in London during the parliamentary session. The disappearance of wages is entirely responsible for the barrier I have described. The disappearance of the residential qualification has also had a most important effect on the House of Commons and on English political life generally. It has made it possible for a young man of wealth to devote himself to politics as a career; for a man who makes any mark in politics knows that if he is defeated in one constituency he can soon try another. Had the old law been continued, and strictly enforced, England could never, to speak only of recent times, have had a Gladstone or a Bright; and had it been the law to-day both Harcourt and Morley would have been out of the House of Commons; for both were defeated in their old constituencies in 1895, and compelled to offer themselves for election elsewhere, if they were not to disappear from parliamentary life.

To an English student of American institutions the facts that members of the House of Representatives must be residents of their constituencies, and that they are paid, constitute the great difference between the make-up of the popular chambers of England and of the United States. I am aware of course that the constitution provides only that a member of the House of Representatives shall be of the state in which the electoral district he represents is situated. But tradition and party usage have modified this provision, until now it is as narrow as was the old English law. It is more rigid. What I mean is that in the case of the old House of Commons constituents themselves had to pay the members' wages, and they were therefore easily induced to ignore the law. In the United States the salaries of the representatives come out of national funds, and consequently each electoral district is careful that so well paid an office shall not go outside its borders. As long as this feeling lasts and is operative in the choice of representatives, there cannot, it seems to me, be as many nationally prominent men in the House of Representatives as there always are in the House of Commons. If one could imagine the old law reenacted in England, two thirds of the men who now sit on the treasury and front opposition benches at Westminster would disappear.

This difference in the relations of members to constituencies also accounts for some of the differences in party organization and campaign methods in the two countries. Party organization in England is not nearly so complete nor so rigid as in this country. It has been greatly developed since the Reform Act of 1867; but as yet England has no organization which exactly corresponds to the National Committee of the American parties, and nothing so generally representative as the national conventions held in presidential election years. Each party in England has its central organization; but the ramifications of these organizations do not begin to be as widespread and inclusive as those of the national and state committees.

For one reason, there are no local offices in England whose holders form a nucleus of local party workers. In each community there are men who hold offices under the imperial government, such as postmasters, collectors of inland revenue, assessors of taxes, and receivers in bankruptcy. But none of these men are active in local politics. They are never to be seen at a caucus or a convention, because it is a matter of no concern to them whether a Conservative or a Liberal government is in power. They all hold office during good behavior, which means for life; and while civil servants can vote at all elections, the modern usage of the civil service is that its members shall not be actively prominent in politics. In the same way the tenures of municipal servants are secure, and not in

any way affected by the various political changes.

It was not always so, as regards either the civil service or the municipal service. In the days of the restricted county franchise, and of the old boroughs which I have described, civil and municipal servants were almost universally active political partizans and zealous workers at the elections. But the parliamentary reform of 1832 was followed by a reform of the municipal service, and later on by a reform of the civil service, and since these reforms civil and municipal servants have ceased to be active partizans. The result of all these changes is that local political workers have to go into a cause for the love of it, or because they like the stir of political activity. They may do all that they can to elect a member of Parliament; but he can do nothing for them in direct return, certainly nothing in the way of appointing them to a paid municipal or civil office. A member of the House of Commons can and often does get the names of some of his local supporters placed on the Commission of the Peace. But a magisterial office of this kind carries with it no pay, and it is almost the only one into which a member of Parliament can help a constituent. In the ordinary sense of the term, a member of the House of Commons has never any patronage to bestow.

The central organizations of the political parties have a large share in the general election. They help to place candidates in the numerous constituencies in which local candidates are not forthcoming; they make contributions toward the expenses of some of the candidates. They distribute immense quantities of election literature, and they also assign speakers and organizers to help in local campaigns. Six hundred and seventy members have to be chosen at each general election, but often nearly one fourth of these members are elected without contests; and when their own elections are thus secure, they tender their services as speakers in constituencies in which there are keen and close contests. In this way, the electors become familiar with many of the members of the House of Commons besides those who represent their own constituencies, and this familiarity with the prominent men of the House is further increased by the practice, which prevails during the parliamentary recess, of calling upon the parliamentary leaders to make speeches in other constituencies than their own, where, as a matter of course, they are expected to address the electors at least once a year.

A general election in England differs from a congressional election in that there are always many candidates whose fortunes are matters of national interest. These are the prominent men on both sides of the House—the men who are already of the ministry, or who have been in former ministries and are at the time of the election the leaders of the opposition. These are the men who in their formal electoral addresses, and in their speeches, put forward the principles and the policies for which their parties stand. At each election each party puts forward a program; but every member is not tied to these programs as candidates in this country are tied to the national platforms; and the addresses and speeches of the foremost members of a party are of much more importance than its national program, for the reason that there exists in neither of the two great parties a central and thoroughly inclusive organization whose program is nationally accepted.

No man can be ruled out of either the Liberal or the Conservative party because he will not give his adhesion to the program of its central organization. Room is allowed for individuality within the English parties. The only practical test is that of obedience to the party whips at Westminster, and even if a man does not always vote as the whips of his party direct, it is not very practicable to rule him out. If he proves recalcitrant to his election pledges, the only and the final court is his constituency. So long as a member can carry his constituency with him the whips can do him little harm.

The House of Commons has much larger powers than the House of Lords. England has no written constitution; no Supreme

Court to pass on parliamentary enactments. Parliament is supreme. In the matter of taxation and in the voting of public money, the House of Commons is practically supreme. All bills voting money must originate there. The House of Lords can reject a money bill; but it cannot alter a single item, and the inconvenience and responsibility of rejecting a money bill are so great that in practice the House of Lords never interferes. This is not so at Washington, for although bills for taxation must originate in the lower house, it is within the power of the Senate to alter a bill almost out of recognition. The tariffs of 1894 and 1897 only need be cited as instances of actions of this kind on the part of the Senate. The House of Commons from its earliest days has been tenacious of its powers in respect to taxation. There is no written law giving the House this absolute power; but it is as safely in its possession as though it were bestowed in a written constitution.

English administrations are also made and unmade solely by the House of Commons. A political party may have an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords, as the Conservative party has had for a generation past; but unless it commands a majority in the House of Commons, and can retain it, it cannot obtain and keep possession of the administration. The life of an administration depends on its control of the popular chamber, and in consequence the foremost members of a political party, those the country knows best and most trusts, are to be found on the treasury and front opposition benches in the House of Commons. The premier is not always there. He is in the House of Lords at the present time. But when the premier is of the Lords, the leader in the Commons is usually a man of nearly as much political weight and importance as the premier; for on his management of the House the fate and the success of the administration very largely depend. Moreover the political heads of nearly all the great departments of state have to be in the House of Commons in order to see to the interests of their departments there.

In the House of Commons the speaker is a non-partizan. He is the first commoner, but he has no share in the activities of either party, and when a general election comes round, even his constituents do not look upon him as a partizan, and the unbroken rule of modern times is for the speaker's constituency to elect him as its member without opposition. The position held by the speaker at Washington, where he is the leader of the majority in the House, has never had any counterpart at Westminster. It is a position nevertheless not unknown to British parliamentary usage, for in the Parliament of Ireland, which survived until 1801, the speaker held a position very similar to that held by the speaker at Washington.

(End of Required Reading for April.)

CALUMET, A UNIQUE MUNICIPALITY.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

A SHARP tongue of land which projects into the center of Lake Superior from the north coast of Michigan contains a curious settlement, which is neither a town nor a city nor a village, and is perhaps the richest community of its size in the world. Upon a township one mile square, owned by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, is a cluster of the finest mining buildings in the world, surrounded by nearly two thousand houses, that front twenty miles of streets and eleven miles of macadam roadway. It is not incorporated. It has no organized form of government. It is simply the "location" of the mine surrounded by the residences of the managers and miners, but it is a perfect example of a town, complete, with all public institutions and conveniences, well-kept and orderly, without a saloon or a disorderly house of any kind, without a policeman, constable, or court, or any municipal organization.

The only elective officer in Calumet is a township supervisor, who receives the compensation of three dollars a day when employed. The taxes are all paid by the mining company, for the property all belongs to them. Thus there are no public buildings. There is no need of a city hall, or a court-house, or a jail, but there is an excellent public library of twenty thousand volumes, which was presented to the company by its president, Prof. Alexander Agassiz. The building alone cost sixty thousand dollars. There are also six graded public schools, supported entirely by the company, although, under the laws of Michigan, they are controlled by the ordinary township trustees. There are twenty churches in Calumet and the villages that surround it, which have been erected with the money furnished by the company in full or in part, and it owns the ground upon which they stand. When a new church is about to be constructed those who are interested call upon the manager of the mine and report to him the amount of money they have raised and the amount they need. He is apt to tell them to call again when they have obtained the full amount, and has usually added to the fund a dollar from the company for every dollar that is subscribed by its employees.

The company, however, never interferes with the management of the churches or the religion of the people. Most of them are foreigners from Finland, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and Norway. There are many Cornishmen also, and while they were underground miners before they came to this country, they apparently prefer surface work at Calumet. Most of the deep-shaft work is done by the Fins. It is said that there are more of their race at Calumet than any other place in the United States.

The company maintains a fine manual training school for the education of the children of its employees in the useful trades. When they reach a certain grade in the public schools they are advised to go into the industrial institution, although the transfer is not compulsory. The science of mining and the care of machinery used in mining operations are the principal branches of instruction. But the interests of the company are so comprehensive that they employ many men in all the trades, and it is their desire to educate the sons of their operatives to succeed them.

Calumet is located about seven miles from the lake on one side, and about twice that distance on the other, and is connected with a harbor on Portage Lake, at Houghton, by a canal 12,300 feet long and sixteen feet deep, which will admit the vessels that bring the coal and other supplies and carry away the copper. There is also a railroad eleven miles long connecting Calumet with Houghton and Hancock, "the twin cities of the Gitchie-Gumme," located upon oppo-

site sides of Portage Lake, which separates Keweenaw Point from the mainland. The company owns 2,599 acres of mineral land and 20,352 acres of timber land, in addition to the 988 acres which are covered by the mills, shops, and residences. There are altogether nearly two thousand houses in Calumet. About half of them are owned by employees and built upon land leased from the company. The population of the town proper is about 5,000, but it has two suburbs, Red Jacket to the east and Lauriun to the west, which are incorporated villages, with the same system of government that is found in other towns in Michigan. They add about 6,000 people to the population, most of whom are employed by the company. It is estimated that the Calumet and Hecla and the neighboring mines support not less than 40,000 people.

Within the limits of Calumet the managers of the mining company control everything, and allow no business that is not conducted by themselves. In Red Jacket and Lauriun, however, which are easily reached by trolley-cars, there are plenty of thriving stores and a superabundance of saloons. In Calumet one can see only a series of streets lined with beautiful homes, which surround the magnificent buildings necessary for the business of the mines. The company has always made it a rule to erect their power-houses, machine-shops, store-houses, office buildings, and other structures in the most expensive and artistic style, and they are equipped with everything that money can buy in the way of improved machinery and conveniences. Engineers and architects come there from all parts of the world to inspect them. The latest mill erected is of steel and brick throughout. The pump that furnishes water is the largest in the world, with a daily capacity of sixty million gallons of water brought from Lake Superior, seven miles distant. The fire department is a model; the telephone exchange and the electric-lighting plant are kept up to date by the constant addition of improvements and novel contrivances. The company owns and maintains a hotel for the accommodation of visitors. When a gate gets off its hinges or a picket of a fence is broken it is reported at headquarters and immediately repaired at the expense of the company. Shade-trees, flowering plants, and even fruits are furnished for the adornment of the streets; the company paints the houses, stops the leaks in the roofs, and keeps the plumbing in repair. It maintains a hospital for the benefit of its employees, and a staff of physicians who attend them without charge when they are ill. Another interesting feature is a sick benefit fund for which every employee of the company is assessed fifty cents a month. For every dollar so raised the company adds another dollar, and the money is invested in the stock of the company. When he is sick or disabled he receives an allowance from this fund, and in case of death an endowment is paid to his family. A faithful employee is never discharged. He continues to receive his wages until he dies, even when he is too old to work. The aged and infirm are furnished light employment, and are paid accordingly, and when they become incapable of doing anything they receive pensions.

The streets of Calumet are wide, well shaded, and well kept. The houses are modern in architecture, are filled with every possible convenience, and attached to each is a small vegetable garden. Many of the homes occupied by the managers and superintendents of the company are architecturally pretentious. But they receive no more care or attention than those of the laborers. In assigning houses preference is always given to the older employees of the company, and those who occupy the more important positions, and when one becomes vacant it is applied for by people who think they are entitled to the preference.

The Calumet and Hecla copper mine lies underneath the town, and is itself a rectangular city, with eight parallel main avenues, each with its railroad, nearly a mile long, and intersected by about thirty streets of similar length. It has no counterpart in the history of the mining industry. There are 4,000 people on the pay-roll, $1,000,000

is paid in dividends to the share-holders every ninety days, and the profits for 1898 averaged $20,000 for every working day in the year. The dividends already paid by the Calumet and Hecla mine reach the enormous sum of $54,850,000. The Quincy mine, which is next in importance, has paid $10,120,000 in dividends, and the Tamarack, which is near by, has paid $5,430,000. Last year the income of the Calumet and Hecla Company was $6,914,696. It produced 46,237 tons of refined copper and 41,960 tons of what is known as "mineral," copper ore containing a mixture of other metals.

The Indians regarded Lake Superior with veneration as the home of Michabou, the god of waters, to whom they addressed their prayers, and the great boulders of copper which lay upon the surface of Keweenaw Point were objects of superstitious adoration and fear, as gifts from the gods. The early Jesuit missionaries and French *voyageurs* found pieces of pure copper weighing from ten to fifty pounds in the hands of nearly every Chippewa family, which were deemed precious and had been handed down from generation to generation, and used as altars for sacrifice. Smaller pieces of copper were transformed into implements or were bartered with Indians of the neighboring tribes. In this way the copper of Lake Superior became scattered all over the Northern States.

The Keweenaw Peninsula has been the scene of rude mining for ages. Evidences of excavation are frequently found, empty veins are marked by heaps of rubble and earth, remains of rude contrivances for removing the metal from the earth, copper utensils, knives and chisels, wooden bowls for bailing water from the shafts, numerous levers of wood which were evidently intended for prying out metal from the fissures, and ancient stone hammers, some of immense size and weight, made of green stone or porphyry, with single and double grooves to hold the wythes by which the handles were attached. Copper arrowheads and scalping knives have been dug up in large quantities, and during the early years were frequently found upon the surface of the soil. In one place a spring is walled up with prehistoric stone hammers, and ten cart-loads of hammers were collected in 1850 on the spot where the town of Calumet now stands.

The first Englishman who visited the copper belt of Michigan was Alexander Henry, who remained there for several years after his arrival in 1765. In his correspondence he reports the discovery of masses of virgin copper weighing several tons, lying detached upon the surface. He describes one mass of ten tons or more which he thinks must have rolled down from a lofty hill which arises behind it, and he says that it was so pure and malleable that he detached a portion weighing over a hundred pounds by a method that was used by the Indians. He lighted a fire around the exposed mass of the metal, and cut off as much as he liked with a chisel. He went back to England in 1770, and founded the first company ever organized for copper mining in America. The Duke of Gloucester was president, and a dozen other men of importance were directors. With two companions named Baxter and Boswick, Henry returned to the mines, but the party evidently never got farther west than Quebec, where their effects were seized and sold for debt, and they disappeared. In 1769 Jonathan Carver made an exploration of the country, and his descriptions corroborate those of Henry, which were unknown to him.

While he was in Paris Dr. Franklin had access to the journals and the reports of the early French explorers, and, acting upon the information thus obtained, in making the treaty of peace he drew the boundary line between the British possessions and the United States along the center of Lake Superior, so as to include the Keweenaw Peninsula, whose value was unknown to the British commissioners. He mentioned this fact in a letter to a friend, and talked of it when he returned to this country, and agitated the plan of sending an expedition to explore and report.

In 1820 General Cass made a reconnois-

sance of the country, accompanied by Schoolcraft, the writer on Indians, who speaks of the masses of copper described by Henry. General Cass forwarded a large boulder of pure copper to the secretary of war, and it lay for many years on the lawn in front of the War Department. It is now on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, and weighs 2,300 pounds. But nothing was done until 1841, when Dr. Douglass Houghton, state geologist of Michigan, made a survey. His report aroused public interest to such a pitch that miners thronged to the country as they went to California a few years later, and to the Klondike in 1896.

Practical mining began in 1844, and the first comers had the benefit of the masses of pure native copper that lay upon the surface. One block weighing four hundred pounds was sent to England, where the geologists pronounced it a Yankee fraud, because it contradicted all geological and mineralogical theories. The copper fever reached its height in 1846, and then suddenly subsided because of the collapse of wildcat companies, by which many people were ruined. The public distrust, however, did not prevent several companies from taking up claims and making an immense amount of money. The first ship that went down the lakes carried two hundred tons of pure copper in boulders weighing from two to six tons, which were taken from the surface of the ground.

The Calumet and Hecla Company, organized by a Professor Agassiz, was one of the first and the most prosperous, having located its claims upon Keweenaw Point, over a vein that was one of the wonders of the world. On sinking a shaft solid metallic copper was found to occupy the whole width of a large chasm. To get it out holes were bored in the metal, and heavy blasts were fired, which split the mass and enabled the miners to cut it up into chunks of portable size by means of steel chisels. The copper was ninety per cent pure, and contained some silver. There is now a nugget of silver weighing six pounds in the cabinet at the mint at Philadelphia, that was found there. Another nugget was sold for $1,040. The first dividend of one mine was ten times its capital stock. No gold or silver bonanza was ever so rich.

The copper rocks on Keweenaw Point are called amygdaloidal trap, of igneous formation, but where the copper came from is still a matter of controversy among geologists, like the iron ore which covers the surface of the ground on the shore of Lake Superior a little farther west. The rock varies from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, and reaches to an unknown depth into the earth, being intersected with veins of metal already pure enough to be stamped into pennies, which appears to have run into the fissures in a molten state, and to have filled every crack and crevice before cooling. In addition to the pure copper, immense quantities of red oxide or yellow copper ore are found, which must be reduced by an expensive process. The prevailing opinion among mineralogists is that the copper was thrown up by volcanic agencies from the center of the earth. While in solution it filled the fissures like the roots of a tree or the tendrils of a vine, and the large masses upon the surface are the surplus which could find no place of concealment in the earth.

The year 1898 was the most prosperous ever known in the copper districts of Lake Superior, both to the owners and the employees of the mines. The output has never been so great, the price has not been so high for years, wages are larger than ever before. The number of men employed at Calumet and in that vicinity increased from 8,500 in October, 1897, to more than 10,000 in October, 1898. The product of the Calumet and Hecla in 1895 was 79,000,000 pounds. In 1898 it was over 90,000,000 pounds. In 1895 the shares of the Calumet and Hecla Company were $300 each. In 1898 $650 was refused for them.

Other companies having mines in the same locality have enjoyed like prosperity. The shares of the Boston and Montana Company, for example, have advanced from $26 to $288 in the last four years.

The following statement will show the par value and the market price of the stock of some of the companies:

	Par value.	Market value.
Calumet and Hecla	$100,000	$62,500,000
Quincy	100,000	14,100,000
Tamarack	60,000	10,440,000
Arcadian	100,000	6,100,000
Isle Royale Cons	100,000	3,250,000
Centennial	100,000	3,025,000
Baltic	100,000	2,850,000
Mohawk	100,000	2,000,000
Wolverine	60,000	1,980,000
Franklin	80,000	1,600,000
Winona	100,000	1,500,000
Old Colony	100,000	1,400,000
Massachusetts Cons	100,000	1,325,000
Atlantic	40,000	1,200,000
Union	100,000	1,150,000
Michigan	100,000	1,000,000

The market price of the stock of the twenty-five principal companies working in the Lake Superior copper belt has more than doubled within the last eighteen months. There has never been such a boom in copper, and several men have made enormous fortunes by speculating on the Boston Stock Exchange, which is the center of the copper interest.

The boom in copper is largely due to the increased demand for that metal caused by the use of electricity, and the United States furnishes the greater part of the world's supply. The total output of this country in 1898 was about 240,000 tons, while the remainder of the world produced 195,000.

CARRIERS IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

BY ERNST PLATZ.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

IN a gay company of pleasant acquaintances I went up Guarda Lake in a steamboat. There high above on the west bank, rising abruptly above the dizzy cliffs, lies the little village of Tremosine. So smoothly do the yellow rocky walls shoot downward into the azure blue flood, above which the diminutive huts appear as if glued on the steep hillside, that a celebrated colleague, in the zeal of her observations, gave expression to this profound exclamation: "Ah, how have the people carried the stones up there!" Somewhat of an undesigned witticism, but certainly a good one. And the rest of us laughed more over it than really was compatible with delicate gallantry toward the author.

The involuntary pleasantry arose from a very logical course of reasoning, and in the barren mountains the careful observer finds frequent opportunities to ask with surprise how the people have been able to convey this and that up. It is almost incredible what all can be carried and transported into the highest regions, and what the proudest hill must put up with will surprise a sentimental reveler in nature.

To how many tops of subordinate ranges the most pampered foolish ones in the valley permit themselves to be whirled by smoking engines or cable in order to revel in the dearly purchased sunrise and Alpine glow in the luxurious comfort of the Rigi and other hotels we will not here speak of. It will be, of course, a good while yet till the completion of the Jungfrau Railroad. When on a Wendelstein and its companions in the east and west of the Alps comfortable refuges for travelers are erected, we are surprised that it is yet so primitive up there, and we look about us in vain for the station of a mountain railroad. It is worthy of notice along that line that on the boundary of very high regions and in other places we come across the simple houses of the Alpine Union, supplying only the practical necessities of mountain travelers, and especially in Switzerland more or less comfortable mountain hotels. But very wonderful will frequently be the cases if we take a wrong course in the heart of an extensive mountain group when we suppose that we can scarcely count on the most modest shelter; for example, in the extensive glacial region of ice-girt giant mountains which extend in a westerly direction from Brenner Pass between the much-frequented valley of the Pflersch and Ridnau to the Stubai and others more than

11,000 feet in altitude. There in the midst of an extensive glacial territory, on an isolated rocky cone only six or seven hundred feet lower than the highest surrounding peaks, lies an asylum which in the evening the weary glacier traveler endeavors to reach instead of turning his steps valleyward. It is a diminutive cottage, built of stones and canvas fastened to decaying rocks by cables so that the wind cannot take it away; a scanty shelter for a couple of people anything but unpretentious? Oh, no; a real hotel in spite of the modest name, "A Refuge for Travelers of the Hanover Section of the German and Austrian Alps Union."

Walk in, traveler, into the comfortably furnished room of the spacious second story of the Empress Elizabeth house. A linoleum covered floor deadens the noise of the heavy-nailed shoes. In the tastefully furnished dining-room an appetizingly decorated table invites you to take a place. Curtains soften the bright light of the brilliant ice field without, and the walls are decorated with the originals of celebrated artists arranged in the form of a square suitable to the cozy interior. Certainly to find an original Deffreger almost 11,000 feet above the level of the sea in the midst of an ice desert is something of which you had never dreamed. A very substantial menu arouses epicurean desires in your stomach once so modest, and if your means will permit you may slake your Alpine thirst in the foaming canary glass. And all that is offered you at a height of almost 11,000 feet, hours away from the nearest inhabited valley and eleven from the railroad. How has everything been brought up there? But there is yet something else extraordinary. With a kindly smile the servant places before you a fresh roast of mutton, and the landlord standing near by remarks with a smile of self-satisfaction, "We slaughtered it to-day."

"Zounds, even the cutlets are carried up there," you at first suppose, until some one informs you that the poor sheep is brought from life to death up on the heights. Barbaric, indeed, but convenient. The useful wool-bearer is made to transport his own juicy ribs, which is decidedly more convenient, and by this means the necessary freshness of this indispensable meat is guaranteed.

Less convenient, indeed, but much more interesting was the transportation of the building material and the fittings, which increase very much the cost of the simplest refuge for travelers in such an elevated territory. Every piece, the largest as well as the smallest, had to be carried to its place, the greater part of the way by human power. Only in exceptional cases does the condition of the path permit the use of pack animals. The house itself, that is, the frame-work, is brought together in the valley and then it is transported in single parts. The most appropriate time for this is the spring of the year, when the winter snow still fills up every place, making possible the use of sledges. These with their burdens are drawn up over the steepest parts by means of ropes which run over portable blocks with pulleys. So the transportation for the building of the Empress Elizabeth house proceeded in the month of March, 1894, for a few weeks in comparative comfort and without difficulty. Also the constant supplying of the house with the indispensable material for heating proceeded from St. Martin to Schneeburg by sledges over the level glacial territory. But certainly the use of this vehicle as a means of transportation into the very high regions is a limited one; the sledge journeys from the high ridge in the Oetz Valley to the well-known and most frequently visited Gletscher Pass in the Schnalser Valley and south of the Tyrol, which are exclusively for the convenience of passengers, are now even a curiosity.

Of greater importance would be the sledge post over the Aletsch glacier established at the terminus of the Jungfrau Railroad, which by the gentle and uniform slope of the longest ice stream of the Alps could furnish a medium of commerce to the Rhone Valley. As has been said, the employment of sledges for the transportation of loads is a very special advantage only to

a few of the houses in the high regions; for the most of these, every transportation is conducted with a weariness, difficulty, and expense which arise from the sole employment of human carriers. When we see, for example, with what toil costly firewood was supplied to the "Archduke John Cottage," erected by the Austrian Alpine Club on Grossglockner, lying about 11,000 feet above the sea level, only an hour below Glockner Peak, then we must be surprised at what a modest recompense the tourist is cared for in the high regions; and one may also form a conception of the immense difficulties which have to be overcome in building this elevated and well-conducted refuge for travelers. For there where the ground is not yet leveled for the iron rails, where the paths of the heavily laden mules end, there remains only the strength and perseverance of human beings, and this is expensive.

Man as a carrier in the pathless mountains is the oldest means of transportation for every conceivable burden. Above all, in war times, in every celebrated passage of the Alps from Hannibal to modern times, he has always proven the most trustworthy means of transportation. It is known what astonishing things the powerful son of the high mountains can perform in carrying his giant burdens, how in the Tyrolean struggle for liberty the Passeyr riflemen bore on their powerful shoulders cannons and officers over the ridges covered with snow, and how even now by the strength and perseverance of these frame-bearers the products of Alpine industries find their way from the remotest corners of the mountains into the great commercial regions. How often in my explorations in the Karwendel Hills, which lasted a week, I have met the *Kraxenträger* [frame-bearer], called for short "Krax," who, always laughing and in good spirits, for four *kreutzers* a kilo bore his heavy burden the long, difficult way from Schwaz into the Inn Valley, over the Lamsen ridge up to the "Eng," an ascent of about 5,000 feet and of about six hours for a vigorous walker. Once when I fell in with him he carried up fully two hundred and seventeen pounds of necessaries for the landlord of the "Eng" and for the Alps here and beyond at Laliders, about three hours the other side of a ridge almost 6,000 feet high. For the return journey, according to merchants of the Inn Valley, he loaded his frame with the products of the cheese dairy, always jolly in spite of his heavy day's work, living frugally on the simple provisions and taking account of every *kreutzer*, always on his guard not to be cheated by his wily purchasers. Indeed the *Kraxenträger* finds everywhere sharp competition with the numerous mules employed, largely for military purposes, in consequence of which the Austrian mountain artillery affords for the foreigner such a curious picture.

The carrier naturally plays a great rôle with the tourist, especially in the glacial regions of Switzerland, where in the difficult excursions the guides themselves carry nothing, and for transporting provisions, etc., special carriers must be engaged at a tax fixed by law. These certainly earn more than the Krax, and with wages from twenty to fifty francs in addition to the fees, a carrier can enjoy himself very well; indeed often too well, for the benefits of the provisions entrusted to him are too enticing. At the well-deserved rest suddenly the carefully packed provision sacks of the panting carrier appear very much lightened. The traveler and the guide joke and argue, but the condition is not to be altered.

The brave guide has often to prepare for the hard work of transportation if he is permitted to bring the ambitious tourist to the goal, for there are common fellows enough who like to swagger about with their ice-picks and impress their modest companions by valorous performances in the Alps without having the least capabilities for such. But of that the world is unsuspicious and the strong guides have powerful arms and stout ropes on which the courageous mountain climber must depend. The principal thing is that it is well paid for. Certainly there are a few brave guides and it is affirmed that now and then, though naturally rarely, the inverted relation between guide and tourist has been permitted.

But that happens only in the most serious undertakings, while a prudent guide of subordinate rank, as he importunes the tourists in the railway stations of Switzerland, finds many an opportunity in the safe regions, before the inexperienced crowd of harmless glacier vagrants, in the face of the deep blue crevasses of a Mer de Glace, to shine in the luster of a skilled glacier guide. In bright crowds the caravans of such glacier hordes, with numerous guides and carriers, overflow the sluggish end of a gently sloping ice stream; ladies in elegant toilets permit themselves to be conducted in a chair over the ridges of the ice territory, and all are surprised at the courage and the knowledge of the leader of the expedition, who, with his shining ice-axe in his hand, conducts his glacier transportation all day like a thoughtless routineer.

In the meantime to him and his kind there suddenly comes the opportunity of a more serious transportation, when he is permitted on the information or supposition of an accident to go out on the search and to bear valleyward with unspeakable weariness the unfortunate ones, whether they be living with shattered limbs or dead and frozen stiff and hard by the nightly frost. Not always can they be found. Many a one has been buried by the falling avalanche or swallowed up by the glacial crevasse. The ice becomes his coffin, which often, after ten long years of transportation in the secretive deep, gives back the remains to the light.

LIFE IN THE DEAF AND DUMB WORLD.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE eighty-first anniversary of the founding of the School for Deaf-Mutes in Hartford, Conn., the first in the country, was recently celebrated with a dinner given by deaf-mutes at a famous New York restaurant. The dinner was also in honor of the founder of the school, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and of his son, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, now president of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, the only college of the kind in the world. The dinner was graced by many lady members of the alumnæ association, and this circumstance lent added brilliancy to the flashes of witty silence, which were more than golden on this occasion. The turn of a head was eloquent, and white fingers snapping out swift repartee made spoken thought dull by comparison. When coffee was served, the chairman did not rap for order, to indicate the approach of the feast of reason. With a single impressive gesture he commanded a pause in the flow of the conversation of signs. In an instant all movement ceased around the table, while the chairman began an elaborate review of the services of the men they were assembled to honor. His voiceless speech excited much enthusiasm, only the cheers were given noiselessly, and the appreciation of the finer points made by the orator were expressed by ardent gestures and hand-clapping that accentuated the charm of silence. Dr. Gallaudet spoke of methods of education of deaf-mutes with fingers so expressive that even the uninitiated were almost able to follow him. L. M. De Griollet, son of a former mayor of Paris, made one of the sign speeches of the evening. He flung eloquent phrases from his fingers in a torrent, and was most happy, he said, to note the progress which had been made in the methods of instruction of deaf-mutes. Mr. Griollet is himself a deaf-mute.

Having presented deaf-mutes conversing in sign-language, let me introduce a scene wherein the deaf-mutes conversed in what is known as lip-language. Early in the summer of 1898, a professor was murdered in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Many people, out of sheer curiosity, went to the court-room to be present at the examination of the mutes who were arrested in

A GROUP OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

connection with the case. Their curiosity was well rewarded, for where they expected to see the mutes make signs and gestures to convey meaning, they saw persons who had from birth been deaf, and had never heard the sound of a human voice, speaking and seeming to hear all that was said to them. The idea prevailed that deaf-mutes always conduct conversations in the sign-language. This was shown, in the court, to be a most incorrect idea; for the eyes of the deaf-mutes took the place of their ears, and by merely watching the lips of those who spoke to them the mutes understood the words with a rapidity that was more than astonishing. There was great surprise, not only among the curious who had gone to the court, but on the part of the judge, when it was understood that the sign-language was absolutely prohibited in the institution where the murder was committed.

A professor of the institution acted as interpreter when the first witness was called. The first question the magistrate desired to ask was, "Did you see the boys in line marching to the class-room?" The professor looked at the witness and repeated the question in a natural tone and manner and added to the sentence, "Repeat what I have said." Before the sound of his voice had died away the witness repeated the words, and then, after a moment's hesitation, continued, "I did, sir." Astonishment was evident on every side. The witness had certainly not heard the words addressed to him, and there was a peculiarity of his speech that showed plainly enough that he did not hear what he himself said. The words came from his mouth in a dull guttural monotone, seemingly

THE KINDERGARTEN PLAYHOUSE AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

pumped from his chest with the utmost effort. And all through that first examination and those which followed, all the mutes who were called read the lips of the interpreter, repeated the question, and answered as readily as though they had had their hearing.

These two scenes illustrate the two ways in which deaf-mutes in all parts of the world converse: First, the manual method, founded by the Abbé de l'Épée in France in 1760, based on a free use of the natural language of the deaf-mute, that of pantomimic gestures. And second, the oral method, founded the same year by Samuel Heinicke in Germany, which has for its principal aim the development of the power of speech, and the training of the eye of the mute to perform the part of the palsied ear, by discerning the meaning of spoken words from the changes in position of the vocal organs.

Sign-language required no inventiveness, since the deaf themselves had been found to resort to it. We all resort to it. Men naturally employ signs, gestures, facial expression, elocutionary auxiliaries to the uttered word. All that was needed, then, was to formulate a manual alphabet and the system was ready. The system itself, in the hands of enlightened experts, has made rapid strides. Any one witnessing the exercise of a class of bright deaf-mute girls, reproducing a dialogue, a character impersonation, a hymn or prayer, will be fascinated by their grace and vivacity, by the fineness of perception and the more than Delsartian dramatic elegance of execution, which they pour into their pliant faces and forms. A strange service is held every Sunday in St. Ann's Church in New York. Not a sound is heard. Sermons in the sign-language are not novelties there, but not long ago a surprise for the congregation was prepared. Four young women, gowned in white, took places just outside the chancel-rail and the preacher told the congregation that they would try to convey to them, by means of the sign-language the rhythm and words of "Nearer,

THE FEMALE PUPILS OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

My God, to Thee." All of the women were deaf-mutes. With rapidly moving fingers they spelled out the song to the congregation, and when the chorus was reached all in the church rose to their feet and in unison took up the words of the anthem. And yet the church, all the while, was perfectly silent.

On Sunday afternoons, from different institutions in and around New York, men void of speech and words gather in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. To one who inadvertently ventures into those corridors there will be presented a strange sight. Little groups of deaf-mutes, totally unconscious of the intrusion, will be seen talking to one another by means of the finger alphabet. Voiceless arguments are carried on, for hours at a time, with wordless replies. It seems as though a pantomime or a marionette rehearsal were in progress.

The term deaf-mute or deaf and dumb is a misnomer, or at least inaccurate and misleading. The impression conveyed by it is that deafness and muteness are coordinate, that a person is mute from a cause similar to that of his deafness. In other words, that his vocal organs have been impaired together with his organs of hearing. This is the popular belief. It is now known to be true in certain cases only. The same disease or pre-natal cause that destroys the auditory nerve may also affect the larynx or its appendages, although it is seldom found to have done so. On the contrary, people are mute simply because they, from lack of hearing, have never learned to speak, but not always because of organic disability.

Now, if the deaf can really talk, why not, argues the advocate of the oral school, enable them to talk and to do away with the sign-language? Why not supply them with a lip-language? This seemed a distinctly new opening for the narrowed, imprisoned world of deaf-mutes and as such their instructors were quick to lay hold of it. Articulation is now a part of the work in almost every institution. Prof. Alexander Melville Bell is the author of a system of "Visible Speech" consisting of charts, interpreting by a symbolic alphabet a phonetic combination for analyzing the mechanism of the human speech. To those who have paid little thought to the subject of lip-reading, however, it does not seem such a wonderful thing. But let any one who

OLD MONROE HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

LEADERS' CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

thinks in this way stand before a looking-glass and pronounce the words "mother" and "butter." It will be observed that the position of the lips in uttering these words is identical. There are thousands of words where the position of the lips is the same in this way, such as "man," "pad," "pan," "bat," "mad." How, then, is it possible to teach the deaf-mute to distinguish such words and to sound them himself? There are many other words, such as the sound of "m," for instance, where the deaf-mute may see that the lips are closed, and that is all he knows.

In order that the deaf-mute may understand the ordinary utterance and speak naturally himself, he must be taught the words without any special effort on the part of the teacher. While the instructor must speak as distinctly as possible, he cannot pay especial attention to forming his lips properly, for if he did, the mute would never be able to understand the ordinary person who spoke to him and who takes not the slightest care of the position of his lips. It must also be remembered that in ordinary conversation the words are not spoken distinctly and separately, but in groups. For example, we never say, "Here–is–your–hat," but always, "Hereisyourhat." These are a

THE GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

few of the many difficulties which surround the teaching of mutes to read the lips.

The age at which it is advisable to have a deaf-mute begin the study of lip-reading is eight years. But there is no limit to the age at which one may begin the study. With persons who have been deaf from birth, the teaching is begun by the instructor, who sits with his face to the light and his mouth on a level with the pupil's eyes, at a distance of about three feet. When the attention of the pupil has been fixed on the mouth of the teacher, the latter, omitting all exaggeration, pronounces some small word slowly and distinctly. Then the pupil is required to repeat the word. If he does not succeed the teacher places the back of the pupil's hand close before his mouth and lets him feel the breath as it comes from his lips when he speaks. If the pupil still fails to imitate, the teacher places one of his hands on his chest to feel the vibration caused by the sound of his voice. During the first attempts at articulation, the pupil is apt to speak either too high or too low, or in a nasal tone. Pupils of average intelligence generally succeed after a few attempts in imitating some of the simple words. Occasionally is found one who either through not understanding or for some other reason will not use his voice. When asked to repeat a word he will move his lips exactly as the teacher does, but will not produce a sound, or will say the word in a whisper. Such a child, however, will use his voice involuntarily on occasions of intense surprise or great joy or when pain is felt. The instructor has to watch his opportunity and whenever the pupil uses his voice in this way he tries to induce him to repeat the process, at the same time making him place his hand on his own chest and throat, so that he may become aware of the vibration. A deaf person who is familiar with the language usually finds less difficulty in reading whole sentences from the lips of an instructor than a single word, because if he misses a few of the leading words he can supply them by guessing.

BOYS' DORMITORY, PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

In cases of a person who has lost the sense of hearing, after having learned to speak, but cannot read or write, the manner of instruction is different. The teacher points successively to several objects at hand, the names of which are formed differently on the lips, such as a book or a picture or a desk. The instructor names these while the pupil watches his lips. The pupil is then requested to repeat what is said. He succeeds after a few trials. Next the names of these things are pronounced promiscuously, and the pupil is again asked to repeat them as they are called off. If he fails, the teacher points to the objects.

Do deaf-mutes prefer the lip-language? No! The fact is that the moment they are released from an oral lesson, they take to the sign-language as ducks do to the water. The oral doctrinaire says: Take the sign-

language away from them. Well, you can take water away from the ducks, but you will have very unhappy ducks to contend with. Even in the few ostensibly "pure oral" schools, it is noticed that the unhappy pupils take to the sign-language as schoolboys and girls take to novels and tarts after recitations. If they had never learned the manual alphabet, they would invent one. Learning to speak without hearing is at best a curious accomplishment. Deaf-mutes are shy to use it in their intercourse with strangers. They prefer writing. If we reflect upon the number of labials and linguals and how many sounds are formed in the interior of the mouth, it will be easy to note what a precarious foundation there is for lip-reading. Sermons, lectures, theatrical entertainments, political speeches, all kinds of public discourses are at once eliminated along with the sign-language. The writer has seen a principal offering grace — in the sign-language — at dinner in a great dining-hall filled with four hundred or more children and watched the devout, intelligent looks of their faces, closely following the words of their teacher. Had the prayer been oral, only a dozen seated near him would have understood. It is not surprising that many intelligent deaf-mutes, who speak fairly well, should say that their speech was of small practical service to them outside of their own families.

STATUE OF THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.

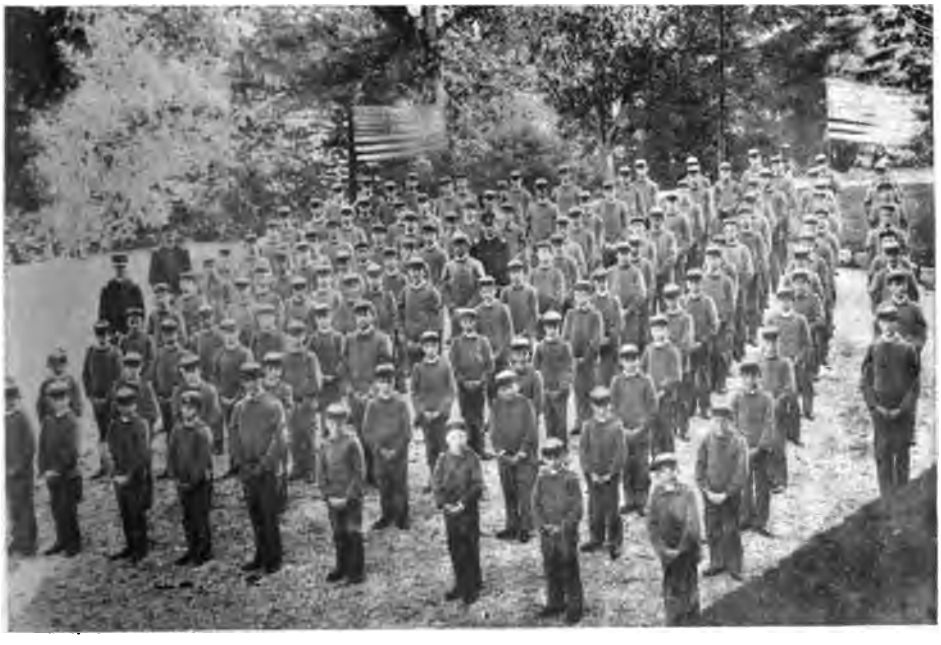
At present the combined or eclectic system, as advocated by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, is recognized by the leading institutions of Europe and the United States, as the standard method of instruction for the deaf and dumb. At the same time it will be seen that schools for these afflicted ones are of three kinds: those that teach by means of the sign-language only, those that use only the oral method, and those that have adopted the combined system. The purely oral schools, the first of which were established thirty years ago, have not become numerous. Out of the fifty-five

public schools of the country, only five sustain the purely oral method, and these five contain but 567 pupils out of 10,000 in all the public schools. But speech is taught in every one of the other schools, in connection with a greater or less use of the manual method. In the fifty public schools in which a combined method prevails, with a pupilage of 9,018, more than 4,000 pupils are taught speech.

Education of deaf-mutes has kept pace with education in general. The common branches are as well taught in our state institutions for the deaf as in our public schools. In addition there is a high-school department in each, while for the more ambitious and gifted, our government supports, in Washington, the college under the presidency of the eminent Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, already referred to.

In 1857 there were nineteen schools, the buildings and grounds of which had cost $1,371,736, the annual support of which involved an expenditure of $285,416, and in which 1,771 pupils were being educated. At the present time there are eighty-nine schools, with 11,054 under instruction. Thirty-four of these schools are in private hands, or are day-schools in connection with the common-school system of some city or town. For the fifty-five public institutions, more than eleven million dollars have been expended on buildings and grounds, and nearly two million are appropriated annually for current expenses. In every state in our Union public provision is made for the education of the deaf, thirty-nine states having schools of their own, and the six states without them providing for the education of their deaf children in the schools of the neighboring states. The census of 1890 showed that there were 41,283 deaf-mutes in the United States. Industrial departments exist in all but two of the public schools, and in fourteen of the private and day-schools. In the larger schools from five to seventeen industries are taught.

The foremost seat of learning for the deaf and dumb is, of course, Dr. Gallaudet's college, established in Washington in 1857, and now officially known as the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind. The history of the growth, development, and success of the Columbia Institution is inseparable from the life of Dr.



A COMPANY OF THE SCHOOL'S REGIMENT AT COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

Gallaudet, who for forty years has been in turn instructor and organizer, its superintendent and president, but always its inspiration and hope. Orphaned early, inured first to business, and later college trained, young Gallaudet was made, before his graduation, an instructor in the Hartford School for the Deaf. His character and work were such that, despite his extreme youth, Mr. Amos Kendall, without seeing him and on reports of his capacity, offered him the superintendency of the Columbia Institution, just chartered by the Congress of the United States. Kendall, to whose enlightened spirit of charity and timely generosity this work was primarily due, gave house and land, guaranteed the first salaries, and later built a schoolhouse.

From five in 1857, the pupils grew to fifty-seven in 1863, and in 1864 Professor Gallaudet, who had demonstrated his fitness for organization and management, saw practical realization of the idea that had originally inspired him to accept control of the work—the initiation of higher education and the establishment of a college. The Congress, which had wisely extended its interest in and financial aid to the school, now displayed its entire confidence by turning aside, in the midst of the great Civil War, to confer on it full collegiate powers. Congress also increased its appropriation to nearly $30,000 that year, and insured the future of the institution, in 1858, by granting to it annually $5,000, thus committing the United States to the support of its first educational institution on peaceful lines, the others being for war—at West Point and Annapolis. The annual appropriation for this institution now amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A GROUP OF BICYCLISTS OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE, COLUMBIA INSTITUTION.

The Columbia Institution is unique, not only because it is the only college for the deaf and dumb in the world, but also because it is the only institution where pupils acquire a complete education. More than six hundred young men and women have received the training of the college, and have proved by their intellectual development that deafness presents no obstacle to a very high degree of mental culture. The practical advantages of the higher education to these young people have been marked and great, as will be shown by an enumeration of some of the occupations that have been opened to them. Forty-seven who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching; four have entered the Christian ministry; three have become editors and publishers of newspapers;

three others have taken positions connected with journalism; fifteen have entered the civil service of the government—one of these, who rose to a high and responsible position, resigned to enter upon the practice of law in patent cases in Cincinnati and Chicago, and has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States; one is the official botanist of Iowa; one, while filling a position as instructor in a western institution, has rendered an important service to the Coast Survey as a microscopist, and one is engaged in the office of the state surveyor for Illinois.

Of the three who became draftsmen in architects' offices, one is in successful practice as an architect on his own account, which is also true of another, who completed his education by a course of study in Europe; one has been repeatedly elected recorder of deeds in Savannah, and two others are recorders' clerks in the West; one was elected and still sits as a city councilman; one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer; two are members of the faculty of the college in Washington; and two others are rendering valuable services as instructors therein; some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own account, while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits. Of those engaged in teaching, one has been the principal of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania; one is now in his second year as principal of the Ohio Institution; one has been at the head of a day-school in Cincinnati, and later of the Colorado Institution; a third has charge of the Oregon Institution; a fourth is at the head of a day-school in St. Louis; three others have respectively founded and are now at the head of schools in New Mexico, North Dakota, and Evansville, Ind., and others have done pioneer work in establishing schools in Florida and Utah.

The students of the Columbia Institution enjoy the same activities and recreation as those of other colleges, and in baseball, football, hare-and-hounds, and other outdoor sports compare favorably with other teams. A teacher of deaf-mutes one day awoke to the fact discovered so many centuries ago, namely: that a healthy mind chiefly depends upon a healthy body. He concluded that the reason for a deaf-mute's slouchy carriage, listless gait, and general air of depression was the lack of physical exercise. He found that, outside the deaf-mute's affliction, there were other physical reasons that tended to his downcast mental attitude. He found, for instance, that a deaf-mute's chest is narrow and contracted, because a man who cannot speak does not exercise his chest and lungs like a normal man, nor does he breathe in the same way. He also found that a deaf-mute's gait was due, in great part, to the fact that he was not alive to impressions that came by the way of the tympanum of the ear. A gymnasium accordingly was fitted up.

Since the introduction of gymnasium work the improvement in the physical well-being of the students in the institution has been wonderful. Bent backs have been straightened, narrow chests expanded, lips that were once slack tightened, and eyes that were once dull brightened. "Once get a deaf-mute interested," says the "gym" master, "and before you know where you are he is hotly enthusiastic. He undoubtedly has more power of concentration than ordinary young men in possession of all their faculties. He works like a Trojan and plays accordingly. The main trouble I have with my pupils—both sexes—is to prevent them trying to do too much. They would be here twelve hours a day if I would allow them. I am going to teach them handball this year, which is calculated to develop chest and lungs—their weakest points. One endeavor is to obtain what I might term 'gymnastic articulation,' that is, to get a boy who is performing a chest exercise to pronounce a short word by means of the extra force of air forced through his lungs. In several cases I have managed by this method to get a pupil to jerk out, so to speak, a single word, and more than once I have succeeded in obtaining the articulate emission of four consecutive words."

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

BY F. SCHEIBLER.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

ON returning to Calcutta on the first of March, and having made my call on Lord Beresford to thank him for his kindness, I found myself without any occupation, and, worse than that, fairly consumed by the mania for killing a tiger, so that I might carry its skin home as a trophy. I had only a month left before my departure for Italy, including the trip to Bombay. So the time was, to say the least, limited. I had received two invitations to join a hunt and was hesitating between them, when a fortunate combination of circumstances procured for me a third and more favorable opportunity and thus released me from the necessity of making a choice.

Having gone the Sunday after my return to the Zoological Gardens in company with my friend Fenwick, I met there Sir Benjamin Simpson, a most enthusiastic tiger-hunter. He had been in India for more than twenty years in the capacity of a physician, had met with great success, and now was on the point of returning to Europe in order to enjoy quietly the fruit of his labors. He owned important tea plantations at the foot of the Himalayas and had but recently returned from them, passing by the hunting camp of his excellency the maharajah of Cooch Behar on his way to the sea. We talked for some time about our enjoyment of the chase. I told him of my experience in India and expressed to him my desire of killing a tiger before I left the country. Then we parted.

Two days later I went to see some photographs he had taken of the rajah's camp, and was pleasantly surprised to find an invitation awaiting me from the rajah himself to a hunt which had been begun ten days before. Naturally I needed no urging and started the next morning for the camp. Eighteen hours by rail brought me to Mogolhat. There I crossed a broad stream on the rajah's elephant and found a collation prepared near by in the bungalow. From this point I was rapidly driven to the palace of Cooch Behar, using four relays of horses.

The residence is truly a magnificent one, being built entirely out of red stone, which was brought from a distance at great expense. An immense dome in the center of the structure covers an atrium, which is paved in the Venetian style. Along the broad staircase and in the halls are hung innumerable trophies of the hunt. The palace is surrounded by a very large park with lawns after the English fashion, where are several lawn-tennis courts. I visited the well-filled cages of wild beasts and the horse and elephant stables. These last were wholly deserted by their occupants, which were being used in the hunt. Sixty horses were there, however, employed in transporting guests from Mogolhat to the palace and from the palace to the hunting camp.

I gave the letter of introduction, with which Simpson had furnished me, to a servant, adding my visiting card to it, and was soon invited to tiffin by the wife of the rajah's private secretary, Mrs. Bignell. Her husband, a genuine sportsman, was directing the movements of the hunt, and, indeed, combined in his one person the double functions of master of the horse and court ceremonies. Mrs. Bignell gave orders for my carriage as soon as tiffin was over, and after changing horses five times I reached, at half-past nine in the evening, an encampment of natives, which was the end of the carriage road and the last post of the Anglo-Indian constabulary. The guests had to go on elephants the remaining distance. But if I wished to take part in the hunt the next day I must travel all night and with whatever means I might find, for the ele-

phants did not start till the following morning.

I hired two ox-carts, one for myself and one for my servant and baggage, and the next day at the early hour of half-past five reached the camp. All were asleep save the sentinel pacing in front of the rajah's tent. So I fell into a doze, leaving orders to be wakened at eight. At breakfast I was presented to his excellency, a handsome man of about thirty, who spoke both English and French. He was educated in England and has adopted English customs and dress. He is a fine huntsman and an excellent shot. There were four other Europeans besides myself as guests, two of them English generals. The rajah had also an English military *attaché* with him and an English physician.

You make ready for the hunt the moment breakfast is over. Elephants carrying howdahs go to the tents of all the hunters to take along their arms. My own outfit included a soft hat for the evening, a waterproof, and my indispensable camera. Bignell gave me a carbine. We had twelve elephants when we started, almost all of them old bulls with very long tusks and of a colossal size. The one assigned to me was called Peabody. He was guided by a *mahout*, whom I very soon won over by a good fee and the promise of a fine present if he helped me kill a tiger. The finest elephant of all, however, was the one ridden by the rajah. Of immense size, his long, sharp tusks guaranteed him against the attacks of any animal whatsoever. Always impassive, he had absolutely no fear of tigers.

Half an hour after the departure of the howdahs the hunters started in companies of three or four, mounted on their respective elephants. Seated beside her husband on one of these was Lady Gordon. This manner of journeying is very acceptable. The elephants go more swiftly and their gait is more pleasing than those which carry the howdahs. But you must get into this structure when once you reach the field of action. My first day at the hunt was not very lucky. The servants beat up the dense high thickets so favored by the rhinoceros, but did not discover any. The rhinoceros likes marshes but stays during the day in the depths of the jungle. The Asiatic rhinoceros has one horn only, not over a foot long at the most. His foot is a complete circle and is furnished with three nails. He boasts of four sharp teeth, two upper and two lower, which are intended to tear to shreds the cane and the branches on which he feeds. He is a dangerous animal to hunt and even assails the elephant. Besides, he does not die easily.

This first day I was especially interested in noticing the arrangements for the hunt and the work of the elephants in the thicket. The hunters came in their howdahs to the leeward of the woods, while the fifty elephants which beat up the bush entered it to the windward side. The line of these elephants is flanked at either end by a hunter, who directs the line and who also looks after any animal that tries to escape from the jungle. There is also a hunter in the center of the file who exercises like duties, and in case of a large number of elephants it is customary to increase the number of hunters.

A strict oversight on the part of the men who guide the elephants is necessary. They must keep in touch with one another so as not to pass by any animal which may be in their path. The line of the beaters advances through the dense brush with tremendous uproar, breaking down even the trees which oppose its progress. The noise sounds like the sea in a storm. In the jungles which are haunted by the rhinoceros and buffalo the reeds often rise to a greater height than the howdahs on the elephants' backs, or nearly to twenty feet. In that case it is impossible to see the ground on which they are treading. Nor can the drivers see one another easily, and they are therefore provided with long poles which have white flags at the end. By these signals the file is kept in line. Whenever a tiger attacks an elephant in such a jungle the hunter can only lay down his gun and hold tight to the howdah. For in case the tiger leaps on the elephant's back the latter gives

such tremendous shakes to get rid of, him that the hunter runs the risk of being thrown entirely out of his protection and into the deep morass.

But on this particular day we found neither rhinoceros nor buffaloes, though we continued the beating till evening, interrupting it only from one to two o'clock to take tiffin, which was provided in the most luxurious manner imaginable. Seats were set about a well-furnished table. There were cold and hot dishes and rice with excellent curry prepared by an Arabian cook, who had no other duties. Wines and liquors of all kinds were supplied in abundance, as well as ice, which was in great demand by all. We returned to the camp late, having shot but three deer, and after a good hot bath all sat about in smoking jackets to await the dinner hour. I had time to make the rounds of the camp, which seemed like a city of tents. These were arranged in two rows, with the dining tent on one side between the rows and on the other the tent of the rajah. The elephants' stables and the *mahouts'* tents were about two hundred yards distant, while between these and ours was the tent of the embalmers, who prepare and preserve the trophies. I noticed among the animals which had been already killed, twelve tigers, five rhinoceros, fifteen buffaloes, four bears, and twelve deer.

After dinner I made Bignell tell me his adventures. One of them was unusually interesting. It happened fifteen years before, when he was stationed in Central India. At that time he received a visit from an English friend, who, like most travelers, wished to kill a tiger. They learned that a large one had just devoured a buffalo in a neighboring wood. So he took his friend to the place, put him in a tree on a kind of platform, gave him his new Winchester, and stationed himself some seventy yards distant on the ground. In Central India, where there is a dearth of elephants and where the jungle is not so dense as in Bengal, the beating up is done by natives on foot, who make a great din with the tom-tom (rings on sticks). The tiger was discovered and passed under the tree, the visitor meanwhile inflicting on him a slight wound, which only infuriated him. He saw Bignell and, giving vent to hoarse, sinister growls, leaped toward him. At fifty yards Bignell fires. The tiger lifts his tail, as he always does when he is hit, and keeps on. Bignell kneels and taking careful aim fires again at ten yards only, piercing the tiger's stomach. One more leap and he is struck down by a mighty blow of the tiger's tail, and loses his senses. He had a vague remembrance of the beast licking his wounds in his death throes, and then all grew black under the oppression of the heavy weight on his breast. When he revived he heard one shot after another. It was his friend in the tree, who, perceiving the tiger's hide from his perch, was using up the remaining cartridges of the Winchester rifle, fortunately, however, without effect. When the beaters arrived and drew Bignell out from under the animal they found that the latter had just missed the hunter's head with his open jaws but had struck him with his hind feet. His claws left their mark on the Englishman's head and shoulders. The whole of the following year he spent in a hospital. It was necessary to trepan his head and insert a platinum plate in the place of the bone which was removed. He assured me he never lent his Winchester to a friend again. For even the wounds made by a tiger are generally fatal. His mouth and claws are almost always infected by the carcasses he devours and their contact produces blood-poisoning.

The hunt as carried on at Cooch Behar is unique for the simple reason that no other Indian rajah keeps sixty elephants for that purpose alone. Their line was guided by Bignell. He would take the right end and place in the center the chief of the native beaters, a certain Goli who had the care of the elephants during the entire year. This man was a fine type of the Hindu. Lean and tall, he would stand erect on his elephant and by much shouting and gesticulating would keep the line straight. All day long you could hear his "Forward on the right," "Slower in the center," "Firm on the left," and so on.

On the second day we did not get started before ten o'clock. The rajah prefers to make a late hunt in order to have news of tigers, if there are any in the vicinity. He induces the natives to let their buffalo herds loose during the night in the neighborhood of the jungles that are most frequented by tigers. He reimburses them for the value of the beasts they lose and also makes them a present for every tiger they may locate. So it is quite certain that if any tigers appear he is told of the fact in the morning, and then with his array of elephants and huntsmen it is quite difficult for the animals to escape. On this particular morning no such tidings had arrived and so we started in for a buffalo hunt. I am very fortunately placed at the angle of a thicket. The beaters stir up one buffalo, then another, then a third, each one of which I strike in the head as he appears. He, falling on his knees, disappears in the bush. Great is the applause of the natives at such lucky shots. But when the chase is over and the thicket is searched only one dead buffalo is discovered. I dismount from my elephant, and scanning the carcass find out that the same buffalo has received all three of my bullets and they in his head. This will show you what an extraordinary vitality this animal possesses. If you do not strike at once into his heart or brain he can carry a perfect mass of lead. There was no other large game forthcoming for the day. A very strong wind was blowing, which is an unfavorable condition for hunting.

The next day a native runs in with the news that a tiger had been seen to swim across the river Sunkos at five o'clock and enter the jungle. The prospect of fine sport created a general good humor. For in India the tiger is the king of the forest and all hunters prefer him to the other game. We are placed in position; I am but fifty paces from the rajah. The beaters enter the bush. We are on the alert, but nothing is seen. A native swears that the tiger must be there and that he is an old male. Bignell says that sometimes they remain crouched motionless on the ground within a yard of the nearest elephant that passes by. The beating is gone over again. About half way through there is a general commotion in the line. Some of the elephants trumpet, a sound which ends in a very loud *pluff*. Others turn around and try to run away.

Bignell, who is with the line and who sees the jungle move before him, fires at a guess, both to prevent the tiger from profiting by the confusion of the file in order to escape to the rear, as well as to urge him toward the hunters. The tiger bounds forward, crying now and then. It finally reaches the last point of the brush formed by reeds, which I see moving right before me. Great is the uproar. All the *mahouts* on their elephants shriek loudly enough to split their throats. They are able by their noise to keep the tiger from turning on them and therefore are full of courage. The cry which dominates all is the phrase of "The tiger is going forward," which is always repeated when the tiger is started from its lair. The rajah perceives that if they make him come out in my direction he can take refuge, unless he is at once killed, in a large thick jungle where it would be difficult to discover him. So he closes up his elephants. He brings the front of the beating line to the place where we were stationed and he moves me to the other side of the little piece of reeds in which the tiger had taken refuge—who knows in what frame of mind. The point of the bush was not over ten yards wide. No sooner is the rajah's order given than the elephant wall advances and the tiger comes out fifteen paces from me. The rajah could not have been more polite. He allowed me to fire first. My bullet struck the shoulder in the place at which I had aimed, but it did not stop the tiger on the spot. He gave another leap, and received together with my second bullet a regular fusilade from the rajah, Bignell, and Hughes, who had come up. He sinks in a death struggle at the feet of my elephant. Peabody sends him flying with one kick. I beg the others not to shoot, photograph his agony, then finish him with a bullet behind the ear. The rajah was so kind as to present me with his skin, which

was unusually beautiful. It extended to nearly nine feet in length, or but a little short of the record, which is slightly over nine feet.

We were returning to the camp well satisfied with our sport, when a native ran up saying there was another tiger in a jungle some four miles distant. This one came out at the first beating up. With long growls often repeated, it passed unharmed through the hunters and jumping into a ditch some ten yards broad disappeared under the water. When it came to the surface there was a general discharge of rifles. The bullets churned up the water around its head but without harming it. It reached the opposite bank, right in the direction of the elephant, posted near by, on which were Major Gordon and his wife. The major fires twice, but does not succeed in stopping the beast. His wife, however, aims at him with her little carbine, and it is her bullet which lays the great animal low. There is no need of saying that we gave the brave lady a regular ovation. After dinner that evening the rajah had champagne brought out and proposed a toast to her. The results of her good shot were, however, not fortunate for Mrs. Gordon. The next year in wishing to handle a larger carbine she received a violent blow in the face from the kick of the gun, and ever after bore the scar that the accident occasioned.

Other hunts resulted in trophies of rhinoceros, bison, bears, and also one tiger. At last we ran across a tiger family. It consisted of a male, a female, and two cubs. The male was in the jungle where we started our first one. The beating up is but half over when we hear a howl. The elephants trumpet and run away, and the tiger escapes by passing through the line. He plunges into the Sunkos and continues his flight on the other side for several miles. We hope to be more fortunate with the female, which is in a thicket of high canes near a ditch to which it had dragged a dead buffalo. The thicket is surrounded by the elephants and the tigress comes out swimming through the reedy water, so that she is invisible. I notice the tops of the reeds moving some twenty yards distant, and fire at random without any result. The elephants then drive out the two cubs, which are easy prey. A native has seen the mother among some bushes near a marsh. The elephants are driven thither, beat up the brush, but refuse to enter the swamp, where a dense growth covers the water. Bignell is sure that the tigress is there, and the rajah has several shots fired into the jungle with the object of driving her out, but to no purpose. We then go away, leaving a native in a tree to observe the course of events. Half an hour later she calmly appears, and catches a buffalo that very night.

The day following the rajah decides to postpone the hunt, both because the tiger will be on the watch and because the elephants are tired and need a rest. The morning after this recess, we start out once more, a tiger is discovered but he turns on the elephants and drives them back in terror. Gordon, who is in the line with them, wounds him twice. Bignell rallies the elephant drivers and they advance once more. The infuriated beast leaps at Bignell's elephant and grips its forehead with his teeth. The elephant shrieks, shakes himself vigorously, and frees himself. The tiger utters a growl which terrifies the other elephants. They all flee. He returns to the bush. In the meantime Bignell had laid down his rifle and clung to his howdah to escape falling. He must have been endowed with nerves of steel not to tremble at all. The elephants all refusing to make another trial I obtain permission to advance with Peabody. We enter the jungle. The tiger which had been wounded by Gordon greets me with terrible howls. I plant a bullet near his heart. Another bullet carries away a tooth, but this was bad practice on my part, since the wound was not a mortal one. And the rajah, who had now come up, gave me a lesson by at once despatching the beast. It was even larger than the one we had first killed.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

BOOK II.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

ON this side of the fire sat Frank Barry; on that Marian, his wife. Both were reading: Frank lying back in an easy chair, pipe in mouth, legs stretched and crossed; Marian seated on a low stool, cheek in hand, and a book in her lap. At Frank's elbow, on a table, a tumbler containing whisky and water stood among a litter of books and papers; on the mantel-shelf, above Marian's head, stood an empty wine glass among the photographs.

The room (usually called the study) was small, cheerful; lined with books, hung with prints and portraits of literary celebrities; lighted by a shaded lamp; set here and there with wicker chairs, pots of ferns, knickknacks of various kinds. The carpet was strewn with fringed mats, scraps of paper, odds and ends of dress stuff. A table by the wall held a sewing machine, a work-basket, a roll of paper patterns, some lengths of lace, and a bundle of linen. An evening paper lay crumpled at Frank's feet. A society journal lay on the hearth-rug beside Marian's stool. The room had an untidy appearance, an air at once of disorder and of comfort. The curtains were drawn; the door almost closed. A big fire was burning; for it was early spring and the nights were cold.

The Barrys lived in furnished apartments—first-floor dining-room, second-floor bedroom, and this study of Frank's—near the Kennington end of Camberwell New Road. The neighborhood, they found, offered advantages in the shape of cheap rents and markets, good air and modest requirements; advantages all of them not to be despised by a young couple of slender means and a family of one, a fine boy, called Frank, just then some sixteen months old. Moreover, Camberwell was Marian's birthplace, and close by, in the Leipsic Road, lived her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dent. Furthermore, their present landlady, a worthy person enough, had been Frank's in the old days, and his present study had once been his den.

They were married in the summer following the days of Frank's adventures in Ireland—nearly three years before. The current of their lives ran smoothly enough and not unhappily. Marian was a good wife; Frank above the average of husbands. He had changed but slightly in those three years—somewhat paler, a little less robust, a slight thinning among the curls above his forehead, another wrinkle or two in his brow, another line or two of experience, of weakness, on his face; that was all. Sometimes, when women were in sight, for instance, he gave Marian cause for uneasiness; occasionally he had long fits of depression, abstraction; now and then, in the days maybe when work was speeding and fame came luring, he rose to fine heights of amiability and good spirits. He was still a literary man: a writer of reviews, paragraphs, articles, tags of verse. Editors were kind. Work was in plenty. Seldom now did the wolf come snarling. He wrought hard; lived in hope; and, for the rest, was sitting there before the fire while Marian his wife ran a critical and sympathetic eye over the pages of his first book, not that great novel of which we have already heard, but another and a slighter work, in which, hastily and not very successfully, it must be said, he had embodied some of the first fruits of his observation and experience.

They read in silence for some little time. Occasionally Marian looked up, turned toward the door, and appeared to be listening; frequently Frank lowered his book and shot a quick look, a hungry look you

might call it, at his wife's face. At last, he took a sip of whisky and water; dabbed at the fire with the poker; filled and lighted a fresh pipe, then rested elbows on knees, and with that old smile of his playing about his lips, turned to Marian.

"Well, old girl," said he. "And how goes it?"

Marian closed the book on her thumb; leaned forward and looked at the fire. She was a handsome woman; features full, round, and regular; brows broad and clearly marked; lips firm; chin strong; hair beautiful and abundant; eyes frank and deep and calm.

"Oh, nicely, thank you, Frank." Her voice came clear and rich. "And you?"

Frank spread his hands to the blaze; raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"I? Oh, I'm all right," said he. "A bit tired, you know, and lazy."

Marian did not answer. Frank looked a while at his hands; then turned again.

"I'm afraid you're bored a little to-night, my dear," said he; suddenly crossed his legs and leaned over the arm of his chair. "Come now. Confess. Aren't you bored to death?"

Marian looked round; searched Frank's eyes and smiled.

"Ah, you vain fellow," said she, with a shake of her head. She raised Frank's book. "Is it *this?*" she asked, and smiled again.

"Yes, it's *that.* I've been watching you this half hour; twenty times has my pipe gone out; twenty times I thought you were going to say—say something. I'm as nervous—oh, bother. Honestly, Marian—honestly, mind, what do you think of it?"

Eagerly Frank leaned over the arm of his chair, eyes shining, his fingers twitching; slowly Marian turned her face to the fire.

"Honestly, Marian. Honestly."

"Well, honestly, Frank—I like it." Very deliberately Marian spoke. "I never expected you could do so well with fiction. It's—really, parts of it are excellent."

Frank sat back in his chair.

"Damned with faint praise," he muttered. He joined his finger-tips; looked at the fire and sighed. "Ah, well," he murmured dolefully. "Ah, well."

Marian turned to him.

"You asked me to be honest with you, Frank."

"I know, my dear; I know."

"And I am," Marian went on; "I'm trying to be very honest. Surely you wouldn't have me say what I don't mean, Frank?"

"Of course not. Certainly not."

Marian opened the book, laid her hands upon it, and fell to twisting her rings.

"You see, Frank, I'm not very clever. You mustn't expect too much of me. And, you know, I never did enjoy stories of country life very much. Did I?"

Frank fidgeted in his chair.

"Oh, it's all right, dear," he said. "Don't worry. I know exactly. You're disappointed." He sighed again. "Ah, well; it'll all come right some day."

"Frank," said Marian, raising her eyes, "don't be unjust. I'm *not* disappointed. I am very proud of you. I've read every word; and see," she raised the book, "I'm not quite through it."

Frank nodded; smiled; kept his eyes on the fire. There came a short pause.

"Frank, what do you want me to say?"

"Nothing, dear; nothing. I quite understand." Frank rapped the ashes from his pipe on the bar of the grate. "I know I'm foolish. Only—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Only what, Frank?"

"Well, I thought, perhaps, you might disagree a little more with the critics."

"I do, Frank. I hate them."

"Yes. Hate them and agree with them."

"Frank, it's cruel of you to say that."

"It is slipshod," Frank continued, with a curl of his lip. "It is rambling, amateurish. Amateurish! As though I were a schoolgirl."

Quick words were on Marian's tongue. She checked them, and leaning her cheek on her hand looked at Frank. Poor fellow. Oh, those brutes of critics! And she was unsympathetic, hard. She reached out her

hand; all at once rose, went to the door, and stood listening—a fine picture, in her sweet grace, of young motherhood.

"I thought I heard the little man," she said, coming back. "Bless him, what a sleep he is taking." She knelt by Frank's chair and took his hand. "And now let me lecture my dear old boy. Really, Frank, you must not worry so. After all, what of the critics? They don't know everything; they *must* make mistakes. And what good can worrying do?"

"I know," Frank broke in. "But who can help worrying," he cried, "when he sees himself misunderstood, vilified? When this man is unjust and that man brutal—"

"Yes, Frank; yes."

"Great heavens, the work I've put into that book, the experience, the observation! The care I've had; the drudgery it has cost me. And then—then to find I've cast my pearls before swine—"

"I know, Frank; I know."

"Before God, Marian," cried Frank, swinging round in his chair, "I often think I'd be a happier man with the life and ambitions of a city clerk. Look at the work I do; see the reward. Look at the ambitions I have; see their result. Bah!" He flung round again. "What's the good of talk? What's the confounded good of anything?"

Marian slipped down on the hearth-rug and sat reading the fire. Had Frank said truth? Would he be a happier man with the pale face, black coat, everlasting routine, narrow means and hopes of a city drudge? She wondered. Would she be a happier woman? She wondered again. Some things then might be gained; some things spared. Frank was altering. He was getting a little hard, morose; a little careless, maybe. Three years? And three years more?

Dead silence held the room for a while; then Frank leaned forward and laid a hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Marian," he pleaded. "Forgive me, my dear. I'm ashamed of myself. Forget what I've said; and forgive me. Won't you?"

"Why, of course, Frank." Marian looked up. "Of course."

"I was absurd. It was all those brutes—but there, let them be."

Frank rose; picked his book from Marian's stool and, with his back to the fire, stood turning its pages. "After all," he went on, "it's not so bad. Even the most malevolent cannot deny that there's a spark of promise here and there. Eh, Marian?"

"Yes, Frank."

"That scene, for instance, by the lake shore, when the hero tries to say good-by and, instead, wanders weakly into a declaration of love. That's good, I know. Eh, Marian?"

"I thought it very curious, Frank."

"Yes? And the setting of it? The black trees, the silent shore, the stretch of lonely waters, the cottage on the hillside, the wooden pier, the boats lying beside it. Eh, Marian, what did you think of that?"

"It is admirable, Frank. I could picture it all quite clearly."

"Good, good for me! And the heroine, little black-eyed Nancy? How did you like her, Marian?"

"Ah, poor girl; poor child. My heart bled for her. That cruel fellow."

Frank winced. He lowered his book.

"You don't like the hero, then, Marian?"

"No, I don't, Frank." Marian looked up. "Surely you didn't expect me to like him?"

Frank turned away; for a moment swayed to and fro.

"Well," he answered, "perhaps not. Still, he deserves some pity. He was weak."

"Miserably weak."

Frank winced again.

"He was. No doubt he was. But, you see, Marian, he is a kind of study. He has the artistic temperament. He is emotional. Surely, he is to be forgiven something for the sake of his frailties, of what, by nature, he could not help?"

"No." Marian shook her head. "No."

"But, Marian. Think, my dear. We are none of us perfect. . . . Now, this man was very human, very imperfect; I don't wish to defend him; still—"

Again Marian shook her head.

"It's no use, Frank, trying to argue the matter. I can only tell you that I hate the fellow."

Frank smiled knowingly, a man's smile at a woman's reason.

"Well, well," said he. "So my poor hero stands condemned. You hate him, Marian?" he asked, and looked furtively down at her. "You find nothing to like in him at all?"

"He is untrue, Frank," answered Marian, in her decisive way; "and a weakling, and a coward. That is quite enough for me."

Frank stooped to stir the fire. He had no wish further to hear Marian's opinion of this hero of his—this hero with a character and a record perilously like his own. It was just like Marian, he thought. No mercy for weakness; no pardon for frailty; no perception of the very narrow path which, in this mortal world of ours, ever separates the sheep from the goats. That hero of his had faults, even as he himself had; had virtues, too, even as he. . . .

"Frank," said Marian, from her place by his chair.

"Yes, my dear."

"Did you ever meet any of the people in your story? Are any of them drawn from real life?"

Frank dropped the poker.

"From real life?" said he; then paused and appeared to consider. "H'm. Let me see. Well, no, Marian; not any of them in their entirety. They are things of shreds and patches. Of course I have drawn upon my experience; what novelist does not? But I have idealized, selected. No; they were never real. But why do you ask?"

Marian had been looking up at Frank; now she dropped her eyes.

"Oh, I have no particular reason, Frank. It was only a fancy. And the story, is that, too, an invention?"

"Yes," answered Frank. "Certainly. But why do you ask *that*, Marian?"

"Really, Frank, I don't know; except that sometimes I seemed to be reading of things that had actually happened."

"Ha! One for me," said Frank; "one for me."

"That scene by the lake shore, for instance," Marian went on. "Well, it gave me the idea that you must have seen it or heard about it."

"Oh, dear no," said Frank, and swayed to and fro. "Oh, dear me, no."

Marian looked up.

"And Nancy? You never met or heard of a girl like that?"

An ugly frown gathered on Frank's brow.

"No," he answered. "Surely, Marian, you know I have not."

"Yes? Oh, it's nothing. I was only wondering if you had heard of her when you were in Ireland. You see, Frank, you have never been quite open with me about that time."

A flush rose to Frank's cheek; his eyes took a sudden glitter.

"My dear, I have been quite open," he said. "How often am I to repeat it? Really, Marian, these suspicions. . . ."

And just then, mercifully it might seem, some one knocked at the study door.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK crossed to the door, pulled it open; and at once his face brightened.

"Hello, Rab." The welcome in his voice was strangely blended with relief. "It's you, is it? Well, you are a fellow. Standing there knocking as though you were a beggar. Oh, come in," cried Frank, with a laugh, and plucked at the visitor's sleeve; "come in with you."

There entered a tall, angular man, wrapped in a loose cloak, a muffler round his neck and a tweed hat in his hand. Slowly, awkwardly he came to the fire; shook hands with Marian and spoke a conventional word or two in response to her greeting; then turned and stood blinking at the lamp. He seemed shy. His face was solemn, impassive. His shoulders drooped; his arms hung limp.

"'Pon my word," Frank kept on as he closed the door; "this is a pretty way to treat your friends. To come sneaking up the stairs, and stand gently rapping at our chamber door. A pretty way, indeed! Eh, Marian, what do you think of him?"

Marian's face was still grave. At sight of Frank's dancing eyes she smiled, but said nothing.

"Well, you old raven." Frank laid his hands on Rab's shoulders and swayed him to and fro. "How's the world using you? Lord! but you look solemn. Man, you're as pinched and cold looking as charity itself. Here, off with your duds." Frank flung Rab's hat upon the table, pitched his muffler into a corner, pulled off his cloak and hung it over a picture; then wheeled a chair before the fire and dropped a cushion upon its seat. "Now," said he, breaking into hideous mimicry of a Scotch dialect, "doon ye sit, ma sonny. An' mak yoursel comfortable; an' stretch your lang legs; an' ha' your wee bit smoke; an' what'll ye hae, ma braw son o' a Hielan' lardie?"

Laughing noisily, Frank turned to the cupboard for glass and decanter; smiling to herself, as much at the shy seriousness that lay upon Rab's face as at Frank's hilarity, Marian crossed the room for her work-basket; slowly, awkwardly, Rab sat down. Seen without cloak and muffler he looked leaner and more angular than ever. His knees jutted sharp; his shoulder-blades bulged beneath his brown jacket; as he fumbled for tobacco, his elbow threw into clear relief the bare patches on the velvet. His jaw was lank; his wrists and hands big and bony. For all that he made a striking figure. He had a fine head; large, well-shaped, admirably poised. His hair was iron-gray, thick, and wavy; his face was rugged and powerful, with a great brow, large nose, and high cheek-bones. His lips were firm; his eyes deep set, and in them a fine look of wisdom and stanchness, a calm light of tenderness and goodness of heart; withal, an expression that seemed to tell of suffering, perhaps, or mystery, or shrinking from a dread. Shrinking? Yes; that is the word. It fits the man; his manner, his look, his great reticence.

Rab filled his pipe and lit it; sipped from the tumbler that Frank had set on the mantel-shelf, and, stretching his feet toward the fire, writhed himself comfortably into his chair. Already the warmth had reached his bones; on his cheek lay a shallow flush; slowly he turned and looked at Marian, sitting back by her work-basket, and at Frank standing by the lamp trying to cajole a piece of string down the stem of his pipe.

"Ay," he said softly to himself; then smiled, rubbed his hands together, and turned once more to his contemplation of the fire.

Presently Frank pulled up a chair, cocked his feet upon the mantelpiece, and through a cloud of smoke began to talk. He was very lively, was Frank; full of spirits, ideas. His tongue galloped; his laugh rang merry. Sometimes he slapped his knee; now leaned over to shake Rab by the collar; now brought down his feet with a clatter and turned to flash a joke at Marian, sitting back over her needlework. He talked of politics, lightly, sneeringly; of his neighbors, scathingly, superciliously; of his friends, particularly his literary friends, with critical freedom; of books, editors, reviews, with a light play of glib knowledge; of his own book, with a scoffing note of devil-me-care. The critics, indeed; oh, confound their ignorance. The public, indeed; oh, a plague on its shallowness. Popularity, forsooth; oh, that be hanged. What of success, when success meant pandering to the Philistines; what of fame with its gilded trumpet; to the deuce with popularity, so be it that the few who knew were constant. And Frank slapped his leg again; and Marian smiled over her needle; and Rab grunted as he filled a fresh pipe, nor said a word.

But seldom indeed had Rab a word ready; with Frank on the floor seldom was a word necessary. He liked to hear the chatter, the laughter; his pipe went soothingly; the fire was comforting, the whisky grateful; he felt happy, did Rab, well at his ease; what more might mortal want? Frank meant well and hurt little. He liked the boy, his gabble and gaiety, his open heart and hand. He had hopes of him, with time, experience, wisdom. He was glad to see him so happy in his home. It was good to see Frank flashing round to his wife; that smile of Marian's pleased him vastly. They were a well-matched

pair, God bless them! Might he never see care darken their faces. And might they always have room for battered old Rab, a light for his pipe, a word and a smile, a chair by the fire. Theirs was his one place of refuge, his one haven from the troubled waters of journalistic drudgery; might the gods of their hearth be ever watchful and kindly. Ay, ay, thought Rab; ay, ay.

So Frank chattered and Rab pondered; and Marian, bending over her needle, gave ear and thought to them both. She liked to see them together, to hear them talk; always she was quite content to give them her silent companionship. She was not clever, she felt; she was but a woman, with a woman's range and outlook; admiration and sympathy were all that she could give, but willingly she gave her all and was satisfied. She liked Rab. She wished, sometimes, he would come oftener. He did Frank good; steadied, controlled him. Often had she wondered at their friendship. They were so utterly unlike. Rab was so silent, grave; time and again had she known him say fewer words through an evening than flowed from Frank inside five minutes. Never had she seen him animated; rarely other than shy and soberly reserved. What was the secret of his influence? And what the secret of himself? He was so mysterious in his ways; sometimes he looked haunted. And never would he either hint or speak. Often Frank twitted him with a love affair, an uneasy conscience; and always Rab smiled, sent up a cloud of smoke, and let his tongue lie dumb. He was a complete mystery. No one knew where he lived; not even Frank, his one and long-time friend. No one knew how he took his leisure. He never spoke of himself, his friends or relatives, his work or ambitions. Why was it, thought Marian, and round the lamp-shade glanced at his great head and sprawling hands. Ah, why indeed, she thought; and knew that a better answer she might not have. Perhaps it was as well, she added. Why trouble? Nothing could alter him in their eyes. He was just Rab; might he be always just Rab.

How very lively Frank was. Seldom had she seen him quite like that. All life he was and gay foolishness. Was it quite natural? Only a little while ago he had been quite different. Had Rab not come just when he did there might have been a scene. She had seen Frank look like that before. Ah, yes. Was it her fault or his? Hers, she feared. She was hard with the dear fellow; she got cold at times, obstinate. Her heart seemed to get frozen. Absurd things, wicked things, came to her mind now and then; and instead of driving them away she harbored them. Oh, she must guard herself. Still, she had said nothing that night to make Frank angry. Only a question or two about the characters in his story. Were they real? she had asked. Had he met people like them—like Nancy, for instance—when he was in Ireland? Surely there was no harm in saying that? Why had Frank grown irritable? Was there anything he had not told her? Hark! Was that the boy? Hastily Marian rose; turned, and there in the doorway stood her old father and mother.

"Why, dad!" cried she. "And mother! You old dears, to come like this." She crossed and kissed them. Rab rose. Frank came bustling over. At once the room was filled with chatter, greetings, laughter; soon fell quiet again as the door closed upon Marian and her mother and the three men were left to themselves.

Knowing and dreading the untidy ways which usually ran in the study, old Dent had left overcoat and hat in the hall; and now stood between Frank and Rab, warming his hands at the fire. He was a man of about sixty-five, short and somewhat portly, wearing a braided frock-coat, gray trousers, and an old-time fancy waistcoat. He stood very erect, coat tightly buttoned, black tie neatly adjusted, studs trim and flashing, his feet turned outward at an elegant angle. Not one of his white hairs was awry; his whiskers were perfection; the parting that ran from nape to crown was mathematical in its correctness. He had a large nose, a receding forehead, scanty eyebrows; a face on which benevo-

lence, good health, respectability, had writ their tokens large. From top to toe he looked the pink of cleanliness, decency; a fine specimen of your average middle-class Englishman, insular, it might be, and not intellectually endowed, yet standing upright in his square-toed shoes.

For a while he stood warming his hands and uttering this truism and that, about the weather, the stalest politics, the latest news; then turned, tucked hands under coat-tails, and swayed forward on his toes.

"Well, Frank, my boy," said he, and strove to hide the twinkle in his eyes, "what's your opinion, now, of things in general?"

Frank had been confidently awaiting that. It was the dad's great joke; one that had seen service on a thousand hearth-rugs.

He laughed, winked across at Rab; answered the dad, as always in the like case he had answered, by offering him pipe and tobacco.

"Smoke, dad," said he. "Do now. Come, be sociable."

The dad chuckled and looked slyly at Frank.

"Ah, you rascal," said he, and repeated himself for the thousandth time. "You murderin' villain; an' is it carried home on a stretcher you'd have me?" He turned to Rab and began fumbling in his tail pocket. "You know, Mr. Lindsay," he went on, with that air of jauntiness which, in his moments of humor, he usually affected, "these young rascals of Irishmen want careful watching. Oh, they're murderin' thieves. But I know them; I'm awake to their tricks," said he, and drew forth, first a small packet of tobacco neatly folded in brown paper; then a piece of tissue paper carefully doubled into squares; lastly, a pair of scissors in a case and a box of matches. Slowly he turned about; with precision arranged his treasures on the mantel-shelf; then with the scissors began fashioning a cigarette paper. Rab stood peering down at him, striving hard to keep back laughter. Frank stood biting his pipe-stem and trying to catch Rab's eye.

"There," said the dad, and spread his square of paper on the match-box. "There," said he again, and upon the paper laid a narrow line of tobacco. "Now," said he, and fell to rolling the cigarette between his fingers. "Dash!" said he, as his fingers slipped. "Dim!" said he, as the tobacco spun out at each end, leaving a lump in the middle. "Ah!" he exclaimed, and cautiously ran his tongue along the edge of the paper; and, "There!" cried he, when at last his cigarette was achieved and lay ragged and shapeless upon the mantel-shelf. Smiling grimly Rab turned away; Frank laughed out and smote old Dent on the back.

"Good, old dad," cried he. "Splendid, my boy."

"Ah, yes," said the dad. "I know you, Frank, you rascal; I know you." Carefully he struck a match, lit his cigarette; then, puffing at it with quick, short puffs, as though he were afraid of it, turned once more and faced the room.

Presently he fell a-talking, of this trifle and of that, of his own little affairs and of those that stirred the dust in the little world around him. He spoke pompously, using big words and mispronouncing them not infrequently. Sometimes he would fain be humorous; now he was jauntily frivolous; always he was shallow, aggressively obvious. Within ten minutes he had affirmed that free-trade was ruining England, that popular education was a mistake, that coals were absurdly dear, and that baldness was hereditary in the Dent family. His opinions were antiquated. He believed in the past, the good old days of his youth, the time when apples were six a penny, and Dulwich was a Garden of Eden, and boys were boys, and girls girls, and neither spoilt by the board schools. Mentally he had not budged for forty years; in knowledge and experience he was a young man grown old, a fossil embedded in the dear hills of long ago. In literature he admired Dickens, Shakespeare (whom he never read), and the evening paper. In art he was fond of battle-pieces, studies in the pathetic, color broad and garish. Give him music

that set his heels drumming, ballads that wailed and sniveled, and he was happy. He was easily pleased; fond of his home; unselfish, good-tempered; and for the rest, spoke never an evil word of any one. In all his life, by word or deed, he had never wronged a soul. His record was clean before God and man. Yet in face of these benevolences, perhaps indeed because of them, there at sixty-five stood Richard Dent, still at the foot of the ladder, his face turned hopefully upward, ever striving, ever failing, doomed for aye to see others climbing and himself left trampling the dust, a commercial drudge, a stranded, gray-headed junior. How well it is that God in his mercy leaves to men their hopes and their delusions.

So, for a while, the dad, with his back to the fire, stood airing the trifles of his wisdom; at last stepped from the hearth-rug and, much to Frank's amusement, if quite in happening with his expectation, began tidying the room. "Dear, dear," he murmured, and set the chairs, exactly square and to an inch equally divided, along the walls. "What children," said he, and cleared the floor of its litter; "what careless children." "Tut-tut," he repeated over and over as he stood striving for order in the chaos of Marian's work-basket. "Dim!" cried he as a needle-point found his finger. "Bust!" he muttered and knelt rubbing his crown, still sore from its contact with the edge of the table. And he fussed and fidgeted, and dusted, and tidied, and rubbed his nose, and scratched his ear, and lit and relit his cigarette, and creaked about on his toes, and muttered and mumbled; and back on the hearth-rug, Frank Barry, with that observant eye of his ever on the swoop, stood laughing and nudging Rab, in his mind's eye beholding the dad parade as one Mr. Roy through the pages of a certain novel that some day was to be; and Rab Lindsay, his elbow on the mantel-shelf and his cheek in his hand, stood gravely following the old man through that campaign with disorder. And seeing him, Frank's eyes were laughingly scornful; but in Rab's shone a light of grave tenderness.

Then back swung the door; in came Marian, and with her the boy Frank, perched high, like the little conqueror he was, in his grandmother's arms. Mercy, the babblement that uprose; the worship that began at the shrine of that pink-robed atomy. A deal now availed all the dad's campaign; in five minutes was scattered ruthlessly all the order of his hands. Chairs were pulled out, tables shifted. Down sat the sweet-faced granny, ringlets dancing, eyes shining, her withered hands nestling tenderly in the child's warm softness, her tongue running ceaselessly, her lips dropping honey, adoration, caresses. Such a darling it was. Oh, the sweet. Let the dad look. Oh, the pride of her life. Ah, but Frank should be proud. Let Frank look, let everybody look and listen. And everybody did look, listen, admire. Here was Marian, a world of love shining in her eyes, an eternity of content on her face. Here was the dad, down on his knees, cigarette flung to glory, hair ruffled, neck-tie crooked, cheeks puffed out, head wagging solemnly, his face puckered into the foolishest of grimaces. Here was Frank, his breast big with the glory of fatherhood, clapping his hands, booing, capering, striving his hardest for the reward of a smile from his solemn-eyed hopeful. Here was Rab— But no! Surely that melancholy jester, now blaring fanfares on a tin trumpet, now beating a tattoo with a paper-knife on the table, surely that is not Rab Lindsay? Well, well, one says and gasps; well, well!

But even infantile patience may be tried unduly (the saying is worthy of the dad), and babes, like kings, have a surfeit of adoration; and at last young Frank clenched his fists and bawled scorn in the teeth of his admirers. Such consternation; such a rout! Back fell Frank and Rab to their places by the hearth-rug; up went the sound of womanly solace; stiffly the dad rose, dusted his knees, stepped to a shelf, and taking down a volume of Macaulay's "England" began to read.

For a while young Frank had the room to himself; then suddenly fell quiet and took to playing with his toes. The women

bobbed heads; soon were deep in the mysteries of teething. Frank and Rab found food for talk in this literary doing and in that. Patiently the dad plodded through a page of Macaulay; then closed the book on his thumb, set a chair in its right place, and came to the fire. His face was pulled solemn; in deep thought he stood for a moment, looking at his boots.

"Yes," said he, "it's magnificent." He sighed, rubbed his nose, looked up. "You know, Mr. Lindsay," he went on, "one of the greatest regrets I have is that I can't find leisure to peruse my books. Quite a lot of them I have—haven't I, Frank?—quite a number of really excellent books; and yet, I assure you, there they stand, day after day, week after week, positively unopened. You see," said the dad, with a wave of his hand, "I have such a lot to do. Some most important transactions, some most confidential papers receive my consideration. All day long," said the dad, swelling importantly, "it is Mr. Dent here and Mr. Dent there, till positively I don't know sometimes whether I'm on my head or my heels. Then I have large. . . "

Frank set his back against the mantelpiece and smiled scornfully. The dad was always the same. A hundred times he had seen him stand just so, legs apart, shoulders thrown back; stand endeavoring to impress people with a sense of his great commercial value and importance: now here he stood again, for the hundred and first time, just as solemnly important and impracticable, just as childishly eager as ever in his great game of make-believe.

"So you see," the dad kept on, "what with one thing and another, really my time is fully occupied. And when I get home there's this, that, and the other to be done, odd jobs here, and odd jobs there—"

"Yes, dad," interrupted Frank with a laugh; "we know all about it. Odd jobs of cleaning your watch-chain, inking your umbrella, dusting the furniture, and so on. Oh, we know all about it."

The dad laughed softly; stroked his whiskers; poked Frank in the ribs, and called him a rascal.

"Well, well," said he; "well, well. At all events, you can see, Mr. Lindsay, that my time for reading is infinitesimal. Now and then I take down a volume and read a page or two; but it's only a page, only a page. Something calls me away; or I fall asleep; or my eyes get tired and—there you are, you see, there you are." Thoughtfully the dad looked at the fire for a while; then stepped to the bookcase, stood Macaulay's "England" in its place, and coming back drew out a pocket-comb and began combing his whiskers. "However, it won't always be so," he continued; "there's a good time coming. Some day or another I'll have plenty of leisure. They won't always be wanting me at the office. No. Not always. And then——"

The dad paused; set his lips; stood as if gazing out across the backs of the years into the glorious depths of that good time. Frank stood smiling at the lamp. Rab shifted his elbow from the mantelpiece and straightened his back.

"Yes, Mr. Dent," said he. "And then?"

"Then," said the dad, "why, then I'll start and peruse all my books right through. All of them. Right through. I'll not miss a word. Not one. I'll have all day long. When I'm tired of gardening, and the odd jobs are done, then I'll sit down beneath the pear tree. . . "

Frank pulled out his pipe. Oh, dad, dad, thought he; you poor old dreamer. Some day, always some day; always a good time coming; always deluding yourself and putting off, putting off. So it had ever been; so it would ever be.

"Ah, yes, dad," said he; "some day you'll have time enough. Only a few years more and that great leisure time will come surely. It's bound to come."

The dad turned uneasily; but Rab caught him by the arm.

"Don't," said Rab. "Don't mind, Mr. Dent. I quite agree with you. Keep on thinking as you do. Never mind the books, just now. They're little good, believe me. But when the time comes—well," said Rab with a smile, "you'll let me come, won't you, and join you under the pear tree?

You'll let me sit in the garden, won't you, and read all day long?"

"Why, of course," answered the dad; "why, certainly, Mr. Lindsay."

"Right. And, man, won't we have times, great times!"

Rab paused, stood blinking down at the fire. The dad looked curiously at him; essayed to speak; shifted his feet and dropped his eyes. Frank laughed, softly and ironically; then, for the second time that night, left the hearth-rug and crossed to answer a knock at the study door.

CHAPTER III.

It was Polly, the house-servant, with word for Mr. Frank that a woman was waiting in the dining-room to see him. She had just come; had walked in unasked, saying that Mr. Barry knew her.

Frank stepped out upon the landing and pulled the door close behind him.

"Didn't she give her name, Polly?" he asked. "Don't you know her? What does she want, then?"

Polly couldn't say; had not asked; thought that perhaps the woman had come on business.

Frank considered.

"You're sure it isn't Mrs. Barry she wants?" he asked. "No. Then tell her, please——" He paused. "No. Tell her I'll be down in a moment, Polly." Frank opened the study door. "Some one to see me down-stairs, my dear," he said to Marian. "Don't know who it is; but I'll tell you presently. Excuse me, everybody," he went on with a wave of his hand. "I'll not be long."

Frank closed the study door; went along the passage and down the stairs. Who is it? he kept wondering. Somehow he felt nervous, apprehensive. Beneath the hall lamp he stopped and pulled out his watch. Past nine o'clock; nearly supper-time. A woman; a nameless woman? Slowly he walked to the dining-room door; there stopped again, with his hand on the knob; then quickly turned the handle and went in.

The gas was turned high; the table laid for supper. Facing the door a small fire burned brightly; and by it, on the edge of a chair, sat a woman in a black bonnet and shawl. Frank crossed; the woman turned; Frank stopped. It was Sarah Butler.

There came to Frank Barry, as he stood there dumfounded between the table and the sideboard, a vivid memory of something he had seen nearly three years before—a cottage wall, a window below the thatch, a face above the sill, a sneering face set round with a frilled night-cap; and with the memory came to him also a numb feeling of dismay. Sarah Butler? Nan's mother? Why had she come? He plucked at his collar-band; moved a step; halted, and stood looking at the fire. Sarah rose.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Barry," said she. "I hope I'm seein' ye well?"

It was the old voice, the old shrill voice; and to Frank's ears it came like an echo from the buried past. He turned; quickly put out his hand, as quickly withdrew it, and laid it on the back of a chair.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Butler," he answered. "Good-evening." He paused; rubbed his hand backward and forward along the chair-back; looked round. "Won't you sit down?" said he.

Behind her hand Sarah coughed; drew out a rag of a pocket-handkerchief, wiped her lips, and once more seated herself on the edge of a chair. Her eyes shifted quickly here and there; presently fixed themselves on Frank's face.

"Ye didn't expect to see——" Sarah stopped; wiped her lips. "It'll be hard weather, I'm thinkin', for the time o' year," said she.

"Yes," answered Frank. He turned a chair; sat down, set his elbow on the table and his cheek on his hand. "Yes," he said; "yes, indeed."

Sarah coughed again; ran a finger between chin and bonnet-string; shifted back an inch in her chair.

"Ye didn't expect to see me here, Mr. Barry," she ventured, part asserting, part questioning. Frank looked at her.

"No," he said. "Frankly, I did not."

"Ay. Just so. It'll be a good while since we seen other last, Mr. Barry," Sarah

went on after a pause. Frank nodded. "A long time it is; three years a'most. Ay, nearly three years." Sarah sighed. "An' sure a power can happen in three years; ay, a power."

Still Frank sat silent. Why had she come? he kept thinking. How did she find out? He turned his eyes; met Sarah's full; hastily looked away.

"Yes. Oh, yes. How—how's John, Mrs. Butler?"

"John? Aw, John's the best, so he is—what's left of him. An' I'm rightly meself, Mr. Barry," Sarah volunteered. "An'—yis, Nan's as well as ye could expect, so she is; jist as well."

Frank reddened; dived for the poker, and began stirring the fire. Might the devil take the woman, he thought.

"Naw, we can't complain, any of us," Sarah kept on, "as far as the health goes. That stands us rightly, thank God; rightly. But for the rest——" Sarah shook her head. "Aw, sure London's an ojus cruel place on the poor—ojus cruel—ojus cruel."

Frank laid down the poker; leaned back in his chair and fell to twisting his watch-chain round a finger. He was recovering his balance, he felt; losing that strange feeling of dismay.

"Yes? I agree with you, Mrs. Butler. And how long have you been in London?" he asked without raising his eyes.

"Six months," was Sarah's quick response; "six whole months come a fortnight on Wednesday. We left Inishrath the week after Hollentide; an' now here we are in—dear Lord, dear Lord!" Sarah moaned and clapped her hands on her knees; "the time it is! Six whole months. An' it only like yisterday—only like yisterday. Sure I mind it as well as well. I can see it all as plain as plain. I mind ivery stone in the wall; ivery rut in the lane; ivery— Aw, an' there's the neighbors gathered to bid us good-by; cryin', the cratures, an' shoutin', an' crowdin' to grip the hands of us. An' there's ourselves—John, an' meself, an' Nan—an' there's the ould house, the ould hill, the ould hedges an' ditches; an' we're goin', goin', goin' foriver, an' sure—Aw, sure, I thought me heart'd burst that day."

There were tears in Sarah's eyes, tears in her voice; but a pitiable figure she made there in that cosy room, her shoulders drooping, her withered face turned to the fire, her battered hands spread on her knees. And there sat Frank, dubiously eying her, pitying her a little, disliking her a great deal, fearing her most of all.

"But what am I talkin' about?" Sarah went on, and drew her hand across her eyes. "Sure, it's blatherin' I am; an' 'tisn't to you, Mr. Barry, I'd be sayin' such things. Sure it's nothin' to you. Nothin' at all."

Frank leaned toward her.

"But it is something to me, Mrs. Butler," he said. "Surely you can't think I have forgotten my old Inishrath friends?" Sarah turned and looked at him, looked straight and searchingly. "Tell me more," Frank continued. "How did it come that you had to leave Inishrath?"

"Eh?" said Sarah. "What? Ye niver heard? Ould Hugh didn't tell ye?"

"No," answered Frank. "I never heard a word. Tell me how it was, Mrs. Butler."

Sarah looked at the fire; for a moment sat wiping her lips; then loosened her shawl and flung it back from her throat.

"Aw, yis," said she with a cheerless laugh. "How it was, indeed. Sure that's not hard to tell ye. Flung out we were, pitched out, neck and crop, the dure slammed in our back an' to glory wi' us. That's how it was, Mr. Barry. That's how they treated us—may the divil burn their bones! That's how they treated John after his fifty years o' slavery, an' him hardly done moanin' over his ould father's grave. Landlords—gentlemen—Christians! The divils—aw, the divils!"

Sarah paused. Her hands were clenched, on her face was a wolfish fierceness. No need had Frank to question her further. The inevitable had come. Nemesis had overtaken John in the midst of his foolishness.

"So old John's dead," he said in a while. "Paid the penalty at last?"

"Ay, he's dead. God help him!" answered Sarah. "An' well for him it is; well for him. God knows I envy him at times. If it wasn't for Nan an' John; if it wasn't for them I'd—I'd—" Sarah stopped and set her lips. "But no matter," she said; "no matter."

Frank peered across at Sarah. Evidently things were not going well with her. She had changed wofully. This was not the old Sarah, thought Frank Barry, the fresh, decent woman who, three years before, he had seen sitting mistress and tyrant by the Inishrath hearthstone. In every way she was changed, and for the worse. Her old-time manner of shrewish independence, of outspoken acerbity had gone; now she was obsequious, was furtive and hesitating. Moreover, she looked worn, shabby. Her shawl was rusty; grown old, you might say, in the service of the pawnshop. Her bonnet, a dingy thing of faded crape and stringy ribbons, might have been picked from a barrow in Lambeth Walk. Her dress was bedraggled and mud-splattered. She looked, Frank thought, like any other of the weary drudges who wear out miserable lives in the Walworth slums. She had put off the country, its decency and rude health, and taken on the town, its sordidness and ill-favor. London had gripped her with its grimy clutch. Its trail was over her. She had joined the ranks of the great submerged. And all within six months! And what of John, big, useless John? And what of Nan, sweet, simple Nan? Quickly Frank turned again to Sarah.

"And so," he said, "so you left Ireland and came to London?"

"Ay. We did."

"And you like it, Mrs. Butler?"

Sarah turned.

"Like it? Like London?" Sarah paused; looked at the fire. "Well," she went on, "I dunno. I do, an' I don't; I don't, an' I do. If one had enough to ate, an' drink, an'—an'— No matter about that. Aw, it's a quare place is London, a powerful strange place. It killed me a'most, the first week of it. I thought the heart'd break in me for thinkin' of the ould days—the ould days. Aw, 'twas ojus at first. But sure one got used to it after a while. Ay. An' now— Well, sometimes I want to get away, to get back; an' other times I don't; an' times I think that mebbe it's all for the best. An' sure what's the use o' groanin'? Isn't it all the same? Wasn't it the poorhouse yonder; an' isn't it that here, or as bad; an' isn't it only a few more years o' strugglin' anyway? Aw, yis." Sarah sighed; shook her head. "Aw, yis, indeed."

There fell a little while of silence, with Frank looking thoughtfully at his hands and Sarah pondering the fire; then said Frank:

"And John, how is he, Mrs. Butler? How does he like London?"

"Aw, John. John? Sure he's well enough. Yis." Sarah straightened her back; plucked at her shawl and turned to Frank. "'Twas about him I came to ye, Mr. Barry, to see if ye could do anything. He's—he's—och, he's unfortunate. It's God's pity of him. He's tramped his feet off to get work; he's done iverything—iverything; an' it's all no use. He got a job one time—an' lost it. He was promised another—an' niver got it. Some say he's too ould; others, that he's no character; the rest give out that they don't want Irishmen, an' don't want this an' don't want that. He's willin' enough—och, he is; but sure that's no good, no good at all. He doesn't get a day's work in a week; he hasn't earnt what'd pay the rent all the winter. An' it's hard on us, so it is. Nan does her best. An' I do what I can at the charin'. But sure—aw, it's not enough, not near enough. An' it's at work John ought to be—hard at work all day long. He's bein' tempted. There's the drink, an' there's the clubs, an' there's—aw, no matter, no matter. Sure ye can guess how it is, Mr. Barry," said Sarah; "ye can guess how it is."

"Yes," answered Frank with a nod. "I can guess quite well."

"So," Sarah went on in that mournful, sighing tone which now seemed habitual

with her, "when John found out where ye were livin'—"

Frank raised a hand.

"One moment, Mrs. Butler," said he. "But would you just mind telling me how John did find out?"

"Aw, *that*. Sure I forgot. Why, didn't he come across a paper in the—in a place he goes to, wi' a letter o' yours in it about some book or another? An' he reads it, an' sees your name an' address, an'—"

"Thank you." Frank sank back in his chair. "I understand."

"Well, when John sees that, home he comes an' tells me an' Nan, an' swears he'll go an' see ye, an' talks an' talks. Aw, ye know John. An' Nan says he mustn't go; an' I'm not over keen on it; but John talks an' talks, an' at last he persuades me to come meself an' have a word wi' ye—"

Again Frank raised his hand.

"Easy, Mrs. Butler, easy. What's this about John having to persuade you? And why, in any case, did not John come himself, or come with you?"

Slowly Sarah turned away her face; slowly made answer.

"Aw, I was loth to come," said she, "because—it was Nan," said Sarah. "It was Nan. An' John couldn't come because—because his clothes—"

Hurriedly Frank stooped.

"Yes, yes. I know. Well," said Frank, as he stirred the fire, "tell me the rest."

"It's nothin'," said Sarah. "It's just this. Says John to me: 'Away wi' ye, Sarah, to Mr. Frank,' says he, 'an' tell him about things; an' ax him if he could do a poor divil a good turn,' says he; 'an' ax him if he knows any one that'd give me an odd job.' Mr. Frank," said Sarah, turning in her chair, "och, d'ye think ye know any one?"

For a while Frank sat pondering; then looked at Sarah and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," said he.

"Aw," sighed Sarah.

"You see," Frank went on, "I know so few people, and I don't know one, not one, who would be likely to help John. I wish to heaven I did. I'd do anything to help my old friend; but—" again Frank shook his head.

"Aw, yis," sighed Sarah. "Aw, yis."

"But perhaps there's something else I could do, Mrs. Butler. Is there, do you think? Did John suggest anything else?"

"Aw, he did," sighed Sarah. "He did. He said that mebbe you'd write a letter for him—say a word for him—give him a bit of a character."

"Write!" cried Frank. "I'll write a score. Poor old John! Tell him, Mrs. Butler, how much I feel for him, and how sorry I am that I can't do more. But tell him, please, that what I can I'll do, and do it willingly. You'll tell him that, won't you?"

"Aw, I will—I will."

"Ask him to come and see me. Say I'm at home nearly always. Tell him—could I do anything else?" said Frank, and fell to rattling the silver in his pocket.

The blood flushed along the hardness of Sarah's wrinkles.

"We're obliged to ye, Mr. Barry," said she. "But it wasn't for that I'd be comin' to ye."

"No?" said Frank. "Well, is there anything else, then? Oh, yes; there's that letter. Tell John I'll write to him at once. But stay." Frank pulled out his pocket-book. "I haven't your address. What shall I put down, Mrs. Butler?"

Sarah hesitated; haltingly gave an address in East Street, Walworth. Frank's brows went up.

"Oh," said he. "*There!*" And at the word Sarah rose.

"Yes, Mr. Barry," said she. Her voice had the old Inishrath ring. "It's there. I'm thinkin' it's not to see John Butler you'll be comin' now, God help him. Aw, no." Frank began a stammering apology. "Aw, ye needn't," Sarah kept on, with a motion of her hand. "Ye needn't bother. I know all about it." She ran her eye over the supper-table. "It's the way o' the world that some people get more than they deserve and others less; but, thank God, it takes a power to kill the pride in the worst of us. Ay, it does. That's always left to

us even if it's to pigsties we come." She moved toward the door, going erect and stiffly; all at once turned. "Tell me, Mr. Barry," she asked, her eyes hard and glittering, "is it married you'll be?"

Frank flinched. "Ah," thought he, "it has come at last!" Steadily he looked at Sarah.

"Why do you ask, Mrs. Butler?"

"Because — d'ye mind what happened three years ago?"

"Yes."

"Then ye know why I asked. Are ye?"

The word yes was on Frank's tongue; when, in a flash, came thought of Marian. Suppose the woman made a scene, brought Marian down, in her ruthlessness told everything? He hooked his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets; cocked his head; smilingly looked Sarah in the eyes.

"Tell me," said he. "Do I look like a married man?"

Narrowly Sarah eyed him.

"No," she answered. "Ye don't."

"I look much the same as I did three years ago, don't I, Mrs. Butler?"

"Ay. About that."

"Then we'll let that stand for an answer," said Frank Barry, and turning to the sideboard took out a wine bottle and two glasses. "And now we'll drink each other's health in good old Irish fashion." He filled the glasses, gave one to Sarah, and raised the other. "Here's your health, Mrs. Butler," said he, "and the health of all your care. Good luck to you!"

Sarah's face softened; a smile crept along her lips.

"I'm obliged to ye, Mr. Barry," said she. "An' the same to you." Slowly she raised her glass; drained it in a mouthful; sighed and gathered her shawl about her throat. "Aw, that's warmin'," said she, and followed Frank into the hall. On the steps she turned and held out her hand. "Good-night to ye, Mr. Barry, an' ye'll not be thinkin' too hard o' what I said to ye? I've a proud strain in me, an' I'm easily vexed, an'—"

"Oh, that's all right." Frank laughed and took Sarah's hand. "Good-night to you, Mrs. Butler; and tell John I'll write that letter to-morrow, and one of these days I'll hope to see him. Remember me very kindly to him, won't you?"

"Aw, I will, Mr. Barry." Sarah turned away. "I will. Good-night to ye."

"Good-night, Mrs. Butler."

CHAPTER IV.

"FRANK."

"Yes . . . Yes, dear."

"I wish you'd tell me more about that poor woman, that Mrs. Malarky. Somehow I can't help thinking of her."

Frank Barry lowered his newspaper, and across the breakfast-table glanced at his wife. He had been waiting, with a measure of confidence, for her to say something like that. He had not hoped that the account of Sarah Butler (under the name of Mrs. Malarky) and of her visit, which, the night before, he had given at supper-time would entirely satisfy Marian. The account had been clever, vivid; accurately he had described Sarah, her forlornness and deterioration; in a few words had dismissed Inishrath, in a great many given Sarah's story of her experiences in London; fully, brilliantly he had told all he thought fit to tell, not once faltering or lying, not once saying a word that might awake suspicion in Marian's mind. Yet, all the time of the telling, and afterward as he sat smoking with Rab, and again as he lay staring at the ceiling, suspicion told him that, despite all his care and cleverness, he had not made the story satisfying for Marian. He felt sure he had not. She was so hard to satisfy; so little ready to take his word at a gulp and have done with it. Always some question, some suspicion wherewith to ply him.

He moved his cup and saucer, shifted to face the fire, noisily turned a sheet of his newspaper.

"More?" said he. "My dear, what more can I tell you? Surely to goodness I told you enough last night. Would you have me invent things?"

Marian lifted young Frank out of his chair, placed him on her knee, and gave him a toy.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, a note of surprise at Frank's petulance sounding in her voice. "I merely wished to hear a little more about her. I thought—oh, it doesn't matter at all."

Frank laid his newspaper across his knees.

"Now, now, Marian," he said sharply. "Please don't talk like that. You know very well it does matter. Come; what is it you want to know?"

"It's nothing, Frank." Marian looked up. "Well, I thought perhaps you had seen more of her than you said while you were in Ireland."

Ah, thought Frank. It was quite what he expected.

"Yes?" said he. "Well, I did see something of the woman—went once or twice to have a talk with James the husband—heard a little now and then about them. You see, they were neighbors of Uncle Hugh's; and life used to be pretty dull. I was glad occasionally to go anywhere for a change. But—well, really, Marian, they have been little in my mind these last three years. I have had other things, and better things, to think about."

Marian began playing with young Frank's curls.

"I know, Frank," she said; "of course I know. It wasn't that. Were they respectable people; really deserving people?"

"Most respectable, Marian; and in their way deserving. They were not faultless, of course. I've told you about that. But, taken altogether, they were as good as the rest—perhaps a little better."

"And you really think they are in a bad way now?"

"Think? I'm sure of it. My dear, if you had but seen the woman three years ago—and seen her last night. Never have I seen a sorrier change in any one. She's ten years older and twenty years worse."

"Poor soul," said Marian; "poor body. Frank, do you think I could help her, give her work, or recommend her anywhere?"

Frank squirmed in his chair.

"No," said he. "I don't think so. Work? Why, what work have you for her, Marian? Remember she's only a—a washerwoman."

"But I want a woman to do rough work."

"Oh, she wouldn't do at all, Marian." Frank waved his hand emphatically. "I wouldn't have her in the house. I wouldn't wear a shirt she had washed. Pooh!" cried Frank, taking up his paper. "The notion's absurd."

"Yes?" said Marian; then paused for a moment. "But, Frank, surely I could do something? I feel so much for the poor soul. It's so terrible to know she's in such poverty—and her husband wanting work—and the weather so cold. Don't you think, Frank, I might go to see her and take her some little things?"

Frank shot from his chair; twisted round before the fire.

"Go to see her?" He bent his brows. "Go to see her! Why, good heavens, Marian, what are you thinking of? Go to see a woman like that—a mere charwoman—a washerwoman! But surely, my dear, surely you're not serious?"

"Certainly, Frank. Why not? Is there anything very dreadful in my suggestion? And if she is a washerwoman, or anything else, would you have that influence me in the least?"

"Oh, nonsense, Marian; nonsense." Frank tossed his head. "You know it isn't *that*. Why, think of it; think of you in East Street! Going down there! I won't hear of such a thing; I can't imagine how you came to think of it."

Marian did not answer. She rested her elbow on the table, put her chin in her hand, and sat staring at the pattern on the cosy. Frank glanced at his paper; lowered it and spread a hand.

"Why, you might be insulted, robbed. It's a terrible place. You might bring home the smallpox. The cads would hustle you. And do you think the woman would thank you for surprising her in her poverty? Do you? Answer me, Marian."

"I don't know, Frank."

"Well, I'm sure she wouldn't. Oh, but why talk. I won't have it. Other men may think so little of their wives as to let

them go slumming; but I don't. I won't have it at all. You hear me, Marian."

"Yes, Frank."

There was a pause. Marian sat studying the cosy. Young Frank was cooing, and laughing at his fingers. Again Frank raised his paper; again lowered it.

"I can't think how you came by such a notion, Marian," he went on. "Positively, I can't. Come, Marian; you mustn't treat me in this way. Look up, I say, and answer me."

Marian looked up, with glowing eyes.

"I have nothing to answer, Frank," she said coldly and deliberately. "Or say."

"Oh," said Frank with a shrug. "I see. I tell you what I think is right—and you treat me in this way, with hard looks and bitter answers. I see. Perhaps you'll tell me next that I'm a fool for my pains? Eh? Say it if you like, you know."

Marian sat young Frank on her arm and rose.

"No, Frank," she answered; "I have no wish to say even that. I have no desire to say anything." She moved toward the door; stopped and wheeled round. "What have I done," she cried, "that you should say such things to me? What have I done? If you objected to what I said couldn't you have said so like a gentleman? Oh, it's cruel," cried Marian, turning to the door, "cruel!"

"Like a gentleman," repeated Frank; then dropped his newspaper on the hearth-rug, hastily crossed, and took Marian by the arm. "No, no, Marian," he said. "You mustn't go like that. Come back, my dear. No, no; don't go, I beg of you." Marian stood tapping her foot on the floor. "Come back," Frank pleaded. "Do, Marian. I was a brute. Oh, I don't know what to say. But do forgive me, Marian."

"Forgive you, Frank? Yes. And what's the good of that? Have I not done so before? May I not have to do so again—and again—and again?"

"I know, Marian. But just this time, my dear? Look; I'm truly sorry. Give me another chance, old girl; just another?"

Then Marian turned, her face softening, her eyes misty.

"Of course, Frank," said she; "of course. But tell me, dear, is anything worrying you?"

Frank shook his head.

"No, Marian. Nothing."

"Then why is it you're so irritable this morning, so little yourself?"

Again Frank shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered; then turned and looked down upon a litter of papers that strewed the end of his table. "Yes, I do. There's why. Read those press cuttings and see if they wouldn't make an angel irritable. Look at that manuscript, grown hoary in its vain appeals at editorial doors. Then there's a publisher's letter, a few little bills, a stab here, a prick there—oh, a glorious display," cried Frank in his bitterness, so real in its way, yet just then so utterly false. "And the best of it is that there's every hope of more to follow. Well, well; no matter." He pulled out his pipe. "There's no use worrying; not a bit. It'll be all the same some day," said Frank with a laugh and a toss of his head; "all the same."

"Ah, yes," sighed Marian, "so it will." And there, for the present, so far as Marian was concerned, this matter of the breakfast-table ended.

Frank finished his pipe and his paper; sat a while in the troubled shallows of thought before the fire; then jumped up, gathered his litter from the table, ran upstairs to the study, and sat down to work. But his mood was not kindly that morning. His pen was obdurate. When ideas came, words held aloof; when words came tripping, the idea faded at their feet. Thought seemed frozen. The house was full of clatter; the child cried and fretted; outside a dog kept yelping and a cock crowing. He flung back his chair, fell to pacing up and down, hands writhing behind him, chin on his breast. It was infernal, he kept repeating to himself. He had so much to do; time was pressing hard. He tried again; failed; rose and threw his pen upon the carpet. "Oh, confound the thing!" he

cried. "And confound the woman!" he cried again; and there laid naked the writhing maggot of his discontent. The thing that ailed him was not unkindly moods, or worrying sounds, but just thought of that woman, one Sarah Butler.

Think, thought Frank Barry, stretching a tragic arm toward the book-case, think of the pickle he was in; the past there jogging his elbow, the future staring at him with ominous eyes, himself standing in his own study, a liar and a hypocrite. Yes, a liar. Last night he had lied; an hour ago he had lied; an hour hence he might lie again. Oh, confound the woman! Ah, why had fate dealt so cruelly with him, thus brought the past knocking at his door? He had fancied it dead and buried. He wanted only to be happy with Marian, to make amends for his weakness by caring for her all he could; and now here was something which, did Marian know of it, would, he knew quite well, bring the palace of his happiness crumbling about his ears.

That night of the choosing three years ago; that other night, the last of his Irish holiday; suppose Marian to hear of what had happened then—and then? And suppose Sarah Butler in charge of the story, magnifying, hinting darkly, paying off old scores? What an hour that would be for Sarah, what an hour for Marian! And for himself? Well he knew how Marian would look at things; how hard she would be; how silently she would listen to his explanations, her face remorselessly to the bare facts. But she must not know. The woman was gone; he must keep her away. Somehow or other he must keep the past at the threshold. How? By lying and playing the hypocrite? Ah, he hated himself because of that paltry quibbling.

Think of him sitting there last night, equivocating, striving his hardest to deck truth in the tawdriest tinsel. Think of that scene at the breakfast-table; Marian there, with the child on her knee, speaking (so now he knew) quite simply and out of pure goodness of heart; himself here, with his back to the fire, answering crookedly and brutally. Ah, he hated himself now for that also. Poor, dear girl! Yet, in God's name, how else could he have answered? He was so afraid. He thought Marian was suspecting him. Oh, confound the woman! Why had he gone down last night to see her? Why had he told Marian anything about her? Why had he not, long ago, as a hundred times he had put it to himself—why had he not, long ago, told everything to Marian? It was not too late now, even now. Suppose he went, there and then, threw himself at Marian's feet, and told her the whole story? She might listen to him, forgive him for the sake of his weakness, if not of himself. After all, he had done nothing dreadful. Only a little foolish and forgetful he had been. Should he tell Marian? Oh, no, no. He dared not. So often had he told her that never once had he done aught of which he was ashamed; over and over had he whispered that she was the one woman of his life and heart. It would be like striking her in the face to tell her about Nan. No; it was too late now; Marian must not know. But, suppose she heard from some one else, from Sarah, for instance? That would be a pretty bolt from the blue. Oh, confound things! And confound the woman!

But why worry? All the fretting in the world would not alter things one tittle. And, really, he was carrying on absurdly; putting everything in its worst light, torturing himself about what might never be. Why should Marian ever hear? Why should his palace ever tumble? Let him calm himself, have a pipe, sit down, and get through that work. And that reminded him; he had yet to write John's letter. Poor old John!

So Frank calmed himself; wrote John's letter; then essayed once more the work of the day. But still his pen stumbled, halted. Phrases were shy; sentences started badly, ran awkwardly, fell lame before long; always was the right word tardy and the wrong obsequious. And constantly his thoughts kept wandering, racing away to the past, or capering among the events of to-day or yesterday. His hand would stop, the ink fade gradually from the page; there

sat Sarah Butler, wiping her lips, loosening the shawl from her throat, slowly rubbing her gnarled hands up and down her knees. An idea was wanted, he looked up; over in the corner stood Marian, the boy in her arms, her face turned to the door. He was chasing a word; slowly it trailed away, and there between him and the paper was Inishrath, the barren fields running up from the water, the cottage shining through the trees, the green door open, and Nan standing by the threshold; or suddenly night fell, a dog barked, from Nan's garden a dry-lipped man looked up and saw a night-cap bobbing above Nan's window-sill. He flung down his pen, leaned back; presently was standing by a dresser, and Ted's arm was outstretched, and Nan was stepping slowly to his side, and John's face shone in the lamplight. He jumped from his chair, fell to dogging inspiration up and down the room; soon had his face to the floor, and now was romancing to Nan among the heather, now was sitting by her on the thwart and whispering in her ear, now was saying good-by and beholds her sobbing on the pier. Ah, Nan, Nan. See her there, waving her hand and calling good-night. See her now, her white apron flying in the wind, her can in her hand, her eyes turned toward Lismahee pier. And there is the car; there the broad road, leading away, away. Oh, good-by, Nan; good-by, my dear. Now she lifts the can, turns, is gone. Oh, good-by, Nan. . . .

A foot sounded on the landing. Frank Barry stopped, twisted round, and stood watching the door. It opened and in came Marian, a tray in her hand.

"Only a little snack, Frank," said she. "Lunch will be late to-day, and you made such a poor breakfast."

Frank moistened his lips.

"Thank you, Marian. It's—oh, it's very good of you, my dear, to think of me."

"Nonsense, Frank. How have you been getting on this morning?"

"Badly—dreadfully. I can't do anything. I haven't a thought."

"Oh, my poor boy. How is it, Frank?"

"God knows, Marian. I—I can't make myself out at all."

"You're not worrying about those critics, Frank?"

"No, Marian. It's not that—oh, it's not that. It's nothing. Just a fit. I'll get over it."

"Can I help you, Frank? The boy's gone off, and I have plenty of time."

"No, Marian. It's all right, old girl. Don't worry. Oh, it's all right."

Marian turned to go. With hands clasped behind him and head thrust forward, Frank stood watching her. Suddenly he started forward and caught her by the arm.

"Marian."

"Yes, Frank."

"Oh, forgive me, Marian. Forgive me, my dear!"

Marian turned, her face beaming, her eyes shining softly.

"Forgive you, Frank? Ah, you poor old fellow! So that's what is worrying you. Why, of course, Frank. Think of letting *that* interfere with your work. Why, my dear, it's pitying you I've been, since breakfast, instead of blaming you."

Frank dropped his eyes.

"I know, Marian." He paused. "But it's—it's not for that entirely I want you to forgive me. Not for that—entirely."

"Then for what, Frank? Tell me, dear."

It was a golden opportunity; the time ripe, Marian gracious, Frank himself on the crest of a fine surge of emotion. The word was at his lips. But he hesitated; and at that, even as he raised his eyes to Marian's, courage withered and the moment of good impulse sped.

"Oh, for everything, Marian," he cried. "For everything. I'm so cruel to you sometimes—and I'm selfish—and I'm not worthy of you, Marian." He dropped on his knees, clutching at his wife's skirt. "Ah, Marian, Marian," he cried again, "do forgive me, dear. Do forgive me."

And Marian, not knowing what he asked, forgave him with tears.

(To be continued.)

COOPERATION IN BUSINESS.

BY C. W. WHITNEY.

HEALTHY prosperity in business does not proceed from spasmodic business conditions, such as speculation and a variety of new money-making enterprises, which are being introduced, because the logic of these is ultimately disappointment, bringing at times stagnation of business and deranging manufacturing and trade at many points. But prosperity rather proceeds from the continuous pursuit by everybody of such vocations as are useful, resulting in an improved condition of trade by yielding to each person engaged in them his share of the profits.

We are coming to the point in this country where all sorts of business, all kinds of labor, will be settled and established, not to be disturbed by speculation or turbulent elements that emigrate into our midst from foreign countries. The public discussion about placing a limit on emigration is quite sure to result in the enactment of laws which will give to our industries and all kinds of labor protection from this disturbing element. The occupancy of government lands on the frontiers has proceeded with such rapidity that no great inducement will be offered to the population in older states to move and colonize, therefore we shall be delivered from radical changes such as New England has experienced by the old population leaving for the West and a new and largely foreign population coming in to take their places. The time will doubtless come when the tariff will be settled by law, not soon to be unsettled again, and when civil law will make it a crime to speculate on breadstuffs, wearing apparel, and in government lands. These questions have all entered into our business life as disturbing elements. Inventors, it would seem, have produced their most ingenious devices in machinery, and in all lines of industry, so that if we do have new inventions introduced we shall be so educated to expect them and admit them to the manufacturing of the times that we shall be able to adjust ourselves to every change they will make.

Vast wealth in the hands of corporations or of the individual will be met in the same way. It must be invested in buildings and machinery or in some kind of a plant before it can offset business or labor. The world is run by the law of action and reaction. Other vast sums of wealth will be introduced, and thus the equilibrium will be kept up. And the labor of the country is sure to have its share of the profit, because it has the power to prevent capital from infringement upon its rights, and organized as labor is in this country to-day capitalists will find it easy and convenient to consult labor before interfering by radical measures in new ways to control business enterprises in the future.

If you take the total wealth of the country in 1890 as invested in manufacturing enterprises, there was $6,524,475,305, while the total of wages paid to 4,049,955 employees was $2,282,823,265, or nearly thirty per cent of the capital. This with a little study will demonstrate to any one that the capital of the country does not make anything like such profit on this investment as the labor of the country makes on its investment of labor, so that by a little reasoning we may be saved from the danger of supposing that the money kings and the great corporations will crush the laboring man and ruin business in the future, which would be a very serious mistake.

Our railroad system is so complete that capitalists cannot find an outlet in building new lines of railroads in the future. Telegraph lines are mainly established. The mines of the country have been mainly discovered and are being worked, and if others are discovered they will be operated very largely on the present plan. There

must be some new upheavals, some marvelous developments in the condition of the country to require any great amount of new capital for business ventures in the near future. We are approaching a condition as a people where we must be satisfied with earning a comfortable living by honest toil, be contented to enjoy what human life really needs. This will be a much-desired achievement in our social condition. To be satisfied with our adjustment to ordinary trade and to receiving ordinary wages will contribute to a calm and settled view of life and business. These are questions which the people have seemingly not learned, but we are soon to be students of this new condition of things.

Some errors confront every beginner and indeed most people who have been engaged in business for a long time. One often indulges in false imaginings. One looks at a manufacturing establishment and becomes impressed by the magnitude of the business, and is thus led to think that his employer is coining money because the business is large and continues apparently to be prosperous, supplies are bought on a large scale and work is turned out in great bulk, and there are evidences of marked success around the establishment. These things should impress workmen that this is the time when they should rejoice with the manufacturer, because a business must either be prosperous or it is meeting with adversity. No great commercial enterprise can be at a standstill any considerable length of time. It must go forward or it will go backward. It is true of every business that it has its ups and downs. A wise man managing an establishment does not explain to anybody how much he is making or losing. It is a rare business that yields a handsome profit for a series of years. Its prosperity is liable to be broken by competition, over-production, unfavorable legislation, or through some other obstacle that is unexpected.

If faith is to be found anywhere it should exist in the man who labors. If his faith is gone part of his stock in trade is destroyed. Believe in your employer's business, and do not be led into false combinations against an established order of things because you presume you are not receiving your share of the profits. In a great many instances a splendid business has been destroyed and thousands upon thousands of working people thrown out of employment simply through false imagination that they were not getting their share out of the income of the enterprise. One not in position to know the business in all its bearings is not qualified to judge about the profits and how much the employees should receive. Such matters usually regulate themselves.

All sorts of devices will be presented which ultimately create unrest among business people. Cooperation has been a favorite word with some people to describe what they consider a short cut to success — cooperative manufacturing, cooperative storekeeping, cooperative housekeeping, cooperative banking. Agitators present their notions. Walking delegates do the talking, and they are usually impractical people who do not understand the inner workings of a cooperative institution well enough to conduct it to any degree of prosperity. In this country many cooperative institutions have been failures; many others have been a success, but there is no cooperative institution that has had such wonderful triumph in any given direction as to make it appear that cooperation is the best plan for doing business. Nor has cooperation proved so great a failure that it may not in some instances be a wise method for conducting business and achieving success. Experience is worth much in all these matters, because it has demonstrated the folly that any business can be conducted without a wise business head to organize it and give direction to all the movements of the institution. Remember that a company and partnership are both of them on an entirely different plan from cooperation. These are terms, however, that you will study in the general trend of the times and in the particular locality where you reside.

The Altrurian Colony at Santa Rosa, Cal.; the Pacific Company at Portland,

Ore.; the Single Tax Settlement at Baldwin, Ala.; and the Car Builders Plant near Topeka, Kan., with some others, are among the great cooperative enterprises in this country. In England cooperation has met many failures and been given wrong direction, yet it is admitted by students of industrial problems that it has made substantial progress in that country. This encourages the friends of cooperation in the United States to believe that as we approach a settled condition of business in all our institutions it will meet with great success here.

Profit-sharing is another scheme that has been suggested to manufacturers by employees as a proposed method for equalizing the income of a business between the manufacturer and the working people. Institutions conducted on this plan have, as a rule, been mistakes. Quite a number of manufacturers have tried it and have given it up. Mr. Theodore De Vinne, printer of The Century Company, told me that it had been tried thoroughly in their establishment, but it would not work, and therefore it had been abandoned. This method is yet in its infancy and may, after being tried here and there in different parts of the country in a variety of trades and businesses, be found applicable, and from it some encouraging plans may be suggested.

These ideas we mention as methods that are in vogue in some places. They are in the conversation of business people. It is wise, therefore, to study carefully before one makes investment of time or money in experimenting on any plan for cooperation, or profit-sharing, till the plan has been put to the test again and again and shown to be wise, useful, and just to all parties concerned.

A poor man may not make ventures and try experiments where money is a chief factor with the same degree of freedom that a man of means can, and we may safely say that the cost of time and money may be left to those who have both to spare, unless one is idle and shall employ his leisure in devising such plans as will be mere suggestions. I knew a preacher who while engaged in the work of the ministry made a fine telescope. A professor in a college writes a book; a man working at his bench in a manufactory invents a machine. It will be found that out of the manufactories ideas for new inventions come and from among business men new methods for doing business spring. So every kind of business has its growth, and the fruit it yields returns to bless them that were industrious and gave of their toil to enrich the soil of the human mind, and they become partakers of the wealth they created.

THE LIGHTHOUSES OF FRANCE.

BY CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

IF we are indebted to antiquity for the invention of lighthouses; if Alexandria possessed the first known lighthouse while the Roman Empire with its beacons shining from promontory to promontory illumined the whole Mediterranean; if, finally, it is not certain that our Cordouan is the senior or even the contemporary of the famous lantern of Genoa, still it was certainly France which after the great wars of the Revolution and the empire took the initiative in the new arts of illumination and their application to the preservation of human life.

It must be taken into account that in 1789 there were in all Europe scarcely twenty lighthouses and some of these were provided only with reflecting lamps. January 1, 1895, France alone, including Algeria and Tunis, had 690 lighthouses. Since 1819 Fresnel has substituted for the ancient parabolic reflectors, lenses increasing by steps; Argand, Quinquet, and Carcel have made ingenious improvements in lamps. The year

1863 saw the first application, at the lighthouse of La Hève, of the dazzling brightness of the voltaic arc. The luminous intensity of the new apparatus, which at first reached 6,000 Carcel burners, passed in 1881 in the lighthouse of Planier to 127,000 burners; soon afterward an intensity of 900,000 burners was reached. This last figure appeared a maximum; it seemed as if it would never be exceeded, when M. Bourdelle sextupled at one stroke, in the lighthouse of La Hève, the power of the focal apparatus.

However, illumination is in many cases only a part of the science of lighthouses. There must be a resisting base for these powerful luminous foci suspended at a height of sometimes 225 or 250 feet. Nothing is easier when the problem is to be solved upon the continent; when it is to be solved on the open sea in high wind and surge, upon reefs a few feet square, it is another matter. To establish absolute solidity in the most unstable element, in perpetual agitation, is the problem then to be solved, and it needs all the resources of modern construction. Success is obtained, but at what a price! It is not necessary to go outside of France to obtain examples of this. We will not consider the Mediterranean lighthouses, built for the most part upon islands of definite extent, for construction here is comparatively easy. On the Atlantic and the English Channel the case is different. But by reason of patience and tenacious faith on the part of our engineers obstacles are overcome.

The place where this devotion and this faith were put to proof as they had never been before was in the construction of the lighthouse of Armen. Armen, Madiou, and Schomeur are three rocks at the farthest limit of the coast of Seins. The currents here have a force of nine knots an hour and in addition there are drift currents. Madiou and Schomeur are scarcely uncovered even at ebb-tide; Armen is seen confusedly as a sort of pale, flattened snout which plunges and reappears between the waves. The number of ships lost upon these three rocks is incalculable. The bed of the sea around them is a vast cemetery.

The idea of placing a lighthouse there, of embedding a torch upon this trio of assassins, was often agitated, but men recoiled before the difficulty, not to say the impossibility of the undertaking. Studies were however commenced, and the work was decided upon in 1867; but success was hardly expected. "Whenever there was a chance of approaching the rocks," recounts one of the engineers who conducted the work, "fishing boats were run up. Two men provided with life-preservers descended from each of them upon the rock; they lay down upon it, holding themselves there with one hand and with the other grasping a punch or hammer, and worked with feverish activity, continually covered by the wave which broke in foam above their heads. If one of them was dragged down by the violence of the current his belt supported him and a boat went to rescue him and take him back to work." At the end of the campaign the island had been approached seven times, eight hours' work had been done, and fifteen holes had been bored in the rock at the highest points. The following year the island was reached sixteen times and eighteen hours' work were done. Cramp-irons were fastened to the rock. This was a great step toward success. "The construction properly speaking dates from 1869," recounts the engineer we have just quoted. "Possession had to be taken more rapidly for the work was being done in the midst of waves which sometimes snatched from the hand of the workman the stone he was preparing to put in place. An experienced seaman backed up against one of the rocky peaks acted as a watch, and the workmen made haste to do mason work when he announced a lull and to cling to the rock when he foretold the arrival of a great wave." At the end of this third campaign nearly thirty-three cubic yards of masonry had been made which were found intact the next year. The lighthouse of Armen was at last inaugurated in 1881. Its light carries for twenty miles and is the last one seen on leaving Europe. It has cost a total of $183,700, or $153 per cubic yard of masonry.

Lighthouses upon their columns of granite

or iron have a soul; it is the keepers who watch over them, keep up their lights, and assure the regularity of their movements. This watchfulness and this care are not exerted in the same fashion in all lighthouses. Formerly the keepers, left to themselves without any control other than that of transient inspectors, did not bring to their task all the regularity desirable, but now the *personnel* of lighthouses is severely recruited and submitted to a constant surveillance. The keepers must be in good health; to make sure of this they undergo a medical examination which has reference to the sight and the general condition of the constitution. The limit of age for entrance into service, formerly fixed at forty years, has been lowered to thirty-five; certain instruction is required and the applicant is not decided upon finally until after a probation which permits his intelligence and morality to be estimated.

In lighthouses of the first order a keeper watches all night beside the light, the time being divided into two watches called quarters. The quarter is ordinarily suppressed in lighthouses placed at the entrance of ports. The keeper here is held only to two rounds per night during the summer. Many of the lighthouses of this class are simple, isolated columns; the keeper does not live there at all, and lodges in the town as he thinks best. His life does not differ at all from that of the small marine officers; it is easy and but little interesting. In the lighthouses placed on remote capes far from any village, as at Barfleur, on the shore of Seins, etc., the administration has had to concern itself with the habitation of the keepers. In these lighthouses the tower generally forms the central part of the construction; it is enclosed in a body of buildings containing the storehouses and dwellings.

For all these lighthouses, as well for those on the mainland as for those on islands of a definite extent, the administration permits the family of the keeper to dwell in the establishment. At the beginning these dwellings were all in one body, but misunderstandings broke out and the administration adopted the plan of admitting only its agents into the interior of the lighthouses, leaving those who were married the care of lodging their families as best they could. This was going to extremes all at once and the inconvenience of such a rule applied on the mainland was not long in being felt. Finally the middle plan was adopted, which consisted of disposing the lodgings in such a manner that they were independent of each other and completely outside of the part of the edifice devoted to public service.

I have seen at Planier and in conditions which the remoteness from any inhabited center and the small surface of the island rendered rather striking, the excellent effects of this middle *régime*. And yet the keepers of Planier are privileged persons. Nowhere else upon the reefs that the old marine tongue calls the Isolés do the keepers have their families with them.

These Isolés, which occur in great numbers on the English Channel and the ocean, generally receive three permanent keepers for lighthouses of the first order, two for the others; sometimes only one for lights that a narrow channel separates from the mainland. The duration of the sojourn in these Isolés varies according to administrative rules. At the lighthouse of Croix, for example, where there is only one keeper, the relief is made every fifteen days; at Triagoz, where there are two keepers, every thirty days; at the Roches-Douvres, where there are three keepers, every forty-five days; at Planier, where there are six keepers, every fifty days. The duration of the leave of absence is itself in proportion to the length of the sojourn in the lighthouse.

As soon as he is debarked at the lighthouse the keeper begins his work. He takes possession of his little chamber, deposits his provisions in his special pantry, sweeps, rubs, polishes, soaps, etc. This cleaning goes on from top to bottom, from the ground floor to the lantern, passing by way of the apparatus room. The cans, the glasses, the mirrors, the horns, the reserve lamps must be dusted, the oil must be renewed, the wicks soaked, etc. All these preliminary operations have for an end il-

lumination. At twilight the white shades lowered over the mirrors during the day are taken off. The keeper touches a spring which sets in movement the circular optic apparatus. He next enters into the cage of the lantern and lights a little flame; as the night falls, he gradually raises the wicks. When they come above the top of the burner the flame has reached its full brilliancy, deep night has come; but the keeper's task is not ended. The quarter is the rule in all the Isolés. This quarter lasts from nightfall to midnight and the quarter following from midnight to daybreak. The man who keeps watch is not expected to remain standing as formerly. In the arm-chair which the administration permits him he may sit down and sew or dream, but under condition of attentively watching the fire, and not only his own but that of the other lighthouses visible upon the horizon. He must take note of the weather, passing ships, the transparency of the air, and incidents of all sorts which come to break the monotony of his watch. Because of the brilliancy of the light he wears black glasses. When the end of his quarter approaches he presses a bell which awakens the keeper who is to relieve him. He then descends into his chamber and goes to bed for the rest of the night. The next day, at six o'clock in summer and at seven in winter, he is up, ready to do cleaning, brick-work, etc.

But these operations take only a part of the forenoon. He is free for the rest of the day. What does he do with it? Upon the reefs on the high sea, even upon the largest, and in the summer, it is not always permissible to leave the lighthouse. There are two obstacles, the north wind and the ground swell. Both of these are traitors. Deceptive calms precede their worst attacks. Let a window be ajar during one of these breathing spells and the whole sea on one hand and the whole power of the tempest on the other are engulfed in the lighthouse. It is often necessary, at full noonday, to close the shutters, barricade the doors, light the lamp, and live as in the night with the formidable roaring of the tempest all around, and the perpetual *Dies iræ* of the squall from above against the windows. The seclusion is absolute and sometimes lasts for a fortnight, three weeks, entire months, the whole winter. How and where can the keeper move then, in these slender columns which only at ebb-tide uncover a bit of inaccessible rock and the rest of the time plunge straight into the foam? And yet the need of movement is imperious. To give satisfaction to it there is no other means than ascent and descent, descent and ascent in the stairway that climbs up to the lantern; the rooms are too narrow, there one could not take more than three steps straight ahead.

This sort of cellular life ends in reacting upon the *morale* of the keepers. On board a moving ship an invisible thread attaches the sailor to the land, to the inhabited world. The ship moves, it comes from somewhere and goes somewhere; going, coming, that is still living. Here the immobility is complete. One has the impression of eternal isolation, a cessation of time, as it were, upon a fixed point in space. To have around him nothing but the grayish uniformity of the sea, to languish a prisoner for entire weeks without being able to open a window, with the same companion whose every folly, habit, trick of speech, gesture, and facility have been revealed by the promiscuousness obligatory in such a life, whose every word is expected and known in advance, all this is horrible enough.

In fair weather, in the summer, when the rock is uncovered the keeper finds an occupation in fishing. The regions about the Isolés generally abound in fish, but as any sort of boat is forbidden the keepers fishing can be done only from the rock, with hook and line and weirs. The fish taken serve to vary the ordinary fare. When they are superabundant they are kept in reserve in natural ponds for which the depressions of the rocks are utilized, covered with slats. At some lighthouses, as the Heaux, fishing goes on at high water. The base of the lighthouse is encircled with a large cord from which hang lines with baited hooks. At low water the captured fish form a girdle about the lighthouse.

Another occurrence which adds interest to the keepers' lives is that in spring and autumn when the migrations take place the platform of the lighthouse is entirely strewn with skeletons of birds attracted there by the light. It has been noticed that they avoid the red sectors. The direction of the winds and the state of the atmosphere also influence their position. Frequently, the next day after a tempest, five or six hundred birds are found at the foot of the lighthouse; blackbirds, thrushes, quail, pigeons, etc. The impetus which carries them against the flame, the force of the shock, and the size of some of these birds have caused more than one accident. The administration almost everywhere has had to place gratings about the lights, and the birds are caught in them as in the meshes of a net. The keeper gathers them up in the morning and if the gastronomic taste of these people accommodates itself to these hecatombs, their moral sentiments are not disturbed by it.

Every occupation is beneficial which breaks the depressing monotony of these solitary watches. Fishing and hunting unfortunately last for only a short time; other things must be discovered. Certain keepers call to their aid games of cards, checkers, or dominoes. The administration furnishes them a new occupation in exterior labors, constructing dikes, stone embankments and roads, painting the lighthouse, etc., with which it busies them in the pleasant months. It is to be wished that these supplementary labors yielded them some indemnity or a small addition of salary. But in spite of this tendency to increase the work of the keepers most of them are left to spend the greater part of their time in reading. In England they read the Bible, in France light fiction.

When distractions are so rare, however, and the days so dull and long, very welcome to the keepers is the night, which immediately closes their eyes and rolls them like children in the gentle lethargic waves. The ringing of the quarter, which throws them on their feet at the first call, does not always disturb this blissful torpor. Their acts take on something somnambulistic and in the end are executed without reflection. The singular taciturnity of certain lighthouse keepers has often been noticed. One of these men who died last year, Father Le Roy, never spoke to his colleagues except for the needs of the work. Others come to abhor the world and allow themselves to be in time won over by the profound and grave charm of solitude. A certain Verré at Roches-Douvres shunned every opportunity for coming back to land, and each time yielded his turn to his comrades. Among the Breton keepers the *régime* of the Isolés often develops the mystic side of the race.

Whether things are going well or ill outside, the keeper is riveted to his post and cannot leave it under any pretext. The story is told that at the lighthouse of Four, the chief keeper stood one day with his elbows upon the parapet of the platform looking at his house placed opposite him upon the strand. He thought he distinguished a black cloth upon it, and taking his spy-glass saw that it was crape hanging upon his door. The tragic is thus continually mingled in the life of these men, but it becomes so much a part of life that they accept it as a condition of their destiny.

In stormy nights in a high wind or especially in a fog, when the flame of the lighthouse roves like a bewildered bird in the bell of vapor which holds it prisoner, at what dramas have the keepers been present! By the aid of ropes and boat-hooks they have often been able to save the lives of the unfortunates whose ship had just been swallowed up under their eyes. The keepers themselves have their hidden dramas, their mysterious martyrologies. For however solidly the lighthouses may be, they do not always resist the shock of the elements. The Eddystone lighthouse went down for the first time in the tempest of the night of the 26th of November, 1703. The new lighthouse, constructed with more care by Rudyard, burned in the night of November 1, 1755. A third lighthouse, constructed a short time afterward and repaired in 1839 and again in 1865, caused

anxiety by reason of the gradual wearing away of the gneiss upon which it rested. It had to be replaced. The lighthouse of Fleetwood, built upon piles, was destroyed in this century by the formidable shock of a ship. More recently, in 1877, the Krishna light, situated near the mouth of the Ganges, suddenly disappeared. How? Why? No one could say. The catastrophe had not a single witness, but one day it was observed that the lighthouse no longer existed. And these risks of total disappearance removed, when one considers the other dangers to which the lighthouse keepers are exposed, horror disputes with pity in their regard.

To the men who accept, nay, who solicit this life of misery and abnegation, the state is debtor for a salary. How much? Let us refer to the decree of January 11, 1884. This decree establishes seven grades of keepers: masters of lighthouses, who receive $234 per year, keepers of the first class, who receive $195, keepers of the second class, who receive $170, keepers of the third class, who receive $156, keepers of the fourth class, who receive $141, keepers of the fifth class, who receive $126, and keepers of the sixth class, who receive $112.

These seven grades embrace only a part of the *personnel* of lighthouses. There are in addition unclassified keepers, whose emoluments are determined by ministerial decisions. Of this number are the agents attached to the secondary establishments. Their service permits a remuneration less than that of keepers of the sixth class. For example, a certain lighthouse keeper not in the classified list, a widow burdened with a family, receives $6.82 per month.

One would think that by reason of the mediocrity of the salary and the continual dangers to which these brave men are exposed, the state would at least admit them to the benefits accorded to registered seamen on account of age. Seamen have right to their pension of retirement after twenty-five years of service. Lighthouse keepers have right to it only after thirty years.

In the United States lighthouse keepers receive three times as large salaries as those named above, and in England twice as large. Nowhere is the salary of keepers as low as in France. It is alleged that the decree previously referred to has elevated the salaries and that besides the number of applicants for admission into the administration of lighthouses exceeds that of the admissions. That is perhaps true upon the shore of the English Channel and the ocean, but if I am not deceived there is already some difficulty in recruiting lighthouse keepers on the coast of the Mediterranean, where it has been necessary by special indemnity to raise the initial salary of keepers to $14 per month, although service here is decidedly less perilous and rough than upon the Vendean or Breton coasts. The time will doubtless come when the *personnel* of lighthouses, which is already being reduced to a strict minimum, will be still further diminished. America has for several years possessed permanent beacons on the high seas whose lighting is carried on without the intervention of keepers. Each of these beacons is supplied with iron reservoirs, enclosing, under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres, a quantity of gas or mineral oil capable of furnishing three months' light to the burner. From America this mode of lighting has passed to us, where it is in use at some points of the coast. In it lies an appreciable economy and one which cannot but benefit our system of maritime lighting at many points which are not yet signals to navigation. But while applicable to secondary beacons it is not to be thought that the system of permanent fires can ever be applied to lighthouses of great importance. It is recognized that these fires, while giving satisfactory results, do not offer the same guarantees as those which are watched continually. Therefore the condition of the keepers charged with this surveillance remains an object worthy of attention.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.*

In Defeated Spain. Over in Spain the Cortes, convoked on February 20, remained in session less than two weeks, but long enough to bring about the resignation of Premier Sagasta, which was followed by the organization of a new cabinet with Señor Francisco Silvela (Conservative) at its head. And Premier Silvela's first move was a dissolution of the Cortes, a new election being fixed for this month of April. Meantime the treaty of peace lacks confirmation by either the queen regent or the Cortes, and courts-martial for Admiral Montojo of the Philippine Squadron, and General Linares, commander of the Spanish forces at Santiago, are the order of the day. Signs are not wanting, however, that the Silvela cabinet represents the dominant sentiment in Spain to-day, expressed by the commercial bodies in favor of building up the country upon the basis of its own rich resources now that the burdens of a colonial policy have been taken away. A policy of internal reform is considered the chief feature of the Silvela program.

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Fighting Filipinos. The first conflict between Filipinos and United States forces at Manila on February 4 was followed by intermittent fighting of which the end is not yet in sight. The Filipinos won no victories, being repeatedly repulsed with heavy losses in engagements around Manila. But they kept up a guerilla warfare, by day or by night as they chose, along our line of defense, which was established and maintained within five or six miles of the city of Manila on land. Admiral Dewey controlled the bay and his ships' guns aided the land forces in destroying the villages and clearing the jungle to make the circle of defense for the city impregnable. The most startling tactics of the Filipinos consisted of setting fire to suburbs of the city and then to buildings within the city itself. Three such fires in one evening destroyed some seven hundred buildings, according to reports, before the conflagration was controlled and order firmly established by our troops on guard in the city of Manila. Both naval and army reinforcements are bound for the Philippines, and sufficient force to inaugurate a sharp campaign against the Filipinos, as planned by General Otis, is expected to be on hand before the rainy season cuts off the possibility of aggressive movement on our part. A month after the outbreak of hostilities General Otis' reports showed that our total losses at Manila amounted to 87 killed, 23 dead from wounds, 230 dead from disease, 374 additional soldiers being wounded in the conflicts with Filipinos.

Outside of Manila progress in establishing the authority of the United States con-

*This department, together with the book "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

sisted of the occupation of Iloilo, on the island of Panay, the second city of importance in the Philippine group. The Filipinos who had occupied it finally yielded to our demands with scarcely a struggle when confronted by a formidable force under General Miller. Thereafter, representatives from the smaller islands of Negros and Cebu, of the Visayas group, voluntarily

M. FÉLIX FAURE.
The Late President of France.

accepted our authority, and by so much repudiated the authority of the Filipino government headed by Aguinaldo and his coadjutors.

Was Conflict Unavoidable?

In and out of Congress there was much debate concerning the avoidability of this conflict with Filipinos. It appears that three of our consuls—Wildman at Hongkong, Pratt at Singapore (recently recalled), and Williams at Manila—were on friendly terms with Aguinaldo, that his dreams of independence for the Philippines were encouraged, and that his forces rendered valuable assistance in making our capture of Manila comparatively easy. But the treaty of peace ceded the Philippines to us, and it appears that several conferences between representatives of General Otis and Aguinaldo's organization proved fruitless to secure an agreement to the peaceful establishment of United States authority. Press dispatches from Manila are subject to military censorship during the hostilities and the nature of these conferences has been revealed only in belated correspondence. One reliable correspondent is authority for the statement that Aguinaldo demanded United States support for the independent government of which he is the head, instead of offering further cooperation as an ally to give us the possession contemplated by the treaty of peace and provided for by President McKinley's instructions to General Otis; while admitting at the same time that without the presence of the United States troops the Philippines would become the prey of other powers, their own people being uncontrollable. The first bloody defeat of the Filipinos led so strong an administration paper as the Chicago *Times-Herald* to advocate announcement by the president that the Philippines would be treated like Cuba, with independence as the ultimate objective point. But the treaty (unratified as yet by Spain) ceded the Philippines to us, we assumed international responsibility there in the iterim of ratification, and the administration stood by the judgment exercised by General Otis and Admiral Dewey, who were on the spot.

Nature of the Philippine Bargain.

Anti-expansionists claimed that acceptance of the Philippines and the payment of $20,000,000 to Spain would prove a bad bargain. They considered the resistance of Filipinos to being sold with the land as excusable, and declared that by failure to treat the Philippines like Cuba the moral justification for going to war with Spain at all was negatived. The cession of Puerto Rico and Guam was passed over on the ground that the inhabitants of the former were anxious for annexation, while the latter is by nature only a coaling station. To establish our rule and maintain it in the Philippines, they

M. ÉMILE LOUBET.
The New President of France.

said, will require increased military and naval establishments, with inevitable expense of life and money. If these new possessions should not cost financially more than they would be worth, the cost to our ideals and peculiar constitutional institutions would be disastrous in the long run.

On the other hand, two lines of justification for taking the Philippines appear. President McKinley voiced one of them in a speech at the banquet of the Home Market Club in Boston. The conditions were such, he declared, that there was but one thing to do, and that was to take the Philippines, in the spirit which prompted us to intervene in Cuba, as a trust for civilization:

> There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations, or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered. . . . Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people whose interests and destiny, without our willing it, had been put in our hands. . . . Did we ask their consent to liberate them from Spanish sovereignty or to enter Manila Bay and destroy the Spanish sea power there? We did not ask these; and were obeying a higher moral obligation which rested on us, and which did not require anybody's consent. We were doing our duty by them as God gave us the light to see our duty, with the consent of our own consciences and with the approval of civilization.
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> Every present obligation has been met and fulfilled in the expulsion of Spanish sovereignty from their islands, and while the war that destroyed it was in progress we could not ask their views. Nor can we now ask their consent. . . . A reign of terror is not the kind of rule under which right action and deliberate judgment are possible. It is not a good time for the liberator to submit important questions concerning liberty and government to the liberated, while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers. . . .
>
> No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. . . . If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety. Always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

The other view is that the negotiations for the treaty of peace gave us the commercial opportunity of the century, that we were entitled to the Philippines as indemnity for a costly war and would be foolish to throw away such a chance as any other great nation would have jumped at without hesitation. Whitelaw Reid, one of the Paris commissioners, has emphasized this view (Senator Davis, another of the commissioners, has spoken in similar vein), saying:

> Would you have had your agents in Paris, the guardians also of your material interests, throw away all chance for indemnity for a war that began with the treacherous murder of 266 American sailors on the *Maine*, and had cost your treasury during the year over $240,000,000? Would you have had them throw away a magnificent foothold for the trade of the farther East, which the fortune of war had placed in your hand; throw away a whole archipelago of boundless possibilities, economic and strategic; throw away this opportunity of centuries for your country? Would you have had them, on their own responsibility, then and there decide this ques-

SENATOR W. A. CLARK, OF MONTANA.

SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA.

tion for all time, and absolutely refuse to reserve it for the decision of Congress, and of the American people, to whom that decision belongs, and who have the right to an opportunity first for its deliberate consideration? . . .

The ocean carriage for the Atlantic is in the hands of our rivals. The Pacific Ocean, on the contrary, is in our hands now. Practically we own more than half the coast on this side, dominate the rest, and have midway stations in the Sandwich and Aleutian Islands. To extend now the authority of the United States over the great Philippine archipelago is to fence in the China Sea and secure an almost equally commanding position on the other side of the Pacific—doubling our control of it and of the fabulous trade the twentieth century will see it bear. Rightly used it enables the United States to convert the Pacific Ocean almost into an American lake.

Are we to lose all this through a mushy sentimentality — alike un-American and un-Christian, since it would humiliate us by showing lack of nerve to hold what we are entitled to, and incriminate us by entailing endless bloodshed and anarchy on a people whom we have already stripped of the only government they have known for three hundred years, and whom we should thus abandon to civil war and foreign spoliation?

China and the "Open Door." The war having turned our attention toward the "far East" it was not surprising that our commercial interests listened eagerly to what Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, a delegate of Great Britain's Associated Chambers of Commerce, had to say during his homeward tour of this country after a personal investigation in China. Lord Beresford concludes that China's internal condition is such that its administration is bound to break down; that this condition has invited demands by the strong nations for "spheres of influence," and ultimate partition of the empire will follow this course. He conceives that a better plan would be to guarantee an "open door" to the trade of nations through an alliance between Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and the United States, which should undertake administrative powers for helpless China, paying her a percentage for the privileges of exploitation and development. This projected plan brought out criticism from the Russian ambassador to the United States, to the effect that Russian influence was in behalf of trade development rather than an imputed "closed door" in China. It has been followed, too, by a demand on the part of Italy for a coaling station and naval base at San Mun Bay, in the province of Che-Fiang. The Tsung li Yamun declined

to make the concession, whereupon Italian marines were landed and Italian reinforcements ordered thither. These events caused announcement to be made in dispatches from Washington that the United States maintains a policy of "hands off," while it was denied in Great Britain that she was backing Italy's demands. But it was assumed that Italy must have some stronger nation behind her in this latest move toward partition. It does not yet appear that Lord Beresford's alternative scheme appeals to the present government of Great Britain, but it afforded a substantial subject of discussion in this country.

SENATOR ADDISON G. FOSTER, OF WASHINGTON.

German Diplomacy. Stories of friction with Germany in the Philippines stopped short when the German government announced that all German vessels were to be withdrawn from those waters for service on the coast of China, and that the United States had been asked to protect the interests of Germans resident in the Philippines. This trust was accepted, and Germany further diplomatically indicated her friendly attitude by placing Prince Henry in command of the German fleet in Asiatic waters, outranking Admiral von Diedrichs. It is generally admitted that matters of naval etiquette formed the basis of the first misunderstandings, but this bold stroke by Germany was well timed to give the lie to sensational dispatches and to counteract prevalent suspicions of Germany's hostility to the United States in more ways than one. That Germany's official attitude throughout the war has been unimpeachable, Ambassador White is authority on that point. The press in Germany and the German-American press did not favor our going to war with Spain, but German interference in any respect has been stoutly denied and denounced in these same papers as "jingo invention" pure and simple. Perhaps no single person has been more outspoken against "misrepresentation" of the Germans than the Hon. Carl Schurz, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in both Germany and several cities of the United States on March 2. That Germany has some friendly claims for us to consider as well as Great Britain is suggested by the statements of Baron von Bülow, minister of foreign affairs. He has expressed the hope that friendly relations may be augmented commercially, and declared that Samoan affairs need readjustment, Germany being prepared to consent to a clean separation if the other parties to the tri-protectorate should consent.

A New President in France. It has become the habit of observers of French affairs to fear that each new phase may wreck the republic. Hence the unexpected death of President Félix Faure, February 16, caused many forebodings. He became president in 1895, having risen from the trade of a tanner to the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce in Havre, becoming a member of the Chamber of Deputies and cabinet minister first in 1881. During the progress of the Dreyfus affair he appeared as more of an opportunist than a strong man, but his administration weathered the storms of that affair, and in other respects proved safe and commendable from the historical standpoint. The election of a successor by the two houses of government in joint session did not develop extraordinarily exciting demonstrations. M.

Émile Loubet, a conservative Republican and president of the Senate, was elected to succeed M. Faure, and the policy outlined by him promised well for the support of civil and military administration in their proper spheres. President Loubet is a lawyer; he became a deputy in 1876; was first elected to the Senate in 1895; was premier in 1892, but his cabinet was overthrown on account of the Panama scandals; from 1896 to his election as president he had served acceptably as president of the Senate, and strangely enough had taken no decided position regarding the Dreyfus affair.

NELSON W. ALDRICH.
Chairman of Senate Finance Committee.

The Dreyfus case, by special legislation, has been referred to the entire Court of Cassation for final decision. It has also come to pass that charges of forgery against Colonel Picquart have been referred to the civil courts.

The new administration is able to announce that the differences with Great Britain associated with the Fashoda affair are in process of amicable adjustment.

Catholicism and Ritualism.

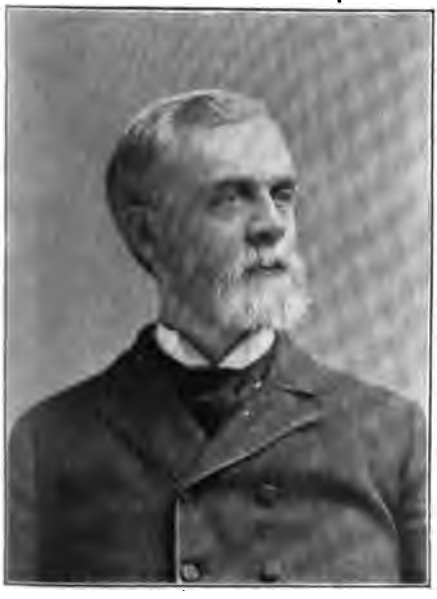
Pope Leo XIII., who is reported to be recovering from a surgical operation, has issued a letter to Cardinal Gibbons dealing with what is called "Americanism," as revealed in a French translation of the life of Father Hecker, head of the Paulists or Mission Fathers in this country. The Paulists are engaged in missionary work among Protestants and they claim that the pope's criticisms have been occasioned by an erroneous French translation, that they are aimed more at Italy and France than at America because political conditions in France, especially, where there is agitation for separation of church and state, have led the clergy to mistakenly estimate ecclesiastical affairs in this country. The pope's letter, however, states the issue and the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, admitting adaptability to the character and genius of nations, but denying that the church in America can be different from what it is in the rest of the world, by saying:

> The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. Many think that these concessions should be made not only in regard to ways of living, but even in regard to doctrines which belong to the deposit of the faith. They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching which are of lesser importance, and to tone down the meaning which the church has always attached to them. It does not need many words, beloved son, to prove the falsity of these ideas if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our holy mother, the church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them."

In Great Britain the Liberal or Opposition party has been given a live issue by the controversy over ritualism in the Established or State Church of England. The clergy insist upon their right to control the form and conduct of services, burning in-

cense, holding confession, withholding the sacrament, etc., against which there are many protesters, and since the government establishes the churches the right to prohibit obnoxious practices is claimed as a government right. This issue is not a new one, but non-conformists and anti-ritualists comprise a strong element to back the espousal of the anti-ritualist cause by the Liberals.

Home Politics. Senatorial deadlocks continue in four state legislatures—Pennsylvania, Delaware, Utah, and California. To the new senators-elect already named in this department are now to be added Addison G. Foster (Rep.), of Washington, succeeding John W. Wilson (Rep.), and M. L. Hayward (Rep.), of Nebraska, succeeding William V. Allen (Pop.). Along with the series of portraits of new political figures in the upper branch of the national legislature we give portraits of the leaders of the Republican majority in both branches of the next Congress, Nelson W. Aldrich, of



SERENO E. PAYNE.
Chairman of House Committee on Ways and Means.

Rhode Island, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Sereno E. Payne, of New York, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. Of the political measures passed in state legislatures during the winter most attention has been drawn to a constitutional amendment proposed by the legislature of North Carolina, providing for the elimination of the negro vote. It copies the Mississippi plan of an educational

POPE LEO XIII.

and property qualification for suffrage, excepting from this qualification male persons or their lineal descendants entitled to vote up to January 1, 1867.

Brief Mention. The War Investigating Commission made its report to the president, criticizing General Miles and the transportation and inspection departments, recommending reforms in the medical department and some remedy for the divided authority and responsibility in the War Department which now produces friction. Secretary Alger is absolved from dishonesty or neglect of duty, but his administration is said to have lacked the complete grasp of the war situation essential to highest efficiency and discipline. The Court of Inquiry, Maj.-Gen. James H. Wade presiding, is proceeding with the investigation of the charges concerning bad beef.

The government has refused to pay an indemnity for the Hungarians killed by a sheriff's posse during the famous coal-miners' strike at Lattimer, Pa., on the ground that they were lawless and killed in the effort of the proper authority to enforce the laws, the Hungarians not being entitled to claim a license to commit crime which was denied to Americans.

Adjournment of the Joint High Commission with Canada to August next, without having reached any agreement upon the important subjects in dispute, was generally considered an admission that the negotiations were a failure. Differences over the Alaskan boundary were announced to be the crucial difficulty in the way of agreement. Shortly after the adjournment Lord Herschell, chairman of the British-Canadian delegation, died in Washington. Our government offered the services of a warship to convey the remains to Great Britain, but a British vessel had been ordered here for the purpose.

Close of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

The Fifty-fifth Congress, which ended March 4, was noted chiefly for its "war record." In the short session, from December to March, the Senate ratified the treaty of peace with Spain. Both houses agreed upon a provisional increase of the army, limited to July 1, 1901, and a conditional increase of battleships and cruisers, together with a law reorganizing the navy *personnel*. Twenty million dollars was appropriated to Spain under the terms of the peace treaty. The rank of admiral was created and conferred upon Rear-Admiral George Dewey, and Brig-Gen. Elwell S. Otis, military governor of the Philippines, was made major-general by brevet. A very large number of promotions in both army and navy, recommended as a result of the Santiago campaign, failed of confirmation. The appropriations authorized by the Fifty-fifth Congress aggregated $1,566,890,016.28, of which $482,562,083.47 was charged to the war with Spain. Authority was given for contracts subject to future appropriations in the sum of $70,000,000. Among the appropriations are $4,000,000 for public buildings throughout the country, $4,000,000 for pensions, $3,100,000 for French spoliation claims, $2,000,000 for the government printing office, $1,000,000 for a building for the Department of Justice, $1,200,000 for the Paris Exposition, $500,000 for an exposition in Buffalo, and $300,000 for an exposition in Philadelphia.

The contest over appropriation bills, which was carried to the very close of the session, resulted in a compromise upon the Nicaragua Canal, whereby $1,000,000 was set aside for another investigation and the president was authorized to appoint a board of survey and determine the steps necessary to secure an Isthmian canal for the United States. The proposed subsidies for American shipping and provision for a cable to Hawaii failed of passage. Bills to provide a territorial government for the Hawaiian

WILLIAM R. MERRIAM.
Director of the Census.

Islands and to provide a code of criminal laws for Alaska failed to become law.

Aside from these measures the principal enactment of the session just closed provides for the taking of the census of 1900. Considerable criticism was incurred in the Republican as well as the opposition press, because civil-service regulations were not made applicable to this undertaking, which calls for the appointment of some 300 supervisors and not far from 50,000 employees altogether. President McKinley has appointed Ex-Gov. William R. Merriam, of Minnesota, an active Republican politician, as director of the census, and, as his assistant, Frederick H. Wines, of Illinois, a statistician of reputation, particularly in penology.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 1).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII. to page 205.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters I.–VI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Women at the English Universities."

Second Week (ending April 8).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII., pages 205–210.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters VII.–XI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The American Carpet Industry."

Third Week (ending April 15).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII., pages 210–216.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XII.–XVI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Benjamin Disraeli."
"The House of Commons."

Fourth Week (ending April 22).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VII. concluded.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XVII.–XXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Resurrection of Jesus Christ."

Fifth Week (ending April 29).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII. to page 230.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXII.–XXVI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Some Spring Birds."

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII., pages 230–234.
"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXVII.–XXXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Liverpool."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR APRIL.

First Week.

1. Roll-call—Responses to be quotations from Lamb and De Quincey.
2. The Lesson.
3. A Critical Study—"Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.
4. Readings—Selections from "Essays of Elia."
5. Essay—Thomas De Quincey and his literary works.
6. A Paper—The local rocks.
7. A Geological Study—The local drift material and the hillside spring.

Second Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Local sedimentation and erosion.
3. A Literary Study—Scott's three great poems.
4. General Conversation—Personal estimates of Scott's literary works.
5. Book Review—"The Heart of Midlothian," by Scott.

Third Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—The lava fields of America.
3. A Talk—Excavations on the sites of cities buried by lava.
4. Essay—The characteristics of Byron's poetry.
5. Select Readings from Byron.—"To Augusta," "Adieu, adieu! my Native Shore," "Destruction of Sennacherib," and "The Coliseum" from "Childe Harold," Canto IV.

Fourth Week.

1. Roll-call—Responses to be quotations from Shelley.
2. Biographical Studies—Keats and Shelley.
3. A Paper—The characteristics of Keats' poetry.
4. Essay—Shelley's political and social theories as revealed in his poetry.
5. Readings—"Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn," by Keats. "To the Skylark," "View from the Euganean Hills," and "To Night," by Shelley.

Fifth Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Talk—The manufacture of salt.
3. A Paper—Petroleum and its commercial products.
4. Book Review—"David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. General Conversation—Critical estimates of Dickens' novels.

FOR MAY.

First Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Thackeray's art and his characters.
3. Book Review—"Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.
4. Select Reading—"The End of the Play," a poem by Thackeray.
5. Essay—The story of animal life as told by fossils.

SYLLABUS OF C. L. S. C. READING.

REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VII.—FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF SCOTT, 1789–1832 (CONCLUDED).

5. Associates of the Lake Poets (pp. 201–205).
   (1) John Wilson.
      (*a*) Character.
      (*b*) Literary productions.
   (2) Thomas De Quincey.
      (*a*) Personal traits.
      (*b*) Publication of his writings.
      (*c*) His most famous production.
      (*d*) General character of his papers.
      (*e*) Biographical sketches.
      (*f*) The narrative pieces.

"Kalmucks." A branch of the Mongolian race consisting of four tribes. They are a nomadic people, adherents of Buddhism, and they inhabit parts of the Chinese Empire, Western Siberia, and Southern Russia.

"Hegira" [hej'ī-rä]. A flight or departure; specifically the flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622 A. D. to escape the enmity of the people of Mecca.

   (3) Walter Savage Landor.
      (*a*) Biographical facts.
      (*b*) His classicism.
      (*c*) Character of his verses.

"Intaglios" [in-tal'yōz]. An engraving sunk below the surface; an incised ornamentation.

      (*d*) His prose.

"Hetaira" [het-ī'ra]. In ancient Greece a woman, especially a slave or foreigner, who was a professional entertainer.

      (*e*) Criticisms of Landor.
   (4) Charles Lamb.
      (*a*) Biographical facts.
      (*b*) His essays.
6. Walter Scott (pp. 205–209).
   (1) His education.

"Ariosto" [ä-rē-ōs'tō]. An Italian poet and writer of comedies who lived in the sixteenth century.

"Tasso." An Italian poet of the sixteenth century.

"Pulci" [pool'chē]. A fifteenth century poet of Italy.

"Boiardo" [bō-yär'dō]. An Italian poet of the fifteenth century.

   (2) Love for outdoor sports.
   (3) Wordsworth and Scott.
   (4) Bankruptcy.
   (5) Translations.

"Bürgar." A German poet.

"Wilde Jäger" [vīl'de yā'ger]. The wild huntsman.

"Götz von Berlichingen" [gĕts fon ber'liĸ-ing-en].

   (6) Metrical romances.
   (7) Carlyle's criticism.
   (8) The "Waverley Novels."
      (*a*) Number.
      (*b*) The first of the series.
      (*c*) Compared with other fiction.
      (*d*) General character of the romances.
7. Thomas Campbell's poems (p. 210).
8. George Gordon Byron (pp. 210–216).
   (1) "Childe Harold."
   (2) Poetry of the Orient.

"Bulbul." A nightingale common to the tropics of the Orient.

"Gulistan" [goo-lis-tän']. From the Persian, which means the rose garden. This is the title of a celebrated work by the Persian poet Sadi; it is a collection of stories, intermixed with which are many philosophical and moral sayings.

"Zuleika" [zu-lē'kä]. A name frequently used in Persian poetry.

   (3) Byronism.
   (4) Byron's hero.
   (5) His mood and influence on minor points.
   (6) Personal career.
   (7) Literature of travel.

"Drachenfels" [dräĸ'en-felz]. The dragon's rock. It is the steepest of the Siebengebirge range and is located on the Rhine, near Königswinter.

(8) "Don Juan."
(9) Death of Byron.
(10) Criticisms of Byron.
(11) Nature in his poetry.
9. Thomas Moore and his poems (p. 216).
10. Shelley and his poems (pp. 216–220).
(1) Biographical facts.
(2) Criticisms by Hazlitt and Carlyle.
(3) Early poems.
(4) Death of the poet.
"*Cor cordium.*" Heart of hearts.
(5) His maturest work.
(6) His lyricism.
"Euganean Hills" [ū-gā'nē-an]. Volcanic hills in Northeastern Italy.
"Epipsychidiou" [ep-i-psi-kid'i-on]. From the Greek meaning a little poem on the soul.
(7) The quality of his genius.
11. Keats and his poetry (pp. 220–223).
(1) "Endymion" and "Hyperion."
(2) His education.
"La Belle Dame sans Merci." The beautiful woman without mercy.
(3) His death.
(4) Character of his poetry.
(5) Influence of his style.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give a critical estimate of Thomas De Quincey's works.
2. What are the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor's style?
3. Give an account of Charles Lamb's career.
4. Give a biographical sketch of Walter Scott and a critical estimate of his prose and metrical romances.
5. Give an account of Byron's personal career and describe its effect on his literary work.
6. What is the author's estimate of Byron?
7. What is Shelley's philosophy as exhibited in his poems?
8. Describe the qualities of Shelley's style and name his most important productions.
9. Give a biographical sketch of Keats.
10. Name some of Keats' most important poems and describe his literary style.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What poem is Byron said to have written in ten days, and how many copies were sold in a single day?
2. Who was called the "Wizard of the North"?
3. What opera is founded on one of Scott's novels? Give the title of the novel and the name of the composer of the opera.

VIII.—FROM THE DEATH OF SCOTT TO THE PRESENT TIME, 1832–1898.

1. A perspective of the period (pp. 225–226).
(1) The novel.
(2) Masters of modern fiction.
2. Dickens and his productions (pp. 226–230).
(1) His first literary productions.
(2) His journalism.
(3) Experiences in London.
(4) His masterpiece.
(5) Other literary works.
(6) His histrionic quality.
(7) Faults of taste.
(8) His art in the field of comedy.
(9) Criticisms on his character sketching.
(10) His original humorous device.
(11) His humor compared with Thackeray's.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the characteristic literature of this period?
2. Who are the three acknowledged masters of modern English fiction?
3. By what was the fame of Dickens established?
4. Name Dickens' most important novels, and give a critical estimate of them.
5. Compare the humor of Dickens with that of Thackeray.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. From which of Dickens' novels comes the expression "Barkis is willin'"?
2. What character in the same book is always "waiting for something to turn up"?
3. Which of Dickens' novels exposes the weaknesses of the educational system of England?

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

I.—THE GEOLOGY AT OUR DOORS.

1. Geology defined (p. 7).
2. Extent of the study (pp. 7–8).
3. Subjects for study (pp. 8–11).
(1) Material around us.
(2) The problem of scenery.
(3) Origin and plan of the earth.
(4) The materials of the earth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Define geology.
2. Explain the scope of the present study.
3. What are the materials for geological study?
4. Of what is the earth composed?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does Lyell define geology?
2. Of what does dynamic geology treat?

II.—LOST ROCKS.

1. Boulders (pp. 11–17).
(1) Cobblestones, pebbles, and boulders compared.
(2) Character and origin.
(3) Transportation of boulders.
"Agassiz" [ag'a-si]. A Swiss-American naturalist. He died in 1873.
(4) The size of boulders.

"Pierre à bot" [pē-ār' a bo].

"Neufchâtel" [nē-shä-tel'].

(5) Rocking-stones.

(6) Boulders in high altitudes.

(7) Sources of boulders.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the origin of boulders, and tell how they differ from pebbles and cobblestones.

2. What is the explanation of their wide distribution?

3. Where are some of the largest boulders found?

4. What regions are supposed to be the source of boulders? Give the reason for such supposition.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the most widely known boulder in the United States? What is its character?

III.—THE GRAVEL PIT.

1. Formation of the drift (pp. 17–20).

(1) Drift explained.

(2) Drift structure.

(3) Variety of drift material.

(4) Two kinds of drift.

(*a*) Semi-stratified drift.

(*b*) Unstratified drift.

(*c*) Both kinds not always present.

(*d*) Origin of both kinds.

2. General distribution of drift (pp. 20–24).

(1) Termination of drift.

(2) Distribution of boulders.

(3) Relation to temperature.

(*a*) Effect of cold.

(*b*) Glacial formation.

(*c*) Movement of glaciers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the structure of drift.

2. What are the two kinds of drift and how are they formed?

3. Explain glacial formation and movement and show their relation to the distribution of drift.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. By what name did early geologists call drift?

2. In South America how far north is the drift recognizable?

IV.—AMONG THE GLACIERS.

1. Geological action of glaciers (pp. 24–32).

(1) Alpine glacier field.

"Chamonix" [shä-mō-nē'].

"Argentière" [är-zhoN-ti-air'].

"Saussure" [sō-sür']. A Swiss geologist of the eighteenth century.

"Montanvert" [môN-toN-vār'].

(2) Crevasses.

(3) Lateral moraines and striations.

(4) Terminal moraines.

(5) Movement of glaciers.

(6) Former condition of glaciers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Vale of Chamonix, and name the great Alpine glaciers.

2. What are the characteristic features of glaciers?

3. Describe the crevasses.

4. What are moraines and of what are they evidences?

5. What are the rates of glacial movement?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the character of the glaciers in the western part of the United States?

V.—THE HILLSIDE SPRING AND ITS WORK.

1. Subterranean waters and their deposits (pp. 32–38).

(1) Character of subterranean waters.

(2) Obstructions to descending water.

(3) Conditions for wells.

(4) Formation of springs.

(5) Source of river water.

(6) Value of springs.

(7) Cause of hard water.

(8) Deposits from springs.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the character of subterranean water?

2. Explain the formation of subterranean cisterns.

3. How are springs produced and of what value are they?

4. What is the cause of hard water.

5. What deposits are made from springs?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the usual temperature of spring water?

2. To what are intermittent springs supposed to be due?

VI.—INTRODUCTION TO THE ROCKS.

1. Kinds of minerals and stones (pp. 39–45).

(1) History of a rock.

(2) Composition of rocks.

(3) Quartz and quartzites.

(4) Conglomerates.

(5) The granite boulder.

(6) Gneiss, granulite, and mica schist.

(7) The syenite boulder and variations.

(8) Other varieties of rocks.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the characteristics of mica, quartz, and feldspar?

2. What are the characteristics of the syenite rocks?

3. Describe the most common sedimentary rocks.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the most familiar form in which mica is found?

2. When ground up for what is it used?

VII.—THE FLOODS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

1. Lacustrine deposits and terraces (pp. 45–51).

(1) The Ridge Road and what it indicates.

(2) Conditions on Mackinac Island.
(3) Former condition of the lakes.
(4) The southern barrier.
(5) Time of high water.
(6) The deposits.
(7) River terraces.
(8) A supposition.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the evidences of a former higher level of the Great Lakes?
2. Describe the conditions which existed at the time of the higher level.
3. What is the nature of the lacustrine deposits?
4. What evidence is there that the northern rivers were once flooded?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. Where are the Pictured Rocks and what are the evidences of the effect of the waves on them?

VIII.—THE MUD FLAT.

1. Sedimentation (pp. 51–57).
(1) Carrying power of running water.
(2) Assorting power of running water.
(3) Silted ponds and lakes.
(4) River sediment.
(5) Sedimentation in the sea.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give an illustration of the carrying and assorting power of water.
2. Describe the process by which lakes gradually disappear.
3. Describe the processes of river and sea sedimentation.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does the sea-water affect the turbid river water flowing into it?
2. What is the estimated area of the delta of the Mississippi and what is its character?

IX.—THE RIVER GORGE.

1. Erosion (pp. 57–63).
(1) Source of sediment.
(2) Tracing the sediment's course.
(3) A view of drainage areas.
(4) River gorges mentioned.
(5) Mountains of circumnudation.
(6) Outliers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the source of sediment?
2. Show how the erosion changes the physical features of the land.
3. Give examples of famous river gorges.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Why do swift mountain streams have deeper and narrower channels than the slower streams of the plains?
2. How do plants aid in the demolition of rocks?

X.—A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

1. What goes on in the ocean depths (pp. 64–70).
(1) Wondrous effect of the sea.
(2) A visit to the depths.
(3) Physical condition of the deep sea.

"Cimmerian." Pertaining to the Cimmerii, a mythical race who dwelt, said Homer, "beyond the ocean stream, where the sun never shines, and perpetual darkness reigns." Later writers spoke of them as dwelling in perpetual darkness; hence the expression Cimmerian darkness.

(4) Globigerina ooze.
(5) Clay ooze and volcanic dust.
(6) Cosmic depth.
(7) Life in the ocean depth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe a trip into the deep sea.
2. Describe the conditions which exist at the bottom of the sea.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does the bottom of the sea compare with the land in physical features?
2. At depths of about 15,000 feet and more of what is the ocean bottom composed?

XI.—BY THE ROCKY WALL.

1. Strata and their classification (pp. 71–78).
(1) Examples of strata.
(*a*) Conglomeritic sandstone.
(*b*) Oblique lamination.
(*c*) Shale.
(*d*) Limestone.
(*e*) Sandstone.
(2) Formation of strata.
(*a*) Sedimentation by rivers.
(*b*) Arrangement of sediment in ocean beds.
(*c*) Agents of stratification.
(*d*) Time of sedimentation.
(*e*) Periods of sedimentation.
(3) Rock systems.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give examples of several kinds of strata.
2. Describe the process by which strata are formed.
3. Name the great rock systems.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is probably the original position of strata?
2. About how long does it take to accumulate enough mud to form a layer of slate the thickness of roofing slate?

XII.—MYSTERIOUS FORMS OF LIFE.

1. Fossils (pp. 78–85).
(1) Where found.
(2) Ancient theories.
(3) The relative position of land and sea.

"Pythagoras." A Greek philosopher who died about 500 B. C.

"Strabo." A Greek geographer of the first century.

"Pliny." A Roman naturalist of the first century.

(4) Character of fossils.
(5) Law of adaptation to environment.
(6) Changes in the physical world.
(7) What is learned by a study of fossils.
(8) Table of geological history.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are some of the ancient theories in regard to fossils?

2. What is the modern scientific conception of the relative positions of land and sea?

3. What are fossils?

4. Give illustrations of the law of adaptation of organisms to environment and tell what it proves.

5. Trace the progress of life through the different geological æons.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the most advanced and perfect condition of fossilization?

2. How are strata classified?

XIII.—COURSES OF THE EARTH'S MASONRY.

1. Arrangement of formations (pp. 85–93).
(1) Formation defined.
(2) The oldest known strata.
(3) Outcrops.
(4) Synclinal basins.
(5) Synclinal folds.
(6) Anticlinal basins.
(7) Anticlinal folds.
(8) Variations in arrangement.
(9) Complicated arrangement.
(10) Topographical position of the Eozoic.
(11) Strata in long folds.
(12) Other arrangements.
(13) Positions of strata.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Define formation and give the principles to be recognized in the study of strata.

2. Explain outcrop, synclinal basin, synclinal fold, anticlinal basin, and anticlinal fold.

3. What complications are often found in the structural arrangement and what are some of the advantages of them?

4. Give a general explanation of the positions of strata.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When did the greater part of the present Appalachian system probably come into existence?

2. Which range in the Rocky Mountain region forms one of the largest anticlinals of that region?

XIV.—A WALK IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

1. Thermal waters (pp. 93–102).
(1) Yellowstone Park described.
(2) The cañon.
(3) The geysers of the park.
(4) Geysers of New Zealand and Iceland.
(5) Explanation of geyser action.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Yellowstone National Park.

2. Describe the famous geysers of the park.

3. Describe the mineral deposits of the thermal springs.

4. Describe the action of the Great Geyser of Iceland.

5. Explain geyser action.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Of what are the hot springs of the Yellowstone National Park probably the remains?

2. What is the nature of most of these springs?

XV.—AMONG THE VOLCANOES.

1. Indications of internal fires.
(1) Vesuvius described.
"Palmieri" [päl-mē-ā'rē].
(2) Eruptions.
"Procida" [pro'che-da].
"Pompeii" [pom-pā'yee].
"Torre dell' Annunziata" [tor're del lăn-noon-zē-ā'tă].
"Torre del Greco" [tor're del grā'ko].
"Portici" [pōr'tē-chē].
(3) Mt. Ætna and its eruptions.
"Monti Rossi." A double hill formed by lateral eruptions.
(4) A volcano in Central America.
"Cosiguina" [kō-sē-goo-ē'nā].
(5) Lava from other volcanoes.
(6) Conditions of volcanic action.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe two volcanoes and their eruptions.

2. Give examples of the amount of lava emitted from volcanoes.

3. Describe the conditions of volcanic action.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. To what part of the American continent are the modern volcanoes limited?

2. What is a very noticeable fact in regard to the location of volcanoes?

XVI.—FROZEN SEAS OF LAVA.

1. Ancient lavas (pp. 111–117).
(1) Ancient and modern vulcanism compared.
(2) The great lava fields.
(3) The time of great vulcanism.
(4) Previous periods of activity.
(5) Dykes.
(6) Laccolites.
(7) Results of erosion in lava fields.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Contrast ancient vulcanism with that of the present.

2. Describe the great lava fields of America.

3. In what geologic ages have there been eruptions of lava?

4. Explain the formation of columnar structures and laccolites.

5. Explain the results of erosion in lava fields.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What noted examples of columnar structure exist on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland?

XVII.—IMPRISONED HEAT.

1. Internal condition of the earth (pp. 117–124).
   (1) An artesian well.
   (2) Depth reached by the sun's heat.
   (3) Depth of uniform temperature.
   (4) Increase of temperature downward.
   (5) Observations in artesian wells, mines, and tunnels.
   (6) Temperature of great depths.
   (7) Embedded ice.
   (8) Lava as a conductor of heat.
   (9) Knowledge about internal heat.
   (10) Theories about internal heat.
   (11) Condition of the earth's interior.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain how the sun's heat affects the interior of the earth.

2. Give proof of the fact that the temperature of the earth increases downward.

3. Explain the existence of embedded ice.

4. Give the theories of the cause of internal heat.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What is the character of the lower rocks and what do they show in regard to the former condition of the earth?

XVIII.—THE UNSTABLE LAND.

1. Phenomena and causes of earthquakes (pp. 125–132).
   (1) Duration of earthquakes.
   (2) Damage caused by earthquakes.
   (3) Earthquake motions and velocity of transmission.
   (4) Center of disturbance.
   (5) Absence of a twisting motion.
   (6) Sounds.
   (7) Effects of earthquakes.
   (8) Time of occurrence.
   (9) Varieties of earthquakes.
   (10) Causes of earthquakes.
   (11) Time of earthquakes.
   (12) Relation to atmospheric phenomena.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How long does an earthquake continue?

2. What are the motions of an earthquake and at what rate are they transmitted?

3. What is the theory in regard to the center of disturbance?

4. Describe the effects of earthquakes and explain why they occur more frequently at one time than another.

5. Explain the causes of earthquakes.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where are earthquakes most liable to occur?

2. Where are they most frequent and violent?

XIX.—THE FRAMEWORK OF THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Mountain structure (pp. 132–139).
   (1) Mount Marcy.
   (2) Geology of surrounding territory.
   (3) The Laurentide Hills.
   (4) Mountains of upheaval.
   (5) Secondary mountain forms.
   (6) Mountains of relief.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the form, material, and structure of Mount Marcy.

2. Describe the formation of the Adirondacks and the Laurentide Hills.

3. Describe the changes which mountains have undergone.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. From what do the Great Plains appear to have resulted?

XX.—HOW THE MOUNTAIN FRAMEWORK IS REARED.

1. Mountain formation (pp. 139–145).
   (1) Ancient theories.
   (2) Where vulcanism is not applicable.
   (3) Contraction of the earth's crust.
   (4) Lateral pressure.
   (5) Formation of wrinkles.
   (6) Relation of volcanic action.
   (7) Trend of mountains.
   (8) Effect of tidal action.
   (9) Sedimentation in mountain-making.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What were the ancient theories of mountain formation and to what mountains is it not applicable?

2. Explain how mountains are formed.

3. What is the relation of mountain-making to volcanic action?

4. Give the reason for the north and south trend of mountains, and explain the part of sedimentation in mountain formation.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. According to their structure and the rocks composing them into what three groups may mountains be divided?

2. To which class do the most rugged mountains belong?

XXI.—DOWN IN A MINE.

1. Occurrence of the metals (pp. 145–153).
   (1) Comstock Lode described.

"Plagioclase" [pla'ji-o-klāz]. From two Greek

words meaning oblique and fracture; a term applied to a group of triclinic feldspar whose two prominent lines of cleavage are oblique to each other.

(2) Working the mine.
(3) Obstacles to working.
(4) Yield of the lode.
(5) Source of the metals.
(6) True veins.
(7) The Eureka territory.
(8) Mineral deposits of other regions.

REVIEW QUESTION.

1. Describe the Comstock Lode and explain the method of working it.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. In what portions of the United States is silver found as a native metal?

2. Where is most of the quicksilver of the United States produced?

XXII.—THE KING OF METALS.

1. Iron and its geology (pp. 153–159).
(1) Utility of iron.
(2) Concentration of iron.
(*a*) Oxides, peroxides, and hydrated peroxides.
(*b*) Limonite.
(*c*) Hæmatite.
(*d*) Lake Superior ore.
(*e*) Magnetite.
(3) Another theory of concentration.
(4) Modes of accumulation.
(5) Occurrence and mining of iron.
(6) The earth's central mass.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the formation of bog iron ore.

2. What are the other theories in regard to the formation of beds of iron ore?

3. Explain the different methods by which iron ore particles have been accumulated.

4. How is iron ore mined?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where are the most famous iron deposits of Missouri?

2. In what kind of rocks is the specular variety of iron ore found?

XXIII.—THE CRYSTALS OF THE SEA.

1. Salt and gypsum (pp. 159–165).
(1) A salt region of Russia.
(2) Salt districts of the United States.
(3) Other famous salt deposits.
(4) Brine and rock salt.
(5) Production of salt for commerce.
(6) Order of precipitation from brines.
(7) Order in nature.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the salt district of Russia and explain how the saline deposits have been formed.

2. Locate the great salt districts of the United States and tell how the salt is obtained for commerce.

3. Give the order of precipitation from brine and explain how it proves the theory of the origin of salt formations.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. On what island of the southern coast of the United States is rock-salt mined?

2. Of what is salt a compound and what is its chemical symbol?

XXIV.—LIQUID SUNLIGHT.

1. Petroleum (pp. 166–172).
(1) The oil craze.
(2) Principles about oil and its occurrence.
(3) Source of oil.
(4) Gas and oil and their composition.
(5) Oil districts.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the scientific principles regarding oil and its occurrence?

2. What is the general opinion regarding the source of oil and what is the composition of petroleum?

3. State facts about the great oil districts.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the derivation of the word petroleum and what does it signify?

2. What foreign oil wells have rivaled those of Pennsylvania in productiveness?

XXV.—GASEOUS SUNLIGHT.

1. Natural gas—its wonders and its geology (pp. 173–183).
(1) Early knowledge about natural gas.
(2) Recent discoveries.
(3) Value of gas to Pittsburg.
(4) Wastage.
(5) Composition of gas.
(6) Prophecy.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was known about gas fifty years ago?

2. Where are the great gas regions of America?

3. Describe the Burns and Delamater wells.

4. How has the use of gas affected commercial interests of the country?

5. What is the composition of gas?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What are some of the ingredients of natural gas besides those mentioned in the text-book?

XXVI.—SOLIDIFIED SUNLIGHT.

1. Coal and coal-beds (pp. 183–189).
(1) Nature and origin of coal.
(2) Graphite.
(3) Anthracite coal.
(4) Bituminous varieties.

(5) Character of Peat.
(6) Mode of occurrence.
(7) Method of mining.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the origin of coal.
2. Describe the different varieties of coal and tell where each is found.
3. Describe the mode of its occurrence and the method of mining.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the estimated area of the coal-fields east of the Rocky Mountains?
2. Of what age are the coal-fields of the Cordilleran regions?

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

I.—"WOMEN AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES."

1. A tribute to the universities (p. 3).
2. Oxford and Cambridge to-day (p. 4).
(1) Number of students.
(2) The university proper.
(3) The women's halls.

"Magdalen" [mag'da-len or mâd'lin].

3. Attendance at the lectures (pp. 4–5).

"Form." A long seat or backless bench; hence the English name for a rank of students; a class.

"Don." The head of a college, or one of the fellows at the English universities.

4. The cap and gown (p. 5).

"Trencher." The cap worn by Oxford and Cambridge students, with a flat, square board top—hence mortar-board. The name has reference to the square wooden plate formerly used at table, and still in use at Winchester Public School, England. It comes from the Old French verb *trencheoir*, to cut, carve, or dig trenches or ditches. The public schoolboy makes a trench of potatoes around the edge of his trencher, within which the gravy and liquid edibles are temporarily preserved.

5. The question of degrees (pp. 5–8).
(1) The royal road to a degree.
(2) The outlook.
(3) How university changes are made.
(4) Courses for the degree of B. A.
(5) The residence requirement.

"Carfax." From M. L. *quadrifurcus*—having four forks. The junction of Cornmarket, Queen Street, St. Aldgate's, and High Street.

(6) A change in requirements.
(7) Honors in examinations.

"Double-first." The highest place in examinations in mathematics and classics.

6. The coaching system (p. 8).
7. The courses of study (pp. 8–9).

"The Bodleian." The oldest and most famous of the world's great libraries, begun in 1327.

8. Athletic sports (p. 9).
9. The four o'clock tea (pp. 9–10).
10. Societies and clubs (p. 10).
11. Historic sports (p. 10).

"*The Fritillary*." The Oxford women students' magazine—called after the curious speckled lily which the Normans brought to Oxford, and which now covers the Iffley meadows like a checker-board in the spring.

"The Cher" [Char]. The popular name for the river "Cherwell," which empties into the Thames (or Isis) at Oxford.

"Yorke Powell." Regius professor of modern history at Oxford, the successor of Froude. Author of a history of England.

"Stubbs." A distinguished English historian—formerly Regius professor of history, and now Bishop of Oxford. He is the author of "The Constitutional History of England," etc.

12. Entertainments (p. 11).

"Cherwoman" [char'wo-man]. The woman who performs daily chores.

13. The terms.

"Terms." The university terms are the former "terms" of the common law courts, and are named from the church festivals of St. Michael, St. Hilary, etc.

14. The boat races (p. 11).

"Isis." The classic name for the Thames at Oxford.

"The Backs." The "backs" of the colleges extending across the river.

"Cam." The most beautiful part of Cambridge.

"The bump." The university rivers are too narrow for parallel racing, so the race is won when the prow of a boat strikes the stern of the one in advance.

II.—"THE AMERICAN CARPET INDUSTRY."

1. General interest in the industry (p. 11).
2. Floor coverings in colonial days (pp. 11–12).
3. Manufacture of rag carpets and rugs (p. 12).
4. Progress in the manufacture of yarn carpets (p. 12).
5. The kinds of carpets manufactured (p. 13).
6. Amount and grade of manufactures (p. 13).
7. Importations (pp. 13–14).
8. Exportations (p. 14).
9. The great disadvantage (pp. 14–15).
10. The duty on carpet wool (p. 15).

III.—"BENJAMIN DISRAELI."

1. General survey of his career (p. 15).
2. Force of his will (pp. 15–16).
3. Knowledge of his own powers (p. 16).
4. His sincerity (p. 16).
5. Racial pride and influence (pp. 16–17).
6. Duality of his nature (p. 17).

7. Influence and success in Parliament (pp. 17–18).
8. His style of speaking (p. 18).
9. His literary work (p. 19).
10. Place in the Victorian age (p. 19).

IV.—"THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST."

1. Importance of the resurrection (p. 19).
2. Proof of the resurrection (pp. 19–23).
   (1) Facts growing out of it and connected with it.
      (*a*) Christian Church.
      (*b*) Christian Sabbath.
   (2) Testimony of witnesses.
      (*a*) Points agreed upon by friends and enemies.
      (*b*) Assertions by enemies.
      (*c*) The disciples' conception of the resurrection.
      (*d*) John's story.
      (*e*) The case of Mary.
      (*f*) Testimony of other friends.
   (3) Authenticity of the New Testament.

V.—"SOME SPRING BIRDS."

1. Birds of the dooryard (p. 24).
2. Ignorance of birds (p. 24).
3. Early arrivals (p. 24).
4. The life of the cardinal (pp. 24–26).
   (1) Residence.
   (2) The courtship.
   (3) Feeding the brood.
5. The robin's history (pp. 26–27).
   (1) First view of the robin.
   (2) His song.
   (3) Character of the robin.
   (4) The nest.
   (5) Traits of the young.
   (6) Disappearance for the winter.
6. The wren and its song (p. 27).

VI.—"THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

1. The right of franchise at parliamentary elections (pp. 28–29).
   (1) Present right.
   (2) The right in former days.
   (3) The potwalloper franchise.
   (4) In old boroughs before 1832.
   "Burgage." A tenure of land by paying rent.
   (5) Development of the present right.
2. The present House of Commons compared with that of former days (pp. 29–30).
   (1) A member's residence.
   (2) Expenses and salary.
   (3) The beginning of bribery.
   (4) Change in the law of wages and residence.
   (5) Effect of this change.
3. English and American political institutions compared (pp. 30–32).
   (1) Constitution of the American House.
   (2) The English House.
   (3) Party organization.
   (4) Activity in local politics.
   (5) The central organizations.
   (6) The general election.
   (7) Individuality in English politics.
   (8) Powers of the English and American Houses.
   (9) Influence of the House of Commons on the administration.
   (10) Position of the speaker.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MARCH.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VI.

1. His friend, Lady Austen, told him an amusing story of a noted horseman to arouse him from a melancholy mood. After laughing about it a greater part of the night he, the next morning, made it the theme of "John Gilpin," and it was published in the prominent periodicals of the day. 2. "I Sing the Sofa." When Lady Austen urged Cowper to write something in blank verse he asked for a subject. She replied, "Oh, you can write on anything; take the sofa." 3. It is said to have been written in eight nights; to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

VII.

1. Coleridge; Silas Tomkyns Comberbach. 2. Southey so characterized "Madoc, a Poem in Two Parts."

"MEN AND MANNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

Book VI.

1. "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." 2. "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Book VII.

1. "The Mysterious Mother." 2. "It consists in the art of amusing without exciting."

Book VIII.

1. Second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte. 2. Richard III.; in Westminster Abbey beside Shakespeare's tomb.

IX.

1. King of Bath. 2. In 1762.

X.

1. The middle class. 2. "They have all given portraits of real society far superior to anything vain man has produced of like nature."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882–1902.

MR. ROBERT A. MILLER, a son of the late President Lewis Miller of Chautauqua and for some years secretary of C. L. S. C. work in Ohio, has been appointed postmaster at Ponce, Puerto Rico. He writes from his new field that he has already found persons interested in Chautauqua and hopes to develop the plan more fully in this territory, as he becomes better acquainted with its conditions.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"Fidelity, Fraternity."

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Secretary—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer—John C. Whitford, Detroit, Mich.

Trustee—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

THE program for Chautauqua this summer will form a fitting setting for the graduation exercises of the Patriots. Many eminent Americans will be present, and the class will by its influence and example be able to awaken new enthusiasm for the American year, which forms the C. L. S. C. program for 1899–1900.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."

"Licht, Liebe, Leben."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

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Trustee—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

MANY Chautauquans will learn with sincere regret of the death of Mrs. Mary H. Gardner, of Kansas City, Mo., who for many years has been identified with the work of the C. L. S. C. Mrs. Gardner had charge of the C. L. S. C. office at the Ottawa Assembly from the earliest days of the Assembly movements, and when she resigned her work there took charge of C. L. S. C. interests at the Assembly which was held for one or two years at Fairmount Park, near Kansas City. The last two summers of her life were spent at Chautauqua, where as an assistant in the C. L. S. C. office she rendered most valuable service, and not only won many friends but by her quiet enthusiasm led many to a deeper appreciation of the work for which Chautauqua stands. She was active in all C. L. S. C. work in Kansas City, a woman of high ideals and of an unusually intense, aspiring nature. She will be missed by a large circle of friends, who, nevertheless, rejoice for her sake that she passed with so little of suffering into the larger life toward which she turned so eagerly.

CLASS OF 1901.—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

"Light, Love, Life."

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CLASS OF 1902.—"THE ALTRURIANS."

"Not for self, but for all."

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CLASS FLOWER—AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

THE coming of the spring months, with their invigorating suggestions of outdoor life, will prepare the Altrurians for the pleasures of "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." No more charming guide for such an excursion can be found than the last book of the course for the current year, and even

Chautauquans who doubt their ability to grapple successfully with scientific facts will find that Professor Winchell's book is one to delight the heart of a poet.

A VERY interesting method of developing interest in Chautauqua work has been tried by Mr. Alfred S. Haines, the principal of a public school in Westtown, Pa. Through the central Chautauqua office he secured the use of a set of stereopticon slides of Chautauqua, and gave a lecture on Chautauqua on two successive occasions to very enthusiastic audiences. The fact that good stereopticon lanterns are now available in most communities of average size suggests the possibility of developing this plan so that a larger number of such lectures may be given during the coming year.

A CLASSMATE among the United States Volunteers stationed at New York Harbor reports satisfactory progress, though he is obliged to read alone at present. "Europe in the Nineteenth Century" and *History As It Is Made* have proven especially interesting and helpful. Doubtless the soldier's point of view helps to quicken his interest in the events of the modern world, and with the enlargement of our military responsibilities Chautauqua may find a new field for her activities.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"*We Study the Word and the Works of God.*" "*Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.*"

"*Never be Discouraged.*"

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1898–99.

ALFRED DAY—October 18.
CAVOUR DAY—November 15.
CROMWELL DAY—December 16.
GLADSTONE DAY—January 14.
DRYDEN DAY—February 18.
WORDSWORTH DAY—March 17.
SHELLEY DAY—April 20.
TENNYSON DAY—May 18.

NEW CIRCLES.

CONNECTICUT.—To the illustrious Class of 1902 is added the Orange C. L. S. C. of West Haven.

NEW YORK.—Encouraging words from Unionville Circle show the result of steady application. "Our class has twelve active, energetic workers. Week-day meetings are held at the house of Dr. Dennis, who was elected leader. Not a meeting is missed, no night is too cold or too stormy for the class to get together. The class is doing excellent and thorough work. Judson's book is just finished and this week finishes Joy. It is not only wonderful but simply grand to note the interest and perseverance this class manifests in the Chautauqua work."——Eight students of the Current History Course and two of the regular course make the ten faithful members of the new circle at Corbettsville. ——The Membership Books are being filled out by four '02's at Ford.

PENNSYLVANIA.—There is an awakening in C. L. S. C. matters at Hokendauqua.

TEXAS.—A circle of twenty has been organized recently at Granbury, every one being registered at the central office.——The English year is found to be of especial interest to the circle at Ladonia.

OHIO.—A small circle in Cleveland began the work in October and is keeping at it with unflagging interest.——Wright Circle is the name adopted by a new organization in Columbus.

MINNESOTA.—A membership fee is received from a member in Blue Earth City.

IOWA.—Des Moines has found room for another circle, called the Magna Charta.

KANSAS.—A Society of the Hall in the Grove has been organized at Winfield with a member of Winfield Circle as president and a member of College Hill Circle as secretary.——From Junction City comes encouraging news of a circle just organized.

COLORADO.—A new Chautauqua reading circle has been organized in Georgetown, with Miss Charlotte Howe for president. "Twenty Centuries of English History" is the course of study. The circle meets every Tuesday evening.——The following is received from Greeley: "When, in a certain Colorado M. E. Conference, the powers that be decreed that Dr. B. T. Vincent should take charge

of their church in Greeley and the news came drifting into the precincts of this town—that found its inception in the mind and heart of Horace Greeley and that has come to be known for the sanctity of her homes, the loyalty of her churches, the excellence of her schools, and the enthusiasm of her clubs—more than one heart gave a throb of joyful anticipation, for was not this prospective pastor the brother of the bishop, best known and loved as the great head of the Chautauqua movement? And might we not hope that the doctor and his charming wife would be enkindled with the same enthusiasm? One autumn evening, twenty earnest men and women gathered in the parlors of the parsonage and then and there the Altrurians in Greeley came into existence with all the ardent hope and vital energy that characterize western activities. Our circle includes bankers, farmers, teachers, club women, and busy mothers, yet on common ground—upon the high plane of true Altrurians, pledged to the best that the Chautauqua course bestows. We are pursuing the course of study for the year, meeting the third Friday evening in each month for informal discussion led by Mrs. Vincent, with the genial doctor as pilot."

OREGON.—La Creole is the name by which the circle at Dallas is known.

OLD CIRCLES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Everett branch of Keep Pace Circle has proved its magnetic powers by nearly doubling its numbers this year, making a total of nineteen.

NEW YORK.—The Brooklyn Chautauqua Union is attracting attention in various parts of that city not only by the enthusiastic meetings, but by the lecture course which has been carried on under the efficient management of Mr. Todd, chairman of the lecture committee. The program for February 2 consisted of an illustrated lecture on "Through the War on the *Indiana*" by Rev. William G. Cassard, chaplain of the battleship *Indiana*. The lecture was held in the Central Presbyterian Church and the lecturer was assisted by Hanson Place Quartet, several soloists, and the audience joined in singing patriotic songs. Printed programs decorated with an appropriate design were presented to each of the guests. The large attendance and the evident enthusiasm greatly encouraged the union in their great work.——Watkins Glen Circle, Watkins, registers twenty members, all determined to master the work of the English year.——Several seniors in the circle at Geneva are making plans for graduation.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The zealous workers at Scranton have more than doubled their number this year and their roll contains the names of thirty-seven '02's and thirty-one '01's.——Two members of the circle at Bradford have sent for the questions for this year.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Sommerville C. L. S. C. send greetings to their classmates of 1901 through their secretary, who says concerning the work of the circle: "Our little circle has advanced wonderfully in this second year of its work. All of the members have supplied themselves with books, thus we have been enabled to give up the plan pursued last year of reading aloud at the club meetings."

TENNESSEE.—In a local paper of Clarksville appeared the following program of an interesting C. L. S. C. meeting: "The Chautauqua class met Thursday morning at the usual hour—ten o'clock. This is the English year in the course, and Thursday morning the regular lesson was dispensed with and a memorial day substituted." The following was the program:

GLADSTONE DAY.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

PAPER.....Biographical Sketch
PAPER....."His Battle for Home Rule in Ireland."
PAPER."Contrasted Character Study of Disraeli and Gladstone."
READING....."Talmage and Gladstone at Hawarden Castle."
READING....."Gladstone's New Tribute to the Bible."
PAPER....."Gladstone on the Turkish Question."
READING.."Letters of Gladstone in reply to an urgent request to visit the United States, one bearing date of January, 1886, the other July 30, 1894."
READING.....Newspaper Clippings.
READING....."Mr. Gladstone and the United States."

OHIO.—Five seniors from Haverhill send membership fees for this year, and a new member is also reported.

MICHIGAN.—The secretary of Litchfield Circle says: "Our circle is doing good work. We meet once a week and number fifteen in all, though all are not enrolled at Buffalo. Our average attendance is ten, and the interest in the work is good. At our last meeting we answered roll-call with original poetry and—well, it was amusing."

MINNESOTA.—Every Tuesday afternoon the circle at Windom meets, and its half dozen members gain great benefit from their study. They have one member in the graduating class.

IOWA.—An appreciative letter from a Chautauquan at Lohrville says that two new members have joined them this year, and that all the circle agree that this course is the most beneficial of any they have ever read outside of regular college work.

MISSOURI.—The work is kept alive in Carthage by an energetic band of C. L. S. C.'s.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Through Central Asia.

There are few places between the north and south poles that have not at some time or other been explored by energetic and courageous men. One of the regions less frequently visited than others is the interior of Asia, through which Sven Hedin traveled during the four years from 1893 to 1897. The result of this expedition is "Through Asia,"* in which he states that after months of careful study of the geography of Central Asia he made a reconnoitering trip to Russian Turkistan and Kashgar to find a base of operations for his contemplated explorations. Upon his return he applied to the king of Norway and Sweden for funds to carry out his plan, which was "to traverse Asia from east to west, from the Caspian Sea to Peking, and in particular to explore the intermediate regions which are least known" for the purpose of increasing the geographic knowledge of that region. He carried with him all the necessary instruments for making scientific observations in regard to the geology, meteorology, anthropology, archeology, hydrography, and botany of the territory traversed, the results of which he has embodied in his book. But this account is something more than a mere record of scientific investigations. It is a plain tale of travel in which the author has graphically set forth the experiences of a four years' journey of 14,600 miles over fertile plains, rocky elevations, and sandy deserts, and some of them are as thrilling as any related by arctic explorers. Quite as interesting too are the excellent illustrations, almost three hundred in number, reproduced from sketches and photographs. They represent incidents of the journey, Asiatic scenery, the people of Central Asia and their homes, the animal life of that country, and many objects of interest. The necessary maps are also included in the contents of the volume. The characteristics of the make-up of the two volumes are heavy paper, large, clear type, and a handsome binding.

New Editions.

The great masterpieces of English literature and translations which have become classic constitute the various volumes of "The Temple Classics,"† which are being published under the supervision of Israel Gollancz, M. A. The full text of each work is printed in clear type and on each page is a marginal note giving a summary of its contents. The annotations are confined to the bibliographies and glossaries. The volumes are strongly bound in cloth, and their price puts them within the reach of almost every one.

An admirable piece of editing has been done by Clifton Johnson in a new edition of "Don Quixote."* To adapt it to school use and home reading he has omitted the obnoxious portions and many of the unpleasant details which make the original objectionable. The result is a pleasant, readable story, in every way wholesome and attractive. The illustrations are by George Cruikshank.

For a recent edition of "The Last of the Mohicans"† H. M. Brock has furnished the illustrations, which are produced in colors. The publishers have printed the text on heavy paper, using a clear though not large type, and the simple binding suggestively stamped is very appropriate to the contents.

Dr. C. H. Herford is the editor of the Eversley Edition of Shakespeare's works,‡ which consists of ten volumes. The text used, the introductory pages tell us, is based upon "the labors of the editors of the Cambridge and Globe Shakespeares without following either implicitly." Volume I. contains four plays, "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There are well-written introductions to each one, giving information about the source of the theme, and valuable literary criticisms. The annotations are in the form of foot-notes.

The tenth edition of "The Poetry of Tennyson,"‖ by Henry van Dyke, is issued in a new dress, with revisions and enlargements that make it more valuable, particularly to those who wish to make a critical study of Tennyson's poetry. A new preface gives a bit of the author's personal history which resulted in sending forth this splendid literary study. The enlarged chronological table contains an outline of the events of Tennyson's life, a complete list of

*Through Asia. By Sven Hedin. With nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author. Two vols. 1,255 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers.

†Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 365 pp.—Men and Women. By Robert Browning. 291 pp.—The High History of the Holy Grail. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. Two vols. 305+298 pp.—Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. In ten volumes. Vols. I. and II. 410+236 pp. 50 cts. each. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes. Edited by Clifton Johnson for school and home reading. With ten illustrations by George Cruikshank. 420 pp. 75 cts.——†The Last of the Mohicans. By James Fenimore Cooper. With colored illustrations by H. M. Brock. Two vols. 249+250 pp. $3.00.——‡The Works of Shakespeare. Edited with introductions and notes by C. H. Herford, Litt. D. In ten volumes. Vol. I. 409 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‖The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry van Dyke. 453 pp. $2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

his published works, and a bibliography of literature about him, and the influence of the Bible on Tennyson's poetry is shown by the list of biblical references found in his poems.

A series of English texts prepared for use in the schoolroom is called "Macmillan's English Classics."* Each volume contains an interesting biographical and critical introduction by an able editor, and the notes appended furnish all the necessary explanations. These little books are neatly bound, and printed in excellent type on a good quality of paper.

The Cambridge Edition of Tennyson's poetic and dramatic works† contains many helps indispensable to the student. The biographical introduction is from the pen of William J. Rolfe, and his notes and illustrations, which constitute a part of the appendix, give lucid explanations of obscure passages and show the revisions which Tennyson made from time to time. The appendix also contains Tennyson's contribution to "Poems by Two Brothers" and poems published in early editions of his works but omitted from later ones. The student will find the index of first lines a great convenience.

The editors of the Camberwell Edition of Robert Browning's complete works‡ are Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and the result of their combined labors is a work which furnishes all the necessary annotations for an intelligent reading of Browning. Each of the twelve pocket volumes contains analytical and critical introductions, written in a clear, scholarly style, and the notes following the text of the poems are concise and comprehensive. A handsome title-page, an engraved photogravure frontispiece, clear type, and opaque paper are attractive features of each volume, which is encased in red covers bearing an artistic design stamped in gold.

Useful Stories.

The Library of Useful Stories has been increased by the addition of three volumes on topics of general interest. "The Story of the Cotton Plant"* is told by F. Wilkinson, F. G. S., director of the Textile and Engineering School, Bolton. Simply and attractively he tells about the origin, growth, and cultivation of the plant, and describes the processes by which it is changed to the yarn and sewing thread of commerce, at the same time showing the effect of various inventions on the progress of cotton manufacture. The volume is amply illustrated. Prof. James Mark Baldwin is the author of "The Story of the Mind." It is a lucid exposition of general psychological principles, with descriptions of methods and results of research in this branch of science. A minimum use of technical terms makes it specially valuable to the general reader. Archeology is the subject on which Robert E. Anderson, M.A., has written. In a plain, interesting way he has given the history of ancient peoples in the Orient as revealed by recently discovered monuments and inscriptions, some of which are represented in the volume. Several maps are also included in the book.

"The Story of Plant Life"† is the title of a small volume by Julia MacNair Wright. Her work is an easy, practical treatment of the subject of vegetable life. Beginning with the condition of the root in January she follows the development of the plant through the year, describing plant structure and various characteristics of vegetable organism. The book is illustrated by simple and appropriate pictures.

The same writer is the author of a short treatise on astronomy,‡ which is also simple and non-technical in character. It contains a large number of interesting facts about the sun, the planets, and their satellites, meteors, shooting-stars, the tides, and other subjects pertaining to astronomical science. The illustrations make the explanations and descriptions more impressive.

The amateur florist should read what Eben E. Rexford has to say on the cultivation of flowers.‖ He says that there are certain principles "upon which successful floriculture is based" and these principles he proceeds to explain in a clear, careful manner. Besides this he tells how to care for certain potted plants, omitting no detail necessary to their successful cultivation.

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*Shakespeare's Macbeth. Edited with notes and an introduction by Charles W. French. 228 pp.—Pope: The Iliad of Homer. Edited with notes and an introduction by Albert H. Smyth. 223 pp.—The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited with notes and an introduction by Wilson Farrand, A. M. (Princeton). 231 pp.—Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan, and Christabel. Edited with notes and an introduction by Tuley Francis Huntington, A.M. (Harvard). 142 pp.—Macaulay's Essay on Addison. Edited and annotated by Charles Wallace French. 250 pp.—Macaulay's Essay on Milton. Edited and annotated by Charles Wallace French. 176 pp.—Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited with introduction and notes by Sidney Carleton Newsom. 162 pp. 25 cts. each. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Cambridge Edition. 904 pp. $2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡Browning's Complete Works. Camberwell Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 12 vols. 75 cts. each. $9.00 per set. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

*The Story of the Cotton Plant. By F. Wilkinson, F.G.S. With thirty-eight illustrations. 191 pp. 40 cts.—The Story of the Mind. By James Mark Baldwin. With illustrations. 243 pp. 40 cts.—The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East. By Robert E. Anderson, M. A., F. A. S. With maps, etc. 213 pp. 40 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

†Botany: The Story of Plant Life. By Julia MacNair Wright. Illustrated. 208 pp. 50 cts.——‡Astronomy: The Sun and his Family. By Julia MacNair Wright. Illustrated. 203 pp. 50 cts.——‖Flowers: How to Grow Them. By Eben E. Rexford. 175 pp. 50 cts. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

In a series of lectures delivered at Leland Stanford Junior University, Dr. Douglas Houghton Campbell traced the genealogical history of vegetable life, showing how by the process of evolution the present high forms in the vegetable kingdom were brought about. These lectures,* collected in a modest volume appropriately illustrated, furnish pleasant reading for the scientist and also for the general reader who does not object to a few technical terms.

Mr. John Trowbridge has written a book called "Philip's Experiment or Physical Science at Home."† It is a very interesting volume, in which the author shows how practical knowledge of physical laws, drawing, and several other subjects may be obtained outside of the schoolroom by any lad of average intelligence if he is in the right environment. Parents will do well to read this book and heed its suggestions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FISHER AND SCHWATT, PHILADELPHIA.

Fisher, George Egbert, M.A., Ph.D., and Schwatt, Isaac J., Ph.D. Text Book of Algebra with Exercises. For Secondary Schools and Colleges. Part I. $1.25.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK AND TORONTO.

Pierson, Arthur T. Catharine of Siena, an Ancient Lay Preacher. 50 cts.

Wilkinson, William Cleaver. The Epic of Paul. $2.00.

Bell, David Charles. The Reader's Shakespeare: His Dramatic Works Condensed, Connected, and Emphasized, for School, College, Parlor, and Platform. Vol. III. Comedies. $1.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Bass, Florence. Lessons for Beginners in Reading. 25 cts.

Seidel, Heinrich; Sudermann, Hermann; Frommel, Emil; and Von Eschstruth, Nataly. Auf der Sonnenseite.

Erzählungun und Skizzen. Selected and Edited with Notes and a Vocabulary by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. 35 cts.

Goethe's Egmont, Together with Schiller's Essays Des Grafen Lamoral von Egmont Leben und Tod über Egmont, Trauerspiel von Goethe. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Max Winkler, Ph.D. 90 cts.

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IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Smith, Rev. William Wye. The Gospel of Matthew in Broad Scotch. Paper, 25 cts.

INNES & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

Crosby, Ernest Howard. War Echoes. Paper, 10 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., NEW YORK.

Macfarlane, Charles. The Camp of Refuge. Edited with Introduction and Notes by George Laurence Gomme. $1.50.

Lytton, Lord Harold. The Last of the Saxon Kings. Edited with Introduction and Notes by George Laurence Gomme. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Huge Thompson's Illustrated Fairy Books. Jack the Giant Killer. 50 cts.

Freytag's Die Verlorene Handschrift. With Introduction and Notes by Katherine M. Hewett. 60 cts.

Foster, L. C. A Syllabus of English Grammar. Revised Edition with Additions by H. W. Foster. 60 cts.

Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. With Introduction and Notes by Willard Humphreys, Ph.D. 60 cts.

Hanschmann, Alexander Bruno. The Kindergarten System. Its Origin and Development as Seen in the Life of Friedrich Froebel. Translated and adapted by Fanny Franks. $2.00.

Turgenev, Ivan. The Torrents of Spring. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. $1.25.

Björnson, Björnstjerne. Captain Mansana and Mothers Hunds. Translated from the Norwegian. $1.25.

Thompson, Sylvanus P., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I. Light, Visible and Invisible. A series of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, at Christmas, 1896. $1.50.

Wundt, Wilhelm. Ethical Systems. Translated by Margaret Floy Washburn. $1.75. Facts of the Moral Life. Translated by Julia Gulliver. $2.25.

The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited by Alexander Tille. Vol. X. A Genealogy of Morals. Translated by William A. Hausemann. Poems. Translated by John Gray. $2.00.

Krüger, Dr. Gustav. History of Early Christian Literature in the First Three Centuries. Translated by Rev. Charles R. Gillett, A.M. $2.00.

Hassall, Arthur, M.A. A Handbook of European History. 476–1871. Chronologically arranged. $2.25.

Nall, The Rev. G. H., M.A. Macmillan's Elementary Latin-English Dictionary. For Use in Preparatory Schools and Junior Forms. $1.00.

Royce, Josiah; LeConte, Joseph; Howison, G. H.; and Mezes, Sidney Edward. The Conception of God. A philosophical discussion concerning the nature of the divine idea as a demonstrable reality. $1.75.

Wilson, L. L. W., Ph.D. United States History in Elementary Schools. Teachers' Manual. 30 cts.

Bennett, Charles Edwin. Critique of Some Recent Subjunctive Theories. Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, No. IX. Board, 50 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Sears, Lorenzo, L. H. D. The Occasional Address, Its Composition and Literature.

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Cobb, Sanford H. The Story of the Palatines. An Episode of Colonial History.

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Young, Egerton R. On the Indian Trail. Stories of Missionary Work Among the Cree and Saiteaux Indians. $1.00.

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Byington, Ezra Hoyt, D.D. The Christ of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever, and Other Sermons. $1.50.

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Xenos, Stephanos Theodorus. Andronike, The Heroine of the Greek Revolution. Translated from the original Greek by Edwin A. Grosvenor. $1.50.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Garbe, Richard. The Philosophy of Ancient India. Paper, 25 cts.

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TOWER PUBLISHING COMPANY, ALLEGHENY, PA.

Millennial Dawn. Volume IV. The Day of Vengeance. Paper, 35 cts.

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* Lectures on the Evolution of Plants. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D. 319 pp. $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Philip's Experiments or Physical Science at Home. By John Trowbridge. 228 pp. $1.00. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

MAY

AD 1899

DR. THEODORE L. FLOOD, EDITOR, MEADVILLE, PA.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

A GREAT ENGLISH SEAPORT.*

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY.

AS one of the principal ports of debarkation for the Atlantic liners Liverpool is perhaps better known to the traveling American than many other cities in England or on the continent of Europe of more importance. It cannot be said that to the casual visitor or those who spend, as does the voyager from New York, merely a few hours within its precincts, Liverpool conveys a very favorable impression. It is essentially modern in the first place, and also, or should one say therefore, essentially ugly. It has only one public building of striking appearance, and practically none of historical or antiquarian interest. Nevertheless, as one of the greatest ports in the world, and as closely connected commercially with the United States for at least a century, it is not unworthy of attention. I have said that as a city it is entirely modern but by this I merely mean that its importance, commercial and otherwise, dates only from the beginning of this century, the fact being that as far back as William the Conqueror, there has been some sort of town or settlement on the site on which the present city stands. Its name is derived from the Liver, a mythical aquatic

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

bird supposed to haunt the Pool, which was situated where the custom-house now stands. The heraldic presentment of this bird, unknown as it is to ornithologists, appears on the city arms.

Several names famous in English history are closely connected with Liverpool, and with the great families of Sefton, Molyneux, Croxteth, Stanley, Derby, and Knowsley dwellers in the city are familiar having regard to the frequency with which these names are met in the titles of streets and squares. The Molyneux family was in possession of the town and castle when the Doomsday Book was compiled, all remnants of the castle having now disappeared, and the ground it covered being now occupied by that noble architectural monument, St. George's Hall.

In 1173 the town received its first charter from Henry II. A second charter was received from John in 1207; and a third, constituting it a free borough forever, was obtained from Henry III. in 1227. Although in a primitive way the town flourished under the privileges thus granted, it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that it was made into a separate parish, with a population of some 5,000 souls. Until this time it had merely been a chapelry attached to the neighboring town of Walton. In 1650 there were only fifteen ships belonging to the port, but in the middle of the next century three docks were constructed to accommodate the trade which had sprung up between the port and Africa and the West Indies.

THE ART GALLERY.

It was the slave trade which really laid the foundation stone of Liverpool's prosperity, and about the middle of the last century more than half the African slave trade was carried on by Liverpool merchants. The trade was carried on in the most open manner, as the following advertisement published in 1760 will show: "To be sold at St. George's Coffee House, a very fine negro girl, about eight years of age, very healthy, and has been some time from the coast." Liverpool merchants talked about the trade quite openly and defended it strenuously as a business upon which depended the prosperity of the town. It was a model of a Liverpool slave-ship, with all the slaves on board packed in a lying posture, tier upon tier, almost as closely as herrings in a barrel, which, exhibited by William Wilberforce in the House of Commons during his crusade against the slave trade, created a sensation which had much to do with the abolition of the iniquitous traffic.

But even with the advantages afforded to it by this trade in human flesh Liverpool at that date could hardly be called a town of much importance. Herdman in his interesting volume entitled "Ancient Liverpool" says: "Some idea of the social and commercial intercourse of the town, so late as 1775, may be formed, when we state that there was only one postman, and an application to government for a second was refused, on the ground that other towns had only one." The first mail to London was not established until ten years after, when it started from an inn in Lord Street; a considerable crowd always assembling to witness and admire the courage of the passengers in attempting the perilous un-

DALE STREET.

dertaking. It was the United States which really created out of Liverpool one of the leading cities of England and one of the principal ports of the world. For it was the introduction of raw cotton and the settlement in Lancashire of the cotton manufacturing industry which turned an obscure seaport into one of the greatest shipping centers of the world. Not a little, too, does Liverpool owe to the invention of the steam-engine and its application not only to machinery in general but to the supersedence of sailing ships by steam vessels. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the population of the town was only some 6,000, the vessels belonging to the port not exceeding 100, with a combined tonnage of less than 9,000, manned by some 1,000 seamen. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the population numbered about 80,000, while over 5,000 ships, accredited with half a million tonnage, were registered. The last census made the population 517,980, while for the year 1895, 23,943 ships paid harbor dues, their tonnage amounting to nearly eleven millions.

It was only the other day that the record in the matter of tonnage of vessels entering the Mersey was beaten. On January 10 the Bill of Entry announced that vessels to the amount of 75,000 tons entered the Mersey the previous day, the average being 2,000 tons each. Not only has this figure never been beaten before at Liverpool but it is said that no other port can show an equal number for any one occasion. This high average calls attention to the fact that among the vessels using the port of Liverpool are some of the largest individual ships sailing from any port in the world. Therefore while London has a greater number of vessels using it as their port, their accredited tonnage falls far short of that of the ships which sail from the Mersey. The reason of this is obvious. London has an enormous local and coasting trade, while the business of Liverpool is chiefly carried on by deep sea-going ships.

Naturally enough, the docks and basins, of which there are nearly a hundred stretching along the side of the Mersey to a distance of nearly seven miles, form a center of the business interests of Liverpool. The first dock constructed was no more than four acres in area, while the present enormous system extends over no less than 380 acres, having a quayage of twenty-five miles. If the docks

on the opposite side of the river at Birkenhead, which is as much an integral portion of Liverpool as Brooklyn is of New York, are taken into account, as undoubtedly they should be, the acreage of the Mersey Harbor system is no less than 546 acres and the quay space extends over thirty-five miles. In connection with the docks may be noticed the enormous warehouses, granaries, and sheds which receive the vast amount of goods that are carried to the port, while the enormous landing stage which has been constructed for the benefit of the passenger ships and local ferry-boats is the largest in the world. It is on this landing stage that the American traveler first sets foot on English shores, and it is worth pointing out, as emphasizing how important Liverpool considers this branch of its business, that vast sums of money have been spent by the community to increase the comfort and convenience of travelers.

One notable improvement which has only been consummated within the last few years is the arrangement by which the landing stage is brought into connection with the railroad station which is used in common by all the lines running into Liverpool. The total cost of the docks has been £40,000,000, but as an investment they have proved a most striking success, and the community's debt incurred in their building is being very steadily reduced. But the dock authorities are not content to stand still, and at present they are engaged upon a work of almost monumental difficulty. It is nothing less than the removal of the bar at the mouth of the Mersey. From the bar to the docks there is a magnificent channel, but the advantages of this were minimized by the fact that there was only a depth of ten feet of water at times of low water over the bar, and thus it was that it was only at certain times in the day that large vessels could cross it in safety. This involved not only serious loss of time but in bad weather was not a little dangerous.

After taking into consideration various plans for the removal of this inconvenience it was finally decided to remove the bar altogether. To this end dredging operations on an enormous scale were begun, special machinery for the purpose having to be devised. Owing to the shifting nature of the sands it is not yet certain that the work of nearly ten years will be permanently successful, but at any rate the dock board is able to show for its continual toil and the enormous expense it has incurred a passage of some twenty-five feet of water at the lowest tides, instead of ten feet, to accomplish which an almost incredible amount of

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

sand has been removed and deposited in deep water. An integral portion of the dock system, and one which is interesting to American visitors, is the elevated railroad, which runs the entire length of the docks and is the first, and, at present, only one which has been constructed in England. It is worked on the electric system, and a ride along its entire length affords, on one of the rare fine days with which Liverpool is favored, a magnificent view of the river and dock system.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

It was in 1840 that the Cunard Company dispatched their first steamer, the *Britannia*, from Liverpool. It sailed for Boston and arrived there on July 14th, the passage having occupied fourteen days and eight hours. This was considered in those days a very notable achievement, and Charles Dickens in his "American Notes" gives a most favorable account of his passage in this same steamer, in which he left Liverpool on January 3, 1842, "going across," as he says, "as if it were a ferry." The *Britannia* had a tonnage of 1,154 and a horse-power of 740, which ludicrously compares with the tonnages and horse-powers of the great Cunarders of to-day.

If Liverpool cannot boast of many architectural beauties it can at all events lay claim to the possession of one of the finest examples of architecture in England. This is St. George's Hall, which is a most notable feature of the classic revival in architecture. It was built from the design of H. Lonsdale Elmes, who was only twenty-three years of age when his design was accepted from among those of eighty-six competitors. It was intended first merely to build a music hall, and a further competition was set on foot, Elmes again being successful against seventy-five other competitors. It was then decided to erect one grand edifice, and Elmes was entrusted with the design, which was commenced in 1841, and carried on by him until 1847, when serious illness compelled him to seek a change of climate. He went to Jamaica, where he died in November of 1847. The work was completed by his two friends, Sir Robert Rawlinson and Mr. Cockerell.

The building stands in a large open square, on one side of which have been erected a public lending and lecture library, a natural history and antiquarian museum, and the Walker Art Gallery, so named from its donor, Sir Andrew Walker, citizen of Liverpool. On another side of the square stands the enormous Lime Street Hotel, which has been the first temporary home in England of a vast number of Americans. The Walker Art Gallery contains a most excellent selection of works of art, principally of the modern English school, in which direction it is said to be second only to the newly erected Tate Art Gallery in London. The town hall in Castle Street is a fine building, but not particularly remarkable from an artistic point of view. At right angles to it stands the Exchange, and in the quadrangle thus formed the cotton brokers have for many years transacted their business, in the open air, the space thus devoted to their business being known familiarly as "the Flags." Here have been conducted the operations of the greatest cotton mar-

ket in the world. A new cotton exchange has been recently opened, where it is becoming a tendency for the brokers to conduct their business, and it seems not unlikely that before long, except in the height of summer, the historical old "Flags" will be completely deserted.

To pass from the outward aspect of the city to its interior municipal life, it may be doubted if any of the great cities of England, with the possible exception of Birmingham, can show a keener or more public-spirited municipal life. I have shown to what an extent the community has thrown itself into its great work of its dock building, and when I mention that the management of the harbor is in the hands of a number of representative men who distribute their vast private interests and give their services to the public gratuitously, it will be seen to what an extent the municipal spirit is fostered. Public benevolence is a tradition of the great commercial families, who, having made their affluence out of their beloved city, consider it their duty to pay back in some way the debt they think they owe. Colleges have been built and endowed; art galleries, as witness the Walker Gallery, freely bestowed upon the people; while hospitals and charities of all kinds have been munificently endowed. They recently built and endowed University College, which, together with the Owens College at Manchester and the Yorkshire College at Leeds, helps to constitute the "Victoria University." It was founded in 1860, the money for the buildings and endowment being raised by public subscription. An inscription, characteristic in its simple straightforwardness, sets forth that "For advancement of learning and ennoblement of life the Victoria Building was raised by men of Liverpool."

THE "FLAGS."

For so many years has the intellect of the community been almost exclusively turned into channels of business and commerce that it is not to be wondered at that Liverpool, so far, has made no very numerous contributions to the ranks of literature and art. There is of course one great name—that of William Ewart Gladstone—which is connected with the city, but with this exception there are no really great names associated either by birth or residence with Liverpool. He was born in Rodney Street, which used

to be one of the fashionable quarters of the town, but which has in the course of years been left far behind by fashion and society. But though Gladstone kept up his friendly interest in the place and its inhabitants he never had any political connection with Liverpool, which, despite the fact that this foremost Liberal of our age came out of it, has always been intensely Conservative. Some uncertainty has always prevailed as to the exact place of his birth, but it is on his own authority, given on one of his characteristic post-cards addressed to the present owner of the house, that I give Rodney Street as the place of his birth. Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, was born in Liverpool but did not live there after her first youth. Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, was also born here, while Hall Caine, to come to our own days, though a Manxman by birth, passed his early journalistic career in Liverpool, being connected with the *Liverpool Mercury*. Ian Maclaren is also a Liverpool man; while the late Mrs. Oliphant was born in the city. Of painters the list is even smaller, the only one of our own days being William Linton, the famous landscapist. George Stubbs, the well-known animal painter of the last century, was born at Liverpool. To the stage Liverpool has given Charles Mathews, the eminent comedian, whose widow died only the other day in London; Charles Wyndham, who belongs almost as much to America as England; and Charles Santley, the celebrated baritone singer. Journalistically Liverpool is well represented, the principal papers being the *Post*, the *Courier*, and the *Mercury*. Sir Edward Russell, editor of the *Post*, is one of the leading journalists of the country, and has had no little influence upon national politics. He was for some time a member of Parliament himself, but having to make up his mind between active politics and journalism, he resigned his seat in favor of the latter. But Mr. Willocks, editor of the *Courier*, represents a local district in the House of Commons.

Liverpool people, or Liverpudlians, as they are nicknamed, have always been warm supporters of the drama, and in the old times when local stock companies were the order of the day, that of Liverpool was far above the level of that of most provincial communities. Sir Henry Irving was a member of it in his early days and was always a strong local favorite.

Musically, too, the city has always been notable, though not perhaps to the same extent as its neighbor Manchester. In the Philharmonic Musical Hall, built about the middle of the century, it possesses what is known to architects as the most accoustically perfect building in England, though otherwise it has no claim to architectural distinction. The magnificent organ in St. George's Hall, which was for long accredited with being the finest instrument in existence, afforded the opportunity to the late Mr. Best, the leader of English organists, to give once a week those organ recitals which brought to the city musicians from all parts of the country.

I have referred to Liverpool chiefly as being a commercial city, pure and simple. Its manufactures are practically nil, though it has several very large and important tobacco factories and in the good old days was a center of the sugar-refining industry in England. At one time it had a considerable ship-building industry, but that has almost disappeared, having taken refuge on the banks of the Clyde or in Belfast. But there is some talk of its being revived at the hands of the well-known firm of Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, who for years past have built the great White Star steamers. Across the river, however, at Birkenhead, a species of suburb connected with Liverpool by the tunnel under the Mersey, one of the great ship-building yards of England, namely that of Laird Brothers, is to be found. Here it was that the celebrated *Alabama* was built, and here many men-of-war, both for the English and foreign governments, are at present being, and have been for the past generation, constructed. Birkenhead has an elaborate dock system of its own, which was first intended to operate in opposition to the Liverpool docks, but was subsequently taken over by the harbor board to be conducted in connection with the Liverpool system.

THE HARDWARE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM G. SMYTHE.

IN the growth and development of a new country the hardware trade has necessarily an intimate and important part to play. From first to last it is designed to aid and supplement man's efforts. The settler's ax, the farmer's plow are all contributions of the hardware store. From it come the tools and nails that set up the first homes of the land. And in time, when the wealth of the individual and the country has its apt and material expression in beautiful homes and handsome public buildings, it is the hardware trade which provides, in metal trimmings and finishings, a thousand and one contrivances that our modern standards of luxury and convenience require.

As might be expected of so non-committal a word, which only stipulates "hardness" as a characteristic of its products, hardware includes a great variety of articles. These, in their manufacture and sale, fall naturally into certain groups, any one of which frequently constitutes an interest in itself. Domestic hardware includes agate, tin, and iron utensils and other household furnishings. Builders' hardware explains itself in a long line of bolts, locks, knobs, and trimmings, in addition to building staples, while tools, agricultural implements, machinists' supplies, cutlery, and saddlers' hardware are common trade distinctions.

The history of the hardware industry in America is coincident with the history of the United States. Americans are justly proud of their century and a quarter of national development, and for the same time the annals of hardware manufacturing are an equally creditable record of growth and progress.

At the birth of the nation the industry practically did not exist; for the royal government, recognizing in the growing colonies an important outlet for English products, had tolerated no competition and suppressed all manufactures. Our early hardware was therefore imported, and for the most part of English make, the mother country continuing to be the principal source of supply throughout the colonial period. With independence came the beginnings of hardware manufacturing, which if small were at any rate prompt and significant. Soon the War of 1812, emphasizing the separation from England, and throwing the people on their own resources, gave a great impetus to all manufacturing interests. But American hardware in a differential and distinctive sense dates from about 1840, when the struggling American manufacturer began to get a foothold. Gradually the superiority and more attractive appearance of his goods were recognized and the foreign article supplanted. To-day we not only satisfy the home needs but have an export trade which has more than doubled in the last decade. American tools especially are invading every market in the world, while England and Germany have been forced to concede America's ability to maintain her place in the ever-increasing competitive struggle in the exportation of hardware products.

Not figures alone show the marvelous spread of American goods—you may hear a cow-bell in the Swiss Alps that was made in Connecticut, and many a machete returned this summer to its native land as a grim souvenir of battle. For the machete, which attained such prominence and had such a deadly sound in the newspaper reports of our late war with Spain, has, under its less dangerous English title "cane-knife," long figured largely in the invoices of our Cuban trade. American missionaries have carried American goods to strange places and perhaps opened up future markets for our tools and implements; but what has made American hardware a familiar term the world over is not alone the ambition and

enterprise of the American merchant. It is the genius of the American mechanic and inventor.

The common nail offers a characteristic and striking illustration. There were nails before Columbus was born, for nail-making is one of the oldest of the handicraft arts, but the art of mechanical nail-making is conceded to be American in both its origin and development.

The nails the colonists brought over were handwrought and necessarily scarce and expensive, as were all articles of manufactured iron. In the early days of Maryland and Virginia, people burned their abandoned houses for the sake of recovering the nails in the ashes; while in the rougher types of buildings, the undressed logs were held together by wooden pins. In New England the thrifty agricultural population turned to nail-making by the fireside in the long winter.

Soon, however, in the rapidly developing country, where there were so many wooden structures to be erected, cheap nails became the crying need. Under so imperative a stimulus a machine was invented designed to cut in one process a complete nail from an iron plate. This was a momentous beginning. A series of patents extending from 1775 to 1834 developed a high degree of efficiency in nail-making machinery, and, by numerous stages, perfected the process whose product is universally and technically known as the American cut nail. Truly the "great glory of the Americans is in their contrivances," and no one achievement of American inventors has greater practical value or has contributed more directly to progress than this one little hardware unit.

For nearly a hundred years the American nail has been alone in the field. Gradually, in the manufacture of nails as in every department of hardware, steel is supplanting iron, and within the last decade the cut nail has found a rival in the wire nail of French extraction. Many millions of kegs of this nail are now turned out annually by our factories, and it is undoubtedly the nail of the future. But it was the American cut nail which, answering the cry of necessity, played its important if humble part in the "upbuilding" of the nation and is a proud and consistent illustration of hardware development in the United States.

The statistics of a trade which caters to the necessities rather than to the luxuries of life show as nothing else the marvelous consumptive capacity of this country. Few can realize that it takes annually more than a hundred million tire bolts to keep the wheels of the country going or of iron screws about two and a half billion to keep things together.

The burden of the distribution of these millions rests on the hardware jobber, a middle man, peculiar to American business methods, who carries for the convenience of the smaller merchant a stock which is the accumulation of many factories. Other countries handle their products direct from factory to retail shop; but with us the great distances which separate the local dealer from the industrial centers have made the hardware jobber a necessity.

The locations of these jobbers become known as centers of distribution. The centers of a hardware distribution in the United States show a firm westward tendency. In the days of imported hardware the seaport cities were the distributing points which forwarded the hardware to the whole country, but, with the natural spread of population and the improved facilities in transportation, the centers of distribution have moved steadily westward and are now represented in the middle West.

In opposition, however, to this progressive westward movement of the distributing centers, the centers of industry for the hardware trade remain stationary, and now as always its great manufacturing interests are concentrated in the Northeast, where environment and heredity combine to produce a population adapted to the conditions of mechanical labor.

Certain localities supply their own specialized needs; California, though not a manufacturing state, makes the canners' tools which prepare for market the products of her orchards and fruit farms. The Northwest makes for use in its own grain tracts reaping

and harvesting machines. Pennsylvania converts much of her own iron and steel into tools and heavy hardware before it leaves her borders and has become a very important factor in hardware production.

But, generally speaking, the industrial centers for the hardware interest are and will remain in the New England and neighboring states. Manufacturers are obliged to establish their works where they can command skilled labor, and so, though the growth and expansion of the country may take the consumer farther and farther from the source of supply, the industrial center must change so slowly, if at all, that the future of the jobber is assured.

The hardware jobber or merchant, in addition to his ability to handle many thousands of tons of varied products, must also be past-master of the mysteries of hardware price-making. For in its system of lists and discounts the hardware trade has a method of business peculiar to itself: a manufacturer's list price being by no means a selling price, but rather the commonly accepted valuation showing relative costs for various sizes and grades of goods. All hardware manufacturers use the same unvarying list prices on standard goods and then from these list prices selling prices are quoted by means of a system of discounts. For example: The ordinary tack which in 4, 6, and 8-ounce sizes list at $1.45, $1.55, or $1.65 per dozen papers will perhaps be sold "90, 15, and 10" off, till the actual selling price is only a few cents. Many influences have been at work to reduce this established list price to its anomalous position but it seems an unaccountable mystery to all but the initiated.

Undoubtedly when originally established this list value was the market value, so the widening gulf between list and selling price shows the great diminution in value of all hardware products. I do not refer to a temporary reduction due to competition and depressed conditions of trade generally, but to a gradual lessening in cost which the years have brought about, the natural and desired result of cheaper material and improved appliances and processes.

The basis of hardware is principally iron and steel and the value of the manufactured product bears a direct ratio to the cost of its constituent material. Hence, with the development of the great mineral resources of this country, resulting in increased production of iron and steel and consequent decrease in their values, there has been a corresponding decrease in hardware values. American iron and steel now compete successfully in the great markets of the world and will eventually give American hardware, in its manifold forms, a commanding position in the same markets.

Further, it can be said of Americans that they are essentially a machinery-using nation, and in no department of industry has this triumph of machine over man been more marked or conducive to more important economic results than in the manufacture of hardware.

It has been a long step these hundred and twenty-five years between the patient home nail-maker and the modern nail-cutting machine with its capacity of one hundred to a thousand nails a minute. American impatience and push have accomplished this and many equally valuable labor-saving devices which have been gladly adopted by the American people. Serious riots have followed the introduction of machine power in some of the overcrowded manufacturing centers of old England, but it is characteristic of Americans of all classes to accept eagerly the latest thing.

The machinery of the hardware factory has steadily advanced in simplicity of form and function and economy of production. There are in common use to-day in the screw factories of Ohio and Connecticut machines which can turn out a perfect screw, thread, head, and slot, in one process — which obviously means a cheaper article than ever before. And this is typical of the progress in all branches of hardware manufacture; so that as regards hardware generally and American hardware in particular, the necessary result of the cheapening of its two great factors of production, method and material, has been a great reduction in cost.

The manufacture of hardware involves large and complete factories, and all hardware nowadays is the product of factory work. Yet there is no such thing in reality as a "hardware factory." It exists only as a convenient descriptive term. For hardware is a broad word and so great is the number and variety of articles included that no one factory scheme however comprehensive could possibly absorb them all. A detailed management is the only feasible one and not infrequently each object must be made the basis of distinct manufacture. And so for greater facility in production we find great plants devoted to the manufacture of agate-ware, tools, or builders' hardware, or content with the single product of drills, screws, or files.

Naturally the equipment and methods of manufacture vary with the product. Hand tools, not exacting great power or complicated machinery, are small job work; while machinists' supplies, representing the highest class of machine work, are made in the most modern and best-equipped factories in the world. It is for the manufacture of light hardware and builders' hardware that we find the largest and best organized factories, employing the greatest number of hands.

This tendency to specialization in hardware manufacturing, which after all is the tendency of the age in everything, leads ever to greater improvement in the quality and quantity of the article produced. In its working it trains up a class of skilled workmen, really intelligent machinists, ever on the alert to the possibility of some improvement in the processes and products they know so intimately. Many a hardware factory to-day is working patents taken out in the name of its foreman or even a man in the ranks.

Our cheap and accessible patent system stimulates every form of improvement. Hardware people have had early and continued advantage of its benefits, since the files of the United States Patent Office record many a triumph of the hardware inventor and manufacturer. The first patent, though it included much besides, protected the manufacture of "scythes and edged tools," and to this day the best saws are made in America. Also the first steam power applied to manufacturing purposes was tried in a hardware factory of New Britain, Conn. Each succeeding year has contributed to the number of useful articles covered by the term hardware till the reports of the United States Patent Office constitute the most complete catalogue of hardware in existence.

This technical catalogue of Uncle Sam's, though a splendid tribute to the American hardware manufacturer, is not, however, the one on which he relies to advertise and exploit his goods to the trade. Periodically the big manufacturers and merchants get out a classified catalogue of their stuff; a catalogue which has grown from a modest circular to a magnificent volume of over a thousand pages, substantially bound and handsomely illustrated with cuts and half-tones. These are freely distributed, so that each hardware dealer accumulates a valuable trade library, which indicates the range and possibilities of his business. An examination of these catalogues reveals not only in themselves but in the articles they describe the great artistic improvement in hardware of recent years.

Most especially is this shown in the department of builders' hardware. There the nineteenth century has not alone been a century of mechanical progress, for the designs for the "trim" and "finish" of buildings have kept abreast with the changes and improvements in architecture. American architects demand the newest and best in this department of hardware, and it may be said to be an essentially American branch of the trade, since there is no market outside of the United States for its finest goods.

With us different styles of treatment must each be accompanied by suitable hardware, whose design, execution, and finish are of the best. The present prevalence of the French school of architecture, due doubtless to the training of our younger men at the École de Beaux Arts, is reflected in "Touraine," "Marie Antoinette," and

"Louis XVI." designs for door and window fittings. Not infrequently, when special effects are desired, the architect designs hardware as well as house, and the result is in the highest degree artistic and suitable.

The admirable quality of American builders' hardware is well illustrated in the American door-lock of the better class. Its knob and escutcheon lend themselves to the most elaborate treatment. Its mechanism is highly efficient, so that it combines both scientific and artistic excellence.

Perhaps when all is said no hardware device adds more to the comfort and security of every-day life than the various contrivances for keeping the wrong person out. And in the development of locks American inventors have again an honorable share.

Our forefathers were a sturdy race, but I know they could not carry ten or twelve keys on their person, as most men do to-day. Yet the modern steel lock, with its flat little key, offers much greater resistance to the lock-picking fraternity than did its clumsy iron progenitor of two and three times its size. The American lock is remarkable even in these days for the smallness of its key. Also American in their origin are time locks for safes, where a clock is so combined with the mechanism of the lock that it can only be opened at specified hours, when the clock releases certain bolts and enables the key to do its work. Another interesting development in modern scientific lock-making is the making for hotels and institutions of a large number of locks in sets so arranged that while the key of one will not open any of the others, yet there is one key, the master key or pass key, which will open all.

In the manufacture of locks the parts are made by machinery and put together and finished by hand, by a system of piece work where the workman, working under factory supervision, is paid at a fixed price per finished lock.

So much science and art go into the modern lock that it is in this department of hardware manufacture that what political economists call economy of production is greatest. That is, here the value of the product more than triples the value of the constituent material, whereas in the heavier and coarser grades of hardware the first cost rarely exceeds twice the cost of the iron or steel consumed.

As to the conditions of labor in hardware manufacturing, it is estimated that the man who works in a hardware factory, though he handles from 6,000 to 10,000 pounds a year, has nevertheless a safe, healthful trade and good wages; wages which in America are fifty per cent higher than for the corresponding grade of work in the older countries. His work is usually in some rural neighborhood or smaller city, where his family can be comfortably housed at moderate cost, and in the lighter work of the factory, in tending small machines, and especially in the packing-room, there is work for his daughters. With the great improvement in the mechanical part of manufacturing the work of packing becomes relatively more important. Besides everything must be neatly and attractively put up for sale nowadays, so that in some of the big, modern factories, equipped with the latest labor-saving devices, from fifteen to twenty per cent of the number of hands are employed in the packing-room. In this there is a large and congenial field for women workers, though, except on the clerical and office force, women have a smaller opening in hardware than in almost any other trade.

The hardware trade is one of the world's great industries and takes prominent rank in the United States. Rich and poor alike require its products, so no town lacks its general hardware store. In the making and handling of its goods it is a means of livelihood for thousands of American bread-winners. Its factories with their large number of operatives support half the population of some New England towns. Its drummers are to be found on every train, and there are hardware merchants who do an annual business of over ten millions of dollars and conduct great establishments unequaled for size and completeness. The foundations of some of the big fortunes of the country were laid in hardware; fortunes made great, however, by land and railroad investments.

The extent of the hardware trade in this country is shown not alone by the value of its output, which approaches the fifty million mark, or the number of people it engages, but manifests itself in the number of journals and associations which bear its name. There is more than one exclusively hardware publication, and what is probably the ablest and best of all trade journals is devoted to the interest of the hardware trade in the United States.

In addition to many local clubs, the hardware trade is a national association, comprised of hardware men from nearly every state, at whose annual dinner there is always a hearty toast to American hardware.

LORD SALISBURY.

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FEW things are more noteworthy in the consideration of English and European politics than the change of attitude which has taken place during the last twenty years in popular opinion with regard to Lord Salisbury. In 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury returned to London from the Congress of Berlin, bearing with them what the former grandiloquently termed "peace with honor," it was the fashion in England, even in the Conservative party, to regard Lord Salisbury as the mere echo of his political chief, and to some observers it seemed as if the triumph of the sphinx-like Hebrew who had become prime minister of England was accentuated by his dragging in his train the head of one of the oldest English political families. It looked as if the head of the house of Cecil had abandoned the attitude of political independence he had shown in 1867 and had bound himself in the hope of the succession to the party leadership to the chariot wheels of Lord Beaconsfield. It was rumored in political circles that the foreign minister of England had been completely overshadowed at Berlin by the presence of the prime minister, and it was currently reported that Bismarck with brutal frankness had declared Lord Salisbury to be "a lath painted to look like iron." This description is now said to have been given by Bismarck to another contemporary statesman, but when first circulated in England it was commonly believed to have been used of Lord Salisbury.

The Liberal party, which was then in opposition, attacked Lord Salisbury as fiercely as it did Lord Beaconsfield; he was in particular accused of being so complete a master of diplomatic prevarication that an attempt was made by the editors of Liberal newspapers to introduce the term "a salisbury" to designate this particular sort of political lie. Nothing is more fatal to the reputation of an English statesman than an imputation on his truthfulness, and it is one of the most remarkable facts in modern English political opinion, as well as a convincing proof of the falsity of the accusation, that Lord Salisbury should have lived down the unfavorable imputation.

The Conservative party, always more or less distrustful, even when most dazzled, of the sincerity of Lord Beaconsfield, was inclined to attribute his imaginative qualities and florid language to his Semitic origin, but it might not be inclined to make the same excuse for an English nobleman. It was therefore held by many keen observers that the succession to Lord Beaconsfield would go upon the departure of that brilliant politician from the scene of his activities, not to the statesman who seemed to have deliberately subordinated his independent character to the influence of his chief, but rather to the worthy and honest English gentleman who led the Conservative party in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote. But all such prognostications proved to be false. Lord Salisbury succeeded Lord Beaconsfield in control of

the Conservative party, and is now for the third time holding the office of prime minister. It will be well in this essay to make the Congress of Berlin the turning point in a study of Lord Salisbury's personality and career, and to note how far the last twenty years of his political life are illustrated by the previous twenty-five years. The Lord Salisbury of to-day is essentially the same man as the Lord Robert Cecil of forty years ago, and the period of seeming eclipse through which he passed in the days of Lord Beaconsfield's administration is now seen to be, not, as many thought, the conclusion of a promising political career, but a necessary step in advance in a singularly successful political life.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil was the second son of James, second Marquis of Salisbury by his first wife, the daughter and heiress of Bamber Gascoyne. He was born at Hatfield on February 3, 1830, and was one of a family of ten children. Lord Robert Cecil, as he was known until the death of his elder brother in 1865, gave him the courtesy title of Lord Cranborne on his becoming heir to his father's peerage, was educated at Eton College and went up to Christ Church, Oxford, at an earlier age than is now customary. He did not make any such reputation at school or college as his future rival Mr. Gladstone, who was twenty years his senior and who had from early days given evidence of his exceptional intellectual ability. According to his contemporaries Lord Robert Cecil was more remarkable for his interest in natural science than for any proficiency in the regular studies pursued in the University of Oxford at that time. Whereas Mr. Gladstone obtained a first class in honors in both classics and mathematics, Lord Robert Cecil's measure seemed to be given by his obtaining a place in the fourth or lowest class in the honor school of mathematics at the Christmas examination in 1849. It is to be noted, however, that the young nobleman when he graduated was less than twenty years of age, which perhaps explains to some extent the absence of academic distinction. He was nevertheless elected a fellow of All Souls College, and in 1853 he entered the House of Commons as member of Parliament for Stamford. This little Lincolnshire borough was practically in the gift of the Marquis of Exeter, the head of the senior branch of the house of Cecil. It was true that the Reform Bill of 1832 had abolished the system of rotten boroughs, but under the limited franchise then created it so happened that the majority of the voters in Stamford rented their houses of Lord Exeter and were, therefore, since the secret ballot had not been introduced, likely to vote for their landlord's nominee. Lord Robert Cecil, who was just twenty-three years of age, was elected without opposition through the influence of his relative, and thus commenced his long political career.

Lord Robert Cecil on his entrance into Parliament declared himself a strong Conservative, in accordance with the traditions of his family, and in his early election addresses laid weight on his desire "to increase the usefulness of the church" and his opposition "to any system of national education not based on the truths of revelation." It must be allowed that the mature statesman who is now prime minister of England has been consistent to his early declaration of faith. The condition of politics in 1853 showed that the Conservative party to which the young recruit adhered was in a state of utter demoralization. Sir Robert Peel's action in the repeal of the corn laws had split the Conservative party. The admirers of Peel, headed by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell, and known as the "Peelites," disgusted with the violent attacks made upon their revered chief by Mr. Disraeli, had separated themselves from the stalwart section of the Conservative party and had entered into the coalition administration of Lord Aberdeen. The stalwart Conservatives, deprived of their most experienced leaders by the secession of the Peelites, and bewildered at finding themselves led by the brilliant Hebrew, whose appearance, manners, and mode of life startled and shocked the worthy country gentlemen who formed the majority among them, were unable to formulate an effective

platform or to conduct a vigorous policy of opposition. They had no confidence in their chief, Lord Derby, or in their leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli; they had no fixed creed, beyond a vague belief that their opponents nourished designs against the agricultural interest and the church; the ideas of imperialism, vigorous foreign policy, conservative democracy, and the other planks of the modern Conservative platform were not yet in existence; and they seemed doomed to a period of sterile opposition to progressive ideas under leaders they mistrusted.

Such a condition of affairs gave an admirable opportunity to a young man of independent character like Lord Robert Cecil. A demoralized party always gives an opportunity for independent action, and though Lord Robert never cut loose from the leadership of Mr. Disraeli he was yet able to mark out his own line and to make for himself a reputation for independence without incurring the charge of disloyalty. He showed himself an audacious thinker and able debater, and was soon looked upon as a promising young candidate for office if the party to which he belonged should ever return to power.

But it was as a writer more than as a speaker that Lord Robert Cecil first made his mark. In 1855 his brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander Beresford-Hope, founded the *Saturday Review* and he enlisted Lord Robert Cecil as one of his chief contributors. The *Saturday Review* was something new at that time in the way of journalism; it dared to publish more brilliant and epigrammatic utterances on politics and literature than were attempted by the old-fashioned daily and weekly newspapers or by the decorous quarterly reviews, while it avoided entering into the scurrilous personalities which disgraced the political weeklies of the period. In a way it was intended to offset the influence of the *Examiner* and it soon became one of the most influential weekly newspapers.

In 1857 Lord Robert Cecil married the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Alderson, an English judge celebrated for his wit and geniality, and it is an open secret that the marriage so alienated Lord Robert's father that the young couple had to subsist largely upon the income derived from his contributions to the *Saturday Review*.

The sisterly kindness of Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope and Lady Blanche Balfour made some amends, and Lord Robert Cecil did not find the number of his friends diminished by his strenuous endeavors to earn his own income. He was reelected to the House of Commons by the borough of Stamford in 1857, in 1859, and in 1865, and on the two latter occasions his fellow member was his future rival for the leadership of the Conservative party, Sir Stafford Northcote. When Lord Derby formed his second administration in 1858 no place was found in the ministry for Lord Robert Cecil. His father entered the cabinet as lord president of the council, which may have had something to do with the passing over of Lord Robert, but it might have well been argued by the Conservative leaders that he was still too young for high office, while he would hardly have accepted an inferior or a court position. The administration was short lived; its existence was due to a sudden spasm of indignation against the people's favorite, Lord Palmerston; and the general election of 1859, which brought the Liberals back to power, showed how spasmodic the popular indignation had been, while their brief tenure of power had shown that the Conservatives had not yet grasped a definite policy.

In the Parliament which sat from 1859 to 1865 Lord Robert Cecil finally established his reputation as one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. Though independent in his ideas and not entirely submissive to the party whip, he became a real power upon the Conservative side. Instead of concentrating all his energy upon church questions, as he had done at first, he began to speak upon foreign and colonial affairs, and showed a special interest in Indian questions. His youth and vigor made a great impression on his contemporaries and he was now generally regarded as a young man of singular promise.

In 1865, his elder brother, who had the misfortune to be blind but who had nevertheless in some striking essays showed himself a man of much culture and ability, died and Lord Robert Cecil became heir to the marquisate and assumed the courtesy title of Viscount Cranborne. In the following year the Liberal party was defeated at the polls and Lord Derby formed his third administration with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Lord Cranborne had fairly won a place in the new cabinet and he obtained it, as secretary of state for India. He was just thirty-six years old and in the prime of life. It was commonly believed that he submitted with reluctance to the leadership of Mr. Disraeli and he was now given an opportunity to show whether he was anything more than an effective debater and a writer of clever essays.

As an administrator he soon made his mark. He had already taken an interest in the affairs of India and showed considerable capacity in dealing with Indian problems. But on the government bench in the House of Commons and as a member of the cabinet he did not from a party point of view show to equal advantage. When Mr. Disraeli made his startling proposition to "dish the Whigs" by bringing in a bill for parliamentary reform, Lord Cranborne showed his independence. He possessed none of the flexibility which marked the minds of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. He could not suddenly turn around and after vehement opposition opportunely declare himself a convert to the cause he had opposed. A certain rigidity of mind has ever been one of his characteristics. Having formed an opinion slowly he holds to it tenaciously, and there are no inconsistencies to be explained away in his career, like those which stud the records of his two great contemporaries. In May, 1867, Lord Cranborne resigned office and by this act was supposed to have committed political suicide. It is curious to note that he was succeeded as secretary of state for India by his former colleague in the representation of Stamford, Sir Stafford Northcote.

In April, 1868, about two months after Mr. Disraeli had succeeded Lord Derby as prime minister, Lord Cranborne became upon his father's death third Marquis and ninth Earl of Salisbury. It is no promotion for an English statesman in the nineteenth century to succeed to a seat in the House of Lords. Political power is so thoroughly concentrated in the House of Commons that being raised to the peerage generally means political extinction. It is one of the most remarkable features of Lord Salisbury's career that he has been distinguished above his fellows in both the upper and lower house. He was able speedily to adapt his tone to his changed surroundings and the skilled debater of the House of Commons soon showed himself a master of brief and lucid statement in the House of Lords. From the moment of his taking his seat as Marquis of Salisbury he became an assiduous attendant at the sessions of the upper house, and the habits of business-like punctuality which he had learned in the Commons served him well in the Lords.

The succession to the family title meant likewise succession to the family estates, and the new marquis, who had hitherto lived mainly in London, took up the rôle of a country gentleman, attending the meetings of the county magistrates in the Hertfordshire quarter sessions, and accepting a commission in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. A still greater honor of national importance was speedily bestowed upon him. In October, 1869, Lord Derby, the chancellor of the University of Oxford, died, and the Marquis of Salisbury was elected to succeed him. This was a distinct recognition of Lord Salisbury's attitude toward church questions. From the time of his first election addresses he had been a conspicuous defender of the Church of England against all attempts to diminish the influence of the clergy in the control of education or in any other way. The clerical graduates of the university desired to recognize this advocacy of their claims, and the election of Lord Salisbury to succeed Lord Derby as chancellor was a distinct indication of the hopes of the Conservative clergy that he

might succeed him likewise as prime minister.

Lord Salisbury had none of the claims to be ranked as a scholar which had distinguished his predecessor; his academic career had not been brilliant; he had not translated the Iliad of Homer into English blank verse as a recreation from political cares; the *Saturday Review*, with which he had been so long connected, had not been tender of the abuses of the ancient university; and as far as the new chancellor's pursuits were known they were in the direction of experimental science rather than of a study of the classics. That an amateur chemist should succeed an amateur translator of Homer as chancellor of the University of Oxford was indeed a sign of the times. The installation of Lord Salisbury in June, 1870, was a splendid academic ceremony, and it might justly be held that for a man who had only just reached the age of forty the Marquis of Salisbury had already made a brilliant record.

During the period of Mr. Gladstone's administration, from 1868 to 1874, Lord Salisbury's political career was somewhat effaced. The chronic Conservative majority in the House of Lords did not need much leading and it was in the House of Commons that the opposition to the measures of a Liberal ministry could best be carried on. The conspicuous figure of the Conservative party was necessarily its leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, and it was during these years that he educated his party into the paths of the new Conservatism, and transformed them from Tory opponents of any changes whatever into a living party with a constructive platform and a definite imperialist policy that could be laid before the nation. The general election of 1874 proved that the English people were bewildered by the reforms and specious promises of the Liberals, and gave the Conservatives a clear majority in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli took office as prime minister, with Sir Stafford Northcote as Chancellor of the Exchequer and his lieutenant in the House of Commons, and with the three most conspicuous noblemen on the Conservative side of the House of Lords in three important secretaryships of state. The new Earl of Derby, who had had an even longer experience in the House of Commons than Lord Salisbury, was appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs; the Earl of Carnarvon, an exceedingly brilliant man, who had taken a first class in honors at Oxford, was appointed secretary of state for the colonies; while the Marquis of Salisbury returned to his old place as secretary of state for India.

Mr. Disraeli, or, to call him by the title he received in 1876, Lord Beaconsfield, was indisputably the master of the Conservative party and he speedily began to display that interest in foreign, colonial, and Indian affairs which was to strike the key-note of the new Conservative policy of imperialism. The country gentlemen, clergymen of the Church of England, and farmers, who still formed the bulk of the supporters of the Conservative party, did not at first understand the trend of the new party platform; and were as much startled by the expression of the sentiments of the new government in declaring the queen to be empress of India, in buying the khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, in taking an active part in European diplomacy at the time of the Russo-Turkish War, and in such bold measures as calling out the reserves and bringing the Indian troops to Malta, as the Liberals themselves. Lord Salisbury alone of the three Conservative leaders in the House of Lords heartily accepted the new policy. His interest in Indian affairs had made him a careful student of the eastern question, and he realized, like Lord Beaconsfield, and more clearly than the majority of the English people, that England was, through her Indian Empire, a great Mohammedan power, and profoundly interested therefore in the questions that pressed for solution in Turkey and in Egypt.

It was on account of his interest and knowledge of this subject that Lord Salisbury was chosen as British representative to the important conference at Constanti-

nople in 1876, which preceded the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War, and upon his return to England he showed his entire sympathy with the imperialistic policy of his chief. Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby, however, could not understand or sympathize with it, and in 1878 they resigned office, when Lord Salisbury succeeded the latter as secretary of state for foreign affairs. It was in this capacity that he accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to the Congress of Berlin, and upon his return he was made a Knight of the Garter. This, as was said in the opening paragraph of this essay, was the turning point of Lord Salisbury's political career.

If Lord Beaconsfield had effectually educated his party, and the new Conservatism, with its policy of foreign and colonial expansion in Asia and in Africa, had come to stay, Lord Salisbury was marked out by his adherence to the new ideas for future leadership; but if the old Toryism was to prevail and the Conservative party was to be true to the old idea of combating solely for the rights of the church and for the agricultural interest, Lord Salisbury's fate was sealed, and the leadership of his party would pass to men who had protested against the new ideas, like Lords Derby and Carnarvon. The result has shown that the Beaconsfield policy was to become the policy of the Conservative party and Lord Salisbury has profited thereby. But in 1878 the prospect was very doubtful. The Liberals were wrought up to an ecstasy of opposition by the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury suffered more than even Lord Beaconsfield, who was ever regarded as something of an aberration, from the vituperation of the Liberal newspapers. The general election of 1880 showed the temper of the nation, and Mr. Gladstone came back to office with a sweeping majority.

But Lord Salisbury's political fate did not depend upon the temper of the nation; it depended upon the temper of the Conservative party. Sooner or later the pendulum would swing back and the Conservatives were sure to return to power. The question was for Lord Salisbury whether the new or the old Conservatism would prevail. The question was speedily decided. In 1881 Lord Beaconsfield died, but it was soon perceived that his spirit lived after him. Never was such grief displayed at the death of a party leader; for the party leader had been the creator of a new party policy. The Primrose League came into being and there could be no possible doubt as to the fidelity of the Conservative party to the ideas of the dead statesman. Lord Salisbury was swept into leadership as the faithful friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and his colleague at the Congress of Berlin, and no hint was heard of superseding him by Lord Derby or Lord Carnarvon. But during the campaign of opposition against Mr. Gladstone's second administration, as at the time of his first administration, Lord Salisbury was debarred by his position in the House of Lords from taking the most conspicuous part in the party fight. The official leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote, proved himself but a mild critic of the Liberal government, and the main brunt of opposition fell upon the small group of militant Conservatives who were known as the Third Party.

The two most conspicuous young men of this group were Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury's nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour, who had entered Parliament in 1874 at the age of twenty-six, through his uncle's interest, as member for Hertford. The question of party leadership did not become acute until the resignation of Mr. Gladstone in June, 1885. It was then seen that although there were some Conservative politicians who would have liked to have seen the prime minister in the House of Commons, and who therefore supported the worthy and well-meaning Sir Stafford Northcote, the vast majority preferred to serve under the directions of Lord Salisbury. He therefore accepted the prime ministership, but, as if to accentuate the fact that his own interest and the policy of his party were more bound up in foreign than in home affairs, he broke the rule which had existed

ever since the idea of a prime minister had insinuated itself into English constitutional practice, and held the premiership with the office of secretary of state for foreign affairs instead of with that of first lord of the Treasury. Lord Salisbury's first ministry was of brief duration. The general election of January, 1886, returned the Liberals to power, but the verdict was reversed after the production of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule Bill, and in August, 1886, Lord Salisbury returned once more to power.

This is hardly the place to discuss the events of Lord Salisbury's second administration, which lasted from 1886 to 1892, or his present administration, which has lasted since 1895. The events of these times are within too common knowledge to be here discussed and have not passed within the domain of history. It is enough to state that ever since the death of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 the personality of Lord Salisbury has been one of the dominating facts in English political life and that for nine out of those seventeen years he has held the chief position in the English state and molded the destinies of England.

Lord Salisbury has none of Mr. Gladstone's amazing mental subtlety; forming an opinion slowly, he sticks to it tenaciously; and consistency with him is due to character rather than to fidelity to party. He has shown himself independent, as in his retirement from office in 1867, and he is incapable of supporting a cause in which he does not believe, but he is not lightly influenced by argument; he is constitutionally unable to see the force of arguments directed against his ideas, and he therefore rarely changes his views. His bluntness, directness, and want of mental agility cause Lord Salisbury to be guilty often of what one of his admirers termed "blazing indiscretions," but the honesty of his mind is thus made patent to all, and it is doubtful whether such indiscretions do not rather strengthen than loosen his hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. His incapacity for playing a double part makes it impossible for him to prevaricate easily or to explain away prevarications, and his whole character stamps with absurdity the attempt made by Liberal writers in 1878 to accuse him of a habit of systematic falsification. The leonine head, ponderous body, and weighty voice of the great Conservative leader have never been as familiar to the world as the more intellectual features and gaunter form of Mr. Gladstone; but even the casual reader of his speeches and state papers must feel the impression of power and honesty, which are as much the characteristics of Robert Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury, as mental subtlety and sympathetic imagination were those of William Ewart Gladstone.

THE CHURCH.

NEARLY everybody admits the existence of serious social disorders, and nearly everybody is trying to account for them. Let me try my hand at an explanation. They are due to a rapid and somewhat unhealthy development of the social organism.

How, then, is every organism healthily developed? Through the coordinate processes of differentiation and integration.

In the primitive forms of industry there is not much variety of structure or of function. All the people know about the same things, do about the same things, have about the same possessions. There is no division of labor; there are no trades or professions; there are scarcely any varieties of capacity and station and service. And the progress of society consists largely in separating these people into groups, in giving them different kinds of work to do, in developing different powers, and different functions, and different types of character. This is the method of civilization.

It is not very many years since society in this country was quite homogeneous;

the economical distinction between capitalist and laborer was not clearly marked, for most capitalists were laborers and most laborers were capitalists; the social distinction was not emphasized; there was really but one social class. But our material progress has given full scope to the principle of differentiation; the wage-workers are now distinctly marked off from employers and capitalists; labor itself has become highly specialized, and even the old mechanical trades are split into fractional parts through the use of machinery; industrial groups are numerous, separate, disparate; the lines of social distinction are sharply drawn.

It is a great gain to humanity to have industry specialized if the unity of the spirit is not broken in the process. But this calamity, unhappily, is precisely what we are suffering. The forces that divide and differentiate have not been balanced by the forces that unite and integrate. Therefore we are driving toward chaos. And nothing can keep us from wreck but a great reinforcement of the powers that make for unity. Social integration is the crying need of the hour. What can be done to bring these scattered, diverse, alienated, antipathetic groups of human beings into a real unity? How can all these competing tribes and clans, owners of capital, captains of industry, inventors, artisans, artists, farmers, miners, distributors, exchangers, teachers, and all the rest, be made to understand that they are many members but one body; that an injury to one is really the concern of every other; that all for each and each for all is the only law of their common life?

The work of social integration—the work of bringing all social groups and classes into a living unity—this, I say, is the great work of the hour. Is there no agency by which this work of unification can be wrought? Has society provided itself with no means of realizing this unity which is the very condition of its existence?

We have in society an agency which is expressly intended to perform this very service of social integration. It is the Christian church. The precise business of the Christian church is to fill the world with the spirit of unity, of brotherhood; to arrest and countervail those divisive and repulsive forces of which we have been speaking; to promote the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. The business of the Christian church is to preach and realize here in the earth the Kingdom of Heaven; and the Kingdom of Heaven, ever since the angels first proclaimed it, has been known to be a kingdom of peace and good will. The foundation of its fellowship is the royal law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and the new commandment of our Lord, "That ye love one another as I have loved you."

All this is of the very rudiments of the doctrine we profess when we call ourselves Christians. To break down all barriers that keep men apart; to demolish the middle wall of partition between Jews and Gentiles—ay, and between all jealous, hateful, warring nationalities; to realize a state of society in which there shall be no antipathies of race or rank. It is the mission of the church of Christ to be the incarnation and manifestation of the life of Christ; to believe it, to live it, to reveal it, to fill the world with those ministries of kindness and gentleness and helpfulness which the love of Christ inspires. This is the power—so far as I know it is the only power—by which these disintegrating and destructive influences can be counteracted and the life of society preserved.

Is the church accomplishing this mission? Manifestly it is not; for the very thing of which we are complaining is that the work of social integration is not done. Yet we must be careful to do no injustice here. There has never been a time since the days of the apostles when the church of Christ was not exerting a powerful influence in behalf of unity and brotherhood. No one can imagine what this world would be if this stream of sacred influence were not steadily poured into its turbid currents. Even in those congregations where there is most to deplore and censure, there is still a great deal done to check rapacity, and to make men think more kindly of their fellow

men. The churches are doing a vast amount of practical charity—doing it in a quiet way, without sounding any trumpets in the streets—a far larger amount of this kind of work, in my judgment, than is done by all other agencies put together. And it is done in delicate and kindly ways, so that the recipients are neither humiliated nor pauperized by it. Still, after making all these concessions, the fact remains that the church has come far short of its high calling. It is doing, ordinarily, a great deal better work than the people who carp at it are doing; but it is leaving undone a very large part of what it ought to do. In the apocalyptical visions the church is called the bride of Christ, the wife of the Lamb; and wife in our old Saxon is weaver — the weaver of peace. Such is the church's high function in the human family; yet how imperfectly does she fulfil it! And what are the causes of her failure? Why has she lost her power to keep in the community the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace?

In the first place, the church has lost her own unity. The principle of differentiation has done its divisive work within her communion, with fearful consequences. There was room for the operation of this principle even here, in a healthful way. Varieties of doctrine, of ritual, of character might well have been developed. It is not an evil thing that we have the different types of teaching and of administration which now exist. It is good to have the pietistic fervor of the Methodist, and the intellectual vigor of the Presbyterian, and the liturgic beauty of the Episcopalian, and the ethical thoroughness of the liberal Christian, and the staid simplicity of the Quaker; all these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to each man severally as he will; but it is not good to have these set over against one another as exclusive and antagonistic sects. These hateful schisms have rent into fragments the body of Christ. Here, to begin with, in our western Christendom, is the great and fatal division between Catholic and Protestant, which is, in itself, a great gulf fixed between those who worship the same Lord, a gulf almost impassable. In the great work of social integration now confronting us there is positively no single task more difficult, more discouraging, than that of bringing these two great branches of the Christian church into neighborly relations.

Even among Protestants the sectarian animosities are often intense. In the pushing zeal of propagandism all principles of comity are disregarded; one denomination shrinks not even from destroying the property of another by thrusting in its enterprises where it is clear that one or the other of the competitors must go to the wall. The question of uniting the community in fraternal bonds is about the last question that your loyal denominationalist will ask; his problem is to divide the flock and get as many as he can into his particular fold.

Then the administration of the churches has often been such as to foster pride and exclusiveness and class distinctions. We must be careful here to avoid exaggeration. It is sometimes said that the working classes have become alienated from the churches. From some of them, not from all of them. The great Roman Catholic Church in all lands finds ample room for them in all its costliest sanctuaries. Nor have they departed from all of our Protestant churches. We have eight Congregational churches in my own city; in five of them, certainly, the great majority of the members belong to the working classes. You will find hundreds of churches in all our great cities of which this is true. What is true is this, that there are *a great many* churches, especially in the aristocratic quarters of the cities, which they do not attend, and where they are not wanted. The sin and shame which we have to confess is not that all our churches are such—that is a slander; but that some of them are such when of such there ought to be none. The fact that a great many churches in the cities are administered as if they were private clubs, for the benefit of the genteel classes, is the fact that we have reason to deplore.

I fear that we must also say that there

are a good many churches in which the tendency is strong to take a class view of all social questions; to take sides, rather positively, with the employing class in every struggle with the laboring class. Manifestly a church in which this sentiment prevails is not in a position to work for the reconciliation of the separated classes. It has itself become one of the elements of alienation—one of the parties to be reconciled.

Such, then, are some of the lamentable facts that we discover when we turn to the church as the rightful leader in the work of social integration. We find that the church is greatly disabled for the performance of this work. We find that she to whom was spoken the parting benediction of her Lord, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," has made but a poor use of this benign legacy. For surely, if the church of Jesus Christ had but entered into this inheritance, had but realized the significance of her high calling, had but girded herself for the work of promoting peace on earth and good will among men, the troubles that now disturb our social life would be unknown. And I am constrained to bear witness that the chief blame for the strife of classes, for the social dislocations and divisions which are so serious and alarming, must be laid at the door of the Christian church. To her was given the commission to keep the peace, and she has not kept it. To her was given the power to counteract those unsocial tendencies which have been created by the rapid differentiation of our industrial life, and she has been found wanting. I do not say that she has done nothing; I insist that with all her faults she has done much; that her inconsistencies have not altogether quenched the light that was given her to hold aloft; but I say that when you compare what she has done with what she might have done, and ought to have done, the showing is pitiful.

What, then, is the first duty of the church of this day? It seems to me that it is the duty of recognizing and realizing her own unity. This is not something to be done; it is something to be seen, to be accepted and believed—that is all. There is no such thing as disunity *in the church of Jesus Christ*—any more than there is such a thing as darkness in the sun's pure ray. The church of Jesus Christ is united. There may be a Presbyterian Church and a Congregational Church and a Methodist Church and a Roman Catholic Church that are to some extent separated and alienated the one from the other, but just so far as this is true of them they are not of Christ, but of anti-Christ. The members that are joined to the head are one body. And this union is not and cannot be a matter of mere pious sentiment, it must be a matter of active cooperation. This unity must be visible to all the world, else it is valueless.

Where shall we begin to realize it? Right where we are. It is no great national movement for the consolidation of denominations that we want: that task is hopeless. It is in the local community, the city or the village, that this work must begin. It is here, if anywhere, that the fact of unity will be discoverable. What is the church? Where is the church?

The Congregationalist says that the local congregation of believers is the church, and that there is no other. Most Protestant sects agree with the Congregationalists in calling the local congregation a church, but they apply the word also to the national organization, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, the Presbyterian Church in the United States, etc. Now it may be difficult to refrain from calling the local congregation a church; but the word may be more properly applied, not to the local congregation, but to the whole number of devout and faithful people dwelling in any town or city, and then to the whole number of devout and faithful people dwelling in the nation. There is a church in the city where you live, and there is but one church there. Jesus Christ has but one church in any town or city. Anybody belongs to it who follows him, and nobody belongs to it who does not follow him. This church may have many different congregations, and may worship by many different rites, but it is one church;

the fact of its unity is the central fact of its existence. If that fact has been obscured by traditions and commandments of men, our first business is to clear it and make it manifest.

The different congregations of this church in your town or city are surely more closely and vitally joined together, if, indeed, they are truly Christian congregations, than any one of them can be joined to any other congregation in another town or city. The ties that bind each of these to its nearest neighbors must be nearer and more real than those which bind it to some congregation of similar name to its own in some distant city. The actual fellowship, the actual cooperation in Christian work must be here in the one church to which they all belong. Your city is the parish of this church, and the enterprise of occupying this parish and cultivating it by harmonious and efficient labor is one which must require the united and consentaneous activity of the whole church. This church has no right to split itself into fragments and scatter its forces all over the field, carrying on its work in desultory, haphazard, unmethodical ways, having no consultations and no common understandings; much less has it the right to countenance or permit the strifes and competitions by which workers get in each other's way and neutralize each other's efforts. If there is but one church in your city that church must know itself as one, and must do works meet for unity. Those who are of Christ can unite; to say that they cannot is infidelity and blasphemy. And this is the first duty of the Christians of every city, to discern and manifest the fact of their unity. There will be many diversities among them, but if the mind of Christ is in them the things about which they differ will be trifling compared with the things in which they agree. And when these Christians come together, loyal to their common Lord, mindful of his prayer that they all may be one, some good foundation will be laid for that good work of social integration which the church has so imperfectly done.

Having thus realized its unity, the church will be prepared to receive and to utter its message. What must that message be? Manifestly it cannot be those confused and jangled cries to which our ears have been accustomed; it will not be laying over and over again its doctrines of baptisms and of laying on of hands, and of forms, and rites, and ordinances; it will leave these rudiments and go on to something higher. Its consciousness of unity will drive from its thoughts these petty concerns; if indeed it knows that there can be but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, then it has discovered that there is one God and Father of all who is above all and through all and in all. This is the truth that Jesus lived to manifest and died to confirm, and it is a truth with mighty social consequences, if men will only believe it. This is the central truth of the Gospel, and the church of God must proclaim it, not with bated breath and dubious tone, but with the emphasis of conviction.

The church has really no other word to speak until she has made this word quick and powerful over the consciences of men. "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to another?"—this is her message; woe to her if she do not burn it into the consciences of the striving multitudes. Ye are brethren! All this social strife is unnatural, fratricidal. What men call "natural law," by which they mean the law of greed and strife, is not a natural law; it is an unnatural law; it is a crime against nature; the law of brotherhood is the only natural law. The law of nature is the law of sympathy, of fellowship, of mutual help and service. It is only when a man owns the bond that binds him to his kind that he has any chance of becoming a man.

"Ye are brethren!" Masters and men, struggling over the product of industry, do you not know that this strife is shameful; that you ought to be helpers one of another; that if, instead of trying each to get as much as you can away from your brother, you would try each to give as much as you can to your brother, you would all be a great deal happier and a great deal richer too? Can you not see that this law of strife by

which you are trying to live is not only sinful but senseless? "Ye are brethren!" Keep it in mind, you superintendents of factories; the human beings that tend your whirling wheels and clattering looms are your brethren. Keep it in mind, you managers of the great department houses; those pale-faced crowds hurrying into your gates, to spend a long day in labor for you, at what stipend you know—these are your brethren and your sisters—children of your Father. Keep it in mind, madam; the maid in your kitchen says the same prayer that you say, albeit the language may be different: "Our Father" in Latin words has still the same meaning. Keep it in mind, in your federations and councils and unions, you children of toil; the men that you are working for and striving against—what a melancholy antithesis!—and about whom you say a great many bitter and unreasonable words, they are your brethren; is not a little brotherly feeling and speaking due on your part? Have they not some burdens that you can help to bear? Could you not by hearty good will toward them make it easier for them to be kind to you?

If the church of God could only get men to believe all this, how long should we wait for the beginning of the thousand years of peace?—*Washington Gladden, in "Social Facts and Forces."*

SOME SPRING BIRDS.

BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

II.

THE phœbe is noted in sentiment and song as confiding and domestic, but to me he always appears as bowing far off with the wrong end of himself, as though he were trying to conciliate and were not sure that he was worthy of the company he was seeking. So far as his method of courtship is concerned it impresses one as being only a constant and iterant cry of his sweetheart's name, with a silly variant syllable at the end, as if his head were softening with his heart. He is harmless enough, of course, with all his negative qualities, and we are glad to see him flit through the barn window and to note his adobe home against the rafter; but at best he is an association—a remembrance of youthful days, when discrimination was a cipher—a reminder of a vernal glee, which his call seemed to express by words but not by music.

In plaintive sweetness his cry does not compare with the wood-pewee, which, even to a boy, comes at once into the life as a revelation. Recently a little barefoot boy almost out of breath overtook me, and, as I turned about, he stammered out, "Whu—whu—whut kind er burd—'bout so long—little gray burd—sets on er dead limb—jerks his tail this er way (crooking his finger), and—and sings like he's whistlin' through his teeth?" Who that had ever known this bird would fail to recognize this characterization? and I could not help comparing it with that of a professor in a western university where I was lecturing, who wished to know what bird it was that "sits on a telegraph wire in front of my house and sings every morning before I get up?"

Some time ago a friend came to me burdened with the melody of this song, but he could not see the bird; and so haunted was he with it that he came and took me out to its lair, that I might hear it.

It is one of the most plaintive sounds in nature, a clear, thin whistle, varied, but constant to its softening beauty. "P-see, see oo-wee" is its best expression, but at times a long sibilant sigh, "p-see-ee oo-oo," as the wind may wail in dreariness.

While this little fly-catcher is normally a bird of the deep woods and damp bottoms it is beginning here in the West to follow the wood-thrush toward our homes; and after the brood is out the mother often brings them about our yards to feed them,

while the father sighs among the taller trees for the honeymoon which has waned. With four babes on her hands the wife has the husband no longer under consideration. After she had snapped from the air enough flying things to fill their crops, she often brought them all for a sun-bath upon a painted board walk near my window, where they all lay a long time and enjoyed the heat, lifting their wings and turning their sides up to the sun. I never saw but one mother and brood practice this. All birds, however, are at times quite fond of something of the sort.

As time goes many birds learn that there is a certain protection about the homes of men, daring the cats and the small boys in getting away from other wilder enemies.

The Baltimore oriole comes about in a very confiding yet inattentive way—always engaged with his own affairs purely. Usually about the time the apple blossoms begin to show their red, the male appears. The earth-feeders may come with the awakening of the creeping things, but he waits till there is a buzz of life among the catkins and tender leaves of the trees. His path north is flower-strewn from the Gulf to the Lakes, and he sings of a continuous vernal dawn from the isthmus to the arctic slope. It looks now as if life were but tasting and turning somersaults away up among the twig-tips.

He has a sort of absent-minded call at first, as he snaps a gnat from beneath a leaf or sips the sweetness of a blossom, as if dainty fare suggested dainty feet following his steps—a plaintive sort of back-talk, as though he felt some listener were just behind. When his sweetheart comes he changes his simple plaint to a burst of rollicking melody, which is spontaneous rather than deliberate and well rounded. Then he flashes anew his beautiful colors, and his golden plumage has well earned for him in some regions the title of firebird.

Recently I saw two males preparing for battle; and the preliminaries were long and humanly tedious, consisting of feints and flanks, and a few phases which were perhaps diplomatic. After much of this there was a short sharp clash of beauty, and one fled, pursued and vanquished.

After he has fascinated his mate and thrashed his rival, the next duty is the building of that purse-like structure which has given him that other characteristic name of "hang-nest." Sometimes he may merely assist his wife, sometimes build the nest himself; but as it largely consists in weaving, he may leave most of the labor to his spouse with a manly contempt for woman's work. At such times, however, he may gather material, but he has been noted, by Nuttall I think, as being so extremely human as to go off and flirt with another bird's wife while his own is weaving at home.

Silkweed fiber was an old favorite nest-building material till man came with hemp and flax in some regions, when these were substituted. Twine, threads, wool, downs, rags, hairs are all grist to his mill, or woof to his loom rather, but he does not always build the same sort of nest. In leafy concealed spots it may be flatter—a mere deep cup, but in others it may be so long that there is an opening in the side. There have been instances where he has simply slung the *lining* only to a limb-tip, and left the coarser external fibers out.

It is a rare thing in my region now to find one of the long, pendant purses which I knew so well as a boy. As the brilliant male helps his spouse incubate, it was more necessary in the wilder times and former situations to have himself hidden; but about our homes he can afford exposure and have more comfort. His nondescript mate is never very conspicuous and needs no hiding. I often wonder what Aldrich meant in "Our Neighbors at Ponkapog" in speaking of her as having "a bit of scarlet at her throat"; but then if I get to wondering at the curiosities of ornithology as seen in literature I should want a whole paper to itself—perhaps a volume. To return, there is no doubt that many birds alter the style of their nests according to circumstances; and especially is this the case with the orioles, who may so cease to be felters that some future day those who

wish to enjoy Riley's "Hang-bird's Nest" may have to resort to a foot-note explaining the former habits of the bird.

I am sorry to say that this bird is at times quite a depredator on the garden and small-fruit orchard, splitting a pea-pod with great skill, but his known antagonism to the codling-moth and other enemies of the apple should compensate for this. To the circle of bird-lovers purely, enough apology for his existence and the cultivation of his acquaintance are his mellow notes, the confiding ways, and the pretty flash of his wing. Recently I found one caged, and heard from him some tones which I never heard in the wild state—a long continuation of a series of connected warbles. All that I saw in him of the wild habits was that he always bent his head up and looked over backward at the perch behind him before he turned to leap at it. It is said that in confinement he sometimes mimics other birds near by, and it seemed to me possible, but I trust none of my readers will care to experiment. We should love a bird too much for that.

The orchard oriole is even more domestic and nervous than his more brilliant cousin, but shows his kinship to the latter in usually hanging his nest by the brim, though it be a rather shallow cup. Sometimes, however, it is not hung.

While the tones of the "Baltimore" are much richer, I get equally as much music and inspiration from the "orchard," because his song is longer and extends through a longer season. Those who do not awake early are unaware of the beauty of this bird's dawning song—often sung before four o'clock a. m.—a clear ringing ballad, well sustained and more deliberate than his midday performances. In this latter he seems to shatter himself into fragments of melody, varying the phrases to suit the occasion and modulating the song now and then with deliberate tones which show how much better he might do all this if he was not in such a hurry. But earnestness is a large factor in courtship; bachelorhood in birddom is a disgrace, and one had better be a little out of time than out of season.

It is characteristic of both our orioles that they are very conversational—musically so. There is scarcely a minute that some sort of prattle is not passing between them, with many modulations which seem expressive of query and reply. Now and then one individual may be known year after year by his use of a peculiar catch-phrase or by-word.

The "orchard" is more terrestrial than the "Baltimore." I have seen him clinging to the sides of weed stems in company with bobolinks, to whom he hints slightly his well-known kinship in this pose and the utter abandon and zigzag flexion of his song.

Another bird about our homes whose song is hurried and jerky is the catbird. He is quite regular in his spring appearances, and precedes his wife only a few days. Spring before last two males came to us, and when the lady arrived there was war and music galore for a while. Usually, however, only one male—presumably he of the previous season—comes, and screaks and whines his distress till the charmer appears.

It is rare that one sees the catbird at anything but feeding and straw-gathering—except his exalted show of himself sometimes while singing; but last spring I peeped out of a crack in the coal-house and saw him in the queerest little billing and cooing episode I ever witnessed outside of a pigeon haunt or a chair-car. I knew of course that any bird which fairly broke his brittle song all up into splinters and sputtered and shrieked as he spat it out must be an ardent and persistent lover, but I never suspected him of anything quite so soft and silent as that, though my friend, Dr. Coues, had hinted it.

It is a great pity that he insists on giving that abominable caterwaul at everything which impresses him queerly. It is the most hypocritical whine about us. It is not his distress cry at all. When the jay comes around his nest or young he abandons this and screams in a sort of feminine agony; but in no case is his plight ever quite so bad as he represents it. At his best he is an actor for selfish ends, and only in his

song does he impress one with sincerity. The fact, however, that this is so bold, so courteous, so constant to mate and home place—so long sustained and so continued, even down to the time of fall migration, so true to early dawn and the late gloaming in the hot midsummer, when so many others are silent—all this makes him a lovable bird at last to those who *look* for good qualities in their neighbors. I used to hate him when a boy; every boy seems yet to do so.

Years ago a fruit-tree firm persuaded me that life was a failure without a Mariana plum tree. It has never borne, it rots the woodshed roof, its roots ruin the cellar wall beneath, and it shuts out a favorite view. But the two catbirds have claimed it for their own and I spare it for their sake and for the twitters and screams and gushes of song, which are not so musical in themselves but seem a sort of piccalilli made from the fragments of the other songsters of the season.

The catbird impresses me as a great success otherwise, but as a songster he seems gone to seed. His very energy has been his ruin musically, and now he is a degenerate in art, caring only for the facts of expression. All the delightful phrases of his cousins, the mocker and thrasher, he jumbles and juggles till the whole is apiece with his own commonplaceness and ubiquity.

As an adept at hiding his nest he has few equals. I have failed to find it (though I knew even on which side of the tree it was) till I climbed almost against it.

Perhaps few persons would call the brown thrasher a bird which comes about our homes, but it is clear that in the West at least he is rapidly tending to become a domestic bird. A pair nested this last season within a few yards of my door on the top of a fence overrun with a rose-bush. While he haunts the tall tops of the trees of the deeper woods when he first comes, he likes later the twig-tips of the edges of the fields or the isolated groves of the wood lot and pasture. While few birds are shyer, few are more daring. As the hedges of the West have strung out upon the prairies, he has followed them up, and even the brambles, plums, and wild crabs, fostered by the barbed wire's points, have persuaded him further on, till, however much they may hate him for his fruit-stealing, he has made himself the people's bird in more ways than one. Many a prairie settler awakes some spring morning with a new hunger for the old eastern home—roused by the thrasher's medley.

It is fashionable now in this day of our better musical culture, when we speak of major and minor thirds and fifths, and feel that our harmonic position is established, to sneer at the music of the thrasher, as we do at Toplady, Martin, and Old Hundred, but it was the bird melody upon which our fathers were brought up. He is not operatic, of course—for which some of us are thankful—but he is a songster indeed; and taking into consideration quantity in connection with quality, earnestness, ubiquity, nearness, and timeliness, few sounds chime so well with the sight of the swelling bud and the smell of the freshening season. He does not make the mistake of being too fine, so that he must have an interpreter, or so elusive that he must be caged to be appreciated. He is a persistent presence in the wild state—no "wandering voice"—and he blends so well with every element of his environment that you do not wish, if your heart is right, to take him out of it or put anything else into it while he sings. He is the Burns of his country—the singer of the soil with a skyward mount, lodging his home on the earth, in the humble brush-pile or hawthorn brush of the woods or in the merest scrub or hedge on the broad treeless sweep.

It has been asserted that he does not mimic, but those who know him well and at his best know better than this. I have heard him mock the whippoorwill and robin, as well as others, plainly, though not with such deliberation as the mocking-bird.

Thrashers are very devoted parents. I once found a mother carrying berries afoot to her nestling many yards away, because some bullet had tipped her wing. I followed her and found the brood, put them in a cage, and brought them nearer, that

her labor might be less. Her wing healed, and she finally took them all away.

Likewise the thrasher is an interesting and confiding pet, following its master as a dog. We once bought one that was being badly treated, and kept him over winter till he molted into a new suit so that he could fly. But next spring he refused to be turned loose and struggled so to get back into the house that we let him in always at night. Finally we put the cage upon the porch and for a while he occupied that; but one day on our return home he was gone, and we always feared that a cat got him.

In late summer the parents and young haunt the dusty roads, feeding, and as you drive near, fly into the thick hedge or roadside scrub. They are wild birds now, and only a lisping "see-chee-ick" will greet your near approach. During the winter the caged youngster sang a soft subdued warble —very pretty, with some of the familiar phrases in it, but never the wild outbursts of the tree-tops.

Everywhere the thrasher is an inveterate explorer of the underside of things, doing all leaf-flipping with the beak. The pet would never allow any paper to rest in the bottom of his cage till he had seen under it; and he could never pass the open grate in winter without turning up his side, lifting his wing, and taking a heat bath. When he ran into the warm rays he stopped as suddenly as if he had met an obstacle.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

UNLIKE the House of Commons, the number of members of the House of Lords is not fixed. It is governed by no parliamentary enactment, as is the membership of the Lower House, which was fixed by the Reform Act of 1885. The number of members of the House of Lords varies from time to time, through peerages becoming extinct, through some of the peers being minors, and through the creation of new peerages by the crown. The number at the present time is 590, made up thus: dukes, 34; marquises, 34; earls, 165; viscounts, 37; barons, 250; representative peers of Scotland, 16; representative peers of Ireland, 28; archbishops and bishops, 27. Included with the barons are five lords of appeal and ex-lords of appeal who are peers only for life. At the present time there are eleven peers who are minors, and who have not yet been called up to the House of Lords.

Three of these groups are comparatively modern. The Scotch peers came in at the union of England and Scotland in 1707; the Irish peers at the union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801; while as concerns the lords of appeal they were added to the House of Lords as recently as the seventies, and their creation and the disappearance of the Irish bishops after 1868 are the only changes in the constitution of the House since the Irish representative peers were admitted at the union in 1801.

One of the most remarkable facts about the House of Lords is its growth in numbers during the last two centuries. In its early days it was a comparatively small body; much smaller than the House of Commons. In those days service in Parliament on the part of peers and the higher ecclesiastics was compulsory. It was one of the conditions under which they held their lands. The service was not always willingly rendered. At this period members of the House of Commons were paid for their services; and moreover when a man was elected by his borough or his county, his neighbors had to pledge themselves that they would see that he was sent to attend the Parliament. Peers were not paid. They had to defray their own traveling expenses to and from Parliament, and there was no one in their neighborhood upon whom the duty was laid of enforcing their attendance. The result was that the

peers were tardy in responding to the summonses for Parliaments, and it often happened in those days that after the members of the House of Commons arrived at the place of meeting there were not sufficient peers in attendance, and days had to be spent in idly waiting for a quorum in the Lords before Parliament could be formally opened.

These were the days before seats in either the House of Commons or the House of Lords were in demand; when boroughs pleaded poverty in order to be excused from sending members to Parliament, or more often by collusion with the sheriff of the county evaded or ignored the sheriff's precept calling upon them to elect members; and when peers regarded attendance in Parliament as an onerous duty, to be shirked much as to-day men shirk jury service. In these early days England's great institution was saved from collapse by the fact that members of the House of Commons were paid by their constituents, and that at each election bondsmen were locally appointed whose duty it was to see that the men chosen started off to attend the Parliament.

Long after seats in the House of Commons became in demand, that is, generally speaking, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the Lords were much less numerous than the Commons. As late as the Restoration in 1660, the peers numbered only 142; while by the Revolution of 1688 the number had grown only to 176, although at this time there were exactly as many English members of the House of Commons as there were when the representative system was overhauled and reformed in 1832. At the accession of George I. in 1714, notwithstanding the admission of sixteen peers from Scotland and at the union in 1707, the number of peers was still only 207. Of these, twenty-six were bishops or lords spiritual, one less than the number of bishops in the House of Lords to-day. But during the eighteenth century, and especially during the reign of George III., the number of peers increased at an extraordinary pace, and by the time William IV. came to the throne it had mounted up to 390, including twenty-eight Irish temporal peers, chosen from among the Irish peers under the terms of the Act of Union with Ireland, and four spiritual peers from Ireland. Irish bishops were of the Irish Parliament, and exercised large political powers both in their own House and in the Irish House of Commons. When the union took place, a number of these bishops became members of the House of Lords at Westminster, and Irish bishops remained of that body until the Protestant Church in Ireland was disestablished by the Gladstone Act of 1868.

Why the peerage grew so enormously during the reign of George III. is apparent from the political history and the political records in manuscript of that period which are now coming to light. England was then under the rule of a monarch who was practically absolute. George III. owed his unconstitutional power to the fact that through the borough-owners and through the use he made of the army and the navy, the church, and the civil service, he completely controlled the House of Commons. Many of the peerages which date from his reign were created to reward the king's political partisans, either for services rendered directly in the House of Commons or for the use to which they put parliamentary boroughs owned or controlled by them in England and Ireland.

George III. used the peerages both of Ireland and of the United Kingdom to obtain control of the House of Commons, and much more extensively than any of his predecessors. If a borough-owner did not care to use his borough interests to amass a fortune, or to obtain control of patronage in the church or in the civil service, and still wished to act with the king, he was rewarded with an Irish or an English peerage. Oftentimes an Irish peerage was given first, and afterward if the borough-owner continued to act with the court, he was made a peer of the United Kingdom. This was the greater prize. An Irish peerage carried with it an hereditary title and a seat in the Irish House of Lords. But no wealthy Englishman cared to cross the

Irish Channel merely to sit in the Parliament on College Green; while every wealthy Englishman who was anxious to found a territorial family was desirous of a seat in the House of Lords at Westminster. The exigencies of the peculiar system under which George III. for so many years managed his Parliaments, coupled with the growing wealth of England, the wealth due to the expansion and development of trade and commerce at home and in England's great dependencies in the East, account for the great difference in the number of peers in 1714, when the first Hanoverian sovereign came to the throne, and the number in 1830, when William IV. became king.

The exigencies which George III. had to meet in order to uphold and maintain his system of personal government could not recur in all their old fulness after the reform of 1832. After this time also such exigencies as did occur in connection with the reformed House of Commons were met by the premiers, and not by the sovereign. Until 1867, however, it was still possible to earn a peerage or a promotion in the peerage by political services not unlike those rewarded by George III. in the way that has here been described. Nomination boroughs by the dozen survived the Reform Act of 1832, and, as is shown in the "Recollections of Grantley Berkeley" and other memoirs covering the period between 1832 and 1870, it was almost as easy for the owner of one of these boroughs to turn it to account in securing a peerage as it was in the days of George III., when there were not more than fifty really open parliamentary boroughs in England.

Both Liberals and Conservatives have, since 1832, bestowed peerages in return for service of this kind rendered in connection with the House of Commons; and in later years, since the nomination boroughs have entirely disappeared as the result of the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884–85, both political parties have made additions to the peerage to reward men who had contributed handsomely to electioneering funds. In recent years, men distinguished in literature and in science, as well as men who have deserved well of their country as soldiers, sailors, and civil administrators, have been rewarded with peerages; but elevations to the peerage on these grounds are small in number compared with the peerages which have been bestowed for political services, sometimes for services which the recipient of the honor would not care to have too closely particularized.

How the peerage has grown since 1830, when its number stood at 390, may be indicated by citing the number of peerages created by Gladstone. He was premier for twelve years, and during this time the queen, acting on his recommendation, created sixty-seven new peerages, and at his instance called fourteen Scotch and Irish peers into the House of Lords. Gladstone was also responsible for seven promotions in the peerage—one duke, two marquises, one earl, and three viscounts. It may be well to add here, by way of parenthesis, that when a commoner is made a peer his rank is usually that of a baron, and that the steps in the peerage are viscount, marquis, earl, and duke. Sometimes a commoner who is promoted to the peerage becomes at once an earl. Disraeli became Earl of Beaconsfield without taking the intermediate steps, and, to cite a later instance, Roundell Palmer became Earl of Selborne. Usually promotion in the peerage is slow. Of the sixty-seven new peerages created by Gladstone, twenty-two are already extinct.

Before the division in the Liberal party, due to the Home Rule Bill of 1886, much of the mercantile and industrial wealth of the country was allied with Liberalism. The Conservative party in those days consisted largely of the landowning classes; and the fact that the mercantile wealth was then so generally associated with the Liberal party accounts in a great degree for the large number of peerages and baronetcies created by Gladstone. Ninety-seven baronets received their titles from Gladstone during the twelve years he was premier. This minor dignity confers no seat in the House of Lords. It does, however, confer an hereditary title, while the title of a knight dies with its holder.

Only in one respect is the constitution of the House of Lords affected by a general election. When a Parliament comes to an end, the term of the Scottish representative peers expires, and the peers of Scotland meet at Holyrood Palace to elect sixteen from among their number to represent them in the new Parliament at Westminster. In the days when George III. controlled the House of Commons, the election of Scotch peers was manipulated by the government. But these tactics came to an end even before the reform of the House of Commons in 1832, and since then the government has not sought to influence the elections.

The Irish representative peers are chosen for life. On the death of one of them, the Irish peers assemble in Dublin to elect a successor. Last century Irish peers were created in comparatively large numbers, and bestowed on Englishmen and Irishmen alike. Since the union, however, only twenty-four Irish peerages have been created. Englishmen long ago ceased to care for a place in the Irish peerage; and until 1898 there had not been an Irish creation for thirty years, and for two generations no Englishman had accepted an Irish peerage. Lord Curzon, who, as Mr. Curzon, was under-secretary for foreign affairs from 1895 to 1898, was made an Irish peer when he went out to India as viceroy. The reason for this was that Lord Curzon, who is still a young man, did not care to relinquish for all time his career in the House of Commons; for a peer of the United Kingdom cannot sit in the lower house.

There is nothing nowadays to compel a peer to attend the House of Lords; but as soon as a man becomes a peer of the United Kingdom he is no longer permitted to sit in the House of Commons. Scotch and Irish peers, however, can be elected to the lower house; and the titled members, other than knights and baronets, whose names figure in the reports of the House of Commons, are either of the Scotch or Irish peerage, or are the sons of peers who bear the courtesy title of lord, viscount, marquis, or earl, according to the rank of their fathers in the peerage. Until the days of the Tudors, sons of peers were excluded from the House of Commons. During the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, however, peers' sons began to find their way into the Commons. The old rule against their admission fell into desuetude, and soon sons of peers arrogated to themselves the right to sit in the more prominent seats by virtue of the rank of their fathers in the peerage. Denzil Holles, who in 1642 helped to hold Lenthall in the chair, owed his participation in that historic scrimmage to the fact that he had a seat near the chair as a concession to his rank as the son of an earl.

Nowadays if the eldest son of a peer is of the House of Commons, he is translated automatically, as it were, from the Commons to the Lords on the death of his father. As soon as the writ summoning him to the House of Lords is issued, a writ immediately follows for an election in the constituency that he has previously represented, and the House of Commons knows him no more. Without any farewell ceremonies he disappears, to make, if he can, a new career for himself in the quieter and more prosaic atmosphere of the House of Lords. In the old Irish Parliament, a member thus involuntarily translated from one chamber to the other usually had the aid of his former colleagues in entering on his new and more dignified sphere. They gave him what in the colloquial language of America would be described as "a good send-off." The Irish dignified these parting ceremonies as "gracing their old colleague to the Lords." The ceremony began by the new peer informing the House of Commons that he had been called to the Lords, and expressing his sorrow at bidding farewell to the Commons. One of the new lord's colleagues would move that the House should accompany him to the bar of the Lords, and that two prominent members be named to attend him there, and present him to the Lords. A ceremonial procession to the Lords then followed. There was an interchange of blarney

courtesies between the two Houses at the Lords' bar, and then the party from the Commons returned to its own chamber, and a report of the courtesies exchanged was duly entered on the journals of the House. There is nothing of this kind for the son of a peer who nowadays is compelled to leave the Commons for the Lords, and unless he is a man of outstanding ability, he is soon lost to public view when, under a new title, he has disappeared into the House of Lords.

Not all the bishops of the established church have seats on the episcopal benches in the House of Lords. The number is now fixed at twenty-seven. It includes the archbishop of Canterbury, the archbishop of York, the bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, and twenty-two out of the twenty-nine other bishops. The prelates named take their seats in the House of Lords on appointment to their provinces or sees. The other bishops take their seats by order of seniority of consecration. The prelates who are not of the House of Lords are known as the junior bishops. The bishop of Sodor and Man, the little island midway in the Irish Sea with a Parliament and a national life peculiar to itself, has a seat in the House of Lords, but he has no vote. In the House of Commons, the speaker's chaplain reads prayers. This duty in the House of Lords is discharged by the junior bishop in attendance.

The lord chancellor acts as speaker of the House of Lords. He is appointed by the government, and in connection with his office as speaker there are none of the traditions as to impartiality which attach to the speakership in the Commons. The lord chancellor is of the same political party as the government; he is a member of the cabinet, and from his place on the woolsack addresses the House for or against a measure like any other peer.

The House of Lords is the final court of appeal. The law lords who are of this court are the lord chancellor, the lords of appeal, and those members of the House who have been judges of the superior courts. It was to strengthen the judicial bench of the House that in the seventies the plan of creating life peers was adopted. These peers are chosen from among distinguished lawyers. They enjoy all the privileges of the peerage, except that their titles are not hereditary. The rank of the lords of appeal is that of baron, and their children, like those of hereditary barons, are entitled to prefix "The Honorable" to their names.

The House of Lords is the scene of all the ceremonies connected with the opening and closing of Parliament, and it is the only chamber which the sovereign may enter when Parliament is sitting. Since the time of Charles I., no sovereign has been in the House of Commons. There are seats in the Commons for princes, but no place in the House for the sovereign.

The House of Lords is a much less stirring chamber than the House of Commons. The reason for this is that, while sometimes the premier is of the Lords, and while the minister for foreign affairs is almost invariably there, most of the more important ministers of the crown are of the House of Commons. It is there, and not in the Lords, that the work of Parliament is done. All important government measures are introduced in the Commons; and it is there usually that the influence of the opposition is exercised in amending or modifying a government bill. This nowadays is always the case when the Conservatives are in power, for to-day there are only fifty-two who are of the Liberal party. All taxation bills and all bills appropriating money originate in the House of Commons. These bills have to receive the sanction of the Lords, as has all other legislation; but the debates in the Lords on money bills have only an academic interest, as it is beyond the power of the House of Lords to alter or amend them. Over legislation other than that affecting the raising and expenditure of public money, the House of Lords has equal power with the House of Commons, and to that fact was due the rejection of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893.

(End of Required Reading for May.)

HON. LEWIS MILLER.*

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

AT the request of the board of trustees of the Chautauqua Assembly, and in its behalf, and in compliance with the wish of President Miller's family, I come on this day of sorrow to offer the tribute of Chautauqua to the worth of our departed president, as man, as friend, as brother, and as co-worker and leader in the Chautauqua Assembly.

At the beginning of the movement the business department was, as a matter of course, assigned to Mr. Miller. He was its organizer and its founder and at the first and for some time the chief fountain of its revenues. He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the board, of every member without exception. Prosperous in business, in vigorous physical health, in the prime of his manhood, with all his powers at their best, with an enthusiasm as contagious as it was beautiful, he assumed his part of the promising movement, interested as fully as any one in its Sunday-school normal phase as in the business side of it.

He was practically final authority in everything that related to the material interests of the Assembly. Its financial plans were his. Cottage-holders, employees, visitors, went to him with their complaints and requests. His administration was paternal and firm as it was kind. All who went to him were invariably received with kindness and with the winsome smile which all his old friends remember. The executive committee and the board acquiesced in his plans. He worked with his own hands many an hour in the building of the little city by the lake. The terms were short in the early years and he could be spared from his larger business interests for such a vacation. Akron business was his vocation. Chautauqua was his avocation and he worked as diligently in the latter as in the former. He thought out many of the present features of the external Chautauqua—its walks, its parks, its public buildings; our great amphitheater was Mr. Miller's conception.

Once he said to me, "When several years ago our Akron Sunday-school held a picnic, we were all seated for our public exercises in a sort of natural recess in a grove, the ground on three sides sloping to a common center, and I conceived at that time of the plan which I afterward carried out in the Akron Sunday-school room with its semi-circular form and its galleries." And thus the picnic ground and the Akron Sunday-school room prepared the way in his mind and under his direction of the Chautauqua amphitheater, for which nature had provided an ideal ravine. To Mr. Miller we owe the children's temple, which is a rustic imitation of the Akron room. To him we owe the completed plan of the college building beyond the grove. Only the older members of the board can know the amount of time and thought he gave to the contracts through which Chautauqua secured financial revenues. In more than one case where President Miller yielded his own conviction to the manifest preference of the board the after result proved the wisdom of his own prevision.

He loved Chautauqua. He took pride, a founder's pride, in it. And although the first year of the Assembly he could not be persuaded even once to appear on the platform, he overcame his diffidence and many times took the place, presiding on special occasions and giving short addresses; and he had promised for the season of 1899 a paper on "Sunday-school Work Twenty-five Years Ago," a service he could have rendered with great ability.

In later years the pressure of business, the effects of over-exertion in the past, and the fact that Chautauqua had become vast

* Paper read at the funeral services of the Hon. Lewis Miller, held at Akron, Ohio, February 21.

and complicated, caused the transfer of much of the work from the older to the younger men. Old men must lay down their burdens. Young men must take them up. And yet I was surprised at the board meeting in Cleveland a few weeks ago by the old-time vigor that Mr. Miller displayed in reading and in advocating the views of his annual report. His mind seemed as clear and his manner as forceful as ever.

The name of Lewis Miller is inseparably and forever associated with Chautauqua. There he did pioneer work in laying the very nethermost foundation of the structure. But for him, Chautauqua in its present form could not have been. Whatever other forms and developments the idea which vitalizes Chautauqua might have taken under other circumstances, the fact remains that the Chautauqua of to-day owes its existence to his suggestion, its foundation to his liberality, and especially its earlier success to his ability and fidelity.

It was to Mr. Miller we are indebted for the idea of taking the Assembly in its first form to the grove. How large a factor the out-of-doors feature of Chautauqua has proved, everybody knows that we owe that feature of Chautauqua entirely to Mr. Miller. He was dissatisfied with the old-time camp-meeting. He saw the elements of power and some of the possibilities in it. He thought it might be improved. The associate to whom he proposed the camp ground as the place for the Sunday-school assembly experiment did not approve the suggestion because of long and deep-seated prejudice against the camp-meeting. Mr. Miller made argument strong enough to convince his co-worker, and the experiment was made,—with what success the world knows.

As Mr. Miller was trustee of the Chautauqua camp-meeting, organized I think in 1871, and as he knew the place, its beauty and advantages, the site of the camp-meeting at Fair Point was chosen. And thus the Assembly idea became the Chautauqua Assembly. Thus to Mr. Miller we owe the transformation of the camp-meeting into the Assembly and the selection of Chautauqua as the place for the new experiment.

Lewis Miller was a man of high and strong ambitions, of firm will, persistent in carrying out his plans, an inventive mechanician, a good organizer of working factors, giving the full force of his large natural endowment to everything in which he became interested, liberal in his benefactions to the full measure of his ability, an enthusiast in Sunday-school work, a man of ideals in church organization, advocating strongly interdenominational cooperation, interested in the cause of public school and college and popular education, as evidenced in devotion to Mt. Union, versatile in his ability, genial in his social life, courteous always, a good neighbor, a loyal husband, an ideal father, tender, sympathetic, affectionate. He deserves the splendid filial loyalty which his children yield him.

No great enterprise can be developed by an association of men without divergence of view and conflict of policies. The more intense the devotion of such men to the cause they love the more likely they are to grow warm in advocacy and in debate. And good men are not always perfectly well poised, and few men can look back on intimate association in business and not find grounds of regret. They covet one more chance for an exchange of opinion, one more hand-grasp for the sealing of friendship.

But when death drops the curtain such disagreements are forgotten. How slight, after all, such differences are. Deeper than the deepest grave go all old alienations, and only good will remains.

When night has come down after the setting of the sun, we no longer look out over the landscape visible by day, but now in the shadow. But we look up and away at the stars that shine on with unwavering constancy, and to the depths of azure where all human inharmonies are unknown and where sounds of earthly strife are never heard. When death comes we remember only the good and the pleasurable and look forward to reunion in the heavenly mansions.

The path from Oak Place to Glendale is well worn these days. Within six months three processions have moved with solemn

step to the sacred spot where now four from the Miller homestead are at rest. For long years only Eva was there and from the busy house occasional thought went out to the solitary sleeper. The children had grown up and outgrown their vivid recollection of the oldest of the household and of the sorrow of the day she was put away for the long waiting. She is no longer alone. Now, brother (brave Theodore), sister, and father are placed by her side. And the thoughts that go from Oak Place to Glendale by day and by night are like restless doves that do not know how to be quiet—they fly to and fro, longing for rest.

And now, like a patriarch with his snow-white beard, our leader lies and the members of his family weep over him. And there he lies like a shepherd with his flock of Sunday-school children in grief for his silence. And friends and employees and neighbors and fellow citizens pause by his side to drop the tear of bereavement and generous memory.

And Chautauqua comes and places a wreath of honor on his casket in remembrance of all he did to give her being, broaden her scope, beautify her abode, and make her the blessing she is to the world.

SUBMARINE VESSELS.

BY ERNESTO MANCINI.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

IN the last few months the question of submarine navigation has received a new impetus. It has been stated that a boat has been invented in France which completely solves the problem. This is not the first time that such a statement has been made, to be sure, and successive affirmations have rightly given us occasion to be slightly skeptical. After the invention is put to a thorough test, it is found that what has been gained is only an improvement on previous constructions. Yet so much is certain: that with the modern applications of steam and electricity, with the different means that are at the disposal of industry and naval mechanics, new submarine vessels are bound to reach a stage of perfection which the old ones have not known.

There is no need of demonstrating the well-worn truth of physics that when a body is immersed in water the force necessary to bring about the immersion will depend on the difference between the density of the body and that of the water itself; and also, as Archimedes taught us, that the immersed body will lose its weight in proportion to the weight of the liquid which it displaces. Now a submarine boat which is to hold human beings always assumes the shape of a closed hollow recipient, and for this reason remains on the surface of the water under ordinary conditions. So it is necessary to overcome this resistance to submersion in order to make it sink into a medium which, if equal in volume, is considerably more dense.

Dupuy de Lome based on these facts his celebrated comparison of aerial and submarine navigation, a comparison which holds true in every way excepting that for the balloon we endeavor to overcome forces which are direct opposites to those that must be overcome in the matter of the boat. Therefore we must first examine the various parts of a submarine vessel, and look into the various methods which have been employed for the purpose of surmounting the numerous difficulties which have presented themselves to inventors.

In general we may say that the sinking of the boat has been almost always sought for by varying its specific density, and this has been attained by causing the water to penetrate contiguous apartments, that are emptied when it is desired to rise again to the surface. It is the principle of "liquid ballast." Its counterpart with the balloon

is found in a little balloon placed within the larger and into which air is introduced, or the contrary, so that you have an "aerial ballast." There is also another and more recent system, which facilitates immersion by having recourse to vertical screws. This system gives good results when combined with the liquid ballast principle. It aids in overcoming a slight upward movement noticeable in the boat.

Indeed, the greatest difficulty does not lie so much in obtaining the two movements of the boat, up and down, as in keeping the boat at a certain desired depth, essential in naval warfare if you are to reach the submerged hull of an enemy's boat at a certain place. The letting in of the water and the driving it out produce unexpected movements, difficult to regulate, which are, however, restricted and corrected by the play of a vertical screw. A still better method is to employ the manometer, by which the varying pressures of the degrees of submersion can be noted, and a constant depth be maintained by bringing an electric current or steam to act on the liquid ballast or the vertical screw. Another important point to be considered is how stability can be given to the boat, which is liable to assume dangerous positions when submerged, and is consequently in unstable equilibrium. The action of the vertical screw which is placed under the keel, and which opposes the tendency of the boat to rise, is excellent here. It is also to be borne in mind that the boat sinks and emerges along the line of inclined planes which are determined upon beforehand.

In the earliest boats the motive power consisted of oars moved by hand from within. These oars were shaped in such a fashion as to imitate the opening and shutting of a duck's foot. Next they used screws affixed to either end of cigar-shaped boats. These were first worked by hand, afterward by steam or electricity. In some instances the screws could be moved as though on a pivot, and make the boat change direction. Such sensitiveness was found to be unwise in practical use, and the ordinary rudder was adopted for steering-gear. To-day the prevailing idea is to place steam or petroleum and electric motors on these craft, so as to be able to make use of the one or the other according as the boat floats on the water or moves under the surface, thereby rendering the action of the various kinds of machinery easy and speedy.

The common form of the boat is the cigar-shape. The stability of its direction is quite difficult to attain on account of the frequent undulations to which it is subjected. The compass is here of no service at all, either on account of the mass of iron by which it is surrounded or on account of the disturbing action developed by the electric motors. Besides, even when but a short distance from the surface, the boat often finds itself in complete darkness, for in the clearest water the sight can penetrate to but a few yards around. So there is a constantly recurring necessity of rising to the surface in order to get one's bearings and not be carried away by some current without knowing it. The giroscope, which it was hoped would be a sure indicator in these respects, has not proved the success that was anticipated, nor have any other devices yet done away with the disadvantage which rising to the surface naturally brings. So we find that there are two weak points in submarine navigation. These are the direction of the boat and its bearings. No truly practical method of doing away with these defects seems to be known at present. An engineer, Pesce, suggested the striking idea of coupling an aerostat to the boat and sending down from this lofty perch the necessary orders to the invisible monster. For we know that the sight can penetrate the farther into the water the higher it is above it.

In order to make existence in these boats possible after they have been submerged and hermetically closed, they have recourse to compressed air and oxygen likewise compressed in strong recipients. The vitiated air is purified by means of chemical reagents, or it is expelled from the boat, which is better. Sometimes the compressed air

which has been first used as a motive force serves afterward for respiration. Other methods of insuring safety and guarding against accident are to increase the ascensional force of the boat in cases of necessity by casting off great weights which have been attached to the hull. The armament of a boat which is destined for warfare consists of torpedoes. These are either tied two by two, and having a tendency to rise to the surface set free under the keel of the enemy's ship, where they are exploded by means of electricity, or they are self-moving and self-directing, and throw themselves at the mark they wish to reach.

The first attempts at solving the problem of submarine navigation are hardly more than a century old. Yet long ago the idea of penetrating the depths of the sea suggested itself to mankind. Alexander the Great is said to have made use of divers' bells at the siege of Tyre three hundred and thirty-two years before the Christian era. The next allusion is found a thousand years later, in the seventh century, and likewise refers to some kind of an apparatus for divers. Submarine navigation, however, appears as an object of discussion only with the sixteenth century. Bacon mentions it in describing the experiments carried on at Toledo in 1538 before Charles V. The vessels were something like divers' bells, but resembled in shape a closed boat. Several men could remain under water a long time in them. Quite as vague are the descriptions of William Bourne and Magnus Vegelius, about the year 1600, in reference to other apparatus designed for submarine use. We know, however, that some of the inhabitants of the Ukraine built large canoes with enclosed spaces in which they could remain under water for some time and escape the Turkish galleys.

More definite experiments were undertaken in 1620 by a Dutch physicist, Van Drebbel. He built an impermeable submarine boat in London, in which twelve rowers and some passengers could stay. James I. wished to test this apparatus himself. Respiration was obtained by means of a wonderful liquid, invented by Drebbel himself and called "quintessence of the air." This liquid had the properties of purifying and regenerating vitiated air. The inventor jealously guarded the secret of his invention and died without having been able to perfect it. In 1634 Father Mersenne took up Drebbel's attempt and advanced some more or less exact ideas of his own on the methods of removing the obstacles to submarine navigation. These ideas were not very well received by his contemporaries. Mersenne was the first to advise a shape similar to the shape of a fish, but tapering at the extremities so as to make the movement of the boat in opposite directions easy without turning about. Leather bags, furnished with faucets and fixed to trap-doors in the boat, were to serve for exit to the men and the materials in the boat, when it was submerged. For internal illumination phosphorescent substances were suggested, and the use of tubes wrapped in leather, which should float on the surface, was advised in order to insure the renewal of the air. By such an expedient the speed of the boat must have been much diminished, and it surely would not have sunk below a certain limit. It is from this project and from another of Montgéry's that Jules Verne drew his inspiration, as well as some of the data, for his well-known story, which seems almost like a scientific prophecy.

About twenty years later a French engineer built a submarine boat at Rotterdam, which was seventy-two feet long. It was crossed from stem to stern by great beams, which ended at either extremity in solid spikes destined to attack and sink any hostile ship. This boat floated on the water-level and was solidly planked so as to resist projectiles. The movement of such a kind of raft was produced by a wheel with paddles, which was situated in the center of the boat between two impermeable walls. No serious trials of this naval battering-ram were made and therefore its usefulness or the contrary was never demonstrated. Afterward another boat was constructed by a certain Day, a Yarmouth mechanic, who in one of the tests succeeded in submerging himself with his boat and its

furnishings, and remained twelve hours under water without harm. In the next test the boat sank as before, but never returned to the surface, nor could it be found again. The inventor left no notes on the construction of this craft. It was known only that he used a certain quantity of ballast—water probably—which could be expelled at a given moment to lighten the boat and make it come to the surface. The celebrated physiologist Borelli later described a project for a submarine vessel which should have a set of skins that could be filled with water or air at will, and thus produce the sinking or rising of the boat. For motive power Borelli would use oars made in the shape of goose feet, so as to present a broad surface to the water.

After these experiments many years passed without further mention of projects or tests of submarine boats. But with the breaking out of the American War for Independence the idea of submarine navigation received a strong impetus, and it was determined to use what had been proved available in previous trials. An American, Bushnell, made in fact a boat known as "the American *Turtle*," which was formed of two parts, resembling turtle shells, that were firmly joined together. It was furnished with a little tower in the upper part which was to serve as an entrance and a lookout as well. This boat, which can claim to be the prototype of the modern torpedo-boat, was propelled by a kind of horizontal screw worked by the one man only who was on board. This same man could manage with his feet the valve which let water into adjacent compartments. The submerging of the boat was regulated by a second screw vertically placed. Within the boat such instruments as the barometer and thermometer were covered with a phosphorescent composition, while two reservoirs of air answered for purposes of respiration. When the pilot wished to rise, the water was expelled from the compartments by a pump. In case of danger a large mass of lead could be detached from the keel. Besides, the boat was rigged with an apparatus for discharging torpedoes, or rather for attaching them to the hull of hostile vessels. In spite of all the enormous difficulties arising from this complicated construction, an American sergeant, Ezra Lee, tried to place a torpedo under the English ship *Eagle* in 1776. He failed in his attempt, owing to the unexpected presence of an iron shield which would not receive the screw of the torpedo. Other trials of the same boat turned out equally fruitless.

Some twenty years later, Robert Fulton, after many repulses, succeeded in obtaining the aid of the First Consul in building the *Nautilus*, with which he conducted interesting experiments in 1801. The boat could remain for a long time quite deep under water with several persons aboard, thanks to reservoirs of compressed air. A wheel served to propel the craft, which also boasted of folding masts and sails, with which it could navigate the surface of the water. In spite of the good services which the *Nautilus* showed it could render either in attacking ships or defending a blockaded harbor, Napoleon would not profit by the invention, and Fulton passed over to the enemy's country. There the idea prevailed widely that the use of such a machine would tend to destroy the supremacy of the English fleet. So the notion was abandoned, notwithstanding the favor it met with from Pitt, and Fulton returned to America much discouraged. However, in 1809, the Coëssin brothers built another *Nautilus* at Havre under the auspices of the emperor. But it did not accomplish anything of practical importance.

In 1823, Montgéry took up some of Fulton's ideas and thought of applying them to the construction of a boat which, while ordinarily remaining on the surface, should at a given moment completely submerge itself and attempt a subaqueous attack. This vessel, named the *Invisible*, was to hold a crew of ninety-six men and be supplied with powerful weapons of destruction. The ideas of the inventor seemed so very audacious that the boat never passed the preliminary stage of planning; but nevertheless many of the notions were put into practical working later on, and among these the plan of an

explosive motor, of a horizontal tiller, of a pump for throwing combustible substances, which was the forerunner of modern torpedo-guns, and of towers with reentering tubes which remind one of the present disappearing turrets.

Of the various submarine boats which succeeded the *Invisible* I will mention an experiment of Captain Johnson in the Thames, the object of his invention being to release Napoleon from St. Helena. The emperor's death ended the project. Dr. Payerne's *Hydrostatic*, a craft which removed sunken rocks at Brest and Cherbourg in 1845, is also worthy of notice. The ascent and descent were obtained by means of pumps, which expelled or poured in water. When the boat had once sunk to the bottom of the sea air was compressed in the hold so as to counterbalance the pressure from without, and the bottom being thrown open the crew could work on the ground as though they were in a diving-bell.

In 1851, during the blockade of Kiel, a man by the name of Bauer built a submarine boat, manned with pumps and provided with a screw run by hand. This boat was to carry torpedoes for hostile vessels and discharge them by means of electricity. The trial trips turned out well, until one day, at a depth of thirty meters, the pressure destroyed the boat. Another invention of like nature was planned for the harbor of Sebastopol during the Crimean War, but was never put to actual use. During the War of Secession in the United States a boat named *David* was successfully used in Charleston Harbor. It caused the death of three crews, but finally blew up the federal ship *Housatonic*, making the solitary instance of a submarine boat effectively using its apparatus for destruction. Various other projects for submarine vessels succeeded these, all looking to greater perfection of construction, until in 1885 Nordenfelt built a boat which marked the beginning of the final stage of development. It was made of steel, had two tillers, used steam for its propulsion, and attained the desired positions not by water ballast but by means of two vertical screws. It could undertake a trip, above and below water, of one hundred and fifty miles.

A late type of submarine vessel is the one designed by Holland in the United States. Its motive power when above the water is furnished by two powerful steam engines, and when below by an electric motor. The compressed air in it serves not only for breathing purposes, but also for throwing projectiles to a distance of one hundred and fifty meters. The boat is also provided with self-propelling torpedoes. A regulator prevents its submersion below a depth of twenty-one meters. Not unlike this boat is the *Gustave Zédé*, which was launched at Toulon in 1893, and which has successfully undergone several tests. So that we may safely conclude that while the problem of submarine navigation is not yet solved, the many improvements which have been introduced in these latest inventions indicate a constant approach to that goal. So far as its warlike qualities are concerned it will be necessary in the future to reckon with this invisible fighter and take precautions to ward him off. But as for its utility in attacks the perils and difficulties of such a use are still so formidable as to reduce the importance of these boats very much. Inventors will work at them, perfecting them continually, so that we may expect that a not distant future will demonstrate their usefulness, not in war alone but in science and industry as well. For the pursuits of peace may also find some gain in the assurance of the attainment of submarine navigation.

MANILA UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT IRWIN.

WITH THE 10TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS AT MANILA.

ON THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF NEW MANILA.

WONDROUS changes have been wrought during the few months which have elapsed since the Spanish flag was hauled down here in Manila and the stars and stripes hoisted in the places where for so many years the banner of Castile had waved in victorious possession over these downtrodden islands. To-day Manila does not seem like the same old city that it was under the government of the Spaniards. Already the hum of American industry and business bustle is heard, and along certain lines of trade commerce and industry are as keen as a Damascus blade. All sorts of enterprises are springing up, and while the Spaniards and natives are enjoying their *siestas* and deferring till *manana* everything but their pleasures, Yankee push and courage are taking everything in sight.

But while many improvements have been made and the business methods of Manila have been revolutionized, it cannot be said that the Philippines have yet entered upon that grand scale of development which in a few years is destined to place them in a commanding position in the world of commerce and industry, a place which naught but Spanish misrule has robbed them of for at least a century. Before the development of the vast latent resources of these islands is begun on a systematic scale and under modern conditions the Philippine question as concerns our future government here must be settled and an equitable code of laws promulgated. Before this is

MANILA CUSTOM-HOUSE.

done the great bulk of the capital which is to work the redemption of our new oriental colony will be withheld.

As yet the Philippines are far from being in our possession, for of the 114,356 square miles area comprised in the group we at present hold only the city of Manila and a few square miles of territory about Manila Bay. Nearly all the 40,024 square miles of Luzon are at present in the hands of the insurgents, and with the exception of a very few sorely pressed Spanish garrisons the insurgents are in complete control throughout the other islands of the group. There is not room for two armed parties, the representatives of two governments, or rather of one government and one aspirant to a place among the nations of the world, on these islands, as extensive as they are, and first of all our government must deal with the insurgents.

Undoubtedly we have made some mistakes in permitting the insurgent cause to assume its present status. More vigorous action at an earlier date would have had the effect of nipping the hostility of Aguinaldo and his hosts toward us. At the time our brilliant campaign resulted in the fall of Manila a demand upon the natives to lay down their arms would undoubtedly have been complied with, for the fact of our army accomplishing in a few weeks what the insurgents failed to do in years impressed upon them in a most forcible manner the superiority of our arms. Since the fall of the city and the enforced inactivity of our army the effect of this object lesson has somewhat worn off from the minds of the simple natives, and the fact of their being unmolested by our authorities has filled their fanatical minds with distended ideas

OUR TRANSPORT FLEET IN THE BAY.

of their own powers. Consequently what would have been a very easy matter a few months ago has resolved itself into a more complex and difficult question. Now that we are to retain these islands the less delay in disposing of the insurgents the better.

Another important matter to be dealt with by our government is the church question, which will undoubtedly be a perplexing one. Established as it was with the beginning of Spanish temporal rule, the established church under the fostering influences of state has grown until of late years it has dominated everything on the islands. The church property is extensive and has an enormous value. The priests under Spanish rule were all-powerful. Since the surrender of Manila the churches have been undisturbed, but in order to effect a reconciliation of the natives the church must necessarily be divested of many of its powers, and erelong our Protestant faith will be promulgated here.

In spite of the many changes in trade and industry already made by American occupation, there have been few changes made in the appearance of Manila's architecture. The streets have been cleaned and American street signs are fast supplanting the old Spanish ones, but this is all. To make any change in the appearance of Manila will require many years. The fortifications of the old city have not yet outlived their usefulness, and at present these old walls are manned with modern artillery instead of the old-time guns used by the Spaniards. The Spanish barracks and public buildings are

LOOKING DOWN THE PASIG FROM SAN MIGUEL DISTRICT.

occupied by our soldiery. While our guards and patrols are on the streets of the city day and night and armed bodies of troops can be seen on drill or parade in almost any section of the city, yet few evidences of the surrender are to be seen to-day (January 1, 1899), and Manila is now enjoying a period of prosperity never before experienced.

Manila has been found wanting in many of the things which go to make up an American city, but naturally this is to be expected in a city typical of slow Asiatic ideas. But American brain and brawn must have room to operate and it cannot be long until radical changes will be necessary. The streets must be widened and straightened in order to facilitate rapid transit, which soon must supplant the inadequate horse-car system now in vogue. At present Manila has few buildings more than two stories high, but on account of earthquakes and typhoons high buildings will never become very popular. However, there is plenty of room for the city to spread.

Under Spanish rule Manila was one of the wickedest cities in the world, and here all days were alike. In spite of all the great churches and cathedrals everybody gambled and drank. The streets were filled with gamblers who paid their fees to the Spanish authorities for the privilege of running their card games, and there were scores of high-class gambling establishments where those in high life staked their *denaro*. But now things are different. All these places of vice have been closed, and street gamblers have been driven away. So far as law and order are concerned Manila is not different from the average American city.

Military rule is always harsh, and Manila has been no exception to this rule. It is not surprising that the natives, ignorant of our form of government, should be somewhat prejudiced against us, for undoubtedly the mandates of our military laws have in cases fallen harshly upon the natives. Conducted as they are along lines similar to the Spanish laws which so oppressed the natives, it is but natural that they should be suspicious of us. Just laws and liberal administration thereof, reduced taxation,

FORT SAN ANTONIO, MALATE, SHOWING DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY DEWEY'S FLEET.

free schools, and the establishment of churches and missions will undoubtedly work wonders in the way of reconciliating our new citizens here in the Philippines.

Our military authorities have done much toward ridding Manila of the lawless bands which have long terrorized the city. Although the Philippine pirates have quit the seas they are pirates still. The great lawless band of brigands is the Maccabebes, which extends to all parts of Luzon. Already our authorities have tracked down many of the Maccabebe leaders and these are now in prison. These brigands belong to one of the unsubdued savage tribes and Spaniards and natives alike fear them.

PRISONERS IN THE CHURCHYARD OF OLD ST. AUGUSTINE CATHEDRAL, OLD MANILA.

Under our administration the prison system of Manila has been revolutionized. In the old prisons, where the offenders against Spanish honor have suffered death on the rack, death from starvation, death from drawing, death from suffocation, death by the garrote, and death in a hundred other terrible forms, more humane methods now prevail and the old instruments of torture have lost their usefulness. When our authorities took charge immediately after the surrender the Presidio General de Manila contained over 2,500 prisoners, mostly natives, and most of these had been confined without trial or hearing. A majority of these have been released and among the prisoners now confined here are five dishonest Spanish officers who were retained in charge of the prison after the capture of the city. They attempted to misappropriate the prison funds and succeeded in getting away with 16,000 Mexican dollars in the few weeks they were continued in charge. In the Bilibid Military Prison are confined a number of American soldiers convicted by court-martial of offenses against their oath of office.

In the matter of providing mail facilities for the soldiers of the Eighth Army Corps our government has done some most creditable work. At the beginning of the Manila campaign our post-office authorities established headquarters at Cavité, and mail has been brought in and sent out by our transports and via Hong-kong as well. On the day Manila fell our post-office authorities opened up an office in the old Spanish post-office building on the Escolta, and the mail for the 20,000 men which now make up the Eighth Army Corps is handled in a most

satisfactory manner, and the foreign and domestic mail has grown to enormous proportions. Since the office was opened here in Manila a business exceeding a million and a half, American money, has been done, and during the last month the receipts have exceeded $350,000.

Under the fostering influences of American administration the shipping interests of Manila have grown apace. Ever since the fall of the city our authorities have been in charge at the custom-house, and under our rule the system of bribery here in vogue under Spanish rule is not tolerated, and for once all importers are placed on an equal footing. More vessels now leave and enter the port of Manila in a week than ever did in a whole month under Spanish rule. Soon a regular line of commerce carriers will be plying between this port and the United States. But these are only a few of the things already wrought here in the capital city of the Philippines in the brief months of American occupation.

IN PACO CEMETERY, MANILA, SHOWING THREE TIERS OF CATACOMBS.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NEWSPAPER.

BY EDWARD ARDEN.

IN 1800, at the beginning of the century, there were two hundred newspapers of all kinds regularly appearing in the United States. Then the population of the country was 5,308,483. To-day, almost upon the dividing line of the centuries, with our population of 85,000,000, we have more than 20,000 newspapers and periodicals. During the period spanned by these figures our population increased seventeen fold, while the number of newspapers and periodicals increased no less than one hundred fold. Such, relatively, has been the growth of the American press during the century.

The first American newspapers, so called, were scarcely more than reprints of European, and chiefly English newspapers. They were followed by the more pretentious undertakings of the colonial era, which it may be said was the first real period of newspaper history. The postmasters were the first editors, for they were the centers of news and the one source of its distribution. There was little or no freedom of speech, and the colonial editors and printers, for they were one and the same, were subservient to the government, their papers tolerated so long as they gave no offense and suppressed by lawful authority when they contained the least expression which failed the approval of the magistrate. The colonial period in our history witnessed no widespread growth of the newspaper press, but it was a time of important beginnings. Then local reporting was undertaken for the first time, the first war between editors was carried on in print, the system of subscribing for newspapers for a continuous period was inaugurated, premiums were for the first time offered for subscriptions, the business of newspaper advertising was initiated, and the first German newspapers made their appearance.

At the close of the colonial era, about 1750, newspapers were published in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Charleston, S. C., and Williamsburg, Va. As the remaining representative newspapers of the period, they did not give evidence of the ideas, energy, or vitality which were to characterize the newspapers of later periods. As a whole, the colonial press was chiefly concerned with the untimely publication of news gleaned from European newspapers, long essays by local writers, moral discourses, the lists of incoming and outgoing steamers, and the mere chronicling of government events. Nevertheless the newspaper gained ground in spite of the restraint put upon it by the government, and the other difficulties, hardly less formidable, with which it was compelled to contend.

After the colonial press came that of the revolutionary era. From the middle of the century until the close of the Revolution, the number of newspapers slowly but gradually increased. They came into existence voicing the one sentiment of the people—independence. The revolutionary newspapers were filled with appeals to the people in behalf of the one prevailing idea of the times. They were, in the main, simply the vehicles for stirring the people to action. They evidenced the growing liberty of the press, as they were later to second the achievement of the nation's independence, but their life was precarious, they were at best fugitive, and lacked the qualities and resources best calculated to render them permanent. Of nearly fifty newspapers published in the colonies during the period of the revolutionary press, not one was issued daily. From 1690 to 1783 sixty-seven newspapers had been established, and when the independence of the colonies was formally acknowledged but forty-three remained in existence.

After the revolutionary period the news-

paper flourished for a time as the organ of politicians and political parties. The press was subsidized, it spoke only for one or the other of the great parties, editors were literally hired to conduct party organs, there was little individual initiative and comparatively no attempt made to develop the newspaper as a newspaper. It was in this period, however, that the first daily newspaper in America was established in Philadelphia, in 1784, and in the year following the publication of the *New York Daily Advertiser* was undertaken. In 1800 it is estimated that there were 150 publications, and by 1810 the number of newspapers had increased to 360, of which more than twenty were dailies.

The establishment of the *New York Herald*, in 1835, signalized the birth of the independent press. With it, and simultaneous with the beginning of railroad construction, came the real newspaper, henceforth to be an institution; in the future to attract as a business the investment of large capital and ultimately as a profession to afford a career for the highest intelligence. At this time, in 1835, there were 1,258 newspapers published in the country. With this number of daily, semi-weekly, and weekly papers, having a combined circulation of more than 90,000,000 copies annually, the era of the independent press began, and its original product was the first newspaper corresponding in any appreciable degree to the newspaper of the present day.

While the history of the modern newspaper begins with the initial issue of the *New York Herald* in 1835, its real history as an institution dates from a later period, that of the Civil War, from which time it has grown rapidly in point of numbers, circulation, and influence.

The development of the newspaper press in America has been chiefly influenced directly by three agencies: first, the constantly changing social and political conditions of our environment; second, the industrial evolution which has taken place in our midst; and third, the invention and discovery of the devices and materials which enter into the one mechanical production of the modern newspaper.

If the newspaper in its development has been influenced by one element more than another it is politics. The struggle for political independence in America was carried on by determined men who staked everything they had on the justice of their cause. When the end came it found a nation of patriots rallying to the support of a coordinated system of government which involved directly the personal interests of every citizen, of every family. It was a time of intense interest in the government, which was nothing less than an anomaly in the history of human combinations. Universal suffrage divided the responsibility for the common good among individuals whose growing numbers through the years have made the government the concentrated reflex of their action, the pivotal point of their thought, interest, and indeed their curiosity. I am persuaded that the newspaper developed in large part as a medium of political information, as a potential means of communication in a sense between the government and the people. It was to learn the facts about the condition and affairs of the government, the center of vital interests, that first stirred the American people in a general sense to read the newspapers, and with this positive demand to supply the newspaper developed. Its sphere became enlarged, gradually the government became only one of many sources of news, until today the newspaper covers the whole field of human activity.

The Civil War had the effect of greatly increasing the demand for newspapers. So great was the human interest in the conduct of that struggle and so correspondingly great was the demand for the latest news of the war and all which that meant, that the history of the newspaper in this country, as a national institution, may be considered to date from that period. Moreover, the conditions of this time aided materially in developing the habit of reading on the part of the people, which, when the war was closed, was found to be permanently established among a much larger constituency

than ever before. Then newspaper circulations increased by long strides, and with the increased productivity came the necessary leisure on the part of the people to read not only the newspaper but to enter the larger field of literature as well.

It is possible to trace the evolution of the newspaper on its social side by the character of its contents. From the early days politics will be found to occupy a large share of the space, and by politics I mean a wide application of the term, including the operation of governmental agencies and political associations. It has not ceased to be the case, as in the early days, that news from the national capital is displayed conveniently for the first attention of the reader. And happily, in these days of greater attention to the question of local government, the news of public affairs restricted to a much narrower, though not less important area as a whole is quite as well set forth.

From the beginning of the movement for independence by the colonies, politics has inspired the growth of newspapers. To ascertain to what extent the political element enters into the production of newspapers to-day, we have but to regard them as they are classified. This classification is based on politics, for every newspaper is regarded first and foremost as the exponent of more or less clearly defined political doctrines, of one kind or another. Thus they resolve themselves in the public mind primarily as Republican or Democratic, Independent, Populist, Prohibition, or Socialist, as the case may be, and their views are interpreted accordingly. The enormous circulation of our daily newspapers and their weekly editions are most largely influenced by their political characteristics. Thus it is that politics is a ruling force in newspaper offices, in the counting-room as well as the editor's room, where the former has gained respect and influence because it reflects the rise and fall in circulation, a fact which editors are compelled to regard in these days of keen competition.

Outside the area of political newspapers there are in the larger field of periodical publications three main classifications, those generally described as literary, religious, and trade or business. That they are all, excepting those devoted to pure literature, more or less political, if not in their adherence to political associations, certainly in the character of their discussions, is obviously true. Especially is it the case with the commercial publications, for the business of the country must stand or fall upon whatever foundation the government at Washington supplies.

It is doubtful if any one business in our midst, for the moment regarding the newspaper as a purely business enterprise, has so largely or so directly benefited by every national development as the newspaper. In the broad sense, as one of our social institutions it has kept pace with our national development, while as a business and latterly as a profession it has become possessed of resources in the way of capital invested and brains employed that give it high place among those enterprises which are distinctively American.

It is the newspaper which we find responsive immediately to the social progress of the people. The social element dominates the whole history of the newspaper. Our political life has been a continuous and agreeable inspiration to its growth from the beginning. The pulpit and the hustings were the centers of public opinion in the early days of the republic. To-day the American newspaper is the open forum, chronicling history in the very hour of its making, propelling by its own force the thought directly or indirectly of all our people in one direction or another, and facilitating the conduct of life in such a degree that without it society would be reduced almost to a primitive state and business rendered almost blind.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

CHAPTER V.

SO Frank Barry let slip his opportunity; and thereafter, for a while, the paths of his going were thorny. Work hung on his hands; his nights were troubled, his days weary; ever on his breast the vipers of self-pity and self-reproach knotted and writhed. Rab came and found him preoccupied; went and left him doleful. The dad tried joke and platitude; stepped wonderingly at last from the study with a jest dry on his lips. The mother looked anxiously at him beneath the lampshade; then turned to Marian, whispering somewhat of over-work and late hours. Seldom now did he revile the critics; never did he name his book, and if by any chance Marian made mention of it he flushed and turned away. With Marian herself he was often dull, occasionally boisterous; and hardly now dared he look her in the face. Twenty times he resolved to confess all; as often rose from his chair, only to curse his weakness. Once he met her on the stairs, clutched her arm, mumbled a word, and went on with confession withering in his throat. He would listen for her foot on the landing, follow her into the bedroom; there waste good courage, and back for the door. He wanted to do right, and feared; scorned his weakness, and fed it; cursed his fate, and beckoned it; withal lived in constant dread of Sarah Butler. Often, at sound of a knock, he rose and, with his heart surging, stood ready for the shrill summons of Sarah's voice. In the streets he shunned women in black shawls as he would a leper. A book grew interesting—on the back of some chance word in came Sarah; he was talking with Marian—a sudden flash and there sat Sarah, spreading her bony hands; the dad was prosing—like a refrain came the words, "Tell me, Mr. Barry, is it married you'll be?" And the more he laughed at his fears the more his fears possessed him.

So for a few weeks it was; then, soothingly on the wings of spring, came time the consoler. Things took their true perspective; fears dwindled; life went marching to the old-time tunes. Gradually Frank Barry crept into his old ways. It was gone, that absurd nightmare time; gone utterly, he was well assured. He had pleasure again in the company of wife and child; found himself thinking less of Sarah and more of John, less of John and more of Nan; found himself at last, one evening, on the pavement of Camberwell New Road, his face toward the dad's, his thoughts toward the Butlers'.

It was early spring, a time of clean, heartsome weather. There was a lift in the air, a tone, an impulse; high over the shining roofs the sky hung clear and firm; the long dusty street was full of mellow light, glorifying the dingy houses, lying graciously on the pavements, working strange wonders of color and shade, of freshness and beauty, on the faces of the passers-by. Here and there the twigs had quickened; from the gardens, sometimes, came the merry clamor of children and the glad even-song of birds; on every side was the hum of traffic, the surge of life; spring was abroad in grimy London; there were a thousand things to see and be thankful for; yet, steadily Frank Barry kept his face to the stones and pondered as he went. He felt cheerless, a little ashamed. He had just deceived Marian again. He was going to see the dad. That Marian knew. He meant to go further, even to see the Butlers. That Marian did not know. Was he doing wrong? Frank asked himself. Perhaps so. Was he doing wisely? Perhaps not. Why invoke the past again? Why spoil the present harmony of things? Why take one more step into the drear waters of deceit? Still, he did want to see John Butler, to see Nan; did want, if the thing were possible,

to block Sarah's path to his doorway. He meant no harm. He was no child. Every man had his little secrets. Let him rid himself of these petty troubles and turn thought to pleasanter things.

How fine the evening was. It made him think of evenings long ago, evenings falling peacefully on the barren crest of Inishrath. Ah, those wondrous evenings, the beauty and joy of them; the gleam on the water, the riot in the woods, the life throbbing in the fields. There is the ferry, the pier, the lane through the trees, the cottage with its garden patch; there is old John on his crutch, there Sarah in the doorway, and John in the cot, and Nan in the garden. Nan! "O death in life, the days that are no more."

Half way down the Leipsic Road, on the right as you come from Walworth, is a row of old-fashioned houses; and in one of these, the neatest, brightest, was the home of the Dents. Frank swung back the gate; turned along a path that ran by the tiles of a flower bed; passed through a green door, down a narrow passage, and came quickly within the sacred precincts of the dad's garden. There were fruit-trees along the fence; rose bushes stood against the walls, in the grass-plot; spring flowers were everywhere; the walks were trim, the beds a picture; and there, in his garden suit, square-toed shoes, and velvet smoking-cap, puffing cautiously at a cigarette and proudly viewing the perfection of his hands from the shade of his own pear tree, stood the dad. He seemed absorbed, lost in the depths of horticultural thought. Cautiously Frank crept over the grass.

"Hello, dad, you murderin' villain!"

"Ah, Frank, you rascal!"

And there was merriment for a while beneath the old pear tree.

Had fate been kind, the dad had been a gardener. He loved flowers, trees, the open air. He had a talent for order, method. For patient pottering he was unequaled. He would spend a day transplanting a dozen lettuces, an evening in pruning a single rose tree. No garden like his was there in all Camberwell. He tended it as women tend a child, as lovingly and unceasingly, giving to it all the zest of his mind, all the care of his hands. Flowers with him were almost human, things to be nurtured, humored, valued as friends. His wife declared he used to talk to them; perhaps himself would have added that they spoke to him. At least they affected him strangely, bringing out in him all the enthusiasm and simplicity of a child. He could tell one bloom from its fellow as shepherds tell their flocks. To him spring was full of joyous anticipation, summer a time of regal glory, autumn a season of sweet regrets; but the winter, ah, then might men but live in hope; then the earth was dead, the flowers sleeping, the sun and sky only mockeries; then was London a place of misery, of shivering gloom. But lo, the winter was gone, sweet spring-time here; a fig then for melancholy, and the dreary past! It was the sun and the sky, the flowers and the grass, the birds and the leaves—it was these now for many a month; and the dad in his glee smote Frank on the back and for the twentieth time called him a rascal.

It was not altogether spring, however, with the dad that evening; for, in a while, from garden affairs he turned talk to more general matters, then to personal concerns, and quickly to some wintry trifles that gave him concern. It was the office; and at the word Frank smiled. All was not to the dad's satisfaction there. The young men were impertinent at times; the seniors supercilious; the chiefs inclined to make light of his complaints. He knew nothing definite; he only suspected; somehow he fancied that a plan was on foot—among those who were jealous of him, mind you—to oust him from his responsible and important post.

"Oh, absurd, dad!" Frank cried. "Man alive, have wit!"

"Ah, yes, Frank; but, believe me, it is not absurd. I can see it," said the dad with a jerk of his head. "I know it. There are many waiting anxiously for my post. I assure you, Frank, mine is most

responsible work—most responsible. Really, I have a great deal to do. . . . But they won't beat me, Frank; they won't. I'm—I'm not an old man yet. I'm just as good now as I was twenty years ago; there are many years of good work still before me."

"Why, of course, dad," said Frank with his hand on the old man's shoulder; "of course. Who denies it? Who but yourself puts these absurd fancies in your head? Look here, now; roll another cigarette and have done, for I'm sick at heart of this office."

"But, Frank," interrupted the dad, "you don't know. Let me explain."

"Not a word, dad. I know better than you. I know that your most important work will last as long as you can crawl. Dad, dad, have sense. Who can want to injure you? Who could have the heart? Who in the world but yourself could fill that most responsible post? You doing the work of three for the pay of one!"

The old man pondered a while; then, with spring nearly full in them, raised his eyes.

"You think that, Frank? You're sure of that?"

"Quite, dad."

"And you think that some day—soon—they'll recognize my talent and reward me for my long services? Eh, Frank, do you think that?"

"I do, dad." And at the word (for which may Frank Barry be forgiven), spring flashed clear on the dad's face, and light-hearted as a boy he hurried Frank indoors for a glass of ale and a chat with the mother. "I must tell her," said he as he went; "I must tell her. I was cross at tea-time, Frank—oh, I was a bear; I was a bear."

It was nearing dusk when, ale and pipe finished, the mother's loving solicitude concerning Marian and the boy satisfied and the dad delivered of his good news, Frank bade the old couple good-by, passed through the gate, waved his hand, and turned his face for—where? Was it home and Marian, or Walworth and the Butlers? He was undecided, even now. All day there had been no halting, all the evening his purpose had held; now, at the last moment, his feet wavered. Something within cried for home; something without shouted for away. Which should it be? he asked himself again and again, as slowly he walked down the street. There was no harm in going—none. Still, which should it be? he asked himself once more and, on the pavement edge, stood looking vacantly across the squalor of Wyndham Road. On this hand was home; on that away. Home perhaps was best; but . . . Mechanically, you might say, he slewed round—and his face was for Walworth. And at the decision his throat dried, his breath quickened, and like a man he felt set forth on an adventure.

From the noisome gloom of Wyndham Road he issued quick upon the glare of Camberwell Road; turned to the left past Emmanuel's Church (Marian and he had been married there not a great while ago), and in a while was whipped into the turmoil of Camberwell Gate. He was now in Walworth—great, drear, ugly Walworth—and nearing his destination; unconsciously his stride shortened and his eyes went wandering here and there. He felt calm and easy; yet, strange to say, saw little and heard nothing of the street's commotion. Once he stopped at a draper's window and for five minutes stared at a bonnet which he did not see; again he stumbled blindly against a bricklayer and was greeted with oaths which he did not hear. He came to East Street; looked a while at the sign; dropped his chin in thought; then turned suddenly, buttoned his coat—and plunged.

East Street has a bad name in Walworth. It is narrow, grimy, unsavory; its shops are small and dingy; often enough on either hand the homes of the poor stand huddled in their squalor; day and night there the pavements seethe, God-forsaken children litter them; unkempt women infest them; grim shapes of men slouch up and down; you get rough manners down there, and foul speech, and ways of life that are little civilized; but why, in mighty London, give bad names because of things like these? Why deign them notice? Are they not

commonplaces of the inevitable? East Street; do not the stars every night shine down on countless such noisome tracks through this great wilderness? Is not Walworth itself full of them, somewhat more refined and respectable, to be sure; but dens of sin, of hypocrisy, dreary, sordid slums every one of them? It is a question of degree. This is a slum, that a street. Why? This is a man, that a blackguard; this a woman, that an outcast. Why again? We stand admiring the sunshine (Frank Barry did it a while ago) on the noble sidewalks of Camberwell New Road, and later tread fearfully (see Frank Barry over there) the sunless pavement of East Street; and now we are glad, and now disgusted. And why? One may well ask. And well may one ask it of Mr. Frank Barry, author, journalist, gentleman, stepping daintily along there between the gutters, shunning contamination with the pavements, casting his supercilious eye right and left in search of the home of the Butlers.

He found it at last; in a dingy row of two-story houses which face the north, and look upon a tract of waste ground, and have at the farther end full sight and company of a thriving public house. The front window showed a jumbled collection of toys, stationery, confectionery; the door was open; boldly Frank entered, and found himself in a narrow hall, with a staircase running up from his feet and a doorway on his left opening on the shop. He stood a minute; then rapping with his stick brought a bare-armed woman who eyed him askance, answered civilly, and directed him upstairs. Cautiously, for the hall was nearly dark and the steps rickety, he mounted; came to a landing, groped his way along the wall, and stopped before a door. He knocked; heard a heavy foot come toward him; then:

"Who are ye?"

"It's I, Mrs. Butler. May I come in?"

"An' who's I? What are ye?"

"Frank Barry."

"Aw!"

There was a scurry inside, a sound of whispering, a shifting of chairs, then a fumble at the door; and there stood Sarah.

"Aw," said she, "an' it's you? Aw, now? But come in, Mr. Barry; come in."

"Thank you, Mrs. Butler," and Frank entered.

He found a low, narrow room; a window looking upon the street, fireplace facing it, in the partition-wall a second door, which, as Frank entered, was gently closed. The floor was bare; a glass lamp stood among cups and saucers on a deal table; some chairs, boxes, a truckle bed, boots, saucepans, lumber, were scattered about; damp-stains showed on the walls, the ceiling was dirty and cracked; a rank odor of cooking pervaded the room.

Sarah closed the door; set a chair beside the table, wiped it with her apron, invited Frank to sit down. "To think of it bein' you," she repeated; "aw sure. Now, who'd ha' thought it?"

"But I said I'd come, Mrs. Butler." Frank settled himself in the rickety chair and crossed his knees. "In fact, I promised; and here I am."

"Aw, yis," said Sarah. "Aw, yis; but sure—"

"You never thought I'd come." Frank smiled. "Well, I have, you see; so you'll have to make the best of me." It was the old Inishrath manner, the manner of Frank at his suavest. Sarah, with her back to the cupboard and her face to the inner door, sat down, spread her apron, and folded her hands in her lap. "Well, and how are you?" Frank went on.

Ah, Sarah was well enough, so she was; as well as God willed her to be. And Mr. Barry, how was he keeping? Oh, Frank was flourishing; was much the same as when Sarah last saw him.

"By the way, Mrs. Butler," said he, "I hope my letter was of use to John. He got it, of course?"

"He did," answered Sarah, her eyes on her hands. "He was thankful to ye. He's just the same," said Sarah, looking up. Both voice and eyes were big with meaning. "He'll be out now, gone to see some one. But he'll be back. Yis. It's powerful anxious he'd be to see ye, Mr. Barry. Sure he often talks o' ye."

"Does he now?" said Frank. "Poor old John!" Cheek on palm, he looked thoughtfully at the lamp, repeating, "Poor old John!" Sarah gave him a narrow, swift look; turned her eyes to the inner door; then, as if throwing off her burden of constraint, rose and opened the cupboard.

"But sure this is a poor welcome I'm givin' ye," she said, and bringing forth a black bottle and two glasses, stood them on the table. "I dunno what's come over me. Mr. Barry, you'll take a drop o' somethin' from me?" Sarah pushed forward a glass. "Just a wee drop—an' help yourself."

It were an insult to refuse. Frank poured out some gin, helped the protesting Sarah to a little; raised his glass. "Here's luck," was his word; "The same to you," said Sarah, and the toast passed.

A while of talk ensued, of talk about local affairs, Irish affairs, the weather, the markets; and Frank was suave and Sarah affable, yet was the manner of either not altogether without restraint. Perhaps Frank's conscience was stirring, perhaps his thoughts kept wandering in quest of John, or Nan; and for Sarah, did she not know that the landlady was listening at the stair-foot, and were not her eyes in constant travel between Frank's face and that inner door? Sometimes she made as if to rise; now and then a frown darkened her face: at last, the conversation flagging, she rose hastily, excused herself to Frank, crossed to the inner door, went in and closed it behind her.

Frank twisted in his chair and looked round the room. It was in sorry contrast, he found, with the old Irish home, with the cheerful kitchen, the little earthen-floored parlor even; yet it was a home, a better one than he had expected to see, and something about it, the ordering of it, the arrangement of its knickknacks, the presence there of some well-remembered trifles—a sampler on the wall, an ornament on the mantel-shelf, an antimacassar on a chair—brought vivid memory to Frank of the whitewashed cottage that once stood pleasantly, and now kept gloomy vigil, on the barren slope of Inishrath. Brought thought of Nan, too, and of her magic touch, giving he knew not what air of refinement, distinction, to the look of things the simplest and most ordinary. Yes; the trace of Nan's hand was there—and there. He could have sworn to Nan's taste in the placing of those vases, the tilt of that photograph. The room was hers, even as the old-time parlor had been hers. How well he remembered it; remembered Nan's coming in, her simple welcome, her demure air, as she sat twisting her ring round her finger. Her ring? Did she wear it now? he wondered. Ted, where was he? And Nan herself? He wished he could see her. Was she changed? What would she say? And where had Sarah gone? To whom had she whispered while yet he stood on the landing? Hark. To whom was she speaking now? Her voice was raised; shrill it came and angry. "You're a fool," she was saying; "a little fool. What harm could it do ye? Come out, I tell ye—I tell ye it's disgraceful. I tell ye your father'll be mad wi' ye. Aren't ye comin', I say?" Then—oh, hush—then a soft voice answering firmly: "No, mother, I'll not"; and with that, a vicious pluck at the door and the coming again of Sarah.

An angry flush was on her face, an ugly glitter in her eye, as quickly she snapped the latch, turned, and crossed the floor. At once Frank rose.

"It's getting late, Mrs. Butler," said he. "I must be off, I fear."

Sarah stopped.

"Ay?" she said. "Well, I wouldn't be keepin' ye. Sure it's little company an' less comfort you'll find here."

Frank moved toward the door.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Butler," said he turning. "You know it's not that."

"I know nothin', Mr. Barry."

"Indeed?" Frank smiled, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, we'll leave it at that, Mrs. Butler. Good-by. And remember me kindly to John."

He put out his hand; but Sarah caught his arm.

"Aw, don't be heedin' me," she pleaded. "I was angered. Listen," whispered she, with a glance back at the inner door; "listen; did ye hear me?"

"Yes," answered Frank.

"'Twas nothin'," whispered Sarah; "'twas nothin'. She's—she's tired. 'Twas too sudden. Another time, mebbe—when John's here. You'll come again to see John?"

Again Frank smiled.

"Yes; I'll come again to see John. Good-by, Mrs. Butler."

"Good-by, sir; an' glad I am to see ye. Aisy now," said Sarah; then turned and took up the lamp. "Sure that stair's ojus dangerous."

"Yes, it is." Frank went down a step or two, stopped, looked up at Sarah, standing by the balustrade, with the lamp high in her hand.

"There's one thing, Mrs. Butler," said he, "I wanted to say. If ever you or John wish to see me, or want me to do anything, just drop me a line, and I'll come. I wouldn't call. The chances are I might be out, or very busy, or——" Frank dropped his eyes, fell to tapping the balustrade with his stick. "Well, you see, bachelors are not in the habit of receiving visitors. You understand, Mrs. Butler, don't you?"

"Aw, to be sure," said Sarah; "to be sure. I know right well."

"That's right," said Frank, looking up. "And you don't mind my mentioning it?" he asked with a smile.

"Aw, not at all; not at all. . . . An' we'll be seein' ye again, mebbe, some day?"

"Yes—when John's at home."

And, with a laugh and a wave of his hand, Frank turned from Sarah, leaving her well content.

CHAPTER VI.

To Frank Barry it was pleasant relief, that quick stepping from the stuffy hall into the light and freshness even of East Street. There was a snap in the air, a bracing coolness, as of the sea in summer time. He felt exhilarated, well satisfied; he drew a long breath, lighted a cigarette, and, standing by the curb, looked up at the sky. It was full of stars; as his eyes found them, Frank told himself that he had managed Sarah well. Ah, but she was deep! But not deep enough. Frank Barry saw through her little scheme. Right glad she would be for Mr. Frank to come visiting—when John was at home. Very anxious she was now for Nan to see Mr. Frank. Nan? Why had she refused? Was it because of the old days, the old happenings? What was she doing, thinking, even then? Turning, he looked up—back went Sarah's face from one window; a corner of the blind dropped behind the other; below, the bare-armed landlady shrank quickly into the gloom of her shop.

It was time to move, Frank thought. He took to the roadway, and set out for home. The street was now all bustle and glare, the pavements thronged, the air quick with clamor. Girls were singing, women shrilling, men laughing, shouting. There were children everywhere; playing, fighting, squalling, carrying beer jugs, bottles of paraffin, dabs of butter on plates, penn'orths of treacle in cups. Here some urchins were blowing mouth-organs; there a rival band was making merry over whistle and tea-tray. A party of connoisseurs was gathered round the cages outside a bird-fancier's. At the butcher's, haggard women, in black shawls and bonnets, stood calculating, bargaining, turning over the odds and ends on the block, fondly eyeing the joints on the hooks, the sheep's-heads on the counter. From the grocer's came a rich odor of cheese and bacon; round the public houses the air was hot and heavy; a sickening smell of rancid fat filled the street. And the costermongers shouted, and the naphtha lamps flared, and up and down, in and out, went the weary feet of the hopeless poor, tramping, pattering, shuffling; and among them the shrinking feet (think of it!) of Mr. Frank Barry.

He had almost reached the high street, when some one caught him by the arm, turned him round, peered into his face; then clutched at his hand. It was John Butler.

"Why, Frank man," went John, almost tearfully, and tightened his grip at each word; "Frank, me son! An' it's you? Aw, me bould boy, but I'm glad to see ye. Holy king, but this is great! Now, now.

Sure, who'd ha' thought it—An' how are ye, Frank? Let's look at ye. Aw, jist the same; jist the same. Man alive! But come away; come away home till ye see Sarah. Eh? You've been to see her? Well, divil cares; come again; come on, I tell ye." Excitedly John pulled at Frank's arm. "Well, come somewhere else, then; for, dang me, if I let ye go till I have a talk wi' ye!"

They turned into a public house, found a private bar, settled themselves in a quiet corner behind a table. John ordered drink, gin for himself (sure sign of deterioration in an Irishman), whisky for Frank; lit his pipe, sprawled his elbows over the table, and went on talking.

He also had changed, and for the worse, Frank found; but not so wofully as had Sarah. He still kept his appearance of health, his ruddy color and freshness of cheek and eye. He was dressed decently in an old tweed suit—it had done duty of Sundays in the old days, Frank remembered—brown hat and heavy boots; across his waistcoat dangled a slim gold chain—another relic of old decency—and a red cotton handkerchief was knotted round his neck; it was still the old John Butler, yet all over him had wandered the hand of change. He was puffy below the eyes, tremulous of hand and lip; his look was somewhat furtive, his voice not quite so honest in its ring, his laugh but an echo of the old hearty bellow. No longer did he swing carelessly along, he slouched; he looked older, grayer, lazier, might have been cleaner, smoked vile tobacco, smelt horribly of gin. Yet the old John was still there, the old, good-natured, blustering John; grip still like a vise, heart sound as a bell, laugh and voice ringing out noisily, his torrent of speech as impetuous as ever. Torrent? It was Niagara itself that swamped Frank, sitting there beyond the marble-topped table.

And truly then, if ever, was John's tongue to be excused. So much had happened, so long a time gone; there was such a power to say. Three years, three whole long years: and then to meet his old friend Frank in the streets of London. Think of that, sir! There in London town itself. Man alive! Who'd have drèamt, three years ago, that this blessed night the two of them would be sitting in a London public house, and Inishrath be empty, and the fields a wilderness. Ah, it made him wild to think of that, made him long to cut the throat of every landlord in the world. The divils; the black-hearted divils! To turn them out like ducks from a turf-house, and that before the ould man had grass on his grave; to persecute them, threaten them. But sure Frank knew; sure Sarah had told him, or the uncle had written? No. Then let Frank listen: and hammering the table, whacking his hands, wagging his finger in Frank's face, hissing scorn, breathing vengeance, damnation, John poured out the story of his wrongs.

It took long to tell, brought great beads on John's brow, gave Frank no little amusement, if but small surprise; came to an end at last and gave place to the story of that last dread day in Inishrath, its heart-breakings, trials.

"Aw, Frank, man, 'twas hell itself. I thought I'd die dead. To see the fields, an' the trees, an' the lake; to see the house yonder, an' it empty, an' could, an' cheerless; to turn one's back on it all, an' bid it good-by, an' go cryin' down to the shore; an' to hear the wailin' o' the women, an' the sobbin' o' the men; an' the hands all out, an' ivery one callin' good-by; an' the hearts dead in us, Frank, knowin' that niver, niver we'd see them, or the fields, or anythin', again; an' then to step into the cot an' sail away, away, away—Aw, Frank, me son, 'twas worse nor the death-grip itself. It nearly kilt us dead. Aw, poor Sarah, an' poor Nan; the sight o' them was ojus, sobbin', sobbin', moanin', moanin', callin' out: 'Aw, good-by, good-by, good-by'. . . . But it all passed," said John, and drew his cuff across his eyes; then quickly went on with a realistic, and at times amusing, account of the journey to Greenore; the perilous passage across the great, blue ocean (so John called it); the long, wonderful ride from Holyhead to London; the blank days

of bewilderment that awaited them outside the gates of Euston; the search for lodgings, work; the struggles here, fights there, disappointments on all sides. If it hadn't been for the trifle brought with them from the sale of the furniture, only for Nan's luck in getting work, only for the odd jobs that came to Sarah, God knows they'd have been among the worms long ago. As for himself, said John; then paused, shook his head, suddenly stretched his hand toward Frank across the table.

"Lay it there, me son," said he, "for writin' that letter. 'Twas grand, as good a piece of English as I iver read. 'Twas so. Lay it there; an' God bless ye for it."

"It was nothing, John; nothing at all. I was distressed I could do no more. But I hope," said Frank, "it did some good—brought some luck your way, John?"

Again John shook his head.

"Naw," said he, "it didn't—not a stroke. It's useless, I tell ye, Frank Barry," cried John, and smote the table; "it's useless me tryin'. They won't have me; won't look at me; won't read what I bring them; won't throw sixpence in me way. Aw, sirs, what I've been through! Aw, sirs, sirs." John leaned head on hand, mournfully sat staring at his empty glass. "What I've been through!" he mumbled. "What I've endured!"

Frank laughed silently; then:

"Yes; you've been through a great deal, no doubt, John. I'm quite sure you've tried your hardest. Still—" Frank paused very deliberately. John looked at him.

"Well, finish the word, Frank Barry."

"I can't help thinking, John, that somewhere in London there must be work waiting for you, waiting just for the finding. It seems so strange—"

That was enough for John.

"Ay, it does." Almost fiercely he spoke, his face pushed across the table. "It seems mighty strange. That's what more than you's said, Frank Barry. That's what Sarah's told me till I'm sick o' hearin' it. That's what Ted Ross 's always throwin' at me."

"Ted Ross!"

"Ay, Ted Ross," continued John, nor paused to read the surprise in Frank's eyes; "that's what Ted Ross is always sayin', too. As if I hadn't tried, hadn't wore the boots off me feet, hadn't tramped the length an' breadth o' London. Listen to me, Frank Barry; listen well to me," said John, and forthwith began the story of his adventures in quest of work.

It was long, pitiful, very true. The man had really tried; walked weary miles, waited weary hours, endured many rebuffs, disappointments; done most things that mortal can to bring work to his hands. And only seldom had it come; for quite impossible was it for John Butler ever to button his coat on any one but himself. There was the difficulty. John's intentions were good, his efforts heroic; always remained himself, a big, soft-handed, blathering Irishman, one who wanted work yet loathed it, spoke one thing and meant the other, said he was this and looked that. So the many refused his services; and the few who accepted soon repented. He tried carrying a hod one day, and came home to dinner. For a whole morning he drove a van, then let the horse fall and smash his knees. Some one, after much trouble, got him a post as tram-car driver; and John the first morning was late, the second late, the third dismissed. Like that it was all through the record. He spent a week in finding something, an hour or less in losing it. Thirty shillings (no less) lured him out one morning, dwindled quick to five, came home at night to Sarah as sixpence earned in holding a horse. And for the rest, there he sat, after six months of London, as empty of pocket, idle of hand, hopeless of real endeavor as ever he had been on the shores of Inishrath. It was piteous, thought Frank Barry; piteous but inevitable.

"So that's how things stand, John," said Frank at last.

"That's it, Frank; there's the whole truth for ye."

"And you're doing nothing, earning nothing?"

"Not a blessed halfpenny, Frank; not one."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"Do? Is it that ye ask me, Frank Barry, after all I've said? Do! Great king, what more can I do? Haven't I been tellin' ye?"

"I know, John. And meantime how do you spend your days?"

John's eyes dropped.

"Aw, slitherin' about—tryin' for a job somewhere—goin' here an' there."

"I know," said Frank again; then quickly, "Are there any clubs about this neighborhood, John?"

Up came John's eyes.

"Clubs? Why d'ye ax me that? Has any one been tellin' ye? Aw, be jabers, Frank," said John, leaning forward, his face aflame with sudden eagerness, "but ye must come to hear us. It's the powerfullest place in the world. There's men there could knock Gladstone into a cocked hat. Niver did ye hear such speakin'. *Whoo-o!* Some nights you'd think the roof'd fly. Listen to me, Frank. T'other night I was in fine fettle. Man, the words streamed from me. I was ready for anything. A chap got up an' contradicted me, called me names, said I was only a blusterer, an' all the rest. Aw," cried John, opening his arms, "I jist snapped me jaws at him—an' he was gone, wiped out as clean as if the flure had gaped for him. . . . But you'll come wi' me, sometime, Frank? Ye will?"

"All right, John," answered Frank, "I'll come. But, tell me, does Sarah know you go to these places?"

"Why, to be sure, to be sure, Frank."

"And she doesn't object?"

John pushed out his lips, rubbed his chin, slyly looked across at Frank.

"You'd be the divil at axin' questions, Frank, me boy," said he. "Is there ever another you'd be wishful to put to me?"

"Plenty, John," answered Frank with a smile. "Here's another: What brought Ted Ross to London?"

"Nan," said John simply; and, hearing the word, Frank flushed, laid down his pipe, and sat fingering its stem. "Ay," John went on, "that's the answer, surely. But sure ye know that yourself, Frank? Eh?"

Frank nodded.

"Aw, to be sure. Niver was the like o' Ted in this world. He sticks to things like a bulldog. Twenty times ye might fling him through the dure, an' twenty times he'd come marchin' back. It's wonderful. Night an' day he strove to keep Nan from comin'; night an' day he begged her to stay wi' him."

"And she wouldn't?" said Frank, looking up.

"Naw. She wouldn't have him, wouldn't promise him; 'd hardly speak to him."

"Ah?"

"'Twas hard to understand her," John went on, speaking slowly and softly, cheek in hand, eyes on table. "God knows, the sight of her nearly broke the heart in me. She mooned an' moped, an' sighed an' cried, an' went about the house like a ghost, an' the eyes in her face just like two black beads. An' Sarah'd talk an' talk, an' I'd try to humor her at times, an' Ted 'd come night after night. But 'twas all no use, no use at all."

Frank stretched out and gripped John by the wrist.

"Tell me, John," said he in a straining voice. "Was this three years ago?"

"Ay. 'Twas, Frank. Och, it was." Frank drew back his hand. "Aw, 'twas a pity o' the crature, an ojus pity. She took things powerful to heart. You'd think that after a while she'd forget things—an' tire o' things—an' lift her head again—an' listen to Ted an' us all. You'd think that. But no. She was niver the same again—niver. She's not herself yet. If ye met her, Frank, you'd hardly know her. Not that I'd be sayin' a word agin her, not one. God knows, that'd be far from me. She's the best girl iver left Ireland; there's not her like in London this minute. Off she goes ivery mornin', an' there she sits the whole blessed day, stitchin' an' stitchin'; an' ivery Saturday home she brings all she's earnt, ivery penny of it. . . . What'd we do without her?" moaned John. "What, in God's name, 'd become of us, only for her? Suppose she'd marry Ted, or—?"

Frank raised his eyes.

"Is there a chance of that, John?"

"H'm!" John shook his head. "I dunno. I'd be glad, in a way, if I could think it. Ted deserves her; ay, if she was twice Nan he deserves her. Think of all he's done. Think o' leavin' his good prospects in the ould country an' comin' here to slave like a nigger at the docks, an' live in a bit of a room, an' half starve himself. Aw, it's wonderful," cried John; "it's astonishing."

John paused and began filling his pipe. Frank sat drumming his fingers on the rim of his glass; suddenly twisted round and rested both elbows on the table.

"You must all have thought me a pretty scoundrel, John," he said. "You must have wished often enough you could lay hands on me?"

John looked at him.

"Eh? What's that? When?" he asked.

"Why, three years ago—the time you've been speaking of, John. Ah, you needn't pretend. I know it. I was a scoundrel. It would have served me right had you followed me and twisted my neck."

"Aw, Lord, no!" interrupted John. "Lord of Heaven, no! Sure, we knew well enough."

"But it would, I tell you," cried Frank; "I say it would. It was all my fault. Listen to me, John. Before heaven, it was the proudest moment of my life when Nan chose me that night; and I would have married her only—only—"

There came to Frank Barry, even there in that garish public house, another golden opportunity, another moment of good impulse. *Tell John all*, something whispered to him, *tell him you are married; then go home, this very night, and bare your heart to Marian. Tell*, went the voice: and Frank hesitated—wavered—cowed.

"John, I couldn't," he said with a wave of his hand; "I couldn't. There were—other things to be considered. I wasn't quite free. I wasn't—" He stopped with a quick gesture of disgust. "I can't explain," he cried. "I can't. There were other things: that's all."

Frank snatched at his glass. John broke into expostulation. Frank had taken his words in the wrong way. He hadn't been hinting, hadn't been blaming Frank. It had all been Nan's foolishness. Ted was the kind of man for Nan. Frank was a scholar and a gentleman.

"Look here, John," said Frank; "you're only making matters worse. Drop the subject, like a good man."

"But, Frank, ye must hear me. Sure, you're all wrong. Now, now, jist a word."

"Not one," answered Frank. "Not a word."

"But, Frank, me son—"

"John, be quiet!"

"Aw, very well, me boy. Jist as ye like."

John fell silent for a minute; then, a fresh pipe going freely, and a replenished glass standing dutifully by his elbow, started anew; tried this topic and that; at last made play round the wonders of London.

Ah, London was the place, sirs; the eye of the world it was. The man that hadn't seen it, John affirmed, hadn't lived. Some things he regretted, many things were bitter; for all that, London was the place for John. It gripped you, opened its arms and just hugged you to itself. You hated it one day; loved it the next. It was so full of wonders. There was such a power to see. Never was he tired of the streets. "Listen to the roar of it," said John, turning his head for a moment. "Look at the crowds, an' the shops, an' the glitter of it all. Man, it's wonderful. Think o' the size of it, a whole countryside o' houses. I watched an ould crow flyin' over it th' other day, an' begob it made me laugh. Think o' the bewilderment of it, strayed away from some hillside or other, an' it bein' fired at wi' all the smoke from all the chimbleys. An' then to stand on one o' the bridges an' look here and there. Sure as day, Frank, the first night I did that, 'twas the sky I thought had come down an' all the stars were rushin' about. An' then the people, the tribes an' tribes o' them—millions swarmin' the streets all day, millions sittin' at home at night, millions all asleep 'bout the same time, an' only one big roof, ye might say, over them all. Aw,

man, man," said John, with a solemn shake of the head; "man alive, I wonder what the angels above'd be thinkin' of it all."

"I wonder, indeed," laughed Frank rising. "And I wonder what they're thinking of us, sitting here at this time of the night."

"Ay," said John; "it's themselves must have sprees. Well, we've had a bully evenin', Frank, me boy," said John, as, a few minutes later, he stood holding Frank's hand at the corner of East Street; "a bully evenin', an' God be good to ye, me son, an' thank ye for your company. But, you'll come again soon, won't ye? You'll promise, now? That's right. Good-night, me boy."

"Good-night, John." Frank turned, walked a step, stopped. "John," he called, "John. Look here. I wouldn't send Sarah again to see me at my place. It's hardly the thing, you know, and I'm out a great deal, and usually very busy. If you want anything, write and I'll come. You understand, don't you?"

"Aw, to be sure. All right, me boy; all right." And, with a wave of his arm, John turned for the wastes of East Street.

But Frank started for the gardens of Camberwell; and one Ted Ross, standing on the opposite pavement, saw him go.

Marian was asleep when Frank reached home. He stood looking at her a moment; then stole round the bed-foot, and bent over the boy's cot. Rosy and chubby, the child lay in its sweet peacefulness, a hand nestled beneath its curls, the other lying softly on the white counterpane. "Dear little man," said Frank within himself; "my sweet little man." He moved away, turned up the light, and Marian awoke.

"Oh, it's you, Frank. How late you are."

"Yes, dear. It is late. It's disgraceful, I know. But dad would keep me; and then I went for a stroll and met some one. Who do you think it was, Marian? Why, the husband of the very woman who called here one night a while ago. And such a story he told me; such a rigmarole! But never mind now; go to sleep, and I'll tell you in the morning."

CHAPTER VII.

THE story, which, over the breakfast-table next morning, Frank told Marian, and which, early in the days that followed, he repeated for the benefit of Rab Lindsay and the dad, was, from some points of view, not uninteresting. It was clever, spontaneous, told with gusto and humor, and through it the figure of John Butler—John tramping London for work, carrying a hod, driving a tram-car, John slithering along the pavements, holding forth at clubs and meetings—marched boldly, coat-tails flying, hands darting, voice blundering and rolling; as fine a piece of caricature, indeed, as ever whirled shillalah upon the stage.

And it was of John only, one need hardly say, that Frank spoke. No mention was there of the home in East Street, of Sarah, or Nan, or Ted; of course not. It is obvious that no necessity existed for such mention; it is equally obvious that for Frank Barry to go blundering adown the paths of deception was no longer to be expected of him. He was now too clever for that, too much at his ease. He had outlived the period when panic was likely to shake from his fingers the key of the skeleton cupboard. He had won some skill in the art of not seeing the other things, the suppressed things, the things that stood nearest the gate of his mind; stood there, each in its own little chamber, with John Butler, or another, playing deceptive antics before the door, ready at the merest beckoning to glide forth into the clear light of thought. He could close his eyes now upon these and forget them; or, when occasion served, could summon and view them without great concern. He felt secure, in short; no longer afraid. Sarah, his enemy, she of the wiles, was nobbled. John was friendly. All was well, and promising well, between him and Marian. No need was there now to do more or less than be his old self, be happy with wife and friends; and, for the rest, give occasional thought to those other things—the things concerning Sarah and her wiles, for instance, or John and his disclosures, or Nan and her pitiful history.

Nan, and her story? Ah, here was something that called for more than an occasional thought, that deserved, indeed, and demanded very constant attention. Nearest of all was Nan to the gate, oftenest beckoned forth. At all times of the day, in the deep watches of the night, while he worked, or talked with Marian, or sported with the boy, there was Nan, all her pitiful story deep in her eyes—a melancholy figure.

And all for him, thought Frank Barry. Yes, and all because of him, came the afterthought. He had plucked back the veil, taught her love, and in the teaching won her heart; then, without a word, had slunk away and left her to misery. He had said: *She will forget, in a month or two all will be well with her again;* and, behold, it was himself who had forgotten and Nan who had remembered! She had pined, lived dark days of sorrow, had said: *Some day, maybe, he will come.* And he never came, hardly gave her a thought all through those dark days. *She has forgotten me now,* he had said; and again, *She is married now.* And she had not forgotten, had not married; rather, had stood there on the hillside (how clearly he saw her!), straining her eyes across the waters, sobbing her heart out, day by day growing paler and more hopeless. "*God knows, the sight of her nearly broke the heart in me. She moaned and moped, and sighed and cried. . . .*"

And all for him, Frank Barry! What had he done, who was he, that a woman should so sacrifice herself for his sake? He was not worth it. God knows he was not; still, could he be else than glad at thought of it? Even if it were cruel, wrong, could he be other than glad? Nan had loved him, had kept faithful to her love; was—yes, he knew it—was faithful still, even at that very hour. He knew it. "*She was never the same again, never. She's not the same yet. If ye met her, Frank, you'd hardly know her.*"

Not know Nan? Just try him, John Butler! Yes, and he should be tried; sooner or later, he and Nan should come face to face, and he should see for himself, speak for himself.

It was usually about this point that Frank Barry used to cease rambling, fall grave, and tell himself that, as became a respectable married man and father of a family, it behoved him to be careful. It was all very well to be sentimental, to have his little flings of regret and emotion; let him be quite clear, nevertheless, that neither sentiment nor emotion was likely just here to serve him wisely. Rather, it was common sense he needed, that and a clear view of things. And common sense told him plainly that, in the clear view of things, these ramblings and vaporings might soon result in his making somewhat of a fool of himself. He must be very careful. Nan Butler was no longer anything in the world to him. Marian now was his all and all; and Nan Butler, let sentiment gush as it might, must stand outside the pale. He had cared for her once; now he did not, and must not. All that was dead and buried; and if, as it seemed, she still remembered and hoped—well, 'twas pity, but not to be helped. Such considerations must not now for a moment blur that clear view of things. He might see her, help her perhaps to higher and better things; but clearly must he make it understood that only motives of friendship and duty . . . Enough of that! Let him put the matter plainly and have done.

Over there in East Street, so Frank Barry put the matter to himself, Nan Butler was pining, moping, wasting; and this she was doing in the delusion—yes, he must face it—that he, Frank Barry, was unmarried and might one day come to claim her. He knew it was so; and in face of that knowledge his duty lay clear as daylight. Nan must be undeceived, saved from herself; and he must save her. He must see the girl; then very gently kill her hopes and delusions, then by way of reparation offer help and sympathy to her and hers. It was his duty and he must do it; he owed reparation and he must pay it. Only (and here you can picture Frank wagging a cautious finger at himself), he must be careful, discreet, firm, keep sentiment down with a strong hand. He must say nothing about Marian

(of course not), or of his present ways of life; time enough, he was sure, when Nan was married and Sarah no longer wily, to speak of these things. And he must be discreet with Marian. And he must keep wide of Sarah and the home in East Street. And he must only see Nan once or twice. And he must see her very soon.

Yes, he must see her very soon, said Frank; so not many days after the time of his meeting John, turned his feet, cautiously and directly, once more for the wilds of Walworth and tried for a meeting with Nan.

He met difficulties. The getting away from home and Marian offered few; a convenient headache throbbing for fresh air, an aching back and sluggish circulation demanding immediate exercise, the various calls of business, these and their like came readily as excuses and with Marian were always effectual. But the meeting with Nan, which of necessity implied many restrictions, was not managed so simply. It was just, so he told himself, as if fate—fate, forsooth—had willed them not to meet, or Nan was avoiding him, or some one keeping her away; for though he watched patiently (ah, the weariness of the vigil!) at the corner of East Street and spent hours (ah, the indignity of the going!) in furtive wanderings along its pavements, though, time and again, he saw the tram-cars unload at Camberwell Gate, and constantly altered the hour of his coming, not once during many nights had he even sight of her. Did she never come out shopping? How and when did she return from work? Had fate decreed that they were not to meet? he would ask himself, as dolefully he wended homeward; then suddenly, at thought of next time, would step out briskly—step out for home and Marian. And so for long enough the spring nights went.

He saw friends now and then. Sarah he met several times, carrying paraffin oil in a bottle, or beer in a jug, or firewood in her apron; and Sarah would smirk and offer her hand, and invite him in, and show full in her face the knowledge of what brought him to East Street. "Come in, now," she said, one night, gripping Frank's sleeve; "come, I've something to show ye." And Frank once again climbed the narrow stair, and sat him down in the stuffy room; and once again was the comedy of the other room played for his hearing and benefit. "Aren't ye comin' in, I say?" cried Sarah.

"No, no," went the other voice. And down the stairs Frank stumbled, his ears burning and something like shame in his eyes. But he had vowed to see Nan.

John also he met more than once; and always was John just as effusive, as tight in the grip, as malodorous of breath as ever. "Won't ye be comin' in?" John would shout, and lurch on the pavement, "Arrah, come on, man, come away wi' ye. Sure they'll be all at home, Sarah, an' Nan, an' mebbe Ted himself. What! you'll not? Arrah, what in blazes ails ye, Frank? Is it too proud you're gettin'? Well, see here, then," John would go on, when Frank had satisfactorily explained; "will ye be comin' somewhere else, jist over the way to have a toothful for ould acquaintance' sake? Eh? You'll not! Well, see here, then, you'll come to th' other place. Come on, I'm tellin' ye, or, be the king, I'll hit ye!" And off Frank would go, arm in arm with John, to spend a miserable hour listening to the jingle of pots, the rattle of dominoes, within the dreary walls of some third-rate club-house. And one night John waxed mighty on the wrongs of old Ireland; and all was sound and fury.

Ted, too, Frank met in his wanderings, and met him often; but Nan was never with him, and Ted not once so much as turned his eyes, but marched straight past, lips tight, face set, his whole manner a very lesson in contemptuousness. And Frank, having now no grudge against Ted, being anxious rather to play his friend, felt amused at first, then haughty in turn, last of all indignant. Who was this clodhopper, to treat him so? Who had the better right to walk that pavement: a gentleman and a scholar, or a lout and a blockhead? Oh, he owed Mr. Ted Ross a score or two. It was he who kept Nan away; he knew it was. He had poisoned her mind against him. He was dogging his steps, waiting to

do him harm. And who cared? Let the lout come on. Just wait till the very next time.

How merciful was the dispensation that interposed something, even Nan herself, between Ted and the terrors of that very next time.

It happened quite by chance, as much sooner it might have happened had Frank followed Ted one night, or troubled to discover how many and various are the ways of access through Walworth to East Street. Coming from town one evening, his omnibus got blocked in that great meeting of ways which lies in front of the Elephant and Castle. Lowering his newspaper, he ran his eyes over the medley of vehicles that stood and massed behind the raised hand of a policeman; noticed here a face and there a face, glanced carelessly along the surging pavements, had a moment's glimpse of hundreds of weary men and pale women, hundreds upon hundreds of them; and suddenly of one, a girl in black, who sat almost at his elbow on top of a tram-car.

His heart leaped. He bent forward, peered hard, for dusk had come, at her face; then put his hands round his mouth and called softly: "Nan," and louder, "Nan," and louder still, "Nan, Nan."

She turned, met his eyes; went pale to the lips, looked away.

"Nan," went Frank again; "Nan, Nan." She did not answer or look; and the next minute Frank was on the seat beside her.

"Why, what a chance, what a lucky chance! Think of our meeting like this. The merest luck it was that I saw you. But how are you, Nan? Come, let me look at you." Biting her lip, Nan turned her face. "Ah, but you're pale," said Frank; then, in a moment, "Ah, but I'm glad to see you, Nan; very, very glad." Nan sat quite still; her eyes on her lap, one hand straining on the side-rail, the other pressed against her lips. "But haven't you a word for me, Nan—just one? Come now; look at me again and say you're glad to see me." Nan shook her head. "No! Ah, don't be cruel, Nan. I know that I deserve nothing from you. Still—look here, Nan." Frank leaned closer. "I've been trying to see you very often just lately. I've wandered about everywhere. I've missed you, I don't know how. But I want to speak to you. I must. May I, Nan? It's really about something important. I could sit by you here if you'd let me, and—"

Nan raised her eyes quickly.

"No, no," she pleaded. "Not here. Not now."

"But why not?" asked Frank. "See, we're moving at last, and you'll only be plagued with me for a little while."

"No, no," said Nan again. "Not now; I can't, I can't."

"Then, may I sit by you, Nan, and not talk; just sit by you a little way? Say yes, Nan."

"Ah, no, no. Not now."

"Not now? Then when? Tell me, Nan: When?"

"I dunno." How sweetly the old phrase, made musical by the old voice, fell upon Frank's ear. "I dunno," it went; "I dunno."

"But I must see you, Nan," he persisted in spite of it, and kept his eyes full on her face—her face, no longer, as he well saw, a glad picture of health and happiness, but drawn, weary, rigidly pale; "I really must. I want to explain. It concerns your happiness, Nan; believe me, it does. Come, tell me, Nan. If I must go, tell me when and where I can see you."

"Aw, I dunno," moaned Nan again. "How can I?"

"Then, may I fix the time and place?" Frank continued. "I can meet you anywhere, at any time. May I?" Nan did not answer; only sat looking fixedly before her, a hand on her lips, her face still set and pale. "Well, will this suit you?" asked Frank, and named hour and place. "Will it, Nan? Remember, I want to explain." No answer yet; but a flush tinged Nan's cheeks, and her breath came quicker. "Ah, Nan, Nan, is there not even a word for me?" And at that Nan spoke.

"Very well," she said. "I'll—I'll be there. But—aw, I dunno. What can ye have to say to me?" The flush on her cheek was

deepening; words came broken and timorous. Frank touched her sleeve.

"Leave that till then," said he. "Mind, don't forget." Again he named hour and place; then moved to go. "And now I must be off," he continued; "or have you changed your mind, Nan?"

"No, no. Not now."

"Right; then I'm off. Good-by, Nan; rather, *au revoir*." Frank put out his hand; Nan took it, raised her eyes, and flushed crimson. "Good-by, Nan."

"Aw, good-by, good-by"; and with the word, the moan and sob of them, like fire in his ear, Frank hurried from the car and took to the pavement.

A stream of workers were hurrying homeward, sweeping noisily and steadily against the fortunate few whose faces were turned for town and pleasure. Walworth Road was a long roar of traffic—rumbling omnibuses, jingling trams, crashing drays, jolting vans; a long roar of toil and weariness, echoing back from the grim faces of the houses, catching up the tramp of the pavements, and swelling out above the roofs toward the calm-spreading sky. There were stars up there, a few shining out in their unspeakable serenity; below was a mad rush of lights, streaming right and left past the glare and flare of the shops. And there, the calm stars above him, the street's hubbub and dazzle beside him, walked Frank Barry, hearing only the moan of that "good-by, good-by," in his ears, and giving thought only to that pale-faced Nan, seeing her still, as for that little while he had seen her, white and thin, haggard and tired, lips trembling beneath her shabby black glove, eyes weary below her black-brimmed hat. It was pitiable, thought Frank. He could almost cry. How changed she was, how wofully changed! John was right; he had hardly known her. Was this the Nan of his memory, fresh, sweet-faced, clear-eyed Nan? Surely not. Yet he had known her, had seen the old Nan in her eyes, heard the old Nan in her voice. It was the same Nan; but ah, so changed!

And all for him! Yet, surely he had not been the cause of all that, all that havoc of change. No; it was London; six months of poverty, toil, trouble, six months of London at its cruelest and worst. Think of Inishrath and then of East Street; place the old home beside those miserable lodgings; contrast the old life and surroundings with the ways and beauties of Walworth, the gloom and reek of a city workroom. Yes; these had changed her. That, he thanked heaven, could not be laid to his charge.

Yet, only for him she might never have left Ireland; might be now a happy woman, with the old face and ways, sitting even then by some cozy fireside. Only for him! And now, even now? Did she care for him still? Yes. He had read it in her manner, her face, her eyes; had heard it throb in that last "Good-by, good-by."

And all so hopeless. She must put him out of her life utterly. Everything had changed. She must forget him entirely and turn to Ted, even as he, Frank Barry, must forget her entirely. . . . .

Forget? Bah! How could he forget? Those days at Inishrath, that little while just gone; he must carry the memory of these to his grave.

For all that, he must do his duty. He must speak to her frankly and boldly, tell her to forget him utterly. She must marry Ted—Ted—Ted. . . . And just there, that mood upon him, that thought marching with his feet, Frank raised his eyes, and there was Ted himself.

Frank's first impulse was to look away and pass; his second turned his steps and brought him in front of Ted.

"Good-evening, Mr. Ross," said he with a nod.

Ted stopped, looked surprised; recovered himself and nodded in turn.

"Good-evenin'," said he.

"Could I have just a word with you, Mr. Ross?" Frank went on. "I'm on my way home, perhaps you could walk with me? I've something particular to say to you."

Ted returned Frank's look steadily. He looked bigger, more muscular, more headstrong than ever.

"I know," said he. "An' about what would this talk o' yours be, Mr. Barry?"

"Come and hear," said Frank, stepping from the pavement. And Ted followed him.

They crossed the street and went down a turning which ran in the direction of Camberwell New Road. Side by side they walked, neither speaking. Presently, when the roar of the highway had died out, Frank turned his head.

"It isn't the first time, Mr. Ross, we've met in London, I believe?" said he in his airy way.

"No," answered Ted bluntly. "It's not."

"May I ask whether it's your fault or mine," Frank continued, "that we've met so often?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"Just what I say. Let me make it clear to you, however. In plain English, Mr. Ross, have you been watching me lately, spying upon me, in fact?"

"I have," answered Ted after a pause. "Yes, I have."

"I thought so. And why have you, may I ask?" said Frank with a tilt of his head.

Ted stopped.

"Why?" he repeated. "Ye ask me why? You!" he said with bitter emphasis.

Frank walked on a step, turned, and nodded.

"Yes; *I* ask."

Ted hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Look here, Mr. Frank Barry," said he; "you're a mighty clever gentleman an' mighty innocent; but I'd ask ye just this: D'ye mind somethin' that happened about three years ago in a place called Inishrath? Eh?"

"Perfectly."

"Ye do. An' yet ye have the face to stand there askin' me why I keep an eye on ye? You," said Ted, between his teeth, "that did your endeavors against me, that turned a girl from me an' then flung her there; you ask me that, you that I niver trusted the width o' me nail—an' don't now," cried Ted, "no, not the breadth of a hair." He came closer to Frank. "Aw, why didn't I wring your neck that night when I had the chance?" he said. "Why didn't I knock the divilment out o' ye once for all? 'Twould ha' been God's mercy; 'twould ha' been God's mercy!"

Frank stood firmly on the pavement, hands clasped behind him and a smile on his face.

"Go on," he said. "Please keep on, Mr. Ross."

"Ay. Keep on. You an' your sneers. Aw, ye divil! How can I keep me hands off ye?"

"Don't," answered Frank. "It would be a pity. But remember one thing, Mr. Ross, this is not Inishrath."

"Ye needn't tell me," said Ted; "an' ye needn't be afraid. The police aren't goin' to lay hands on me because o' you—or till ye give me better cause. But see here." Ted raised his hand. "As God's me judge, an' ye come between me and her again, or try to do her harm, I'll have your blood, Frank Barry! Ye hear me? I say it before God! Ye hear me, I say?"

"Clearly," answered Frank; then stepped and laid his hand on Ted's arm. "Look here, Ted," said he, "don't be a fool, and don't make yourself ridiculous in the streets, even if they do happen to be dark. Man alive, have sense. Don't be a child. Listen to me. You'll never have the pleasure of shedding my blood. I'll never come between you and your girl. I want to be your friend, and hers, and 'twas just to say so that I asked for a word with you to-night. Look here, my son," Frank patted Ted's sleeve, "try to understand that I've something better in life to do than come poaching on your affairs. I've my own little world to keep spinning, I've my own—"

Frank hesitated. In the impulse of the moment he had almost blurted the secret of wife and home. He paused in some confusion; then recovered himself and went on.

"Never mind about that, however, just now. I've said enough, and you may take it or leave it. But," Frank turned to go, "I'll just add a last word or two. If by any chance you should meet me again, Mr. Ross, please remember that the pavement is public property, and try to treat me as a friend

who wishes you nothing but well. Good-night to you." And off marched Frank.

But Ted stood pondering for a while; then turned and set out in Frank's footsteps. And as he went, Ted's thoughts were these: You may be my friend, Mr. Frank Barry, and you may wish me well, but I trust you less than ever. What's more, you've made me suspicious of you. What did you mean by your little world? Why did you stammer and get confused? Anyhow, maybe it would be no harm just to see what kind of a place you live in, and what number is on your door.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN NATURE.

BY C. W. WHITNEY.

WE have been lifted above a state of nature such as enslaved primitive men, our instincts and powers of all kinds have come under the influence of a high civilization. Our love of justice and liberty, benevolence, public order, and peace is natural and spontaneous. It is in part the victory of preceding generations, manifesting its fruit in our nature, together with intelligence, honesty, and honor, and all our best qualities.

Who are our parents interests us deeply, not simply because they hand over to us their name, and it may be an inheritance in property, but also because they have given us our physical being with its promise of long life. The insurance company asks men questions bearing upon health, longevity, various traits of human nature, and why should not we be interested in the same animating queries? Our human nature was born before we were. It dates back to the sixth day, when God made man, but more particularly can we trace its genuine heredity from the moment when man fell, losing the character God gave him. Human nature is a factor we all have and it is always with us. It is old and yet it is ever new. Shakespeare seems almost to trifle with us when he says,

> The nature of his great offense is dead.

How happy we could be if this were true, but the misfortune for us is that the nature and the offense still live. No man may be called to account in the general reckoning for the offense that has been settled, but his nature holds him as if he were in a vise. He cannot escape from it any more than he can flee from himself. It is inborn and inherent, not acquired, and however exquisitely his human nature may be refined and polished, no man but a poet would have the daring to say, "His nature is too noble for the world." It is a sentiment that will not apply to man, because his human nature is inbred and the same stamp of decay and death is on us all. Our vitality, which endures for only threescore and ten, will be abated and at the end of the race human nature will quit the field because the natural world alone is human nature's forum.

Humanics is the science of human nature. Anything that pertains to humanity, the flesh and blood, its passions and aspirations, eating and sleeping, walking and talking, sickness and health, living and dying, youth, middle life, and old age, all belong to humanity, which is connected with the human mind, mysteriously but vitally related to the intellectual faculties and emotions, wedded for a time to immortality, and these lofty powers in turn seize the human nature and use it as a tenant does his house.

"Man has been made a little lower than the angels" and this is his highest estate on the upper side of his life.

"To be human is," as Sir T. Elzot says, "to be less than God." How much less he does not say, but the man whose thoughts move logically can easily see how on the lower side it is dust made into human nature. The one man of earth whose life was adorned with the aureole of perfection took his human nature out of the world with him

when he went away, so that we are left without a completed and perfect type of it, after which all other phases may be made. It has never been electrotyped, so that one human nature can be said to be like every other human nature. There is too much individuality and independence inherent in the birthright of each man to justify us in expecting perfection in its perplexing sameness. The variety is marvelous to behold, but here is where it is interesting and troublesome, a study which no man ever mastered, the most fascinating thing in the world, and the most provoking thing we encounter. Every man has it but no man knows himself well enough to tell just what it is in another man. It cannot be defined with accuracy or exactness.

And yet we are obliged, if we do business at all, to do it with our own human nature, and the human nature of other men, which is always in the foreground.

Dr. Coggshall once said to a class of students, "Young men, after you have been among people for a while you will learn that human nature is a queer institution and it has never been abolished."

The tendency is to force human nature to be conventional, or, perhaps I should say professional, but that is too high an art for its tendencies and sluggishness. The simple reason may be offered that it was designed and constructed to be intensely practical always and everywhere. Anything else but this puts the stamp of affectation on one's face and hands, tones of voice and facial expressions, causing one to appear not as a genius with a great mind, but as an affected simpleton whose mind has been stunted by folly.

A man to be useful and successful must be practical. He must be familiar with his calling. If it is the law, he must have a knowledge of the law and human nature. If a preacher, he must have a knowledge of the Bible and human nature. If a physician, he must understand the anatomy of the human body. A capitalist should be acquainted with the money market and human nature. A wage-earner will find that a good insight into human nature will be second in value only to a knowledge of his trade. We cannot put too much emphasis on these relations of business to human nature, because they have to do very largely with all of one's exploits with men in whatever vocation or department of life one operates.

The great variety in human nature complicates the task as we try to understand it. Perhaps we cannot master it. No person ever did and we cannot hope to. And yet one wants to know one's self, to know his friend, the companion at his side, to understand the people around him, and especially to be acquainted with the people he must meet in the transaction of business, in the whirl of politics, and while discharging the duties of religion. We shall buy and sell, spend money and collect money, solicit subscriptions for a worthy cause, and give money to the needy and help to promote the public enterprises we love—we live and die, but human nature is in us and around us all the while. It is weak in some people, strong in others; it is disagreeable at times and then pleasant; now it is very bad and now it is very good. It presents us with a problem more difficult to solve than perpetual motion. With the Bible and Shakespeare in our hands, we still lack an explanation of what it is. As we find it in men and women, boys and girls, the explanations that come to us do not explain. Some new phases constantly appear. History records its deeds. Fiction, with its manufactured characters, deepens its mystery; music and oratory praise its virtues, while the criminal courts and prisons proclaim its vices.

Our knowledge of human nature must be limited like our knowledge of the human mind. An eminent governor of a great commonwealth had served his full term of office with honor to himself and his party. He had been banqueted everywhere and applauded in public assemblies and on the streets in towns and cities, up to the very day he retired from office. When he saw his successor inaugurated, he said, "I went to the station to take the train for my rural home and to my surprise when I looked around before going into the car, there were just three negroes that had come down to

the station to say good-by and see me off, and they came through an alley." But such is human nature. "To-day it applauds the man that is in, to-morrow it ignores the same man who is out." This is the carping of the cynic, but it is hardly true. The applause is bestowed on the office and the officer is the object when he is in. When he is out, the office is perpetuated in the person of a new officer, and everything, even the applause of the multitude, is transferred to him. It is a compliment to humanity that the masses can distinguish between the office and the man. This, however, does not account for the freaks of human nature.

Phrenology has named every bump and spot on man's head in its efforts to trace the lines of his character, and with the fund of scientific and practical information thus gathered, phrenologists have formed a science to their pleasing. With it as a guide they think man should be able to understand human nature. While it doubtless is a contribution to the sum total of human knowledge, it does not furnish man with the secret of achieving success in business ventures, nor has it solved the problem between capital and labor, or equipped the church of God with new ability to answer the objections human nature makes to religion.

The man who seems to succeed for a time with all classes of people is the demagogue. He is in business and politics, the church and the professions, his kind is found everywhere, and never so numerous as in this generation. He aims to please all men. He drinks whisky as a beverage and signs the temperance pledge between drinks. He is the friend of Jesus Christ among orthodox believers and his enemy among free-thinkers. He advocates free trade when eating with free-traders and denounces them and their theory at the banquet of protectionists. This is one kind of man, who seems to think that he knows human nature well enough to conjure with it for profit and success in his enterprises. The demagogue is sure to be despised and destroyed, and this will happen when the evolution of his different types is complete, so that he may be studied as a badly warped species of human nature.

But what is one to do, if he is ambitious to win in business, when he cannot with effect use the arts of the demagogue, the science of the phrenologists, and if no book or man can teach him a full knowledge of human nature? The answer is simple and plain: just go to work in good earnest at your task in life and do the best you can. Improve your mind, be sincere and honest, enterprising and industrious. A wise man said to an author who had written his first book, "If you wait till you can write a perfect book before publishing, you will never write one," so if you wait till you obtain a perfect knowledge of human nature before you begin, you will never do any business.

THE PRODUCTION OF FINE PEARLS.

BY A. DASTRE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE luxury of fine pearls comes from the Orient. From time immemorial they were there considered the equal of the most beautiful precious stones. Their use was slowly propagated in the western world in the train of the conquests of Alexander and the establishment of Roman domination.

Ancient pearls came from the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. Thus it is easily explained that the Asiatics, the Persians, and the Egyptians were acquainted with them first. They spread successively among the neighboring peoples.

It is the same regions and the same oyster banks which are exploited to-day and furnish the most beautiful pearls. This exploitation, for various reasons, has almost always been limited and regulated. Among ancient fisheries those of Ceylon are the

most celebrated; they are situated upon the eastern coast of the island. The government of English India has for a long time watched and controlled them and draws from them an important profit.

In the Persian Gulf, upon the coast of Arabia, the Bahrein Islands have been the seat of pearl fisheries for centuries. The annual value of their harvest is estimated at almost a million dollars.

To these ancient fisheries have been added those that geographic discoveries have successively made known in different parts of the world. They are rarely outside of the tropical region, for it is only in warm seasons that the pearl oyster can develop and prosper. The most fertile beds of Africa are those of the Red Sea. Farther south agglomerations of pearl oysters are found at the Comoro Islands and near Zanzibar.

Since the discovery of America fisheries have been established in the Antilles, on the coasts of the Gulf of Paria, and in Marguerita Island, which takes its name from the pearls (margarita) that it furnishes. On the Pacific coast, in Peru and Columbia, there are very prosperous fisheries, and the pearls of Panama, in particular, are among the most highly prized. Other fisheries which existed at the time of Cortez along the Gulf of California, in Mexico, are now in full activity.

Oceanic fisheries are not less numerous. The most prosperous are those of Australia, within the great reef. The pearl harvest in 1882, the last year for which we have statistics, yielded $341,250. In the Sandwich Islands, New Guinea, and the Philippines the pearl oyster is also exploited. Finally, France possesses, at the Gambier Islands, but especially at Tahiti and the Tuamotu Islands, immense fisheries, which, however, bring little to French commerce and nothing to the government.

The mollusk which produces the pearl type, and which has many points of resemblance with the ordinary oyster, is not a true oyster for the naturalist classifier. It belongs to a related genus, the genus avicula. Its specific name is *Meleagrina margaritafera*. It is commonly called pintadina. It may be described as a rather regular oyster whose two valves are equally curved and almost equal in size.

Two varieties of these mollusks are distinguished, which are differentiated by their size and, from the commercial standpoint, by the quality of their products. One of them is the large pintadina, which may reach a diameter of nearly twelve inches and a weight of twenty-two pounds; the other, *Meleagrina radiata*, is the small pintadina or linga. Its diameter rarely reaches five inches and its weight is from three and one half to seven ounces. Both these mollusks are encountered in the seas of India and China, but the small pintadina makes its home more especially in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, the waters of the Antilles, and at the north of Australia. It is the large pintadina which preponderates in the rest of Malaysia and upon the eastern coast of Africa. The two varieties may produce pearls equally fine but it is the large pintadina which furnishes the most beautiful nacre, or mother of pearl.

The history of nacre is inseparable from the history of the pearl. The pearl oyster is sought for both of these products, precious in different degrees. If the shell does not contain pearl, and this happens three times out of four, the nacre always remains; the fisherman has not entirely lost his labor. The nacre forms the inner lining of the test and represents at least four fifths of its weight.

Each shell of the pintadina is lined with a membranous and rather slight lamina, which fits exactly, although loosely, and which goes a little beyond the edge of the shell. It envelops the body of the animal as a mantle and is called the mantle, or pallium. The relation of the mantle to the test is an exceedingly intimate one. The mantle is in reality the matrix of the shell; it produces and repairs it.

It is also the mantle which, in the opinion of most naturalists, produces pearls. According to them the pearl, like the shell, is a secretion of the pallial organ. This is the assertion repeated by all classic authors. Everywhere is found this comparison of the

shell and the pearl, considered as common productions of the same organ. The material is the same, phosphate and carbonate of lime mixed with an organic substance, conchiolin; the workman is the same, the mantle. The formation is only a little different, the material being disposed in concentric zones in the pearl, while in the test the layers are flat and superimposed like the pages of a book.

But some naturalists claim, contrary to the preceding opinion, that most pearls are not a formation of the mantle in imitation of the formation of the shell, but a concretion of the kidney. According to this theory the pearl, that is, the jewel pure and noble, *par excellence*, is nothing else than a nephritic stone, a simple urinary concretion.

It would seem as if microscopic examination by revealing the structure of the pearl ought to decide the question of its origin. Pearls have been cut into thin layers and submitted to this sort of investigation. It has been found that they were formed by the fitting together of concentric layers. The center is generally occupied by a foreign substance. You will readily understand the interest which attaches to this nucleus of formation since it marks chronologically the beginning of the work which has given birth to the pearl and is its starting-point. Observers have sought to determine its nature, and having found an animal parasite as nucleus concluded that the number of pearls might be multiplied by multiplying the parasites.

But they generalized too quickly. By no means is it always a parasite which occupies the center of the pearl. The nucleus is frequently a foreign substance, a grain of sand, a bit of vegetable debris or shell, as Hessling has shown. The first layers deposited upon this nucleus are distinguished by their structure from those deposited later. According to Moebius they are formed by the juxtaposition of six-sided calcified prisms, producing a sort of mosaic or paving. It is precisely in this way that the enamel of the teeth is formed, and the comparison is not hyperbolic which compares beautiful teeth to a row of pearls.

It is to be noted that the same description applies exactly to the test; it is sufficient to imagine at the exterior of the shell the layers which exist at the center of the pearl and within it those which are on the outside of the pearl. It is this which has given rise to the saying that the pearl was a shell turned wrong side out. But it is probable that this formula is true only for the particular objects which have been submitted to microscopic examination and which must be nacre pearls and not genuine fine pearls.

In fact, those who have carried on the search for pearls in living pintadina or who have been present at this search declare that they are found in all parts of the animal. They occur in the genital gland, in the kidneys, in the adductor muscles, in the branchia, at the surface, and in the thickness of the shell. The question remains to be answered whether they have really been formed in these organs or have simply immigrated there. M. L. Diguet, who went to study on the ground the pintadina of Lower California, says expressly that pearls are found in all parts of the oyster with the exception of the mantle. The mantle, in truth, may produce pearls, "but they are without orient, and are similar to the nacre of the shell; they are not fine pearls, and are designated under the name of nacre pearls."

In the impossibility of deciding between these two contrary theories it is prudent to admit provisionally that each one contains a part of the truth. We will distinguish, therefore, from the standpoint of origin, two sorts of pearls; some formed by the mantle, like the nacre itself, are found in contact with the shell, these are the nacre pearls; others born in the kidney or the various organs are pearls properly speaking, the purest, most beautiful, and most perfect.

Renal pearls are always fine. They are more transparent than nacre pearls. Some of them are altogether transparent. They are distinguished according to their form, size, and qualities. The larger ones are sold by the piece, and the price depends upon their size, their qualities, and also upon the prevailing fashion. The smallest

pearls, called seed pearls, are not counted; they are sold by weight and are worth about $24 an ounce.

Fine pearls are heavy and very hard. Their weight and hardness are the characteristics which permit counterfeiting to be detected. Their water, that is to say, their limpidity, is very unequal and varies from bluish white to yellow and black. The orientals prefer yellow pearls; in Europe, a few years ago, there was a veritable craze for black pearls.

The most important quality of a pearl is its orient. This word expresses the *ensemble* of its surface properties: its transparency and the brilliancy of the fires it emits. It seems to be connected with the existence of very fine, very dense, and perfectly concentric layers. The beauty of the pearl is, so to speak, sheltered entirely in its exterior, and because of this it is fragile and perishable. Pearls change with time from the injury of exterior agents; they peel off or tarnish; they may lose their value and their price. These altogether superficial qualities of fine pearls explain the inquietude with which the owners of these jewels and all those interested in their commerce watch the attempts at artificial production or imitation. A body to which there has been conferred, if only to its surface, the particular brilliancy of the pearl could not be distinguished from a pearl if at the same time it could be given—a thing offering little difficulty—suitable weight and hardness.

It has been proposed to treat the pearl oyster as the comestible oyster is treated, that is to say, cultivate it, rear it in beds, exploit it methodically, and regulate its production. This project, *a priori*, has nothing unreasonable in it. The almost universal regulation of which pearl fishing is already the object seems to pave the way toward the greater cares of rearing, that is to say toward pearl ostreiculture.

It is necessary to avoid complicating this already difficult problem of the culture of the pearl oyster with a new difficulty, acclimation. It is upon the ground, in the regions of the sea where the pintadina lives naturally, that its education must be carried on. It is not a question of expatriating the animal, but one of transporting it short distances from its natural bed, placing it in more accessible bottoms and in conditions more favorable for watching and harvesting it.

The pintadina is perfectly transportable; but it cannot live upon every marine soil. It needs a support of some sort where it can fasten itself, wood, iron, stone, or brick, where a filament of its byssus can take hold. It is necessary, then, that the bottom to which the pearl oyster is transported be suitable to it, and first that it be resistant, neither clayey nor sandy; but it must also be suitable to ostreiculture, it must permit watching the mollusks and removing them without difficulty.

Whatever be the future reserved for pearl ostreiculture it is certain that this future will be beset with difficulties. Everything obtained by culture demands time and costs labor. It requires much of both of these when it is a question of rearing an animal which like the pintadina requires seven years to develop completely and is exposed to a thousand dangers. This is not a triumphant solution of the problem of supplying the world with pearls; but at least it is reasonable, legitimate, and complete. It has for an object the obtaining of real natural pearls. The attempts at artificial production made at different epochs are not of the same sort. They tend only to imitate or better counterfeit the natural product. The nacre pearl is not a pure pearl, and what experimenters have succeeded in obtaining is not even the nacre pearl, but a foreign substance clothed with nacre at its surface, which has only the appearance of the pearl without its form or structure.

Attempts of this sort have been numerous. In the last century the Swedish naturalist Linnæus formed the idea of piercing the shell of the mollusk, irritating the mantle, and thus compelling it to produce nacre pearls. His project was to enclose the pearl mollusks in a box and exploit them methodically. The government voted him a recompense but rejected his propositions.

For centuries the Chinese have found

means of clothing with a layer of nacre a multitude of little objects, dragons, Buddhas, and beads, and of giving them in this way the brilliancy of the pearl. They employ for this work a sort of anodon whose shell is two or three inches in diameter and can cover with nacre figures at least half its length. They insinuate the object adroitly between the mantle and the test and patiently await the result of the operation.

Analogous experiments have been attempted with the pintadina itself; and in 1897 M. L. Boutan made experiments of the same sort in the laboratory of Roscoff. There is no doubt that he succeeded better than his predecessors. He applied himself to the Haliotis. Everybody knows these large beautiful shells under the name of sea-ears. They abound in the Mediterranean and the English Channel. They furnish a brilliant and very iridescent nacre, and sometimes genuine pearls, large, brilliant, and bluish. This mollusk lends itself easily to the experiment for two reasons: first, it becomes acclimated and supports itself easily in laboratories, since it needs only water well supplied with air; in the second place, it easily undergoes rather grave operations.

Holes were made in the shell, and by these orifices, which after the operation were closed with appropriate cement, nacre pearls were introduced between the test and the mantle. Others were brought directly into the branchial cavity. After three or four months the first pearls were covered with a thin layre of nacre, which gave them the appearance of veritable fine pearls. The result was very remarkable.

The culture of the pintadina or the artificial production of the Haliotis is scarcely beyond the stage of experiment. For a long time yet and while waiting for them to furnish the quantities of nacre and pearls which the industries of luxury throughout the entire world demand, fishing upon the natural banks will remain the sole resource. This fishing is still carried on by very primitive processes. The divers descend to detach the pearl oyster from the rocky bottom, where it is fixed at a depth of from thirty to sixty-five feet. Recently the use of scaphanders has been commenced.

Fishing itself and the operations which accompany it form a very curious spectacle and one which has greatly interested travelers. There are numerous descriptions of the pearl fishing on the coast of Ceylon, the only fishing which has been for a long time organized, policed, and perfectly accessible.

The banks are considered the property of the state, of the native princes first, of Portugal after 1506, of the Dutch in 1640, and finally of the English since the year 1796. Under the Dutch administration, fishing took place every three years. It was suspended during the last years of a troubled rule. It did not begin again until 1798, after a period of twenty-eight years' rest, which was not without profit for the development of the mollusks.

Since then it has upon the different banks taken place according to a methodical course. The privilege of fishing upon the banks designated is adjusted, the duration, ordinarily the months of April and May, the number of boats, everything, is fixed.

The banks are fifteen miles from the coast. Each morning, or rather each night, the flotilla of two hundred boats, each manned by twenty men, is directed toward the banks designated, whose position is marked by buoys. Guard buildings prevent the men from getting away. The fishing commences. The diver descends into the water by means of a mass of stone, a sort of heavy spur, in which his foot is fastened. He carries at his belt an additional weight of seven or eight pounds by means of which he can maintain himself in deep water after he is rid of his first weight. His mouth is protected by a bandage, his nose and ears by stoppers of wadding soaked in oil. Thus equipped he explores the rocky bottoms, from forty to sixty-five feet below the surface. He seizes the shell fish, tears them loose, and fills a net which he carries at his belt. He continues this until, out of breath and his ears filled with roaring sounds, he is drawn up into the boat by means of a cord fastened to his waist. The man has remained under water

about a minute, sometimes longer. He renews this exercise twenty or thirty times during the five hours that the daily fishing lasts. Each time he brings up about fifty shell-fish. The harvest of pintadina may thus reach twenty to thirty thousand, but on the average is six thousand.

Sometimes each shell contains at least one pearl. At other times entire lots of the pintadina do not furnish a single one. On an average, one pearl to four shells is counted on. These are oftenest small pearls, those which we have called seed pearls. The large ones are very rare; they are found at about the rate of one for five thousand shells. The fishing destroys each year a total of twenty million pearl oysters and produces besides the seed pearls two or three thousand pearls and twenty thousand tons of nacre.

THE AMERICAN IN BLACK.

BY JAMES HOWE BABCOCK.

THERE are moments when the patriotic American loses his defiant confidence in the future of his country. These sinking spells are short; but any one of three or four problems which seem beyond solution may produce a feeling bordering upon despair. The drink evil, the labor question, the wealth question, and the negro question have enough danger to fatten a nation of pessimists. And yet cheerful thinking and optimistic faith abound among us. Despite the portentous aspect of unsolved problems, cheerfulness is the rule in what may be called the public-question literature of our time. If there is an exception, it is found in the negro question; and here for the most part we avoid the attack of despair by keeping the topic outside of the door. It is so entangled with politics that quiet, sober, and godly people may dismiss it because "we must not discuss politics in the study or the parlor."

Three fourths of the negro question is non-partisan. The other fourth is past politics, historical controversy, or it is a practical matter which no party is at present pushing to the front in the form of a practical proposition.

That one in nine of our seventy-five millions is an American of African descent; that the great body of these people (slaves up to 1865) are massed in eight of our South-eastern States; that in six states taken together these people are nearly half of the whole population, and in nine almost one third of the whole; that a large outlay has been made by philanthropy to educate them, moralize them, dignify them, enfranchise them in all senses; that whereas foreigners are rapidly fused and absorbed and covered from sight, no fusion of the negro is possible and the purity of his complexion is a badge of honor; that the Indian melts away while the negro multiplies among us; that virtue and patriotism agree in commanding us to keep this race as pure as emancipation found it—and that the command is strikingly effectual—all this and much more of like forbiddingness of aspect present problems which trouble us most because they are unrelated to the rest of our public life and because their lines run directly across the national tendencies.

The other questions named above are all related; they have common causes and spring out of our national life. The negro question concerns a full-blooded American, but its heart's core is more foreign than the last ship-load of immigrants. We trust in other questions to interfusion of blood, interflow in the schoolhouse and the church, social forces and public opinion. We have an unwritten law that the negro must be socially isolated, educated by himself, and taught to say his prayers in his private corner. We march on triumphantly; but in the rear of the rejoicing hosts significant if not menacing cries remind us that a belated question, nine millions strong, clamors for attention and for settlement.

All the rigor and all the pathos of the negro question are wrapt up in the fact of a distinct American race; to be kept distinct forever, and yet to be politically fused with the other race, to be isolated from the cradle to the ballot-box, and by some mystic force of the imperial will of the nation to be fused and lost in the common stream of American manhood in the presence of the electoral symbols of equality and liberty.

Surely it is worth while now and again to look in the face of the facts as they have been ordered by ourselves as a people; the isolation of the negro is the first, the inductible fact. How few of us have stopped to consider that the education and elevation of this race may well aggravate race feeling and occasion new forms of race conflict. The anti-Semitism whose bitterness disfigures the face of the French Republic in the Dreyfus case is a lesson we may well take to heart—it is the educated Jew who troubles the dreams of France.

Well-intentioned people have conceived from time to time happy escapes from this hard case. The colonization scheme—the deportation of the race or its voluntary migration—calls up memories of sweet-spirited philanthropists and optimistic dreamers. The last of these dreams was dreamed long after the war. In his dream the dreamer saw the negroes moving in solid masses toward Mexico and Central America. The philanthropist still holds the door open for Americans of full blood to deport themselves to Africa. Then came the dream, only half vocalized, that in the twentieth century history would open her eyes to see that the African face had, like the Irish, German, and Polish face, disappeared under the compound photograph of the final American type.

Happier, perhaps, was the man who found in statistics the proof that the negro was following the Indian to extinction—perishing of the vices opened to his choice by freedom. Even yet, a southern planter full of years and wisdom may find large meaning in the fact that candy-eating freedmen suffer the miseries of toothache. But the census is mortally slow in recording any evidence that the negro will die of civilization.

Then hope dawned on some hearts in the assurance that the negroes would gather themselves together in two or three of the Southeastern States. Some tendency of the kind there may be; but white men want and will keep those provinces of the Union. Others dreamed out a solution of the problem through the spreading out of the blacks over the whole Union; and they grew happy whenever a group of politically afflicted negroes moved northward to Kansas or to the coal mines of the Alleghenies. But the emigrants were only some individuals. The main body of the race remains where it found itself the day after emancipation.

It is as definitely settled as such a thing can be that we are to have permanently a distinct American race living side by side with the Anglo-Saxons—in the proportion of thirty or forty to sixty or seventy—in the states south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi. The northern and western lines of this region will have a black fringe extending beyond them and gradually fading out. An overflow of the black population will steadily stream into the cities of the North; but this overflow will not cause any social disturbances or raise any political questions. The stress more or less of this race problem will continue to fall on the Southeastern States.

Thirty-five years ago the greater number of the blacks were suddenly emancipated and endowed with the right of suffrage. Free education has been added to the endowment. Church organizations and individual charities have enlarged the gift. What has the race gained in a third of a century?

The briefest study shows that a small part of the race has made great progress—five per cent perhaps of the whole have improved in so marked a degree that optimists have often anticipated the equalization of the two races in intelligence and in wealth. This is a dream in which a part is taken for the whole. It is difficult to form a judgment about the ninety-five per cent. Sta-

tistical data are too meager and too general to afford much assistance to the candid thinker. More light may be had from a study of their distribution and occupations. Before the Civil War, there was a small body of very intelligent and successful slaves. They were mechanics and traders, many of them buying their time and even their freedom. The bright negro is not the peculiar product of emancipation—he existed long before the war—and so marked was the success of some freedmen that this was one of the motives for enacting laws forbidding emancipation by the owners of slaves. In some rural sections there are mechanics who inherited their trades from fathers and grandfathers who were slaves. The carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons of the old days were slaves. In this respect the principal change is that the black mechanic is less expert than his grandfather and white men are employed in the finer parts of the work. Often, however, there is in an agricultural community no change whatever. The only mechanics are black and they are neither worse nor better workmen than their fathers were.

If we look to the distribution of the race, the southern village or city shows us two enlarged groups—the advanced negroes and the bad negroes. The latter is almost a novelty of freedom and is an awful burden upon his race. The former is conspicuously in advance of his race. At a county seat one may see on the same day the ragged farm-hands out for an idle day, and the school-teachers collected for the annual examinations. The difference is so great that the groups never flow together.

This separation of a fortunate or gifted twentieth part is just what goes on in white communities; and the general results of the separation are much the same at first—and the race is still in this first stage. The cultured few are to be congratulated and to be pitied. We have not decided the question what we shall do socially—in the widest as well as the narrowest sense of the word—with those brilliant black men whose genius has given them a national reputation. On their lower levels, the colored teachers and preachers find themselves excluded from the companionship of the white children of learning and art.

The great body of the blacks is stretched out over the plantations of the South. For the most part, agriculture is this black man's inheritance. Southern agriculture is what he has made it, and he is what that agriculture has made him. One little considered but vastly important thing is that the negro has had free access to the ownership of perhaps the greater part of the southern plantations. Much of the land is still his to take.

In some ways the fact here noted is the best proof that southern whites best understand the limitations of the negro. The case is in substance as follows: The old planters died bankrupt; their children moved away to the towns. The lands came upon a market when there was only one local possible buyer. This possible buyer was the negro farmer actually tilling the land and paying a small rent in kind. This farmer in many a case moved his family into "massa's parlor" and as a tenant took the master's place, with a group of dependent negro families in the cabins of the plantation.

In time, the holders of the estate—through a mortgage, perhaps—despaired of selling out to a white buyer, and then came the opportunity of the men actually tilling the land. It is a matter of course that negro farmers have bought, in the aggregate, a large amount of land. They might have bought it all. They own one acre in two hundred; they might have owned the other one hundred and ninety-nine acres. They may still buy this vast estate if they want to buy it—the greater part of it. Perhaps one may say that the negro is too near the land to desire it. But the French peasant is closer still if possible to the land and will sell his soul to buy it. There are, on the average, about eighty days in a year which the negro farm-hand devotes to idleness. He is idle on Saturdays, during the month of August, and Christmas week. As a rule, he could in a few years buy a farm with these idle days. He is in sight of opportu-

nities to buy five, ten, twenty, fifty-acre plots. He seldom buys.

There is a bright side of the negro farmer's operations. In a group known to the writer there are ten landowners, holding from five to twenty acres each. The largest owner is a good farmer in every respect. Three others till smaller plots creditably. The rest do badly, some very badly. All till lands on large estates, paying a fourth of each crop as rent. They are all appreciably "better off" for owning land. In a three-mile radius there are at least fifty landless families, living partly on wages, partly as tenant farmers. There is no hindrance to their ownership of lands except in themselves.

They take their burdens and sorrows easily—too easily for thrift. The conclusion must be that the main body of the negroes will continue to be a peasantry attached to the soil by inclination and habit, remaining ignorant from choice in the presence of the free school. In one group, I count twenty-three men under forty only one of whom can read and write. As a rule, if wages can be earned, the boy does not go to school. But I observe that the landowners are very reluctant to keep their boys out of school. It is one of the lines, showing faintly as yet, of separation between the negro proprietor and the negro farm-hand.

The negro question of the South is the suffrage question. In all other relations the two races are at peace. "Negro rule" is the political nightmare of the whites. Nor is it a partisan question. Southern Republicans think and feel very much as southern Democrats do. The spread of "lily white" Republican organizations in the black states, during the last eight years, shows a line of tendency well worth tracing out. Two generalizations may be made: (1) The white Republicans of the nation are drifting away from affiliation with the negro element. (2) Both parties outside of the South show anxiety to dismiss the suffrage question of the South as a local problem. This is because economic and financial questions are making a new alignment of parties in the nation. The effect of these silent changes—of feeling and of interest—is to give the South a free hand in dealing with the negro as a voter. White leaders are just beginning to see that the field is really open for radical measures.

As a people we are good forgetters. For example, a number of negroes held high election offices during the reconstruction period. These statesmen in black were grown in the soil of slavery. To-day it is practically impossible for a negro to hold any office in the South—the exceptions are insignificant. After a third of a century of negro suffrage we find ourselves drifted a long distance backward. The hostility of the whites to negro voting and especially to negro office-holding is stronger and more united in 1899 than it seemed to be three decades ago. Is our isolated race to have a new mark of distinction put upon it—as the great disfranchised American people?

The American spirit covets unity and abhors any kind of dualism. This spirit is fretted by the negro question. It can have no more painful vision than that presented by many millions of native-born Americans living under laws which they have no share in making. To many of us, the southern argument seems utterly inconclusive; and at the same moment the southern feeling seems natural. A mass of voters which can be deceived, corrupted, and misled—not a paltry five or ten per cent, as in our northern cities, but thirty, forty, or fifty per cent of the whole vote of a state—certainly presents a danger which may inflame the imagination and produce an intense state of feeling, yet nothing in the general temper of the rural negroes seems to justify the feeling of the whites. The negro farmer or farm-hand seems to prefer white rule over him and even white juries to try him.

The puzzle—for it comes to that—may be solved, perhaps, by reflection upon the contacts between (1) the bad negroes of the towns and (2) the advanced twentieth part of the blacks, with the dominant race. The bad negroes are apt to cut a figure at election time, as bad white men do in northern cities; and the advanced portion of the blacks is not without political zeal and

aspirations. To the southern white mind, office has a social flavor, and the elevation of a negro to office is felt as an attempt to force him into social station. The coupling of social and political equality is peculiarly southern. The appointment of a few negroes as postmasters nearly cost President McKinley all that his generous recognition of men like Fitz Hugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler gained him in southern esteem.

Northern migration into the South was expected to furnish the negro with political allies; but the new men have generally preferred their race to their politics, or have modified their politics to suit their race feeling. The net result of thirty years of agitation is that the tendency to the political isolation of the negro, and to some measure of disfranchisement, is the most salient feature of the South's political life. And so, for no faults of his own, in spite of his merits and services the negro plagues our public life, troubles our happy dreams, and defeats our aspirations for unity and homogeneity in American citizenship. Do what we may with him, for him, or against him, the American in black will remain in race isolation and therefore a perplexing problem for the Anglo-Saxon proprietor of this country.

PIGEON POST IN THE SERVICE OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

BY BERNHARD DENNINGHOFF.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

THE remarkably important rôle which the news department plays in war has called into existence the present highly developed aerial navigation as well as placed the winged messenger, the carrier-pigeon, in the service of land defense and the conduct of war on water and on land. The department of military carrier-pigeons constitutes at present such an important branch of the news system that the military departments of every state have busied themselves with it, becoming familiar with every detail, and have established its organization. Thousands of carrier-pigeons with communications entrusted to them fly through the air daily from fortress to fortress, from large city to large city, and from the sea and the coast stations to the interior.

The employment of pigeons for the conveyance of written communications is primeval; we find them in almost all civilized states of ancient times as well as in the Middle Ages and in more recent periods. The use of carrier-pigeons for war purposes has, however, been developed since the campaign of 1870–71, to which also the present department of war balloons owes its existence.

During the siege of Paris carrier-pigeons were offered to the French government by the Pigeon Breeders' Union, L'Esperance, and they were accepted by the government. In all three hundred and sixty were brought out from Paris by means of an air-balloon. Of these seventy-four, according to other reports, one hundred, returned again to Paris and among these were birds which had traveled over the route two or three times. The dispatches were prepared on collodion sheets by microphotography. These very thin sheets, each of which held twenty thousand words, were put into a quill which was fastened lengthwise with a silk thread under a tail feather. On arriving in Paris the pigeons were at once brought to the principal telegraph office, where the dispatches were magnified by photographic methods and copied on larger sheets, which were immediately cut into strips and distributed among the telegraphers for dispatching. In this way no less than two and one half million dispatches were sent out, of which, however, only fifty-two series were said to have been brought into the besieged city.

After the close of the war the systematic breeding and training of carrier-pigeons for the department of war news began in

France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Portugal, and North America, and everywhere now private breeders receive premiums and government aid for the promotion of this branch of industry. Some governments have even granted the private breeders a reduction of tariff for the transportation of carrier-pigeons by railroad and have allowed prizes for special breeds. As a return for this the breeders are obliged to train their pigeons according to the instructions of the military authorities so that in case of war they will be found of real practical use. So, for example, last summer under the direction of the coast inspection of the six coast districts, Wilhelmshafen, about one thousand carrier-pigeons of various North German unions and private breeders were allowed to rise from a steamer from Borkum. A similar exercise with German carrier-pigeons took place in great style at Dover, and not only aroused the indignation of the English press but turned the attention of the military authorities to the department of carrier-pigeons for war purposes, which was found neglected in a very inexcusable way on the other side of the Channel.

Years ago homing pigeon stations for the military news service were established in Germany at Wilhelmshafen, Kiel, Dantzic, Cologne, Mainz, Metz, Strasburg, Thorn, Posen; in Austria at Komorn and Cracow; in France at Paris, Vincennes, Marseilles, Perpignan, Lille, Verdun, Toul, Belfort, and Chalons; in Russia at Kiev, Moscow, and Warsaw; and in Belgium at Antwerp. In each state the army and navy budget appropriated a not inconsiderable sum for the maintenance and development of the department of carrier-pigeons; in Germany this amounted to about fifty thousand marks. The number of carrier-pigeons maintained by the army commissions amounted to over ten thousand. Moreover, all the pigeons trained by unions are registered and await the order of the army management at a mobilization. Generally the free use of the carrier-pigeon for news service in case of war is prohibited, and according to the law of the empire of the 28th of May, 1894, in regard to the protection of the carrier-pigeon and communication by it in case of war, it is punished by imprisonment for three months.

The so-called military carrier-pigeons are bred by crossing the long-billed Antwerp carrier-pigeon and the short-billed Liege pigeon, and their extraordinary power of flight and highly developed memory for places are obtained by training and heredity. The training takes place when the birds, having become sufficiently strong, are brought out from the dove-cote, at first a very short distance, which is gradually increased, and are permitted to fly back again. The training of a carrier-pigeon for war is so conducted that the animals learn the way from places situated outside of the fortresses to the fortress and return, or even from fort to fort. In the navy, where the department of carrier-pigeons also plays an important rôle, no warship or large ship belonging to the navy leaves port without carrying along a number of pigeons which are liberated on the sea a short distance from land. An exact record is kept of the place and time of taking flight and there each pigeon is delineated so that at the pigeon stations on the mainland an exact check-account of each single bird can be had. Many pigeons are driven out of their course by the wind and weather, perish, and never reach their native dove-cote. It is in the nature of things that the pigeon post on the sea from ship to mainland and return, and especially from ship to ship, has to struggle with very much greater difficulties and dangers. It is, for example, especially difficult to so accustom the pigeons to being on board the ship that they feel at home there, and will fly back again from the land. Attempts of this kind have been successfully made.

How very successful the fancier has been in making the carrier-pigeons gradually more suitable for their service by training and breeding is illustrated by the following information: The rate of flight of the carrier-pigeon reaches 62½ miles an hour; but the average, however, is only from 31 to 35 miles. In pleasant and quiet weather pigeons attempt to fly from 800 to 1,000

feet high; in unpleasant weather they remain at a height of 330 to 420 feet. A pigeon one year old will fly a distance of 94 miles; those two years of age, 188 miles; and old, well-trained birds can fly over distances of from 376 to 500 miles. There are routes of flight known by the Belgium carrier-pigeons from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to Brussels, and even from London to Brussels. The weight of the load of the carrier-pigeon amounts to about one gram.

Although Germany in this branch of the war news service probably stands at the head, progress has also been made in France, its real native land. Regulations and legal limitations exist there as with us. The greatest breeding stations of our western neighbor are in the large military camps of Chalons, and at all the border cities and fortresses there are depots where military pigeons are maintained. To and from these points of the French boundary a constant communication by carrier-pigeons is permitted. Three times a week a certain number of birds is conveyed by the railroad to specified places on the border, where they are set free, and for every pigeon an exact route is formed. In France also the restrictions concerning the training, registering, and the sale of carrier-pigeons bred by private individuals are very stringent, and the state maintains the right to confiscate all trained pigeons whenever the circumstances require.

In Italy the service of military carrier-pigeons is used for maintaining communication between the Alpine fortresses and the garrisons located near the capital. The Italian navy also has a well-developed system of carrier-pigeons. The use of the pigeon post by the Russian army and flotilla is universal. At the present time even the Russian warships lying before Constantinople constantly communicate by means of these birds with the ambassadors of the czar accredited to the sultan.

During the Spanish-American War the American commander of the forces on shipboard made use of carrier-pigeons for bringing the dispatches from Cuba to Tampa. In this case they are said not to have proven especially useful. About fifty per cent of the pigeons liberated from the ships on the Cuban coast lost their way, and that probably as a result of the excellent grain and maize of Cuba and southern Florida, which must have exercised a greater attractive power on the birds than the usual rations of the government of the United States. This, however, is saying nothing against the trustworthiness of the war pigeon post, but it is rather a hint that the carrier-pigeons should be trained in the same region in which they are to be used in war. On the other hand, the patrol boats on the North American coasts, where conditions not unusual to the pigeons exist, have maintained that of the numerous birds sent out nine tenths have reached their destination. We know that the United States during recent years has given great attention to the department of war pigeons especially for naval purposes and that constant experiments have been made for the improvement of this service on the other side of the ocean.

On the Continent now the great transatlantic steamship companies have established on the high sea a news service to the place of departure. The French Transatlantic Company constantly sets carrier-pigeons at liberty from their departing steamers at great distances on the sea, which, with rare exceptions, reach the mainland with the news entrusted to them. Recently also the Hamburg American Packet Stock Company has established a carrier-pigeon post on board their large rapid steamers in order to give their passengers an opportunity to communicate with their relatives as long as possible during their journey.

Although carrier-pigeons have not been used during a war except at the time of the siege of Paris and during the recent war between Spain and the United States, and one can speak on the subject from no great practical experience, it is yet a fact that the military departments expect much from this news service and the Russian minister of war has already gone so far as to have the so-called war-falcons trained, which in case of war can be used for destroying and for capturing the carrier-pigeons.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.*

A Year in the Philippines.

By the time this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reaches its readers the first anniversary of our birth as a "power" to be reckoned with in the far East will have passed. Upon Admiral Dewey's May-Day victory, which wiped out Spain's naval power in the Philippine archipelago, our claim to sovereignty was based. Three months later, our troops took the city of Manila with small loss, and for nine months the establishment and maintenance of United States authority have been in progress from that base of operations. By proclamations of intention and by military and naval movements the extension of our supremacy over the group of islands has been promulgated. The treaty of peace by which Spain ceded the archipelago to us was completed by the Paris commissioners in December, ratified by the United States Senate the following February, and signed by the queen regent of Spain March 17. Formal ratifications to complete the technicalities of peace between the two nations alone remain unaccomplished at this writing. American troops have occupied Iloilo, the second city of importance in the group, and several of the smaller islands, known as the Visayas, have asked for and accepted United States military authority.

BRIG.-GEN. IRVING HALE.

At Manila, however, two days before the Senate ratified the peace treaty, open hostilities broke out between Filipinos and our troops, the former, under the lead of Aguinaldo and his cabinet, having declared their intention to fight for an independent republic. For two months General Otis, United States military governor, conducted an active and aggressive campaign, first clearing a semi-circle about the city and driving the Filipinos back for a distance of five or six miles in every direction from the city. Then by a combined military and naval movement he established a line of separation eastward to the lake called Laguna de Bay, in order to divide Filipino forces north and south of Manila. In this movement the achievements of Gen. Loyd Wheaton's "flying brigade" had chief place in official reports. Thereafter our forces were reorganized for an aggressive movement led by General McArthur's division. Brigades under Generals Hale, Hall, Wheaton, Lawton, and others were disposed so as to maintain our cordon of some twenty miles in length around Manila, while strong policing of the city itself was continued under General Hughes. General McArthur's forces advanced northeast through Filipino lines, then swung in reverse toward the shore of the bay of Manila in the direction of the town of Polo, between which point and his starting-point our ships commanded the third side of a rough triangle. The nature of the country, however, caused the reverse movement to fall short of Polo, the Filipinos moved beyond the region compre-

*This department, together with the book "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

MAJ.-GEN. ARTHUR M'ARTHUR.

hended by the completed triangle, and our movement became a pursuit along the line of railroad running north to the Filipino seat of government at Malolos.

A week after the movement began our troops took Malolos, from which Aguinaldo and his coadjutors had gone to the mountains beyond. Malolos is some twenty-four miles from Manila, along the shore region of Manila Bay, and the advance to that point was marked by successive engagements, in which our troops showed their characteristic fighting qualities and were uniformly successful. The Filipinos had developed a number of strong military positions, but their policy was to avoid decisive engagements, setting fire to towns as they retreated to take up another position. It was thought that this campaign had inflicted such severe blows upon the Filipinos that only spasmodic guerrilla warfare was left to their demoralized forces. The nearness of the rainy season seemed to preclude further extensive operations on our part. The territory actually occupied by our forces extended from Malolos along the shore-line to Manila and within an arc about that city described by a six-mile radius. The presumable moral effect of our victories was not measured on territorial lines. United States forces in the Philippines aggregate 31,000 officers and men, with some 4,000 under orders as reinforcements. As has been pointed out by some observers, General Kitchener in his African expedition had but seven or eight thousand white troops under his command, in recent British campaigns on the border of Afghanistan but 10,000 white soldiers were included, and France used not more than 15,000 home troops in making good her possession of Madagascar. Estimates of the Filipino forces range from 15,000 to 35,000. The official reports of our casualties from the first outbreak on February 4 up to April 4 inclusive showed that 184 Americans had been killed, 976 wounded—a total of 1,160. No estimates of the total Filipino casualties are current, although press reports of the fighting during several days after February 4 placed the Filipino loss at about 4,000.

Progress in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Observers of the results of our military occupation of Cuba report that cleanliness, honesty, energy, and efficiency have supplanted filth, corruption, sloth, and inefficiency in remarkable degree. Gen. Leonard Wood's regeneration of Santiago was the earliest striking achievement in this direction. Havana

BRIG.-GEN. LOYD WHEATON.

under General Ludlow has been undergoing similar treatment, and systematic work in the various provinces is producing good results in administration and in securing data for educational and other reforms. At the same time reports of individual suffering of the severest kind call for needed contributions. The American postal system has been extended to the island, and government telegraph lines, completed by the signal corps last month, place the governor-general in communication with every command and all the important towns. Gen. Maximo Gomez, the Cuban commander-in-chief, decided, after a conference, to act with the United States authorities in the distribution of $3,000,000 appropriated by Congress for the Cuban army to enable them to return to their homes and work. The Cuban Assembly—an organization of military origin—thereupon voted to depose General Gomez. The Assembly sent delegates to Washington to seek a larger appropriation but received no official recognition. Stormy sessions of that body at one time led to talk of the necessity of suppression by Governor-General Brooke, but reports of the probable dissolution of the Assembly and the popular endorsement of Gomez by Cuban people and various military chiefs promised early adjustment of affairs by peaceful means.

SEÑOR FRANCISCO SILVELA.

Dr. Henry K. Carroll, special commissioner to Puerto Rico, in an interview before his return to Washington praised in the highest terms the policy of Governor-General Henry. The chief reforms needed in the island, according to Dr. Carroll, are good roads, good schools, autonomy in municipal government, and reform in prison management. Military government will probably continue for at least a year and Dr. Carroll will recommend a territorial form of government for Puerto Rico, seeing no reason why Hawaii should be given preference in this regard.

Spain's New Cabinet. To gain a program of internal economy and reform, the new premier of Spain, Señor Francisco Silvela, backed by the Clerical-Conservatives, has gathered about him a cabinet to accomplish that purpose, and by dissolving the Cortes and ordering a new election he will undoubtedly have a working majority of deputies returned. General Polavieja, minister of war, and Marquis Villaverde, minister of finance, are reputed to be the strongest members of the cabinet. The former has been a captain-general of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines of the harsh Spanish type. The latter is described as an able financier, an advocate of retrenchment, an income tax, and the guarantee of the colonial debt. Señor Duran, minister of justice, represents the protectionist commercial elements. Señor Dato, minister of the interior, has attracted notice as a municipal reformer in Madrid.

Joint Commission for Samoa. A change of plan for the government of the Samoan Islands is contemplated, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States having agreed to the appointment of a joint commission of three to take up the task. Unanimous agreement of the commissioners is to be required for effective decisions; lack of unanimity between the consular repre-

sentatives of the three countries exercising a protectorate under the provisions of the treaty of Berlin, has caused the recent disturbances which culminated in a bombardment of native towns last month. A provisional government (Mataafan) had been established [see this department for March] although the American chief justice had decided in favor of Malietoa Tanus as king. Meantime, Admiral Kautz, in command of the United States cruiser *Philadelphia*, was dispatched to Samoa, and, after holding a consultation of consuls and naval commanders, he issued a proclamation announcing the abrogation of the provisional government and ordering home the followers of Mataafa. Thereupon the German consul issued a counter-proclamation professing support of the provisional government and claiming his treaty right to do so until advised by his home government. British and American officers united in an ultimatum requiring the Mataafan leaders to evacuate Apia, but before the expiration of the time-limit set, the Mataafans attacked the followers of Malietoa, and endangered the lives of foreign residents. Then the British and American vessels joined in an intermittent bombardment, which laid waste a number of native villages before quiet was restored. This crisis brought about the suggestion of a commission by the German government, which averted serious international complications over the affair.

Africa Partitioned.

The differences between France and Great Britain which threatened to precipitate a war about six months ago, growing out of the Fashoda expedition and the claims to frontiers in the Nile valley, have been settled by a peaceful convention signed by Lord Salisbury and the French ambassador, Paul Cambon. Major Marchand, who had reached Fashoda, claimed the right of occupation of the province of Bahr-el-Ghazal bordering on the White Nile, while Great Britain claimed the territory under an agreement as to the extent of her occupation of Egypt. Major Marchand at length withdrew, and the agreement now consummated is accounted an event of the highest importance since it removes a vexing European diplomatic question of long standing. Respective boundaries have been delimited, Great Britain securing complete possession of the Nile and all the territory claimed by Egypt before the revolt of the Mahdists, which was finally put down by the expedition under General Kitchener in 1898. France gains full rights of free trade on the Nile and the territory west of the Egyptian boundary in the Soudan and Sahara to Lake Tchad. The French possessions will touch this lake on the north and east, the German on the south, and the British on the south and west. Great Britain secures an unbroken stretch of land across Africa, while France retains the largest amount of territory. Add to this the arrangement which has been consummated with the German emperor by Mr. Cecil Rhodes for telegraph and railroad privileges through German East Africa for his scheme of a Cape-to-Cairo route, and the peaceful partition and development of Africa by European powers may be predicated.

MATAAFA.
Claimant to the Samoan Throne.

Russification of Finland. The people of Finland are more than unhappy because Russia has taken the position that the interests of the empire ar paramount to t he local autonomy which the duchy has enjoyed under a constitution respected by the ancestors of the present czar. The measures taken by the Russian government are interpreted as presaging the loss of liberties enjoyed under a separate constitution such as has been possessed by no other province of the Russian Empire. Among the alterations, the local title of the grand-duke of Finland disappears; compulsory service in the army for five years is required of thirty-five per cent of the young men, instead of ten per cent as heretofore, and they are liable to seven additional years of service in any part of the empire, and an additional assessment is imposed for Russian military purposes. The press is to be subject to a Russian governor-general, and every measure which the Finnish Diet considers is to be subject to the sanction of the imperial Council at St. Petersburg. The Russian language has been declared the official language of Finland, and Russian currency is to be introduced. Finland has the sympathy of the Scandinavian countries, and Finnish mass-meetings of protest have been held in all parts of the world. A considerable emigration of young men to Canada is said to have already resulted.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling. A clever cartoonist pictured Uncle Sam and John Bull standing side by side with hats off in front of a bulletin issued regarding Mr. Kipling's recent illness in New York, and accurately described the anxiety of English-speaking people by the legend "One touch of sorrow makes two peoples kin." The German emperor, too, took the occasion to make personal inquiry concerning the condition of the distinguished Anglo-Saxon patient, and Mr. Kipling's convalescence from the attack of pneumonia which threatened the world with his loss is deemed a happy international event. Such world-wide recognition of a literary genius in a period marked as preeminently materialistic may well be reckoned an encouraging sign. Kipling is the son of a Staffordshire artist; his mother, the daughter of a Wesleyan minister. It is but thirty-three and one half years since he was born in Bombay. Five years in the United Service College preceded his choice of newspaper work. Then he became assistant-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, India, going to the frontier "to write up Tommy Atkins." Before 1890 he had written many of his best Indian stories, but their publication attracted little attention. He tried to have them published in San Francisco and New York, but was unsuccessful. Back in London, he met with a similar reception,

until interviewed by a newspaper man who was hard up for a story, whereupon everybody took to reading Kipling and has kept it up ever since. His "Recessional" poem in the year of the Queen's Jubilee and his timely "White Man's Burden" were recognized as voicing certain national moods on either side of the Atlantic, while the breadth of his genius, expressed in jungle lore or the invented language of modern mechanism, appeals to all ages and classes of readers. Americans do not forget that Kipling found his wife in this country, and the loss of one of their three children during Mr. Kipling's illness touched the hearts of the people.

Congressional Librarian and Other Appointments. Herbert Putnam, head of the Boston Public Library, has accepted the responsible post of librarian of Congress in place of John Russell Young, deceased. The president first appointed the Hon. S. J. Barrows, of Massachusetts, but the Senate failed to confirm the nomination and Mr.

HERBERT PUTNAM.
Librarian of Congress.

Putnam becomes a recess-appointee. He made his reputation in the organization and management of the Minneapolis Library system from 1884 to 1891. In 1895 he became librarian of the famous Boston institution and his elevation to the charge of the national foundation is warmly commended. Mr. Putnam is a Harvard graduate and practiced law for a short time, but he has reached the highest position open to the newer profession of librarian in this country at the age of thirty-eight.

Other recent presidential nominations of note include the appointment of peace commissioners to represent the United States at the conference called by the czar at The Hague May 18. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University and our exceptionally valuable ambassador to Germany during these recent times of reputed straining of relations between the two countries, heads the delegation. The other members are: Standford Newell, minister to the Netherlands; Seth Low, president of Columbia University; Capt. William Crozier, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., and Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., retired.

William R. Day, of Ohio, ex-secretary of state, and Senator George Gray (Dem.), of Delaware, another member of the Paris Peace Commission, have been appointed judges of United States circuit courts.

Municipal Issues. Municipal elections held last month were remarkable on account of the prominence given to the issue of municipal ownership of so-called natural monopolies. In Chicago Carter H. Harrison (Dem.) was reelected, largely on his record of opposition to long-term street-railway franchises. He polled nearly 41,000 more votes than the Republican nominee, and over 101,000 more votes than Ex-Governor Altgeld, who ran as an independent Democratic candidate, demanding municipal ownership outright and interjecting the Chicago platform as an issue of the campaign. Party lines were so split up in Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, that a Democratic mayor will succeed a Republican in the former and a Republican will replace a Democrat in the latter, reversing the usual municipal returns. In Toledo, Ohio, Samuel M. Jones, defeated for renomination by the Republicans, ran as an

independent candidate and received a majority of more than 10,000 over the regular Republican and Democratic candidates. Mayor Jones' platform called for municipal ownership of franchises, com-

ANDREW D. WHITE.
United States Ambassor to Germany.

munal service of various kinds, an eight-hour day, and increased public facilities for education and recreation. In Denver the issue of public ownership of public utilities also proved victorious. About the same time Governor Pingree, under a new act of the state legislature, became president of a commission of three to negotiate for the purchase and operation of street-railways in Detroit—an experiment attracting much attention as the first to be made in a city of the United States. The new mayor of Philadelphia, Samuel H. Ashbridge, taking office at the beginning of April, announced his opposition to leasing the water-supply privileges to a corporation, and advocated increased appropriations for improving the city system.

Chautauqua Reorganization. For some time the trustees of the Chautauqua Assembly have contemplated a concentration and closer organization of Chautauqua's varied educational and business interests and late in February measures were adopted to accomplish these results.

Under the new order of things the work of the Assembly will be divided into two departments. The department of instruction, with Dr. George E. Vincent, of The University of Chicago, at its head as superintendent of instruction, will look after all the educational work of Chautauqua, while the department of administration will care for the business interests of the Assembly. Mr. Wilson M. Day, of Cleveland, Ohio, is serving as acting general manager in charge of the latter department until the next annual meeting of the board of trustees, when a permanent general manager will be chosen.

The general direction of Chautauqua affairs has been placed in the hands of an executive board of five members composed as follows: the chairman of the executive board, Mr. Wilson M. Day; the chancellor, Bishop John H. Vincent; the acting president of the board of trustees, Hon. Clem Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind.; the principal of instruction; and general manager.

The movement toward concentration includes the doing away with the various offices of the Assembly at Buffalo and Syracuse, N. Y., Meadville, Pa., and Chicago, Ill., and the establishment of a general headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio. In furtherance of this plan the Assembly has purchased the franchises of Dr. T. L. Flood, editor and proprietor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, and of Messrs. Flood and Vincent, publishers of the C. L. S. C. text-books. The book business will be transferred to Cleveland the 1st of July and THE CHAUTAUQUAN the 1st of September. In order to handle these publishing interests the Chautauqua Press is about to be organized under the laws of the state of New York.

This centralization of administration is counted on to increase the effectiveness of the Assembly's work and is to be accompanied by a more extensive and permanent development of Chautauqua itself. To accomplish this an endowment is to be provided, of which $50,000 has already been subscribed. Miss Helen M. Gould generously laid the foundation of this fund by a gift of $25,000, which Mr. Chester D. Massey, a trustee of the Assembly, and his

sister, Mrs. Lilian Massey Treble, both of Toronto, Can., supplemented by a subscription of $10,000 for the endowment of a chair to be known as the Hart A. Massey chair, in honor of their father.

One of the results of the new organization of Chautauqua has been the reduction of the price of the C. L. S. C. course of reading from $7.50 to $5.00. Shorter and easier courses, especially adapted to busy people, are also being planned.

THE LATE PROF. O. C. MARSH.

The Late Professor Marsh. By the death of Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, of Yale University, the world has lost one of its most famous geological scholars. His international reputation was made especially by his discoveries in paleontology. Six of his collections are of especial importance, namely: vertebrate fossils, fossil footprints, invertebrate fossils, skeletons of rare vertebrates from every part of the world, Central American and Mexican antiquities, and Nova Scotia minerals. He was graduated from Yale in 1860, and took the chair which he occupied until his death in 1865. During his researches in the Rocky Mountains he crossed them twenty-seven times. In these expeditions he discovered hundreds of new species of extinct vertebrates, many of them entirely unknown to the world, and others which had never before been discovered in America. At times he was provided with an escort of United States troops for protection against hostile Indians, and on discovering frauds practiced upon the Indians he took steps which secured better government treatment of them. Before his death, at the age of sixty-eight, he became president of the National Academy of Sciences and a member of the Geological Society of London and Germany, the Royal Irish Academy, the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Academy of Denmark and Belgium. In 1898 he was awarded the prize of the French Royal Academy of Science.

Other recent deaths include that of Joseph Medill, proprietor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who established the Cleveland *Leader* as a Whig paper in 1851, was one of the organizers of the Republican party in 1854, was a member of the National Civil Service Commission in 1871, and mayor of Chicago in 1872, securing full control of the *Tribune* in 1874, and continuing as its proprietor and editor-in-chief until his death. Dr. James Ormsbee Murray, dean of the faculty of Princeton College since 1886, and professor of English language and literature since 1875, passed away at the age of seventy-two. Ex-Senator Patrick Walsh, a conspicuous figure in Georgia politics, died on the twentieth of March, and Brig.-Gen. Daniel W. Flagler, chief of ordnance of the army, died on March 29. Ex-Justice Stephen J. Field, one of the four famous Field brothers, died in Washington on April 9, aged eighty-two. He retired from the Supreme Court of the United States in December, 1897, having served on that bench longer than any other justice, a total period of thirty-four years, eight months, and twenty-one days.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII., pages 230–234.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXVII.–XXXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"A Great English Seaport."

Second Week (ending May 13).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII., pages 234–244.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXXII.–XXXVI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Lord Salisbury."

"The House of Lords."

Third Week (ending May 20).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII., pages 244–248.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XXXVII.–XLII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Hardware Trade in the United States."

Fourth Week (ending May 27).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter VIII. concluded.

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XLIII.–XLV.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Church."

Fifth Week (ending June 3).

"Walks and Talks in the Geological Field." Chapters XLVI.–XLIX.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Some Spring Birds."

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 10).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Footprints of Famous Americans in London."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR MAY.

First Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Thackeray's art and his characters.
3. Book Review—"Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.
4. Select Reading—"The End of the Play," a poem by Thackeray.
5. Essay—The story of animal life as told by fossils.

Second Week.

1. Roll-call—Replies to be quotations from George Eliot and Carlyle.
2. A Paper—The problem of George Eliot's novels.
3. Book Reviews—"Romola," "Middlemarch," and "The Mill on the Floss."
4. A Critical Study—"Sartor Resartus."
5. Readings—"The World in Clothes," from "Sartor Resartus," and "Cromwell," from "Heroes and Hero Worship."

Third Week.

1. Critical Literary Study—Tennyson's idyls and lyrics.
2. A Paper—Evidences of the influences of the Bible on Tennyson's verse.
3. Music—"Crossing the Bar."
4. Readings—Selections from Tennyson.
5. Biographical Sketch—Tennyson.

Fourth Week.

1. Quotations from Browning.
2. Biographical Sketch—Robert Browning.
3. A Paper—The characteristics of Browning's poetry.
4. Readings—"Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "The Grammarian's Funeral."
5. Literary Study—"Sordello."

Fifth Week.

1. A Paper—The glaciers of North America.
2. Essay—Climatic variations in the United States.
3. A Paper—Evolution.
4. Table Talk—Bird songs of the neighborhood.
5. General Discussion—Important events of the week.

FOR JUNE.

First Week.

1. General Review—"Europe in the Nineteenth Century."
2. A Paper—Present political conditions in Europe.
3. Historical Study—European revolutions of the nineteenth century.
4. Geographical Study—The political divisions of Europe.
5. Table Talk—Foreign news of the week.

SYLLABUS OF C. L. S. C. READING.

REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VIII.—FROM THE DEATH OF SCOTT TO THE PRESENT TIME, 1832–1898 (CONCLUDED).

3. Thackeray and his works (pp. 230–234).
   (1) Preparation for his work.
   (2) Magazine articles.
   (3) "Vanity Fair."
   (4) Characteristics of Thackeray's works.
   (5) His novels and characters.
   (6) Fondness for the eighteenth century.
   (7) Compared with Dickens and others.
4. George Eliot and her novels (pp. 234–237).
   (1) Her sentiment:
   (2) List of her works.
   (3) Characteristics of her works.
   (4) Autobiography.
   (5) Analytic habit of mind.
   (6) The moral in her works.

"*Tendenz-roman.*" A tendency novel.

5. Macaulay's life and writings (pp. 237–240).
   (1) Political life.
   (2) His memory.
   (3) Article on "Milton."
   (4) Characteristics.
   (5) His literary style.
   (6) Rhetorical figures.
   (7) His best essays.
   (8) His verse.
6. Thomas Carlyle (pp. 240–244).
   (1) Publications between 1822 and 1830.

"Tieck" [tēk].

"Fouque" [foo-kā′].

   (2) Germanism.
   (3) Characteristics of his essays.

"*Laissez-faire*" [les-ā-fâr′]. Let-alone principle of government or political economy. In France the term was first used to indicate the principle of non-restriction by the government of trade and industry except when peace and order required. By extension it now includes non-interference with the exercise of the individual will by the authority in control.

   (4) Objection to liberalism.
   (5) Conception of history.

"Jeremiad." A lamentation.

   (6) "Sartor Resartus."

"Teufelsdröckh" [toi′fels-drēk].

"*Allerlei Wissenschaft*" [al′ler-lī vis′sen-shäft]. All kinds of knowledge.

"Weissnichtwo" [vīs′nikt-vō]. (I) know not where.

   (7) His diction.
   (8) Influence on thought.
7. Alfred Tennyson's literary productions (pp. 244–248).
   (1) His first volumes.
   (2) The second collection.
   (3) His art.
   (4) His idyls and lyrics.
   (5) Influence of Hallam's death.
   (6) A third collection.
   (7) "The Princess."
   (8) "Idyls of the King."
   (9) "Maud."
   (10) Work since 1860.
8. Robert Browning and his poetry (pp. 248–252).
   (1) Contrasted with Tennyson.
   (2) Psychological studies.
   (3) His obscurity.
   (4) The grotesqueness of his poetry.
   (5) Ballads and lyrics.
   (6) "The Ring and the Book."
   (7) Characters from the Renaissance.
   (8) Browning's dramas.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give some biographical facts about Thackeray.
2. What are the peculiarities of Thackeray's novels and his characters?
3. Compare Thackeray's genius with that of Dickens.
4. Give a list of George Eliot's works and describe the characteristics of her novels.
5. Give a biographical sketch of Macaulay and describe the style of his literary productions.
6. By what did Carlyle increase the knowledge of German literature?
7. Point out the distinctive qualities of Carlyle's essays and describe his diction.
8. Describe the character of "Sartor Resartus," and show how Carlyle influenced English thought.
9. Compare Tennyson's early works with his later ones.
10. Describe Tennyson's art and the effect of Hallam's death on his genius.
11. Describe the "Idyls of the King" and "Maud."
12. Contrast Tennyson and Browning and describe Browning's art.
13. What is the character of Browning's ballads and lyrics?
14. Describe "The Ring and the Book."
15. Tell something about Browning's dramas.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What two results did the publication of "Vanity Fair" accomplish for Thackeray?

2. To what work did George Eliot append her own name?

3. What two characters are said to have been modeled after her father?

4. By what was Macaulay's reputation as an eloquent speaker established?

5. How many times is Tennyson said to have rewritten "Maud"?

6. What did Tennyson say about "Sordello"?

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

XXVII.—MONSTERS OF A BURIED WORLD.

1. Extinct Quaternary mammals (pp. 189–197).
   (1) Mammalia remains in bogs.
   (2) Remains in the drift.
   (3) Mammoths of Siberia.

"Ruble." A silver coin current in Russia since the seventeenth century. It is worth about seventy-seven cents of United States money.

   (4) Restoration of the mammoth.
   (5) Edentates of South America.
   (6) North American types.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the remains of mammalia found in bogs.

2. Give an account of the discoveries in Siberia and describe the restoration of the mammoth.

3. Describe the types of mammalia found in North and South America.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where was the first most complete skeleton of a mastodon discovered in North America?

2. What evidence is there that the mastodon may have lived in a climate colder than that which elephants inhabit?

XXVIII.—THE CEMETERIES OF THE BAD LANDS.

1. Tertiary fossils (pp. 198–206).
   (1) Strata of the Bad Lands.
   (2) Tertiary strata in America.
   (3) Bad Lands described.
   (4) Tertiary deposits located.
      (*a*) Neocene and its fossils.
      (*b*) Eocene and its fossils.
   (5) Fresh-water Eocene.
   (6) The types.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Bad Lands.

2. Locate the Eocene and Neocene deposits and describe the animal remains found in each.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. For what are the Bad Lands noted?

2. What is the general character of the rocks of the Bad Lands?

XXIX.—LESSONS FROM A LUMP OF CHALK.

1. Mesozoic rocks and fossils (pp. 206–214).
   (1) Chemistry of chalk.
   (2) Structure and origin of chalk.
   (3) Principle of continuity.
   (4) The principle of correlation of environment and organism.
   (5) The Cretaceous system in the East and South.
   (6) Fossil remains.
   (7) Western Cretaceous beds and their contents.
   (8) The Jurassic system.
   (9) Triassic system.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the chemistry, structure, and origin of chalk.

2. Explain the present existence of the forms found in the Cretaceous system.

3. Describe the Cretaceous beds of the United States and their fossil remains.

4. What systems underlie the Cretaceous and what fossil remains do they contain?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Why is the Cretaceous period so called?

2. What commercial product of chalk is largely used for domestic purposes?

XXX.—LONE BURIALS IN THE COAL LANDS.

1. Coal-measure fossils (pp. 214–220).
   (1) Ancient forests.
   (2) Comprehensive types.
   (3) Snails in the coal measures.
   (4) Amphibians.
      (*a*) Amphibians described.
      (*b*) Various types.
      (*c*) Labyrinthodont.
      (*d*) Small varieties.
   (5) Insects.
   (6) Marine fauna.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the vegetation of the Carboniferous age.

2. Describe the fauna of the same period.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What facts are evidences that coal is formed of vegetation which grew in the places where coal accumulated?

2. How much does vegetable matter lose in bulk by the process of conversion into coal?

XXXI.—TERRIBLE FISHES AND THEIR COMPANIONS.

1. Remains of the Devonian age (pp. 220–227).
   (1) Position of strata.
   (2) Devonian rocks in America.
   (3) Limestone formations.
   (4) Devonian limestone.
   (5) Fossil corals and shells.

(*a*) *Acervoularia.*
(*b*) Favosite.
(*c*) Parasitic shells and corals.
(*d*) Bivalves.
(6) Fish remains.
(7) Remains in the corniferous limestone.
(8) Old Red Sandstone.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Locate the Devonian strata of North America and describe the corniferous limestone.
2. Describe the fossil corals found in these strata.
3. Describe the fossil fish.

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What term does the word Devonian replace and why was this change suggested?

XXXII.—ANCESTRY OF THE PEARLY NAUTILUS.

1. Silurian remains (pp. 227–234).
(1) Characteristics of the nautilus.
(2) What the nautilus represents.
(3) Silurian rocks and their distribution.
(4) Evidences of sedimentation.
(5) Silurian fossils.
(*a*) Seaweeds.
(*b*) Chambered shells.
(*c*) Brachiopods.
(*d*) Gasteropods.
(*e*) Crinoids.
(6) Nature's plan.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Silurian rocks and tell where they occur in the United States.
2. Describe the fossils of the Silurian strata.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. From what is the term Silurian derived?
2. Where are the American Silurian rocks thickest and best developed?

XXXIII.—THE KING CRAB'S GRANDFATHER AND OTHER GRANDFATHERS.

1. Cambrian fossils (pp. 234–241).
(1) The king crab and its embryology.
(2) Evidences of evolution.
(3) Crustaceans.
(4) Potsdam sandstone and its fossils.
(5) Other Cambrian rocks and their fossils.
(*a*) Character of Cambrian life.
(*b*) Evolutionary process.
(*c*) Types of Cambrian life.
(6) Upper Cambrian and lowest Silurian rocks.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the king crab and explain evolution by its embryology.
2. Describe crustaceans and trilobites.
3. Name the localities of the Potsdam sandstone and describe its fossils.
4. Describe the characteristics of bivalve shells.
5. Give a general description of Cambrian life.
6. Describe the Upper Cambrian and Lower Silurian rocks.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. So far as known what is the maximum thickness of the American Cambrian?
2. What is the general character of the Cambrian rocks accessible to observation?

XXXIV.—EARTH'S DEEPEST GRAVES.

1. The Eozoic animal (pp. 241–247).
(1) Position of Eozoic beds.
(2) Evidences of sedimentation.
(3) Kinds of rocks.
(4) Why fossils are rare.
(5) *Eozoön.*
(*a*) Where discovered.
(*b*) Structure.
(*c*) Its nature.
(*d*) Its modern representative.
(*e*) Process of growth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the formation of Eozoic rocks and describe the series.
2. Explain the rarity of fossils and describe *Eozoön.*

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. In what rocks, if anywhere, has the original crust of the earth been preserved?
2. To what rocks has the United States Geological Survey proposed to apply the term Algonkian?

XXXV.—AN EARLIER BEGINNING.

1. Intimations of a fiery æon (pp. 247–253).
(1) Sediments changed to Eozoic rocks.
(2) Source of the heat.
(3) Wastage of heat.
(4) History of a cooling globe traced backward.
(*a*) Oceanless.
(*b*) Molten condition.
(*c*) World of vapor.
(*d*) The solar system.
(*e*) Fire-mist condition.
(5) Three things not fire-mist.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the change of sediment to Eozoic rocks and tell what is observed in regard to the wastage of the earth's heat.
2. Trace backward the history of a cooling world.
3. What three things are essential in the cooling history?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. What three principal hypotheses have been proposed in regard to the present condition of the earth's interior?

XXXVI.—GATHERING WORLD STUFF.

1. Wandering germs of worlds (pp. 253–259).
(1) Comets.

(*a*) Mystery of the comet.
(*b*) Comets shattered.
(*c*) Character.
(*d*) Courses of comets.
(2) Meteors.
(3) Meteoroidal swarms.
(4) Effect on radiant heat and light.
(5) Meteoric dust.
(6) Summary.
(7) Nebulæ.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the character and courses of comets.
2. What is the nature and origin of meteors, meteoric dust, and nebulæ?
3. How do meteor swarms affect the sun's radiant heat and light?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What fact leads to the inference that meteors are nebulous?
2. What date has been predicted for another great meteoric shower?

XXXVII.—THE WHIRLING FIRE-MIST.

1. Nebular theory of world origin (pp. 259–265).
(1) Nebular condition.
(2) Structure.
(3) Contraction and rotation.
(4) Change of ring to a spheroid.
(5) Motions of the spheroid.
(6) History of the residual mass.
(7) Variations in the planets.
(8) Careers of the planets.
(9) Importance of the sun.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the nebular theory of the origin of the planets.
2. Give a reason for the differences which occur in the constituents of the planets and explain the variations in their courses.
3. Why is the sun so important?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. From a scientific point of view who should be regarded as the founder of the nebular hypothesis?
2. By whom was it treated from a mathematical standpoint at the close of the last century?

XXXVIII.—THE PRIMEVAL STORM.

1. Origin of the ocean (pp. 265–270).
(1) Planetary mass of fire-mist.
(2) Fiery precipitation.
(3) Molten globe.
(4) Luminous condition of the globe.
(5) Formation of the crust.
(6) Tidal movements of the crust.
(7) Precipitation of water.
(8) Battle between fire and water.
(9) Victory of water.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give a history of the cooling of the earth.
2. How was the ocean finally formed?

SEARCH QUESTION.

1. As the earth was cooling what was probably the character of the first rain storms?

XXXIX.—THE WAR IN THE OCEAN.

1. The earliest strata (pp. 271–277).
(1) Chemistry of the sea.
(*a*) Decomposition of the silicates.
(*b*) Soluble contents.
(*c*) Precipitates.
(2) Character of the oldest rocks.
(3) Fragmental sediments.
(4) Appearance of life.
(5) Appearance of land.
(6) Beginning of erosion.
(7) Place of ocean sedimentation.
(8) Effect of thickened crust.
(9) Eozoic beds not under all oceans.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the chemistry of the primeval sea, and show the relation of the oldest known rocks to the precipitates.
2. Explain the appearance of land and describe the effect of a thickening of the earth's crust.
3. Give a summary of the primitive history of the ocean.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where is the chemical action of the sea most noticeable?
2. To how much space is the principal erosive work of the waves confined?

XL.—THE WORLD WITHOUT A BACKBONE.

1. Reign of invertebrates (pp. 278–283).
(1) The Eozoic world.
(2) Formation of Eozoic rocks.
(3) Life of the Eozoic sea.
(4) Beginning of a continent.
(5) Work of erosion.
(6) Life of the Cambrian.
(7) Silurian life.
(8) Geographical changes.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Tell how the Eozoic rocks were made and describe the life of the Eozoic sea.
2. Describe the American continent at the opening of the Paleozoic æon.
3. Describe the life of the Cambrian and Silurian systems, and tell what geographical changes took place during those ages.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How does Paleozoic time compare in length with the Mesozoic and Cenozoic?
2. What is one of the most striking differences between the Cambrian and Lower Silurian?

XLI.—THE DYNASTY OF FISHES.

1. Devonian and Carboniferous times (pp. 283–289).
   (1) Early vertebrate forms.
   (2) Three types of Devonian fishes.
   (3) Early American fishes.
      (*a*) "Dagger-spine."
      (*b*) "Beak-tooth."
      (*c*) Plated ganoids.
      (*d*) "Hook-tooth."
   (4) Bone-beds of Europe.
   (5) American record.
   (6) Ancestors of these fishes.
   (7) Continuation of old fish types.
   (8) Lessons learned from fishes.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the early American fishes.

2. What is learned by comparing the discoveries of fish remains in Europe with those of America?

3. What types of ancient fishes still exist and why were they preserved?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What do the fossils show in regard to the vegetation in Devonian times?

2. Why is the Old Red Sandstone of particular interest?

XLII.—SCENES FROM THE COAL PERIOD.

1. How the coal beds were formed (pp. 290–295).
   (1) Dawn of a new age
   (2) The sea life.
   (3) Growth of the continent.
   (4) Forest growth.
   (5) Reason for vegetable life.
   (6) Dominion of the sea.
   (7) New life.
   (8) Formation of cannel-coal.
   (9) Close of the Paleozoic.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the conditions existing at the beginning of the Carboniferous age.

2. Describe the formation of coal beds.

3. Describe the condition of the American continent at the close of the Paleozoic age.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. By what term is the bed of clay beneath a coal seam sometimes designated and with what is this clay often filled?

2. What per cent of the thickness of the coal measures consists of workable coal?

XLIII.—THE REPTILE MONARCHIES.

1. Mesozoic events (pp. 296–302).
   (1) Flora of the system.
   (2) Fauna.
      (*a*) Amphibians.
      (*b*) Reptiles.
      (*c*) Sea-saurians.
      (*d*) Crocodilians.
   (3) Events in the estuary.
   (4) Footprints preserved.
   (5) Mesozoic coal-beds.
   (6) The close of the Triassic.
   (7) The reign of reptiles.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the flora and fauna of the Mesozoic æon.

2. Describe the conditions of the Triassic period and explain how footprints are preserved in the sand.

3. Where are the Mesozoic coal-beds located?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. During the Mesozoic era what forms of life substantially attained their modern condition?

2. How many reptilian orders existed in Mesozoic time and how many are there now?

XLIV.—MAMMALIAN RULE.

1. Cenozoic times (pp. 303–308).
   (1) The first mammals known.
   (2) Mammals before Cenozoic time.
   (3) Characteristics of early Tertiary mammals.
   (4) Eocene types.
   (5) Miocene types.
   (6) Pliocene types.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was the character of the first species of mammals known to have existed in America and Europe, and in what age did they live?

2. Give the general characteristics of the early Tertiary mammals.

3. Describe the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene types of mammals.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. In the Miocene period what was the character of the vegetation of North America?

2. By whom and why was the Eocene period so called?

XLV.—ANTICIPATION AND RETROSPECT IN LIFE PLANS.

1. Comprehensive types (pp. 308–316).
   (1) Comprehensive types defined.
   (2) Examples.
      (*a*) Ganoids.
      (*b*) Amphibians.
      (*c*) Ancient reptiles.
      (*d*) The first birds.
      (*e*) Other forms.
   (3) Series of organic forms.
      (*a*) From reptiles to running birds.
      (*b*) From reptiles to flying birds.
      (*c*) In the order of appearance.
      (*d*) What the series shows.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Define comprehensive types and describe examples of such types.

2. Explain the results of the principle of comprehensive types and give examples.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When did birds assume the diversity and relative importance which characterize them now?

2. What is the character of the Miocene birds of Europe?

XLVI.—THE THRONES OF THE CONTINENT.

1. How the land grew (pp. 316–324).
   (1) Growth of the continent.
   (2) Researchers.
   (3) The continent at the close of the Eozoic.
      (*a*) Great Northern Land.
      (*b*) Seaboard Land.
      (*c*) Great Cordilleran Land.
   (4) Geography of the Cambrian.
   (5) The remainder of Paleozoic time.
   (6) Mesozoic changes.
   (7) Cenozoic movements.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the land conditions in North America at the close of the Eozoic æon.

2. Describe the orographic movements of the Paleozoic.

3. What were the continental changes during the Mesozoic æon?

4. Describe Cenozoic America.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What was the probable effect on the climate of the upheavals at the end of the Eocene period?

2. When was the time of mountain-making in the Old World?

XLVII.—THE REIGN OF ICE.

1. Continental glaciation (pp. 324–333).
   (1) The reason for more continental changes.
   (2) A lower temperature.
   (3) Causes of glaciation.
   (4) Area of permanent snow.
   (5) Formation of glacier ice.

"*Névé*" [nā-vā']. The French term for snow in a granular condition.

   (6) Movement of the glacier.
   (7) Southward development of the glacier.
   (8) Interglacial period.
   (9) The border of the glacier.
   (10) Fate of the Siberian mammoth.
   (11) Effect of the weight of the glacier.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the teleological argument in regard to the Glacial period?

2. Give the causes of glaciation and describe the formation and the movement of the glacier streams.

3. Describe the fate of the Siberian mammoth.

4. Explain the effect of the weight of glaciers on the earth's surface.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Upon what does the rate of glacier movement depend?

2. Give an example of conditions for glacier formation fulfilled in equatorial regions.

XLVIII.—A GEOLOGICAL SPRING TIME.

1. The Champlain epoch (pp. 333–340).
   (1) Subsidence of land.
   (2) Melting the glacier.
   (3) Glacial remains.
   (4) Transportation of glacial remains.
   (5) Establishment of drainage systems.
   (6) Formation of terraces.
   (7) The Niagara gorge.
   (8) Basins of the Great Lakes.
   (9) Glacial lakes.
   (10) Formation of the prairies.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What are the evidences of land subsidence?

2. Explain the presence of glacial material beyond the area of glaciation.

3. Explain the formation of river systems, terraces, and the Niagara gorge.

4. Explain the formation of the basins of the Great Lakes.

5. Describe the formation of prairies.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How do the hills and valleys of glaciated regions compare with those of unglaciated districts?

2. Upon what does the amount of material carried on the surface of glaciers depend?

XLIX.—THE EARTH RECEIVES HER KING.

1. The advent of man (pp. 340–347).
   (1) Man of the Glacial period.
   (2) Remains in California.
   (3) Age of these remains.
   (4) Remains from Trenton.
   (5) Relics from Europe and South America.
   (6) Character of relics.
   (7) Divisions of prehistoric time.
   (8) Primeval inhabitants of Europe.

"Bonassus." The generic name of the bison.

   (9) Primitive man in America.
   (10) Character of primitive man.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What evidence is there that American man existed in the Glacial era?

2. What relics of primitive man have been found and what do they show in regard to his character?

3. Into what ages do archeologists divide prehistoric time?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Where were the relics of the Stone age in Europe discovered?

2. What do the remains show in regard to the character of the people of Southern France?

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

I.—"A GREAT ENGLISH SEAPORT."

1. General character of the city (p. 107).
2. Origin of the name (pp. 107–108).
3. Names connected with it (p. 108).
4. History before the seventeenth century (p. 108).
5. Foundation of its prosperity (p. 108).
6. Conditions in the eighteenth century (p. 108).
7. Cause of its greatness (p. 109).
8. Statistics (p. 107).
9. Tonnage of vessels (p. 109).
10. The dock system (pp. 109–111).
11. First Cunarder (p. 111).
12. Architecture (pp. 111–112).
    (1) St. George's Hall.
    (2) Libraries and art galleries.
    (3) Town hall.
    (4) Exchange.
13. Municipal spirit (p. 112).
14. Famous people (pp. 112–113).
15. Interest in the drama and music (p. 113).
16. Manufacturing interests (p. 113).

II.—"THE HARDWARE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES."

1. Relation to a country's development (p. 114).
2. Varieties of hardware (p. 114).
3. Growth of the industry (p. 114).
4. Where American goods are known (p. 114).
5. Story of the nail (p. 115).
6. Distribution (p. 115).
7. Centers of industry (pp. 115–116).
8. Price-making (p. 116).
9. Basis of hardware (p. 116).
10. Use of machinery (p. 116).
11. The plant; equipment and methods (p. 117).
12. Result of the patent system (p. 117).
13. Manufacturers' catalogues (p. 117).
14. Builders' hardware (pp. 117–118).
15. Conditions of labor in this trade (p. 118).
16. Importance of the trade (pp. 118–119).
17. Extent of the trade (p. 119).

III.—"LORD SALISBURY."

1. Early estimate of his political career (p. 119).
2. False prognostications (pp. 119–120).
3. Early life (p. 120).
4. First years in Parliament (pp. 120–121).
5. Interest in journalism (p. 121).
6. Marriage (p. 121).
7. Events from 1857 to 1865 (p. 121).
8. Events of 1865–1867 (p. 122).
9. In the House of Lords (p. 122).
10. The rôle of country gentleman (p. 122).
11. Chancellor of university (pp. 122–123).
12. Parliament from 1868–1874 (p. 123).
13. The election of 1874 (p. 123).
14. A new Conservative policy (p. 123).
15. Representative at important conferences (pp. 123–124).
16. Rise to party leadership (p. 124).
    "Primrose League." An association of persons pledged to the Conservative principles advocated by Disraeli and so-called from his favorite flower.
17. As prime minister (pp. 124–125).
18. Personal characteristics (p. 125).

IV.—"THE CHURCH."

1. Cause of social disorders (p. 125).
2. Healthy development of social organism (pp. 125–126).
    (1) Process of differentiation.
    (2) What it leads to.
    (3) Necessity of integration.
    (4) Agency of integration.
    (5) Mission of the church.
3. How the church is fulfilling her mission (pp. 126–128).
    (1) What the churches are doing.
    (2) Divisions of the church.
    (3) Faults of administration.
    (4) Tendency to class view of social questions.
    (5) Failure of the church.
4. First duty of the church (pp. 128–129).
5. The message of the church (pp. 129–130).

V.—"SOME SPRING BIRDS."

1. The phœbe (pp. 130–131).
    (1) Courtship.
    (2) Nest.
    (3) Song.
    (4) The family.
2. The Baltimore oriole (pp. 131–132).
    (1) Arrival.
    (2) Courtship.
    (3) The nests.
    (4) Food.
    (5) Tones.
    (6) Compared with the orchard oriole.
3. The catbird (pp. 132–133).
    (1) Arrival.
    (2) Courtship.
    (3) Characteristics.
    (4) The song.
4. The brown thrasher (pp. 133–134).
    (1) Favorite haunts.
    (2) The song.
    (3) Devotion to family.
    (4) As a pet.
    (5) In late summer.
    (6) An explorer.

VI.—"THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS."

1. Membership of the House (p. 134).
2. Growth in membership (pp. 134–135).
   (1) Conditions in early days.
   (2) Since the fifteenth century.
3. Peerages created by George III. (pp. 135–136).
4. Bestowal of peerages since 1832 (p. 136).
5. Effect of a general election (p. 137).
6. Irish representative peers (p. 137).
7. Exclusion of peers from the House of Commons (pp. 137–138).
8. Bishops in the House of Lords (p. 138).
9. The lord chancellor (p. 138).

"Woolsack." A large square cushion stuffed with wool on which the lord chancellor sits. It is said that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Parliament passed a law forbidding the exportation of wool. That this source of national wealth might not be forgotten wool sacks were placed in the House of Lords for the judges to sit upon.

10. Final court of appeal (p. 138).
11. Opening and closing Parliament (p. 138).
12. Visits of the sovereign (p. 138).
13. Legislative powers (p. 138).

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR APRIL.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VII.

1. "The Corsair"; at least 14,000 copies. 2. Sir Walter Scott. 3. "Lucia di Lammermoor"; "The Bride of Lammermoor"; Donizetti.

VIII.

1. "David Copperfield." 2. Mr. Micawber. 3. "Nicholas Nickleby."

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

I.

1. As "the science which investigates the successive changes that have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature." 2. Of the nature and mode of action of the agencies which cause geological changes.

II.

1. Plymouth Rock; it is a syenitic granite.

III.

1. Diluvium. 2. From Cape Horn northward into Southern Chili and some observers assert even farther.

IV.

1. South of 40° they are small and lack several of the characteristics of large glaciers. Farther north, on the high peaks of the Cascades and of the Rocky Mountains they are larger, and in Alaska they are very large.

V.

1. About that of the average or mean temperature of the place. 2. To a siphon-like fissure in the rocks, which empties subterranean cavities that slowly fill to be emptied again when the water rises to the top of the siphon.

VI.

1. Muscovite. 2. For lubricating purposes, and sometimes for giving a silvery luster to wall-paper.

VII.

1. On the south shore of Lake Superior; in their irregular shape and the long lines of sandy cliffs on the coast below.

VIII.

1. The salt of the sea-water seems to curdle the mud held in suspension and cause it to settle more quickly. 2. Over 12,000 square miles and more than half of it consists of swamps, shallow lakes, and lagoons.

IX.

1. The swift streams transport large rocks, which wear down the bed as they are whirled along. 2. Their roots entering crevices wedge the rocks apart, thus aiding a freer percolation of water and a better action of frost.

X.

1. The bottom of the sea is broken by valleys and mountains, plateaus and plains, but the undulations are more gentle than those of the land. 2. Of very fine red or brown clay.

XI.

1. Horizontal. 2. Hardly less than one hundred years.

XII.

1. That in which the external form and the internal organization are preserved. 2. According to the fossils they contain.

XIII.

1. Probably about the close of the Paleozoic era. 2. The Sahwatch range.

XIV.

1. Of volcanic manifestations. 2. Boiling mineral springs and mud volcanoes.

XV.

1. To the Pacific slope. 2. They follow a general linear arrangement as seen in the volcanic islands of Eastern Asia, in those on both shores of the Pacific Ocean, and in the seas separating the northern and southern continent.

XVI.

1. Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave.

XVII.

1. They are crystalline and of the kind which results by cooling from a melted state, pointing to the fact that the earth was once in a molten condition.

XVIII.

1. Along great faults and at the juncture of geological formations which are unlike. 2. In the region of active volcanoes.

XIX.

1. From three successive upheavals.

XX.

1. Mountains by eruption, by folding, and by fracture. 2. The last class.

XXI.

1. In the copper districts about Lake Michigan, on an island in the lake, and in the Cordilleran region. 2. In California.

XXII.

1. In Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob. 2. In crystalline or metamorphic rocks.

XXIII.

1. Petite Anse. 2. Chlorin and sodium; NaCl.

XXIV.

1. It is derived from the Latin words *petra*, a rock, and *oleum*, oil; rock oil. 2. Those in the vicinity of Tiflis.

XXV.

1. Carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, nitrogen, oxygen, and ethylene.

XXVI.

1. 192,000 square miles. 2. Either Cretaceous or Tertiary.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1902.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—John A. Travis, Washington, D. C.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, Pa.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, England; Miss Alice Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tientsin, China.

Secretary—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer—John C. Whitford, Detroit, Mich.

Trustee—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

THE class song for '99 has been written by a member of the class, Mr. Charles Barnard of New York, and the music for it has been arranged by Mr. L. S. Leason, another member of the class. The song is full of the spirit of Chautauqua, and the class will have abundant opportunity to become acquainted with it as they meet for social festivities in Alumni Hall during the coming season.

THE Chautauqua program for the summer of 1899 will be strongly American in its character. The Patriots will find much in it to nourish their ardor and to celebrate fitly the close of their four years of study. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose "Man Without a Country" has been read by thousands during this past year (as it was also during the Civil War), is to be present during Recognition Day week, and it is hoped that his sister, Miss Susan Hale, the author of that delightful book "Men and Manners," will be able to accompany him.

AN important communication for the Class of '99 will be sent out from the Cleveland office toward the latter part of May. Every member of the class should secure a copy of this "Report Blank" and "Final Address." If any fail to receive these by June 1, let them notify the office at once.

THE Class of '99 are at graduation to be represented in Japan by a student who has carried on his four years' course all alone, without ever having seen a fellow Chautauquan, save Mr. Issa Tanimura of the C. L. S. C. Class of '92, who persuaded him to join. This classmate of the Patriots is Mr. Tora Iwamura, and although he is a little behind the class owing to press of business he expects to finish at the appointed time. Like all true Chautauquans Mr. Iwamura believes in "Still achieving, still pursuing" and proposes to take up some line of special study as soon as the four years are over. There can hardly be a more isolated Chautauquan than he although he lives in the city of Tokyo, and the best wishes of the class will go with him as he "fares onward."

DEAR CLASSMATES OF 1899:—You are all aware of the fact that the graduating year of '99 is fast approaching, and to make this year a memorable one not only in the history of Chautauqua but in the history of our individual lives, the larger the number that will assemble on the grounds and enter into the festivities of the Patriots' year the more easily will this be accomplished. It seems to me that we owe something to our *alma mater*. We who represent "Fidelity, Fraternity" cannot be indifferent to her grand cause this coming season. Let sacrifices be made; let every member of the Class of '99 feel that he is indebted to Chautauqua for social, intellectual, and spiritual pleasures not to be secured elsewhere. Let us rally around the flag, sing our hallelujahs, and make the grove resonant with our jubilee. Finally, let us make old Chautauquans glad that they have lived to see a procession of flags, in number sufficient "to conceal the sun," march through the hallowed grounds of dear old Chautauqua.

Martha A. Bortle,
Mansfield, Ohio.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."

"Licht, Liebe, Leben."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Rev. John A. McKamy, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, N. Tonawanda, N.Y.; J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Greene, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary H. Gardner, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. James H. Bentley, Ridley Park, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Youngclove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

Trustee—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

IT will be welcome news to members of the 1900 class, as well as to others, that the price and amount of the required reading will be reduced in the year 1899-1900. This will enable belated members of the class to make up their lost time and close up the nineteenth century in a manner befitting its achievements. Let every member of 1900 plan to make special efforts during the coming year and graduate with honor.

THE reduction of the amount of reading in the course will not, however, impair its value to the reader who desires to make his reading cover a wider range, as a plan of closely related supplementary courses will be carried out in such a way as to offer opportunities for "specializing" as the student may choose, while at the same time the maximum of required work will be such that most readers will be able to take one or more elective courses and so, with the general plan of the regular course, follow out in some degree also their own special tastes.

THE president of the Class of 1900 at the New England Assembly reports from Franklin, Mass., the great help the course has been to her, though without the inspiration of a circle. By sharing her books and magazine with others, she is extending the influence of Chautauqua in her community and hopes to work up a small party to visit the New England Assembly during the summer of '99. What one can do, others may accomplish, and her example may help to inspire others to try a similar plan.

CLASS OF 1902.—"THE ALTRURIANS."

"Not for self, but for all."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Col. Geo. W. Bain, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. A. T. Van Laer, New York, N. Y.; Mr. J. T. Robert, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. M. E. Baird, Troy, O.; Madame Emma D. Rupin, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Harriet Walker, Wellesley College; Mr. Albert Watson, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Miss Sallie Leonard, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Jewell Gould, Aspen, Col.; Miss Belle Kearney, Flora, Miss.

Honorable Vice Presidents—The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

Secretary—Mrs. Josephine Griffith Rabb, East Aurora, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. J. C. Armstrong, 530 Lincoln Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

THE 1902's are approaching the end of their first year of work. Let all who can rally at Chautauqua or at one of the other Assemblies to "count their triumphs o'er" and lay plans for more effective work during the remaining three years. 1902 has every opportunity to make a great record for itself, as the reduction of the C. L. S. C. required work, which will begin with next year's course, means that few need fear to win the goal, no matter how hard pressed they may be.

THE class president, Dr. J. H. Barrows, who became president of Oberlin College in January, has come nearer to Chautauqua by some hundreds of miles than heretofore, and will be present at Chautauqua during part of the season. An enthusiastic rally of the Altrurians is anticipated.

CHINA keeps knocking at the doors of Chautauqua at occasional intervals, dreaming of better things for her vast population of needy human souls. This time the letter is from Foochow, from a missionary of the American Board, who asks for particulars of the C. L. S. C. and says: "I want to see if I cannot start something of the kind here in China to stimulate home study among the students of our mission schools, after they leave school. The Chinese, both men and women, are very fond of study and I think they only need some systematic plan to help them to accomplish a great deal in their maturer years."

IN Texas, the Class of 1902 are bearing an important part in keeping the C. L. S. C. well at the front at a new Assembly at Glen Rose. Further details of this circle will be found in the *Local Circle Department.*

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE new French History and Literature Courses continue to attract attention, and in view of the coming Paris Exposition will doubtless be in great demand during the coming year. Special provision will be made in THE CHAUTAUQUAN to aid all persons anxious to prepare for a trip to Paris, although the year 1899-1900 will be in a special sense the American year.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Chautauqua Assembly will be celebrated this summer at Chautauqua. It is hoped that C.L.S.C. graduates, especially of the earlier years, will plan to spend Old First Night at the Assembly. Let every graduate send for announcements of the coming season and try to reach especially those who knew Chautauqua in its earliest days. Send to the new headquarters.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God." *"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1898–99.

ALFRED DAY—October 18.
CAVOUR DAY—November 15.
CROMWELL DAY—December 16.
GLADSTONE DAY—January 14.
DRYDEN DAY—February 18.
WORDSWORTH DAY—March 17.
SHELLEY DAY—April 20.
TENNYSON DAY—May 18.

NEW YORK. — Harmony Circle, at Stedman, was reorganized last October with four members of the Class of '99 and two others. Although small, this circle has a good corps of officers, and as students they are doing excellent work.——At Schenectady a circle of loyal Chautauquans are spreading the fame of the reading course.——The Canandaigua Chautauquans carried out the program for Dryden Day as outlined in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, with the addition of a talk by Mr. Lightfoote on the late Lewis Miller.

MISSISSIPPI.—A book club at Okolona is taking the magazine course, and is following the suggested programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

FLORIDA.—The Chautauqua interest has been kept very much alive in Jacksonville, as the following testifies: "We have a circle of some twenty-five or thirty members, Rev. Miller president, and have had a few very interesting meetings, though from various causes we have not met as regularly as we had hoped at the beginning of the year's work. Still the members are keeping up the readings very well; some gather in various parts of the city in what might be termed sub-circles and read together, and all seem to be enjoying and profiting by their readings."

TEXAS.—The best people of the town are interested in the circle at Granbury. The twenty-two composing the class are working hard to make up for their late beginning.

OHIO.—"The Princess" is being read by Fremont Circle in addition to the regular course, and will be followed by "Cyrano de Bergerac." The lesson in "Men and Manners" is conducted by each person in turn, and one permanent leader takes charge of the study of "From Chaucer to Tennyson."——A lady living near Toledo makes her report of the George E. Vincent Circle, of which she is a member, and in view of the distance which separates the readers, and the hard winter, which has made meetings difficult, the readers are to be congratulated on doing so much work.——Thirty-six readers in Cleveland are making their circle interesting to themselves, and are saying a word for Chautauqua to other people whenever possible.

ILLINOIS.—Under the guidance of Rev. G. W. Shepherd a circle in Jerseyville has been devouring the books since October, and the members now feel like Chautauquans of long standing.

IOWA.—Several individual readers in Panora are struggling single-handed with the books of the year, and one lady hopes to get her diploma this year.

COLORADO. — The energy and thoughtfulness which the Walsenburg students are putting into their work predicts for them a brilliant future.

CALIFORNIA.—The Epworth Circle, Los Angeles, has the honor of having for its president one of the charter members of the Chautauqua movement.—— Mrs. Harriet Gray, secretary of Houghton Circle, writes: "The Houghton Circle, of Oakland, is enjoying a year of great enthusiasm. Our meetings are held at homes of the members, and the suggestive program is always carried out. Mrs. C. J. Hammer, our leader, is a school-teacher and thus peculiarly adapted to the place she fills. Our circle numbers fifteen, with good attendance each week."

MONTANA. — A lady in a government Indian school at Fort Shaw writes of her work in the literary line as being exceedingly helpful to her, isolated as she is from almost everything educational.

WASHINGTON.—A circle of ten from Spokane has entered the Class of 1902.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Recollections of the Civil War.

Whatever relates to the history of the United States during the crucial period of 1861-65 always has an absorbing interest for citizens of this great republic. This is particularly true of Charles A. Dana's "Recollections of the Civil War."* In 1862 Mr. Dana began his services in the War Department by acting on a commission appointed to audit the unsettled claims against the department at Cairo, Ill. After reporting the results of the investigation he was appointed special commissioner of the War Department to investigate the condition of the pay service in the armies of the West. The duties of this office took him to the front with Grant through the Vicksburg campaign, with Rosecrans in central Tennessee, and with the Army of the Potomac during the campaigns of 1864. His experiences during these exciting years he has related in a simple, terse style and his observations on the plans and conduct of the war and on the officers in command give us a vast amount of information not found in the conventional history. Mr. Dana's duties in Washington as assistant secretary of war also brought him into intimate relations with the president and his cabinet and other noted officials of the time, about whom he has written many entertaining facts. Several interesting incidents connected with the secret service of the War Department he has related in his most engaging manner, and the closing scenes of the war, the assassination of the president, the trial of the conspirators in this crime, the capture and imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, and the grand review of the Union armies are other subjects which the writer has treated. These "Recollections" are intensely interesting both for the facts they contain and for the deeper insight they give into the characters of those who guided the nation through the period of the Civil War.

History.

During the year which has elapsed since the destruction of the *Maine*, Captain Sigsbee has found time to write an account of that terrible disaster. His narrative, written in a delightfully simple and terse style, includes the history of the *Maine*† from October, 1897, till the evening of the explosion, the story of the explosion, and an account of the investigation which followed. The appendix gives the result of the Spanish Court of Inquiry, a technical description of the *Maine*, the president's message, and a roster of the ship's crew. Numerous excellent illustrations constitute an important part of the book.

"Campaigning in Cuba"* is the title of George Kennan's story of the recent war between the United States and Spain. From his facile pen we learn much about the field work of the Red Cross, the features of the Cuban country, the disadvantages against which our army had to struggle, the suffering and hardships it endured, and the condition to which it was reduced. It is a pathetic and fascinating story, graphically told.

The experiences of the Fifth Army Corps constitute the principal part of the contents of the volume entitled "The Fight for Santiago."† The writer, Stephen Bonsal, was with the Fifth Corps, and this account, written in a bright, entertaining manner, is based upon notes taken on the field. The recital contains many incidents both pleasant and disagreeable, and sets forth the bravery of the American soldiers in every situation incident to war, and the inhuman treatment they had to endure. A voluminous appendix contains many documents and statements of historical import, and throughout the text are important maps and illustrations.

The history‡ of which Dr. Ferdinand Schwill is the author deals with European events since 1517. Before opening the history proper he explains why the modern era begins with the close of the fifteenth century, and gives a short description of early exploring expeditions sent out from Europe, the colonization of the New World, and the condition of Europe at the beginning of the modern era. Then follows a succinct account of historical events in Europe during the present era, written in a clear, concise style. Excellent colored maps and genealogical tables of the reigning houses in Europe are valuable adjuncts to the work.

The development of the French nation‖ is the theme of a work in two volumes by Thomas E. Watson. The writer begins the story with 600 B. C., and with a ready pen he sketches the progress of

* Recollections of the Civil War. By Charles A. Dana. With portrait. 309 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† The Maine. An Account of her Destruction in Havana Harbor. The personal narrative of Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N. 284 pp. New York: The Century Co.

* Campaigning in Cuba. By George Kennan. 269 pp. New York: The Century Co.

† The Fight for Santiago. By Stephen Bonsal. 571 pp. $2.50. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

‡ History of Modern Europe. By Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. With maps and genealogical tables. 443 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‖ The Story of France from the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Thomas E. Watson. In two volumes. Vol. I. To the End of the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth. 723 pp. $2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

national growth through several centuries of rapidly changing events, closing the first volume with the reign of Louis XV. Interwoven with the historical facts are many interesting anecdotes, well-authenticated, the author says, which make this work extremely attractive.

A splendid history* of the United States has been prepared by Edward Channing for the use of students in the high school or college. It is not a mere presentation of historical facts which students are expected to commit to memory, but a systematic study of the political, constitutional, and industrial growth of our country to which all the facts are made to contribute. The helps for successfully teaching and studying the subject include bibliographies, suggestive topics for individual investigation, review questions, maps, and charts. The volume is copiously illustrated.

English readers have an opportunity to learn the story of the Swiss Republic through E. Salisbury's excellent translation of Dr. Karl Dändliker's work "A Short History of Switzerland."† It is a compendious work of about three hundred pages, in which the history of the country from the earliest times to the present is related in a simple, dignified style. Two colored maps, a comprehensive index, a synopsis of the history of federal affairs, and a chronological table are very convenient parts of the book.

Fiction.

A novel of force and power is "Aylwin,"‡ by Theodore Watts-Dunton. In the first few pages there is scarcely a hint of the author's skill and purpose, and a surprise awaits him who chooses to continue the reading. The first deep impression the reader receives is that the writer is a sympathetic student of nature, and as the story develops the natural wonders of English and Welsh scenery and the charm of outdoor life are set forth in a masterly way. The theme of the story is the power of a great sorrow to convert a man from materialism to spiritualism. Henry Aylwin is the one on whom the sorrow falls through a curse pronounced by Philip Aylwin, the father, on the despoiler of his tomb and on the plunderer's children. Henry's *fiancée* is the daughter of the grave-robber and the curse falling on her causes a long separation of the lovers, during which time Henry seeks her through England and Wales, even joining the gipsies and enlisting the services of Sinfi Lovell, a magnificent type of the Romany character. The author delineates in bright colors the life of the higher class of gipsies, and Sinfi, an almost ideal creation in moral as well as physical qualities, we will remember long after the other characters are forgotten. Henry, who is the *raconteur* of his own story, is an excellent type of manhood, and as he tells what happened during his long search the power of perfect love coupled with sorrow is forcefully displayed.

One of the books now creating a wide interest in the literary world is "David Harum."* It is a story of central New York, the greater part of the action being in a small town known in the story as Homeville, where David is the proprietor of a bank. Finding it necessary to obtain a new clerk he secures the services of John Lenox, a young man from New York City, who, after some annoying trials imposed slyly by David himself, wins the respect, love, and confidence of his employer. While his character and career are interesting it is David who is most attractive. He is a unique personage, and his individuality, exhibiting delightful surprises in the way of shrewd humor and quiet pathos, is positively refreshing.

It was a high sense of honor and duty which induced Morris Harding in "The Minister of Carthage"† to pass by what evidently led to a brilliant career, prosperity, and happiness. He is a strong, likable character, and the story of the first years of his ministry is a pleasant romance told by Caroline A. Mason in a simple, bright way. C. M. Relyea has aptly illustrated this little volume.

"The People of Our Neighborhood"‡ is the title of a small book containing character sketches by Mary E. Wilkins. With a skilful pen she has delineated the quaint customs and the peculiarities of the people in certain rural districts of New England. The artist, Alice Barber Stephens, has shown in the illustrations a keen appreciation of the writer's delineations.

The first volume of a new library edition of Edward Everett Hale's works is called "The Man Without a Country and Other Stories."‖ The author has prefixed a most interesting note to this celebrated story, in which he has given the history of its conception and publication. Nine other short tales written in the author's happiest style are included in the volume, among them being

---

*A Students' History of the United States. By Edward Channing. 655 pp. $1.40.——† A Short History of Switzerland. By Dr. Karl Dändliker. Translated by E. Salisbury. With two colored maps. 338 pp. $2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 460 pp. $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

*David Harum. A Story of American Life. By Edward Noyes Westcott. 392 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

† The Minister of Carthage. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated. 150 pp. 50 cts.——‡ The People of Our Neighborhood. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens. 161 pp. 50 cts. Philadelphia: Curtis Publishing Company. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

‖ The Man Without a Country and Other Stories. By Edward Everett Hale. 411 pp. $1.50. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

"My Double," "The Rag-Man and the Rag-Woman," "Round the World in a Hack," and "The Modern Psyche." The volume will be a welcome addition to any library.

The genius about whom Ossip Schubin* has written was a violinist and a composer of music. From poverty and obscurity he rose to distinction through his wonderful playing and improvising and by the influence of a friend who afterward proved false to him. The results of this make a sad *dénouement* for a story of indifferent interest. Of the two other stories in the same volume the last one is the more interesting.

The scene of "The Spirit of Sweetwater"† is a Colorado town much frequented by people in search of health. There on a July day a beautiful girl, ill and weary of life, met a wealthy young man who, by his strong will and forceful character, revived her mental and physical powers and at the same time became indispensable to her happiness. It is a love story, pure and simple, which appeals strongly to the reader.

Only one who loves animals could portray canine characteristics so effectively as has Alfred Ollivant in "Bob, Son of Battle."‡ Bob is a genial gray sheep-dog in the hill country of Scotland, and his comprehension of his duties and the faithful, intelligent way in which he performs them seem little less than human. Contrasted with Bob in disposition is Red Wull, the Tailless Tyke. His loyalty to his master, Mr. M' Adams, his ferocity toward all others, and his intelligence are no less phenomenal. Mr. M'Adams' jealousy toward Mr. Moore and his dog Bob, and the contest for the Dale Cup, the Shepherd's trophy, are the motives of the story in which the dogs stand out in bolder relief than the personages.

Miscellaneous.

A series of lectures delivered before several University Extension societies in the far West constitute the greater part of the contents of a volume entitled "Foot-notes to Evolution."‖ Organic development in nearly all its phases is treated in a comprehensive, interesting way, and no one can read these essays without being convinced of the truth of organic evolution and the law of heredity. The volume also contains three supplementary essays by authoritative writers on the same general subject.

"What shall our Boys do for a Living?"* is the title of a small volume by Charles F. Wingate. In a simple, forceful manner he tells parents some facts about the training of children and gives young men advice about the preparation for a successful life, and the choice of a profession, with a large amount of information about different fields of labor which he has himself tried. Hundreds of examples are cited as proofs of the truth of his statements, which appeal to all thoughtful readers, and boys as well as parents will be greatly benefited by reading what Mr. Wingate has to say.

Grant Allen has written a delightful book to which he has given the title "Flashlights on Nature."† The aphis, soldanella, spider, butcher-bird, clover, earwig, wasp, mosquito, ant, the pond and its inhabitants, the Hessian fly, and the gorse, are the objects on which he has turned a bright light, illuminating the peculiar qualities of each in a most captivating way. The illustrator, Frederick Enock, has used his pen most effectively in the production of pictures which have an artistic as well as a utilitarian value. Heavy paper, clear type, and a handsome cover suggestive of the title are characteristics of the make-up of the volume.

A veritable boon to the lover of nature is a book entitled "How to Know the Ferns."‡ After pointing out the benefits of a study of ferns and other natural objects the writer tells where and when to look for ferns, explains some botanical terms, and describes the process of development from the embryonic condition to maturity. More than fifty different species of ferns are described in a clear, concise way, and the drawings by Marion Satterlee and Alice Josephine Smith are valuable aids in identifying them. The reproductions of photographs are pleasing features of the volume.

Capt. Guy Burrows spent over three years in the interior of the Congo State, opening the region around the Upper Wellé-Mobanghi. During that time he learned many things about the habits and customs of the aboriginal tribes of the Congo country, which are told for the first time in his book called "The Land of the Pigmies."‖ Simply and lucidly he has described several of the least known tribes, omitting the wearisome details of travel which mar the works of some explorers.

---

*The Story of a Genius. From the German of Ossip Schubin. Englished by E. H. Lockwood. 212 pp. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

†The Spirit of Sweetwater. By Hamlin Garland. 100 pp. 50 cts.——‡ Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. 356 pp. $1.25. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

‖ Foot-notes to Evolution. A Series of Popular Addresses on the Evolution of Life. By David Starr Jordan, Ph.D. With supplementary essays by Edwin Grant Conklin, Ph.D., Frank Mace McFarland, Ph.D., and James Perrin Smith, Ph.D. 410 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*What shall our Boys do for a Living? By Charles F. Wingate. 303 pp. $1.00.——† Flashlights on Nature. By Grant Allen. Illustrated by Frederick Enock. 312 pp. $1.50. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

‡ How to Know the Ferns. A Guide to the Names, Haunts, and Habits of our Common Ferns. By Frances Theodora Parsons. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee and Alice Josephine Smith. 229 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‖ The Land of the Pigmies. By Captain Guy Burrows. With an introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P. With illustrations from photographs and sketches by the author. 329 pp. $3.00. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

The photographs and sketches by the author increase the vividness of the delineations. An appendix gives a letter from the king of Belgium and a glossary of words and phrases in the Mang-bettou tongue.

During the past few months Mr. Dooley* has had much to say on subjects of popular interest to the American public, and his opinions, expressed with the characteristic shrewdness of the native Hibernian, have been eagerly read in the newspapers. A collection of these papers makes a very interesting and amusing book, which, taken in small doses, is good to drive away for a time the heavy cares of life.

Graham Balfour, M.A., has written a work which treats of the educational systems existing in Great Britain and Ireland.† The introduction is a succinct account of the development of public education in those islands. This is followed by a brief but comprehensive history of what has been done in the present century to promote primary, secondary, and higher education in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It is a book to be studied in conjunction with works on the political development of Great Britain.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Schenk, Dr. Leopold. Schenk's Theory. The Determination of Sex. Authorized Translation.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Story of America.

---

*Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. 278 pp. $1.25. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

†The Educational Systems of Great Britain. By Graham Balfour, M.A. 356 pp. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

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JUNE

A.D. 1899

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AMERICANS IN LONDON.*

BY JOHN CHARLES THORNLEY.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, SHOWING CHANCEL, UNDER WHICH RALEIGH'S BODY IS BURIED.

BENT upon treading with some method and sequence in the footprints of famous Americans who have visited London, we gaze, in the first place, upon the Tower, and there get back, in imagination, almost to the beginning of the colonial days, beholding as we do the prison of two men who, though English born, are inextricably bound up in name and fame with the early history of the American continent—Raleigh and Penn. Sir Walter was three times shut up in this gloomy medieval fortress, once in Queen Bess' time for a love sin, which he expiated by marrying Elizabeth Throgmor-

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

ton, and twice under James I. During his second incarceration he wrote his "History of the World," with Ben Jonson's assistance, and was visited several times by Henry, Prince of Wales, an excellent youth, who once exclaimed: "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage!" Between the second and the third imprisonment came the unfortunate expedition to Guiana, but the last scene of all was not at the Tower, as we shall find when we get further westward.

RALEIGH MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Ostensibly for writing a heterodox pamphlet, but really to vex his father, the admiral, young William Penn was sent by Charles II. to the Tower. If he was not quite at home there he was very near it, for he was born on Tower Hill. Nine days old, he was baptized in the neighboring church of All Hallows Barking, as a faint entry in the register indicates:

1644. October 23. William, son of William Penn and Margaret his wife, of the Tower of Liberty.

The present font—how provoking!—dates from the following year, but in the main we see the same church that was entered by the Penn christening party, this being one of the few edifices that escaped the great fire of 1666.

Turning over the succeeding pages of the parish register we light upon this entry, under the marriages:

1797. July 26. John Quincy Adams, Esq., of Boston, in N. America, and Louisa Catherine Johnson, Spinster, of this parish, by license.

At that time the bridegroom's father was president of the United States (a position he himself was to occupy later), and he was passing through London on his way to Berlin. The altar, flanked by some of the choicest examples of Grinling Gibbons' wood-carving, is practically the same as that at which the future president knelt.

While in this part of the city one should visit the Church of St. Olave, in Hart Street, the burial place of Pepys, the diarist, to whose memory James Russell Lowell unveiled a bust there when he was minister to England.

In the wake of Washington Irving, we move on to Eastcheap, not, like him, to find the Boar's Head Tavern, but the statue of William IV., which stands upon part of the site. Irving was just in time to see the inn before its demolition. At another hostelry close by he was shown a sacramental cup taken from the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, which vessel he transformed, in that inimitable "knickerbocker" style of his, so full of subtle drollery, into the parcel-gilt goblet whereon fat, faithless Falstaff swore to marry Dame Quickley.

Striking southward from the William IV. monument we soon reach London Bridge and the handsome hall of the Fishmonger's Company, of which ancient guild George Peabody was an honorary freeman. Let us now cross the Thames to Southwark, and examine the collegiate Church of St. Saviour, next to Westminster Abbey the grandest example of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture remaining in London. There, on November 29, 1607, was christened John Har-

vard, and his father, Richard Harvard (otherwise called Harvey, Harveye, and Harvye), was junior warden of the church in 1613. The house in the High Street where John was born has been swept away by the process of industrial development that has robbed Southwark of nearly all its picturesqueness. All the Harvard family except the mother and two sons died of the plague within five weeks in 1625, and the record of their deaths can be seen in St. Saviour's registers.

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SHOWING BUST OF LONGFELLOW AT THE LEFT.

Richard, who was by trade a butcher, left his widow, among other property, the Queen's Head Inn, the last remnant of which is at the present moment doomed to destruction, unless, indeed, the suggestion be adopted of reerecting it as part of an Old London street that it is proposed to build at South Kensington. A friend of mine in Southwark who has access to all the parish records tells me that John became owner of the Queen's Head on the death of his mother, and that he probably lived there until his departure for New England. Am I, then, too fanciful when I suggest that the books and money with which Harvard endowed the university that bears his name were derived from the old hostelry at home?

PEABODY STATUE, IN THREADNEEDLE STREET.

Returning to the city, we soon come to the Mansion House, the lord mayor's official residence, where the voices of all the United States ministers and ambassadors have been heard at the festive board. James Russell Lowell and Thomas F. Bayard made some particularly happy speeches there. Across the way is the Royal Exchange, once the haunt of that prince of financiers and philanthropists, George Peabody. Under the shadow of the building is his statue, molded in bronze by Noble and unveiled by the Prince of Wales on July 23, 1869. But after all, his best monument consists in the industrial dwellings with which the metropolis is dotted, thanks to his munificence.

In imagination, we see the

plainly-clad millionaire walking into the Guild-hall to receive the honorary freedom of London at the hands of the oldest municipality in the world. He was the first American citizen upon whom that honor was bestowed; the second was General Grant, and the third, Henry M. Stanley. The last-named has since resumed his original British nationality and entered Parliament. Within the precincts of the Guild-hall, which has for nearly five centuries been the headquarters of the city corporation, is an excellent art gallery, and among the pictures there exhibited is "The Siege of Gibraltar," painted to the order of the Court of Common Council by John S. Copley, R. A., a Bostonian, who settled down in England.

A short excursion northward brings us to the tomb of Sir Martin Frobisher in St. Giles', Cripplegate (the church in which Milton is buried), and to the headquarters of the Honorable Artillery Company, of which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts is an offshoot. The visit of the Bostonian citizen soldiers in July, 1896, was the greatest social event of the London season, and the parent H. A. C. is looking forward with keen pleasure to the return visit to New England next year. Adjoining the drill-ground of the H. A. C. is Bunhill Fields Burial-ground, where the ashes of Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Defoe, and John Wesley's mother lie close to those of Nathaniel Mather, a Lancashire man who spent some years in New England before settling down as a minister of the gospel in London, where he died in 1697. He was the second son of Richard Mather, founder of the family from which Increase Mather, of Boston, sprang.

By way of Chiswell Street and Barbacan we cut through to Smithfield Market, in the vicinity of which is Bartholomew Close. In that old-fashioned square, at Palmer's printing office, Benjamin Franklin worked for a year as a journeyman, setting the type for the second edition of Woolaston's "Religion of Nature." He paid three shillings and sixpence a week for a humble lodging in an adjacent street called Little Britain.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, IN CRAVEN STREET.

A little to the southwest, in the Church of St. Sepulchre, we find the tomb of Capt. John Smith, sometime governor of Virginia and admiral of New England, whose romantic adventures among the redskins is so vividly described in the pages of Bancroft. "I made the acquaintance of brave Captain Smith," writes Thackeray in "The Virginians," "as a boy, in my grandfather's library at home, where I remember how I would sit at the good man's knees, with my favorite volume on my own, spelling out the exploits of our Virginian hero. I love to read of Smith's travels, sufferings, captivities, escapes, not only in America, but Europe."

On the opposite side of the way

TOWER OF LONDON, SHOWING THE WHITE TOWER AND TRAITORS' GATE.

William Penn tasted the bitterness of Newgate, not in the present prison, but in an earlier one on the same site. Toward the close of his life he was living, as a debtor, within "the Rules of the Fleet"—restricted to residence in a few dingy streets lying around the Fleet Prison, the site of which is now covered by the Congregational Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street. Abutting on the viaduct that carries one of the great arteries of traffic across Farringdon Street stands the City Temple, where Dr. Parker gave Henry Ward Beecher *carte blanche* to preach as often as he liked during his visit to London in 1886.

Westward from Farringdon Street stretches Printers' Land, and one soon finds some more of Franklin's footprints. After leaving Palmer's Benjamin went to work at Watts', in Wild Court, Great Wild Street. A press he is known to have used there passed through several hands until it reached Philadelphia. Another press which he is believed to have worked at occasionally is preserved in the South Kensington Museum. While employed in this part of London Franklin lodged at a house in Duke (now Sardinia) Street, identified by some inquirers as No. 6.

Striking southward and crossing the Strand we come presently to Norfolk Street, sloping down to the river. At the southwest corner, on land now covered by Mowbray House, stood the house in which poor William Penn hid rather than lived. He surveyed his visitors through a peep-hole, and for a time hardly dared show his face in the Strand. When he had to travel he used the silent waterway.

A little further along the riverside the Hotel Cecil overshadows Adelphi Terrace, interesting as the site of Durham House, where Raleigh dwelt when in the height of his glory. Charing Cross railway station intervenes between this terrace and Craven Street, which the nineteenth century has touched but lightly. At No. 7, from 1757 to 1762 and again from 1764 until 1774 Benjamin Franklin resided. Thither Lords Howe and Stanhope repaired with pacific proposals from Lords Chatham and Camden—proposals that he had no authority to accept.

Under the shadow of Westminster Abbey stands the ancient parish Church of St. Margaret. Beneath the chancel floor lies the headless body of Sir Walter Raleigh. There is no tombstone, but at the side of the choir is a brass plate which bears the following inscription:

Within ye Chancel of this Church was Interred
The Body of the
GREAT Sr. WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,
On the day he was beheaded
in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.
Octr 29th Anº Dom. 1618.
Reader—Should you reflect on his errors
Remember his many virtues
And that he was a mortal.

It was reserved for the present generation —for the great republic of the West—to give Raleigh an adequate memorial in the chief west window, a splendid piece of stained glasswork, showing full-length portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Edmund Spenser, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Prince Henry, and the hero himself, and depicting such memorable scenes as the departure for America, the landing there, the presentation of Spenser to Elizabeth by Raleigh, the imprisonment, and the burial. Upon the window are the lines specially written by James Russell Lowell:

The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came.
Proud of her past, wherefrom our present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

Beside the Raleigh window is one constructed at the expense of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in 1888, in memory of John Milton, who buried a wife and child in this church.

Turn we now to the Abbey, the last rest-

ALL HALLOWS BARKING, GREAT TOWER STREET, WHERE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WAS MARRIED.

ing-place of some of the greatest men of the British nation, from Chaucer to Gladstone. What more fitting than that in the transept reserved for the giants of English literature —in Poets' Corner—a monument to Longfellow should appear—Longfellow who found inspiration in those "fretted aisles," and himself moved the English-speaking world? Brock's bust of this popular American poet, set up in 1882, is admirably chiseled.

Nor is James Russell Lowell forgotten. His monument takes the triple form of a medallion and two stained-glass windows at the entrance to the Chapter House. Though there is not much light to show up the windows to great advantage, there is a peculiar appropriateness in associating so great a lover of constitutional freedom as Lowell with the first meeting-place of the "Mother of Parliaments." That his memory is still green on both sides of the Atlantic is attested by the numerous cards left almost daily upon a broken capital lying near the bust—cards from Americans, from Europeans, from Australians, from Asiatics, from the white colonists of the Dark Continent.

Our walk from the Tower to the Abbey has been planned with a view to covering as many footprints as possible in a single journey. But there are others that must perforce be traced in a less systematic way. Across the Thames there is Lambeth Palace, the archbishop of Canterbury's official residence, in the private chapel of which Doctors White and Provost received episcopal consecration in 1787. Not far away rises a beautiful and conspicuous monument to Abraham Lincoln in the form of the spire of Christ Church, perhaps the finest place of worship possessed by the Congregational denomination.

In the neighborhood of Piccadilly, about which Henry James has written so enthusiastically, we find Albemarle Street. The old publishing house of Murray still carries on business there, and in one of the rooms is to be seen Wilkie's portrait of Washington Irving. It was at Murray's that Irving met the British literary celebrities of his generation — Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Southey, and the rest of them. At No. 15 Cork Street, George Peabody was living in the sixties. Nathaniel Hawthorne was residing at 24 George Street, Hanover Square, in 1855, and next door—at 25—was Copley's studio, where his son Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst afterward resided, dying there in 1863.

One more great name and I have done. Away in the northern suburb of Stoke Newington, Edgar Allan Poe was at school for four or five years. The place, now thickly populated, was an isolated village when Poe was a boy, and its general characteristics are vividly described in "William Wilson," though the Rev. Dr. Bransby's schoolhouse, which was standing until 1873, was a much plainer building than the "large rambling Elizabethan house" depicted in the tale. Church Street, in which the mansion stood, still preserves much of the quaint, Old-World character that impressed the young genius from Richmond.

THE DRUG TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY WALTER SCOTT BIGELOW.

THE drug trade of the United States, in all its ramifications, is easily one of the most interesting as well as one of the most important features of the country's commercial life. The gross capital invested in importing, distributing, and manufacturing crude drugs and pharmaceutical and chemical preparations is beyond accurate computation, while the value of the annual transactions will foot up to a grand total which might eclipse even the astounding figures involved in the combined financial exhibits of the leading "trusts," concerning which so much is written at the present time.

With the onward march of civilization

the use of drugs has increased to a marked degree. Some one has said that it was only necessary to know the extent to which any nation employed chemicals in order to gauge its social and commercial standing. If this be true, and the statement has never been confuted, then the United States needs no further proof of its supremacy over the other nations of the earth. The subject involves not alone the products sold over the counter of the pharmacist, such as crude drugs, pharmaceutical preparations, proprietary remedies, and toilet articles, but also the numerous variety of drugs and chemicals, of far greater importance, which are the essential factors in almost every manufacturing industry. The laboratory of nature and the laboratory of man are called upon to supply the factories with materials, lacking which there is scarcely a manufactured article which could be made. It is safe to say that commerce owes more to chemistry than to any other science.

In a general way the drug trade is divided under the heads of crude products and manufactured articles. The supply of crude drugs consumed by the United States is made up largely of importations. The domestic crude drug plays only a small part in the total. South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa each yields its share in supplying the market, and drugs in the form of roots, balsams, beans, barks, gums, and leaves gathered from every soil on which the sun shines, find their way at the end of long journeys and innumerable handlings to the ultimate consumer. Brazil grows ipecac, one of the most important roots in the trade. Cinchona bark, from which quinine is produced, is supplied by the island of Java. Japan controls the camphor forests of the world. The opium, from which is derived morphine and a long list of valuable remedies, is raised within the confines of Turkey. Peru contributes its renowned barks, Honduras its sarsaparilla, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

While a small share of the crude drugs finds its way into retail stores, the great bulk is taken by the manufacturers of tinctures and fluid extracts. These are in operation in all the principal centers of the United States. Improved processes enable these concerns to turn out products of uniform quality and absolute chemical correctness, a result which the druggist could not hope to obtain in making up small lots at different times. Therefore he buys these goods from the manufacturer who is able to sell just as cheaply as the retailer could buy the raw product and turn out the tinctures or fluids desired. This is one of the features of the business at the present time.

The list of drugs and chemicals in the wholesale market is a long one. The following table will convey the number considered of sufficient importance to be quoted in the commercial journals. It does not include the innumerable drugs which have only a limited annual sale of perhaps ten pounds or under.

General Classification.	Kinds.
Miscellaneous drugs and chemicals	78
Heavy chemicals	18
Roots	28
Seeds	16
Essential oils	29
Acids	15
Gums	11
Herbs and leaves	17
Balsams, beans, barks, and flowers	18
Wax	5
Fertilizing chemicals	14
Dyestuff materials	30
Total	279

As showing the value of the drug imports of the United States and the proportion of crude and manufactured products, the following table will be of interest. It is to be remembered that crude drugs are admitted under the tariff laws free of duty.

Year.	Total Imports.	Free of Duty.
1889	$39,745,672	$26,625,435
1890	41,601,988	26,814,390
1891	47,317,031	31,639,710
1892	45,961,639	31,528,331
1893	52,837,699	36,566,034
1894	37,837,170	27,433,907
1895	43,507,609	30,280,543
1896	43,310,866	34,530,468
1897	44,948,752	31,307,867
1898	41,571,291	25,773,522

In the department of exports there has been a steady increase during the last few years. Especially is this true of American patent medicines and proprietary articles. In 1889 the exports of drugs and chemicals to foreign countries amounted in value to $5,542,753, while in 1898 the figures had

risen to $9,441,763. The value of patent medicines exported in 1889 was $1,769,202 and in 1898, $2,460,669.

London is the primary crude drug market of the world. It is the most important money center and its exchange is known in all far-distant countries where drugs are grown. The first shipment from the territory of supply is made to the capital of the British Empire. Next to London in importance come Hamburg, Marseilles, and Trieste in the order named. The drugs brought into the United States are shipped usually from one of these three cities, although, of course, a certain percentage is now imported direct, especially from South America.

In the United States, New York is the pivot around which the entire trade revolves. This city receives the bulk of the importations, while the domestic drugs are marketed there as well and then redistributed. The firms engaged in the importing and wholesale business in New York will be found in a certain section of the city in the lower part of the island of Manhattan, bounded by Fulton Street, Pearl Street, Wall Street, and Broadway. The very atmosphere of the drug section reeks with chemical odors, a natural advertisement as it were. Many of the leading houses have been established for more than half a century, and within a few months one of the best known firms celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. Time was when the handling of drugs at first hands meant large profits and most of those engaged in it made fortunes. Competition has brought margins down at the present time to a narrow limit.

In the early days speculation ran wild in the drug section and a "corner" in some standard drug was of almost weekly occurrence. Fast ocean freights were then unknown and transportation took from two to three months in sailing vessels, making it possible to buy up the available supplies in New York and run the prices to an exorbitant figure.

Philadelphia probably ranks next to New York. Crude drugs are imported on quite a large scale at that port and the manufacturing interests there are of importance. Boston and Baltimore, as Atlantic coast cities, come in for a goodly share of the business. From all these cities distribution is made throughout the entire country through large wholesale houses in leading cities, as Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco. In some of these cities there are firms which import direct from Europe on through bills of lading right to the inland city.

In connection with crude drugs raised in this country there is one which deserves special mention. It is ginseng. Most of the home-grown drugs, as the roots of burdocks, dandelion, mandrake, flaxseed, and mustard seed, are familiar in every household, but the crop of ginseng, which is gathered in the South and West, is almost entirely exported to China, where it is looked upon as the panacea for all the ills to which the human flesh is heir. Last year the value of ginseng exported was about $700,000.

The price situation of drugs and chemicals is always an interesting one. There have been times when certain rare drugs were worth their weight in gold. Cocaine when it was first brought out sold for as high, it is reported, as $400 an ounce. To-day the ruling price is $3.30. Cubeb berries, which come from the East Indies and are used largely for cigarettes, have witnessed wide fluctuations in price. Under the influence of speculation they have sold at $3.50 a pound, although the ruling figure to-day is eight cents. The chewing-gum craze built up an enormous consumption in gum chicle, a product of Mexico. The United States now imports about 1,000,000 pounds annually, with the result that prices have receded from $1.10 to twenty-six cents a pound. There is indeed a wide range of prices, from ginseng, which sells for $4.50 a pound, to some of the common drugs, which have hard work to find a market at two cents a pound.

In point of importance, opium and quinine are considered by many to be the leaders in the trade. The importation of both is on a large scale and both are subject to speculation of pronounced kind.

Within the last eighteen months the price of opium has advanced from $2.50 a pound to nearly $4. The crop in Turkey varies. It has been as high as 7,500 cases of about 165 pounds each. Last season the crop was exceedingly small (about 2,500 cases) and speculators took the opportunity to squeeze the consumers in this country. There is a duty of $1 a pound on crude opium at the present time.

Quinine is made from cinchona bark, and the world's total output of the manufactured drug is 8,000,000 ounces, of which this country consumes 5,000,000 ounces. Three large American factories are engaged in importing the bark and making quinine. The price has been as low as fifteen cents an ounce and as high as $3.75, which shows its speculative possibilities. Just before the Spanish War the quotations were moved up from seventeen cents to twenty-six cents in New York, and since the first of the present year there has been another speculative advance of twenty cents an ounce, due to reports of a shortage in the bark crop.

Among the other standard drugs may be mentioned carbolic acid, aloes, sugar of milk, quicksilver, rhubarb, borax, cod liver oil, gum arabic, ipecac, camphor, glycerine, soap bark, and juniper berries. The essential oils and synthetic products are of great interest to the manufacturers of soaps, perfumes, confectionery, and dyestuffs. In borax, sugar of milk, and glycerine the United States enjoys particular distinction. Not so many years ago, sugar of milk, upon which the manufacturers of pills and tablets rely for giving bulk to their products, was imported entirely from Switzerland. To-day this country has big factories in Illinois and New York and supplies not only the entire domestic demand but is shipping the drug to Europe and even selling right in Switzerland. Glycerine is made from the refuse of soap and candle factories. Such has been the improvement in the American processes that an article of the highest quality is turned out of most any kind of stock. The syndicate which controls the borax deposits of the Pacific coast is now in a position to monopolize the markets of the world. And so the story runs; wherever the Yankee is given an opportunity, his push, enterprise, and mechanical ingenuity soon make him the master over European competition. An example of this is seen in the manufacture of pills, of which there are 50,000,000 taken every week in the United States and about 40,000,000 a week in Great Britain. Improved processes have made it possible for big factories to be operated, where thousands of private prescriptions are kept and orders filled for doctors and druggists all over the country. The whole business has gradually gotten into the hands of these few big concerns, who think nothing of executing an order for 5,000,000 pills at a time and who make single shipments to Europe of two or three tons, or 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 pills.

The extent of the manufacturing of chemicals in the United States is largely centered in the following cities: New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. Detroit and Cincinnati have large plants, which devote their operations more particularly to pharmaceutical drugs, while the other cities are noted for producing general chemicals. The tendency toward consolidation has seized upon the drug manufacturing business, and only lately several of the big companies have incorporated with a capital of $25,000,000. In the manufacture of heavy chemicals this country has taken wonderful strides forward with the aid of electricity. Soda ash, soda caustic, and the chlorides of lime and potash, which formerly were imported into this country, are now produced under improved domestic processes, which have not only killed importations but also made it possible to export large quantities at a profit.

During the last quarter of a century the scientific and commercial world has followed with untiring interest the discovery and developments of coal-tar synthetics. Coal-tar is the residue from the manufacture of illuminating gas, which does not distil over at certain high temperatures. Before chemists discovered the wonderful remedies

which coal-tar contained, it was a waste substance which had assumed the form of a nuisance in most of the cities of England. Now as a by-product it is shipped to Germany, where the big chemical works, employing tens of thousands of hands, are engaged in making synthetics of untold value to medicine and commerce.

A synthetic preparation is one which is put together by the chemist in his laboratory to take the place of something which was first found in nature's laboratory. For example, alizarin is the active principle of madder. Madder is a plant grown in Europe in large quantity to supply the dye manufacturers with alizarin. The chemist discovered artificial alizarin in coal-tar, and as a result the natural alizarin was driven out of the market and the great tracts of land which were once given over to its cultivation were made to serve other purposes. The discovery of artificial alizarin dates from 1869, and since that time the chemists have been at work unremittingly on coal-tar, with the result that, in rapid succession, pharmaceutical and chemical products of great value have been given to man. Carbolic acid as such was found in coal-tar, and from carbolic acid was derived salicylic acid (of "embalmed beef" fame). The attempt on the part of chemists to discover an artificial quinine in 1882 resulted in the discovery, about a year later, of antipyrin. This led, in the course of an interesting history, to acetanilid, which was said to be too powerful and too dangerous to meet the public requirements. In 1886 phenacetin was discovered and put on the market. It is produced from acetanilid, from which the poisonous properties are removed and other dangerous elements so modified as to make it the greatest success of its day. With phenacetin as a base to work on, a long list of most valuable synthetic remedies has been placed in the hands of the druggist and physician.

At the same time artificial preparations have been discovered to take the place of natural products in the manufacture of soaps, perfumes, dyes, confectionery, and many other well-known articles. In most cases the manufacture of synthetics is controlled by patent laws and the Germans own most of the rights.

Americans are a race of self-dosers. As a result the United States is the paradise for the patent-medicine maker. The sale of proprietary remedies is said to be increasing steadily. The importance of this branch of the drug business can best be shown by stating that about one third of the total sales of the retail druggists is made up of patent medicines. The money spent by the manufacturers of such in advertising alone is something enormous. Many of the leading firms contract for between $250,000 and $500,000 a year.

The retail drug business has not witnessed many changes of importance. It has become quite the thing now for small storekeepers to put up medicines under their own names, which are offered by them as "just as good" as the well-known brands on the market. In fact, there are big chemical works which make such goods to order for hosts of druggists and have made a good thing out of it. The soda-water fountain plays a more important part than ever in the stores of the big cities and is looked upon as one of the chief sources of revenue.

It is safe to predict that the future will show still more remarkable developments in the manufacture of chemicals. Processes are being constantly perfected, and men of the highest scientific education are employed in every part of the world looking for new drugs to exploit or for improvements over the old ones.

SOME SPRING BIRDS.

BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

III.

IN strong contrast with the determination and self-reliance of the cardinal, robin, Bewick's wren, and others is the modest melody of the bluebird upon his first reaching us. He sings to the new season as though he feared it; but we should remember that he has come miles to worship only a few hours at his shrine; and he must conciliate the "powers of the air," that his stay may be as long as possible in the land which the fates have given him. He is a bird which often impresses me as a taster. His migration is fitful and incomplete. Too often he fails to get far enough South to miss the cold wave in its unusual sweep; and his old enemies, the martins, whose home more northward he so frequently plunders, may often scratch his skeleton out of their houses in the springs of Arkansas and Mississippi. He has all the tastes for reconnoitering, without the hardihood or cunning of the scout. But he has the merit of always being to the front, ready upon an instant's warning at least to spy out the entrenchments of the enemy, if not to storm his works.

By what impress of the low barometer, while yet in the South, the bluebird knows that to-morrow or the next day the sugary, sap-raising sun will break all over the North we shall never know; or why he should journey so far to spend only a few short hours "prophesying spring," as Longfellow has it, we shall never guess; but we can give him the gratitude of our hearts for his coming.

If his song be fragmentary—never finished, but always ending with a rising inflection, as if questioning winter about going—it has the merit of being in harmony now with the fragile season which, like splintered ice, is iridescent only because it is fractured also. He has at least the merit of being appropriate, for no one ever heard a bluebird's song out of season. His musical engagements are mere matters of opportunity. He has been accused of forcing the season; but it is not that. He is just a lover of the very promises of nature —not knowing which one she will pay, but that she will surely pay at last; and his wings tremble in nervous ecstasy at the beauties of the present as the certain sign of what the future will be. When the storm comes he is silent and patient. He may flee before its breath if the season be yet early, and if late he folds his quivering wings, unjoints his flute, and waits. At the first swing of the north wind back he rides it up again, or at the first gash of the cloud with the merest glint of shine he is again the hopeful, helpful bird of the instant.

It would be a pity if such a bird sang a complete song with full, well-rounded cadence. He is such a creature of episodes —such a bit of seasonable suggestion. He scarcely knows all that his song means, and he dares to stimulate rather than instruct. Yet it is not so stimulating as it is sweetening and mellowing, preparing the soil of the heart for the seeds of sentiment, hinting rather the languor of the lazy ease of the spring's relaxation, and all the possible things which "the young man's fancy" and "the maiden's yearnings" may picture at this melting time.

Later, when he is sure of the season, he brings his wife, or she comes on after him, and they begin the labor of house-hunting. Now his song, though still a fragment, is strong and hopeful in its iterance. How fastidious she seems in her brown homespun apron as he warbles to her of the fitness of the nuthatch's home in the gatepost, the flicker's hole in the apple-tree, the redhead's in the rotten oak, or the more civilized elegancies of the martin-box! As she peeps into them all, he is fairly palsied with melody at the thought of a home of

his own—no matter how it is obtained—the pleasure being even heightened at the thought of fighting for it. No work for him, however, for he rarely helps in building. He is a musician. Work might strain his voice, but he will fight—for fighting becomes a gentleman! So he sits outside and "squares off" at the martins or sparrows, while his wife scratches their nests out the front door.

In the defense of what he deems his rights he is no mere braggart, and even the bluejay and kingbird respect him. I saw a little incident a few springs ago which convinced me that he may fight for the pure fun of it. It was only a few seasons after the terrible cold wave of '94 had made his tribe so scarce. I had not seen one for a year or so. Suddenly I heard the old delightful warbling in great abundance, and running out found six male bluebirds attacking dozens of sparrows. Their fury was terrible. They mounted their enemies' backs and bore them one after another to the earth, singing delightfully all the time. Finally, at a querulous bugling from their leader, they all arose high in the air and went off northward. I presume that in their migration they could not resist the opportunity of descending a moment for this bout with an old, hated foe.

Few birds have better eyes than the bluebird. While the robin, meadow-lark, and blackbird must walk the sward and pry with the eye almost against the earth, the bluebird sits on a stake or twig, or flutters as a hovering hawk up in the air, till he locates his prey, then flies with sure aim upon it. In rearing the young he is a fine feeder, and though he feeds his wife also while she sits, I think he does not incubate. Sometimes if he finds the mother at the nest when he comes with a morsel for the young, he gives it to her as if to say, "Take this in; you understand this baby-business so much better than I." And she runs in with it cheerily, admitting, as every woman does, his self-impeachment.

After the young are out, the bluebird leaves our homes, and haunts the deeper woods and fields. Here the true song gradually ceases except at the dawn of day, which reminds him irresistibly of the dawn of the season; and social chirps and calls take its place. Then later, as autumn chills alternate with the fitful warmth of the waning sun, he sits on dead limbs of trees and dried stalks of weeds, as if his hopes were in the sere and yellow state. Later still he may come again about our homes—revisiting the scenes of his early love, and allowing the children to bid adieu to the house where they were born. He is a pessimist now—almost a Schopenhauer in feathers—and if the father has eaten a sour grape, so the children's teeth are set on edge after him. He has taught them no melody except that sad autumnal refrain that the northern summer is short and travel dangerous. He is not an agnostic. His experience is too great and he puts too much faith in things for that; but he is such a lover of fair days that his heart sinks at the thought of the long wintry future. With a "ter-weet'," which seems a dirge to hope, he rises in the air and is gone, leaving his sadness almost as contagious as his cheer.

In my region the crow-blackbirds are among the early comers, and straggling flocks of them stay around certain feed lots in very mild winters. There is much about all the blackbirds which we cannot indorse, but as we sit indoors during the gloomy weather, when April, in our middle West, weeps with winter more than she smiles with spring, perhaps no bird then cheers us more than the crow-blackbird (or purple grackle) with his glossy presence and honest struggle at a song. Music with him seems indeed an effort, but he thrusts it at you and at every bird about him on all occasions, and seems determined to have credit for an accomplishment which costs him so much.

At first he may flock with his following fellows in some grove near his home or larder, and sing the pretty hours away—early and late—in concert; but his harmony seems merely accidental, as each bird strives to be heard above his rival. Sometimes he associates with others of his kin,

as the "redwing" and the "rusty," who join their voices in brassy jars and twangs of harps all out of tune, but his nervousness does not rise at discords, and his content lies largely in hearing himself rather than his fellows. Later, as his folks break up in nesting groups (for he is social even in housekeeping in a neighborly way), he sits on the higher twigs of the trees, and swells himself with bronchial râles in what is meant as a serenade to the mate beneath, as she carries mud and grass-blades to make their home. At other times he may go off with a group of other males of his lazy ilk and form a stag party, and air his glossy plumage as he smooths it against the wind; and as the day ends, with his mate beside him, he walks the sward with lordly stride in swelling satisfaction, while she digs out a plain supper of hard-earned grubs.

The crow-blackbird is near of kin to the redwing, who has more wives than the law allows, and he is of the same strain as the cowbird, who has no wife at all to whom he is constant. At times, therefore, when the spring fever is on, he shows the rakish tendencies that are in his blood and the lazy inclinations of the socialist, mixed with a tinge of free love, before he is quite sure of himself; but later, as his sturdy mate looks meaningly into his purple face, he comes submissively within the pale of domestic duties. The yawning yellow-lined cavities, which tremble up from that altar of slime and grass-stems, appeal to his better birdhood; and he begins to mark the furrowed field and the plunge of the gardener's spade. He ceases now his posing "for deportment's sake," and his honest cluck, as he prods the grub and does his duty to his callow young, illustrates how marriage and family cares may steady many a rattling fellow.

I like the blackbird because of his all-around cheerfulness. He is no prognosticator of the weather and does not worry about it. He turns his head to the wind, as Lowell notes, looking the storm daringly in the face, and takes whatever it may bring. His is the satisfaction of a full stomach, a good larder near, and an excellent housekeeper at home. The other birds may subside with the storm and the setting of the sun, but the haunt which knows the blackbird to-day will know him till his summer's work is done.

Only the jay and robin stay with him "through thick and thin." These two usually begin by giving him a decent thrashing, a compliment which, with the assistance of his mate, he returns later with usury, when they come about his nest. After this they all dwell together in the peace an honest battle brings, as if "How I do like a fellow after I have fought him!" may apply to some birds as well as to Falstaffian men.

I fear he too often imposes upon birds weaker than himself, especially during egging and nesting time, but he is no match for the jay at this, and perhaps should not be severely criticized by Americans in view of the recent crisis.

In the fall he departs as cheerily as he comes, making the summer sky alive with his morning going-out and his evening coming-in, and concerting as much about the fall journey as about the spring arrival.

The meadow-lark may come to us any day after the first of January, but is rarely here in force before March. Sometimes if the weather be severe, he is silent for a season after he comes, but any soft, warmish day will call forth his song. He is a bird which may sing out of season, as though he cast his melody upon the wind, as a spider spins his gossamer, in the hope that it may ride away and anchor somewhere. I have never seen one singing directly to his mate. But later in the year, his "*I see you there, Celia!*" showered down from a tree-top, must find a listening ear on the ground beneath, to which it is a ballad of jewels in the grass, the coins of the realm of nature—twenty-day drafts upon the bank of bird babyland.

However importune the song may sometimes be, in his nesting he is a bird which times himself well. While the bluebird may hover early over the martin-box, or the robin pull at the string in the tangle, the lark waits till the emerald clover-tufts are shot high above the sward. Among these

he walks flat-footed and independent, feasting only upon the fat creeping thing which the earth may yield; but while the ground is good enough for sleeping, nesting, hiding, and other things, song now is so sacred in its possibilities that it must be dignified by a high perch—at least a hummock or a clod.

At times he flutters up, as does the English bird, from which he gets his misnomer—for he is no lark at all, but more nearly an oriole. Often when on the wing in ordinary flight he breaks into a sort of screeching yet ecstatic giggle, as if he could not purse his mouth to whistle because he was so tickled at the good time he was having or going to have. Again he has a sort of sneeze in the grass to attract attention, or, if disturbed, he may give you, as he flits jerkily away, a round scolding in a sort of chattering brogue.

Much of his exercise consists in cavorting around on arrow-like wing after some other fellow, whom he never overtakes, but follows closely in every vagary of flight. It has seemed to me that all his warfare is merely chasing or being chased, but there are doubtless times when that stiletto-like beak does more than dig worms. He helps his wife incubate, and is in every sense a faithful spouse. While, according to the old story, the English lark may be in distress about the cutting of the barley above her nest, our *sturnella* has his brood safely abroad long before the farmer rivets new sections into his rusty mower's sickle. The nest is usually beneath a tuft—thus overarched—and is simply a depression in the loose grass lined with finer blades. His art is truly to conceal art, for this home-tuft is never more conspicuous than any other near it.

In the late summer he leads his broods to the bare, well-grazed meadows, where they can catch the hoppers easily; and later, after the autumn rains have quenched the summer drought, he breaks again into song, as the earth greens again at the renewed season.

It would seem that every one should know the house-wren, but I have been frequently asked what little bird it was that built in a chink of the foundation or upon the porch plate or in the knot-hole of the woodshed "at our house." Usually I find by describing the tail and the song that it is the subject of the present sketch or more rarely his cousin the "Bewick."

With me he is a rather late comer; but with his restless energy he soon makes up for all lost time. He appears as if he might be a little meteorite or fragment from another world whose orbit was smaller and whose period around the sun was a dozen times oftener than our own. In every movement and twitter he is the embodiment of industry in feathers. I never saw a wren seem tired while awake, but when he goes to sleep he goes at once. With a jerk his head is under his wing, and there is a suggestiveness of energy in the sudden stillness and silence about him. At times, if you did not admire him so much, his curiosity and familiarity would amount almost to impertinence. He peeps into your back door, inspects your cornice, looks down the cellar-way, and scrambles about the bird boxes which you have set up as though nothing you had on hand were good enough for him; and with the air of the most cynical criticism he sings a gushing trill about it into your face.

Song with him is no soliloquy. He believes in an audience, and performs as though conscious not only of its presence but its appreciation. If he stands behind the flies a moment in silence it is in expectation of a recall, and ere you have time to wish for more of him he is out again, bowing and flirting his train without the aid of his feet, repeating the same old ditty. His song is monotonous and has the merit only of energy and copiousness.

After he comes he stays, and there is never a time when he is far away from the place which he selects as a home; and though a dash of rain may silence him for a little while, the presence of another claimant to his "squatter's rights" will at once call him forth in all his noisiness. He is cheerful under all adversity. I have known him when temporarily overcome by numbers of English sparrows to strut the roof

of an out-house with drooping wings, and trill defiance up into their teeth. He seemed to be taunting them with the fact that they were uncultured foreigners who could not sing, though they were so strong and numerous, much as the recently naturalized Irishman shook his fist at the locomotive and said it could do more work than he, but it could not vote. While the house-wren has a scolding note which, like his song, is set on hair-trigger, it is surprising how much of his music he mixes in with war.

As in all this, so in building his nest, he is tireless. If he finally decided to build in a barrel he would fill it full, that his wife might burrow to the center and make her home. Dr. Coues notes a pair as attempting to fill an out-house. All this is gone through with three times a year in my yard. After the last brood is out, sometimes not out till well into September, he, his wife, and all the children disappear entirely from the home, and within a few weeks all are noiselessly gone from the region; at least he is heard no longer, for his song appears to cease with his labors.

THE INTOLERABLE LIGHT.

IT may seem as if it were impossible to take Christ out of the New Testament without destroying it altogether. So entirely does the personality of Jesus pervade the book that if he were withdrawn it would fall to pieces, like a tower from which the mortar had been all removed.

But it is not of Jesus as an example of noble manhood, a teacher of moral truth, a worker of social reform, that I speak. It is of Jesus as the Christ, the divinely anointed redeemer of men, the bringer of salvation from sin. These two aspects of Jesus were, indeed, vitally united in fact. Yet it is possible to separate them in thought. It is conceivable that the New Testament might have reported Jesus to us as a prophet without making any revelation of him as the Savior.

Such a conception has already been entertained among men. It has been presented by some teachers, whose literary and historical sense is very imperfect, as an interpretation of what the New Testament actually is. It has been put forward by others, whose scholarship is better, as a theory of what the New Testament ought to be, and probably would have been, if it had been written in an age free from superstition.

That which is really valuable in the book, we are told, is its picture of a beautiful character, its rules for good conduct, its spirit of piety and virtue, the clear light which it throws upon God and human life and immortality. If it contained only the Sermon on the Mount, it would still be complete and sufficient. The substance of it all could be put into an ethical creed. The essential Jesus is only the teacher and illustrator of a perfect morality. He is the central figure of Christianity not because he did more than man can do, but simply because he did what every man ought to do. All that goes beyond this in the New Testament—all that refers to him as the sacrifice for sin, the mediator between God and man, the only begotten Son who came forth from the bosom of the Father, was born and lived, was crucified and died, was buried and rose again, in order to redeem and reconcile the world to God—is partly imaginary, and partly superstitious, and wholly unnecessary. A New Testament without Christ in this sense would be not only possible, but very desirable.

The experiment may be tried. The testimony of Jesus and the apostles in regard to his work as the Savior may be obliterated, as the Russian censor "blacks out" the passages of a book which he deems dangerous. The cross as the central scene of the great reconciliation between man and God may be hidden. Christ as the deliverer from sin and death may be annulled in our thought. We shall then be able to

estimate the meaning and value of the New Testament without him.

There are two things in the book which must strike every fair-minded reader. In two points it is distinguished among all the books of the world. It gives a new and intensely searching view of the problem of moral evil. It is written from beginning to end in sight of death as the door which leads into eternity.

On these two points the New Testament pours an unrivaled light. Does it give us any comfort or hope in regard to them, without Christ?

It was Jesus of Nazareth who illuminated the moral evil in the world most deeply and clearly. He showed its spring, its secret workings, and the power which lies behind it. Calmly, steadily, with a sublime indifference to theory, with an inexorable sense of the facts of human life, he pressed his serene and faithful analysis of sin home to its center in the inner life of man.

A falsehood on the lips means a lie in the heart. Violence in conduct means a cruel streak in character. Uncleanness in the life means impurity in the soul. "Those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man."

Jesus does not say that everything in human nature is evil. He does not say that all men are entirely depraved. He recognizes the good things that a good man bringeth forth out of his good treasure. But he says also that all men, even the best, have need to be converted and become as little children; all men owe a vast debt which they are unable to pay; all men are unprofitable servants; all men have something to repent of in the presence of God.

And this something which demands repentance is not outward and accidental; it is inward and personal. It is the angry passion; it is the impure imagination; it is the secret unbelief which blinds the soul. All the excuses with which men cover and hide their sin grow thin and transparent in the light of this searching analysis. Jesus reveals the underlying facts. The sins of men are not the result of circumstances, the fruit of outward temptations, things which belong to the world and the age in which we live. They are things which belong to us and come from us. The fashions and forms of sin change with the centuries and differ in different lands. But the essence of it is always the same. It comes from within. The man in whose heart the root is hidden is responsible for the fruit. This is what Jesus says about the source of sin.

No less clear and penetrating is his teaching in regard to its secret workings and its fatal results. He reveals the truth that goodness does not consist in obedience to the letter of the law, but in harmony with its spirit. A man may keep all the commandments, as the young ruler did, and yet because he is selfish he is outside of the kingdom of God. A man may observe all the Mosaic precepts and perform all the ritual of religion, as the Pharisee did, and yet be a greater sinner than the Publican who stands afar off and beats upon his breast. Men are strangers to their own sins; they do not recognize them when they meet them in the street. They are blind leaders of the blind, whose feet stumble in the gulf. The angry impulse is the "blot on the 'scutcheon." The real stain of blood is on the inside of the heart. The idle, irreverent word is blasphemy. There are no human lips that have not taken God's name in vain. The scorn of brethren is the little spark that kindles unquenchable flames. They in whose breast this spark smolders are "in danger of hell-fire." But they do not know it. They carry their lighted candles through the powder-magazine with their eyes shut.

The Sermon on the Mount contains the most thorough diagnosis of sin that has ever been made. It proceeds by contrast with the symptoms of spiritual health and soundness. The Beatitudes are not only blessings to be desired; they are also tests to be applied to the heart. It was not without significance that this discourse was delivered from a lofty place. Its ideal of holiness rises as far above our actual life

as an Alpine peak of stainless snow above the confusion and squalor and misery of the frail villages that hide in the valleys. "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." That summit is inaccessible if there is no divine Christ to lead and lift us thither.

But there is another element in the doctrine of Jesus in regard to sin which we must not forget. He discloses a secret power behind it, which clothes it with strange terror and might. He teaches that there is a force, an influence, a spirit in the world, which is altogether evil, and which is continually desiring, seeking, and working sin. It is the unclean spirit rejoicing in the defilement of the house which it inhabits. It is the father of lies ready to beget falsehood in every listening mind. It is the enemy of souls sowing tares in the field by night. It is Satan longing to get possession of the soul that he may sift it as wheat.

Whether we take this teaching of Jesus literally or not, whether we believe that evil is embodied in demonic personality or not, one thing is unquestionable. Jesus regarded evil as a positive, organic, ever active, malignant power, a Prince of this world, whose domain lies all around us, whose influence touches us on every side, the friend of sin and the foe of the soul. There is a conflict going on in the world. It is not a mere game. It is an elemental warfare between right and wrong. We are cast into the midst of this conflict. An unseen, mighty, skilful, relentless adversary is against us. And in every heart there is a traitor ready to betray the citadel into his hands.

He teaches us that our conflict is not merely with ourselves. There is an enemy against us who is mightier than man. We need a defender, a deliverer, a divine friend to fight with us and for us.

Where, then, shall we look for such a powerful friend? If Jesus was not the Christ who came to save us from our sins, then there is no captain of salvation, no conqueror of Satan, no liberator of captive souls. We must fight the battle alone against unknown and heavy odds. The triumph of Jesus over evil was for himself only. It gives no assurance that we also shall overcome the world. On the contrary, it makes our victory seem the more doubtful, when we remember his perfect courage and inflexible strength, in contrast with our waverings and the many defeats that we have already suffered. We have begun to lose the battle already. Who shall turn the tide for our discouraged forces?

The sinlessness of Jesus comforts us little unless it has some remedial bearing upon our sins. If it is but an example of what every man ought to be, its very perfection daunts and disheartens us. Something less absolute and flawless would be better suited to our need.

It is the ransoming faith that "Christ suffered for us" that gives his disciples courage to say that he also left us "an example that we should follow in his steps." The idea of "The Imitation of Christ" is hopeful and inspiring only to the heart that has first felt the liberating touch of his pierced hand. Sinners do not venture to go after the sinless Jesus unless they hear him say "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

But in a Christless gospel this word has no place, no meaning. There was no such unique power committed to the hands of Jesus. All the consoling, reassuring, inspiriting utterances of Jesus, which are connected with his sublime confidence in his divine mission and authority to seek and to save the lost—utterances which strangely enough are closely and inseparably connected with the prevision of his death, his laying down his life for the sheep, his lifting up upon the cross—all these words of saving hope must be "blacked out."

They lose their significance if the Redeemer is lost. There was no ransom wrought upon the cross. There was only the payment of the debt of nature. The good Shepherd laid down his life. But it was not for the sheep. It was only to show the cruelty of the robbers. There was no victory on Calvary. It was a defeat, in

which the one sinless being on earth was crushed and killed *by* the sin of the world —but not *for* it.

The significance of this teaching is very much intensified and deepened by the view which the New Testament gives of death as the gateway of another life.

The heathen world in the first century was for the most part inclined to cover up the fact of death as much as possible, to hide it in flowers, to put it out of sight. But the Christians, perhaps because they were persecuted and afflicted and continually in danger of death, perhaps because they had a truer and a braver philosophy of life, followed another course. They faced death steadily, looked it in the eyes, prepared to meet it, and conquered all its terrors by their faith in Christ as the Savior.

There is no other book in the world which can compare with the New Testament in its serene, unflinching recognition of death's inevitableness. There is no other book in the world which has so clear and courageous an insight into its eternal issues. From beginning to end it is pervaded with the conviction that "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment."

Now the burden of death is twofold. There is a burden of present sorrow and anguish, in the sufferings of the flesh which precede and accompany it, and in the pains of the spirit which are associated with the breaking of human ties and the bereavement of love. There is also a burden of fear and anxiety for the future, a sense of apprehension in regard to the perils and mysteries of the unknown world.

Both of these burdens, in the New Testament, are lifted and bravely borne by trust in Christ. It is the sense of fellowship with him in their sufferings that sustains the Christians in the valley of the shadow of death. It is the confidence that he has risen from the dead and that he will plead for them at the judgment that enables them to face the future with composure. But if Christ is taken away, both burdens fall back with new and crushing weight upon the heart. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

What practical assurance, what tangible proof, is there of a divine sympathy in our sufferings, without the vision of the Son of God who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows? The God of nature, the God who made the heavens bright and beautiful with stars, and ordained the immutable glories of the revolving year—what can he understand of the pains that rack our human hearts, what part has he in the broken and tragical drama of mortal life? A sublime spectator,

> He sees with equal eyes, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

I think a man or woman with a breaking heart, pierced with a spear of pain, smitten with the anguish of inexorable separation, might go out into this splendid world in the spring, when the glory of earth's face is renewed with joy and the time for the singing of birds is come—such a lonely, desolate, perishing man or woman might walk among the unconscious flowers, and look up to the silent-shining sky, and the unfriended heart would break again with the thought that there is after all no clear word of divine sympathy with it—no human life of God, no Christ who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and agonized in the garden, and died on the cross, in order that he might know, with us, the mortal sorrows of a world of sin and death.

What comfort, what peace, is there in the New Testament view of death, unless we can see beyond in what St. Paul saw when he said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Annul that gospel of victory over death by One who has taken away the sting of sin, and what remains? A certain fearful looking-for of judgment;

a long vision of futurity with no reasonable hope of escape from evil and its consequences; a prospect of dying without getting rid of the disease which kills us.

To take Christ out of the Bible is to make it worse than useless to a sinful world. It is to make it crushing, disheartening, terrifying—the saddest book that was ever written. The Old Testament casts upon us an unbroken shadow of gloomy fate. The New Testament pierces it with an intolerable light of conscious guilt and coming judgment.

But restore Christ to his place in the Bible, and it becomes the book of hope and joy. The unbroken shadow is changed into the adumbration of the coming Redeemer: the shadow Christ whose angel moves before the struggling host of all who will follow God's guidance through the wilderness of sin. The intolerable light is transformed into a blessed healing radiance: the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. — *Henry van Dyke, D. D., LL.D., in "The Gospel for a World of Sin."*

MICROBES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY GERALD M'CARTHY, B. SC.

JUST beyond the world of unaided human vision lies the world of infinitesimal organic life revealed to us by the microscope. Everybody has heard of the formidable little creatures variously called bacteria, microbes, and germs, which cause the epidemics that devastate nations and ruin great cities.

Let us take a drop of water from the pipe or pitcher from which we slake our thirst and after using the utmost precautions to prevent accidental contamination from the germs floating in the air or adhering to our utensils, we will examine this drop hanging to a cover glass in a moist chamber on our microscope, using powers of 500 to 1,000 diameters. The chances are we shall find in this drop of apparently pure and clean water a very large number of one-celled, elongated, vigorously mobile bodies, which swim about it with all the freedom and comical friskiness of minnows in a globular aquarium. These are bacteria. It requires a magnification of 1,000 diameters and a very good lens to enable us to make them out satisfactorily. By means of a delicate ruled scale on a glass slide we can measure these objects. We will find them to be from two to four twenty-five-thousandths of an inch long and about one third to one fourth as much in width. Microscopists use a special unit of measurement which they call a "micron," which is equal to one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch. Hence such bacteria are said to be two to four microns in length. The micron is usually indicated by the Greek letter μ. Practically all water except that recently boiled or distilled contains living bacteria.

Bacteria are classified as plants under the name of *Schizomycetes*, or fission fungi. They are so-called because they propagate by simple division of the parent cell. This order of plants have no special organs except only the "flagella," or hair-like projections by whose lashing movements they swim in liquids. Many species do not even possess flagella. Although we often see bacteria united in pairs and sometimes in quite long filaments we know that each cell is independent and sufficient unto itself. In other words, bacteria are all one-celled creatures and therefore belong to the great fundamental series of Protozoa, or one-celled organisms.

The study of bacteria dates from the latter years of the sixteenth century, Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, of Delft in Holland, being the pioneer investigator. For nearly two hundred years after Leeuwenhoek scientists were content to wonder and admire these beautiful but excessively minute creatures. Many supposed bacteria arose spontaneously out of the mineral elements

of the liquids in which they were observed. Materialistic philosophers pointed to them as examples of the spontaneous generation of life. But increased knowledge has taught us better and served to emphasize the old adage of the Greeks and Arabs, *Omne vivum ex vivo*—Life is produced only by life. With the origin of life the modern science of bacteriology has nothing to do. Upon that insoluble problem it casts no light. It concerns itself only with the laws and results of the bacterial life it finds. Although for nearly two centuries the followers of Leeuwenhoek added no really useful knowledge, but rather a vast deal of worthless and mischievous speculation to the libraries of the schools, yet all the while the science was slowly emerging and taking definite form. Two German savants, Ehrenberg and Cohnn, were among the greatest who worked to purify and establish this science. But Louis Pasteur, a Frenchman, about 1860, was the first to apply bacteriology to fulfil some human need. Pasteur first studied and explained the process of fermenting grape and barley must in the process of making wine and beer.

About this time the silk-producing industry of Europe was on the point of becoming extinct because of a disease of the silk worm for which physicians could find no remedy. Pasteur proved the disease—*pebrine*—to be caused by bacteria and showed how the damage could be prevented. Pasteur's last and greatest work was to explain the bacterial origin and provide an efficient remedy for hydrophobia or canine madness. Next to Pasteur stands the German Dr. Robert Koch, well known for his researches into the bacterial origin of cholera, tuberculosis, and the Calcutta or bubonic plague.

Bacteria exist everywhere in nature except where the temperature is above the boiling point of water. They are most abundant in the soil, next in natural waters, and least abundant in the air of mountain regions. Although many of our worst and most destructive diseases are due to bacteria, yet if it were not for their universal dispersal and unceasing activity human and animal life must speedily perish from the earth. It is bacteria which cause dead organic matter to putrefy, decompose, and fall back into its original mineral elements. Without them all dead bodies, whether of men, animals, or plants, would remain undecomposed as if embalmed, and the surface of the globe would soon be so encumbered with the dead that there would be no room for living bodies. Probably the prudent housekeeper who in seasons of plenty cans fruit against a season of scarcity is unaware that she is something of a bacteriologist. She heats the fruit to kill the adhering germs and then seals it while hot in air-tight cans. She in this way kills all the microbes or bacteria in or upon the material and by quickly sealing while still hot she prevents the access of any fresh germs from the air. When the work is properly done such sealed fruit, so long as it remains air-tight, ought to remain undecayed for any imaginable period. The sugar or "preservative" sometimes added to canned goods merely masks poor and inefficient work. Such additions are not necessary and when added to foodstuffs are generally very unwholesome.

For practical purposes we may divide bacteria into two classes, called respectively saprophytes and parasites. Saprophytes are those which infest and break down *dead* organic matter. These are the harmless or useful species. Parasites are those species which attack living bodies. These are the species which scourge mankind by destructive epidemics. How different the world would soon be if we could destroy and utterly extirpate all parasitic bacteria while saving the useful saprophytes. Science indeed points to a time when only saprophytic bacteria existed. In other words, all parasitic species are descended from more or less remote saprophytic ancestors. We know this to be the case, because while all true saprophytic bacteria utterly refuse to grow upon living bodies when artificially planted there, nearly all parasitic species can be induced to thrive upon artificial culture media. This shows that they have not yet lost their former capacity for saprophytic existence.

Although the existence of parasitic bacteria probably antedates the appearance on the earth of vertebrate animals, yet there is much reason for believing that the transformation of useful saprophytic species into noxious parasitic bacteria never proceeded faster than at the present time. So fast indeed are new parasites being produced or "educated" by the peculiar environments of modern life, that were not science constantly elaborating counter checks our boasted civilization would soon come to the end of its tether. Bacteria are very small creatures but so terrific is their power for evil that uncontrolled they would outdo the winds escaped from Eolus' cave. The controlling power here is knowledge, which,

> throned on high, the scepter sways,
> Controls their moods, their wrath allays.
> Break but that scepter, sea and land
> And heaven's ethereal deep
> Before them they would whirl like sand
> And through the void air sweep.

The study of bacteria offers peculiar difficulties. These organisms cannot like other plants be dissected, and their members studied and compared, for they have no members. Their external form serves roughly to differentiate them into a number of genera, of which two only are of much practical importance. These are *bacillus*, including all rod-shaped forms, and *coccus*, including those of a globular or oval form. For specific characters the bacteriologist must depend on the "biology" of the species. "Biology" as here used means the behavior of the species when grown upon various artificial food substances, of which the more important are beef tea, plain and solidified into a thin jelly by means of gelatine or agar, milk, blood serum, and potato. If, for example, we have a sample of water to examine bacteriologically, we would proceed as follows:

If the water looks foul we will take one to five drops in a sterilized pipette or medicine dropper. We have in a glass test-tube about ten cubic centimeters of melted beef-jelly at a temperature of about 45° Centigrade. To this we add the drops of water, shake for a moment, and then pour into a small covered glass dish called a Petri dish. In this the jelly soon hardens again and the bacteria are unable to swim about in it. Each individual germ remains where it happened to be at the moment of solidification. Beef tea is an excellent food for nearly all species of bacteria. Although our germs cannot move about in the jelly they can absorb food and increase by building a partition across the middle of each cell, thus forming a new individual. Each of these cells in turn divides in the same way, pushing each other out in all directions from the original cell. We soon have a more or less circular agglomeration or "colony" of bacteria, all descended from one cell. So rapid is the increase that a single cell may in twenty-four hours increase to over a thousand million. Indeed a single cell not more than three twenty-five-thousandths of an inch long may under the theoretically most favorable circumstances produce in six days descendants enough to fill the ocean solid. When surroundings are unfavorable most bacilli form resting spores, analogous to seeds of higher plants. A colony as above described is called a pure culture of a species. To further study the species we use a flamed needle to take up very minute quantities of the colony and transfer to various other culture media—milk, blood serum, potato, etc. From its behavior on these we decide as to its specific identity. Finally, if we think we are dealing with a disease-producing species we must determine this point by actually inoculating some living body which is known to be liable to contract the disease in question.

We cannot practice upon human bodies in this way so we use for inoculation various lower animals. The most common martyrs to bacteriological experiments are rats, mice, guinea pigs, and pigeons. Cats, dogs, and other animals are occasionally used. This may be bad for the animals experimented on, but the method has conferred enormous benefits upon mankind and saved millions of human lives.

Bacteria exist everywhere except where the temperature is above that of boiling water. But they are most abundant in rich,

fertile soil, in stagnant or polluted water, and in the air of large cities. The more dangerous disease-producing species, such as those which cause cholera, typhoid fever, yellow fever, malaria, meningitis, etc., are chiefly spread by polluted water. Those species which cause scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, erysipelas, puerperal fever, acute abscess, etc., are borne on the air and in infected food material. Anthrax, fowl cholera, swine plague, and other animal diseases are commonly disseminated by infected soil and buildings, but sometimes also by polluted water.

The extreme importance to health of a supply of pure water is appreciated by very few householders. Next to pure water pure milk is the great desideratum. Milk is a nearly universal food medium for bacteria, yet actual tests have shown that nearly twenty per cent of the dairy cows of the United States are tuberculous. Bacteriology shows, too, that the average grade of milk distributed to consumers in large cities often contains as high as eighty million bacteria in a cubic inch. An average sample of sewer water contains about sixteen million bacteria per cubic inch. The *species* found in the milk and the sewer water are generally much the same.

Milk may always be freed from living bacteria by boiling it before using. A temperature of 170° Fahrenheit for ten minutes is fatal to nearly all disease-producing bacteria. A temperature of 158° Fahrenheit for one half hour is equally effective. Milk consumed in large cities where its source is not known to be trustworthy should always be heated to 158° Fahrenheit for one half hour before it is used, more especially where it is fed to children. Milk does not boil or change its taste at 158° Fahrenheit. Where a child is to be fed during a day from the morning's delivery of milk, a good plan is to use as many bottles as there are feeds to be given, each containing one meal which is all to be used as soon as the bottle is opened. Prepare all in the morning by plunging into a kettle of cold water and gradually heating to 158° Fahrenheit. Hold at this temperature for one half hour, then transfer to ice-box, and keep cool till wanted. Never open the bottle until it is to be used. Do not save or add to the next bottle any left over from the previous feed. This simple precaution will save many a doctor bill and child's life.

There are on the market numerous water filters for household use. Some of these are efficient when properly cared for; others are frauds. All are liable to become breeding-places for the germs they are supposed to destroy. The fact is there is no known filtering material which will act continuously. The pores soon clog. Any one can easily make an efficient filter at a very small cost. Take a glazed earthen jar. Secure a supply of coarse or medium grade gravel and some sharp sand. Wash the gravel and sand and bake in a hot oven for several hours. Now fill the jar, placing the coarse gravel at the bottom and the sand on top. Renew the upper two or three inches of sand once a week. There should be five or six inches of sand. Admit water at top through a rose nozzle and remove equally as fast from the bottom through a wooden, not brass, faucet or glass siphon. The filtered water may be stored in another closely covered jar until wanted.

Many people think that ice must be free from bacteria. This is true only of artificial ice, which is made from condensed steam. Natural ice may be swarming with bacteria. Though a temperature of +212° Fahrenheit is fatal to all known bacteria a temperature of —212° Fahrenheit is fatal to very few species.

The use of disinfectants and antiseptics is more or less common in households. Disinfectants kill bacteria; antiseptics prevent bacterial growth. The best disinfectants or germicides are (1) steam under pressure; (2) plain steam or boiling water; (3) direct sunlight; (4) corrosive chemicals. Steam under pressure of one atmosphere fifteen pounds per square inch will kill any known germ or spore in fifteen minutes. Boiling water or plain steam will kill any germ in less than half an hour, but the spores are more resistant. To insure killing the spores repeat boiling two or three times at

intervals of twenty-four hours. Steam or hot water are the only reliable germicides for infected woolen garments, mattresses, etc.

Direct sunlight is slow but sure death to every species of bacteria. The best chemical germicides are corrosive sublimate in water 1:1000; carbolic acid, five per cent solution; copper sulphate, ten per cent solution; and formic aldehyde gas, or four per cent water solution. Formic aldehyde is a cheap and very efficient germicide and is rapidly coming into extensive use. It is sold in the drug-stores under the proprietary name of formalin in the shape of a forty per cent aqueous solution, and as crystallized "pastils." The pastils are vaporized over an alcohol lamp, and the gas produced held in a closed room or box for ten to twenty-four hours. Any known germ unless protected by thick cloth is destroyed by such gas in twenty-four hours or less.

The best antiseptics are as follows: (1) temperature below 35° Fahrenheit; (2) salicylic acid, ten grains to quart; (3) borax, sixty-four grains to quart; (4) soda-carbonate or bicarbonate, forty-eight grains to quart. These chemicals are not harmless when mixed with food materials and they should not be used for such a purpose. A saturated solution of refined sugar or salt is also an antiseptic of some value.

People who suffer from decaying teeth may be surprised to learn that bacteria are at the bottom of the mischief. In fact it was in the tartar from human teeth and matter extracted from a hollow tooth that Leeuwenhoek first discovered bacteria. If any one will take a flamed needle and with it scrape from his teeth a little "tartar," rub this up in a little boiled and cooled water, and examine a drop with a good compound microscope magnifying not less than five hundred diameters he will learn something to his advantage and probably insure the immediate purchase of a new tooth-brush! There are numerous dental powders on the market under various fancy names but borax or salicylic acid is the basis of most of them. There is no better or safer tooth-wash than the solutions of borax and salicylic acid given above. These are perfectly safe when the mouth is well washed after using them.

To conclude, for protecting the household from the work of bacteria we cannot be too fastidious about personal cleanness, nor too free in the use of light and heat to destroy and cold to repress bacterial life.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

A PEOPLE can scarcely be judged with any fairness except within their own homes and in their own country. Travel seems to bring out flaws in character, as the dust will reveal a spot in a garment which, had it been worn exclusively within-doors, might never have come to light. The English tourist, as we frequently see him, superciliously eying Niagara through his monocle, or finding fault with the hotel accommodations in the Yellowstone, is rarely ever an agreeable person. He exhibits an inclination to have the best of everything for his money which is as unlovely as it is determined, but which is the very spirit, no doubt, that has brought all sorts of public service in England and throughout the remotest British colonies to such perfection. At home, this querulous John Bull in his knickerbockers, slouch cap, and huge shoes, as we most often see him, is quite another being; if one has the good fortune to be admitted to the privacy of his home one will discover in him an ideal host dispensing an almost ideal hospitality.

Reverence for law is a predominating trait in the English character; not reverence for such law as may personally affect the individual, to his advantage or disadvantage, but for the administration of justice in the abstract; and while the government has its grave faults, it must be ac-

knowledged that such a spirit is decided and permanent evidence of an advanced civilization.

This regard for authority begins with the discipline of children from the cradle. In no other country among the better classes, even the lower middle class of moderate means, is childhood so regarded. The English have a love for children scarcely exceeded by that of any other nation, and they have a most intelligent comprehension of the rights of childhood to protection and healthful training. This is why the precocious infant, so common and so obnoxious in the United States, is rarely ever seen in England. If the parents are people of reasonable wealth the child is kept in the nursery during infancy, and is later committed to the charge of a competent tutor or governess. But even among people of wealth and rank the training of children is supervised by the parents, especially by the mother, who is perfectly informed not only of her children's physical and mental well-being, but of the character of those to whose charge they have been committed. There are the most careful regulations as to diet and exercise; the nursery table is abundantly supplied with good, plain, nourishing food, and until boys are sent away to the public schools and girls are well in their teens they are confined to a regimen of bread and butter, eggs, mutton, stewed fruit, and plain puddings. The daily cold tub, the daily walk and out-of-door exercise, croquet, cycling, or tennis, account for their fine complexion and rosy cheeks—attractions which are rare in a country where childhood knows no restraint, where confectionery is consumed without stint, the temperature of the house is kept at 80° Fahrenheit, and exercise is looked upon as a species of discipline. When English children are brought into the drawing-room one is impressed with their charming modesty; they will speak intelligently and politely if first addressed, but they wait recognition from their elders.

In the education of even the children of the poor—the chief patrons of the board schools—thoroughness rather than diffuseness and showy accomplishment is aimed at. They are grounded in arithmetic, reading, spelling, writing, geography, and grammar, and their future advancement depends largely upon their own inclination. One is struck with the fact that even servants as a rule write a good, legible hand, spell and capitalize correctly, while they speak remarkably good English. This is hardly accomplished in our own public schools, where in addition to the common branches—fast becoming most uncommon branches—everything else is taught, from the natural science—its rudiments imparted to nurslings of seven—to modeling in clay and carving in wood. I do not wish to be construed as condemning instruction in what are mere accomplishments, but as criticizing a system which fails to provide a sound basis for subsequent training; and which, in attempting too much, fails in doing thoroughly that which lies easily within its scope.

The thoroughness begun in elementary instruction is carried out through all the higher educational institutions. In the public schools, by which in England are meant "foundations," endowed schools like Harrow, Eton, Westminster, and Rugby, and in the universities there is no possible means of evading examinations, and of getting other marks than those to which a student's actual acquirements entitle him. It is this which gives an English degree of any sort such value. The degree stands for precisely what it represents; for such and such attainments in the classics, in science, or mathematics and for neither more nor less. There is one notable exception—the award of mathematical honors in the Cambridge tripos of 1893, which was withheld from the successful candidate, Miss Fawcett, because she was a woman, and given the candidate, a man, who was only second on the list. It is fair to say that this is an injustice against which almost the whole English press is arraigned, and the more liberal-minded people, and it is doomed to be rooted out within the next decade.

Another fine characteristic, early implanted in the minds of children, is respect for their elders, of children for their parents,

and of pupils for their teachers. Later in life this manifests itself in other directions: in the respect of the soldier or seaman for his superior officer, of civil servants, not only for those from whom they must take their orders, but above all for the general public. The days of the Circumlocution Office, with the muddling, insolence, and indifference of those in authority, have gone to return no more, and it is a rare thing that a request in any department of the English government does not receive immediate attention and this from the highest to the lowest.

There is nowhere in the kingdom that strange, unreasonable dread of the word "servant" which our democracy so fears. Every man filling any position of public trust regards and calls himself "the servant of the queen"; and the queen, greatly as her subjects revere her as a woman, in the capacity of wife and mother, is primarily the typical embodiment of the state, and honored accordingly. There is marked consciousness in the attention paid what we sometimes consider rather unimportant matters; letters of inquiry which are in any degree important are answered by return post, and the prompt recognition of notes of introduction is always a matter of some wonder to Americans visiting England for the first time.

With all their regard for ceremony on proper occasions the English, especially those of great intellectual attainments and of high social position, are generally remarkably simple and unaffected. They are probably naturally more diffident, and in some respects more reserved than Americans, but there seems to be in the race an almost universal freedom from affectation. Their grammar, even among the educated, is not so severely academic as the ordinary speech of the corresponding class in the United States, and neither man nor woman will use a polysyllable where a word of one syllable will serve. Once received into the confidence of the family, they speak of private affairs before visitors with a frankness that has no counterpart on this side of the Atlantic, and it is a frankness peculiarly expansive if it describes the shortcomings of relatives which we would scrupulously conceal. A cousin of a distinguished traveler, for example, once said in discussing his relative's published narratives: "O, X— has always been a great liar from her cradle; you must take everything she says with a grain of salt." Had a good-natured American acknowledged such an infirmity at all, he would have hinted, in much milder terms, that his relative exaggerated, and would have excused the fault on the ground of a too impressionable and enthusiastic nature!

In the family the father is preeminently the head of the household. His wishes are paramount; his word is law; his arm-chair, in the warmest corner, is sacred. He is consulted about everything and his authority is exercised even over matters in which an American would hardly have the temerity to meddle. Holidays are planned, journeys are arranged, domestic expenditures are limited all by this same family autocrat, and from his decisions there is no appeal. It is vastly to his credit, therefore, that he is in the main measurably just and kind, providing for his wife and children in accordance with his personal estimate of their needs; they, themselves, have not much voice in the decision. If, however, the family must retrench it is usually the little luxuries and comforts of the wife and children that are first abridged; the brougham will be given up instead of "the master's" cob; the wife's jewels and laces will be sacrificed before the incomparable London clothes of the husband "suffer a change" for the worse; the wife and children will spend August in cheap lodgings in the country, or at some unfashionable seaside resort, that the husband and father may not be deprived of his customary holiday in Switzerland; and they will dine for a week on leg of mutton served hot on Sunday and dished up in six different disguises the remainder of the week while the head of the family regales himself in town on partridge and oysters, and their accompaniment in season.

The reverse is frequently true of the American, who denies himself that he may pro-

vide luxuries for those whose comfort and happiness are the chief considerations of the life devoted to their service. It may be that this is the secret of the warmer and closer relations between the American father and his children—particularly his daughters—than exists between father and child in England, and this is true even when one takes into consideration the lack of outward, formal respect in which the English so far surpasses the American child. It is certain that feuds between father and son, even between father and daughter, especially when she marries without his approval, are much more common in England than in the United States, and the irascible parent still cuts off with a shilling the undutiful child who disregards his wish or whim, just as he did in the novels and plays of the last century.

The dinner-table lamp is the sun of the English social system, and around this all other systems revolve in turn. It is morning until one has dined, and the citadel of the Englishman's castle has never been scaled until one sits in its refulgent light, admitted to that fellowship which a mere five-o'clock tea or a luncheon does not imply. Both men and women appear in plain attire, in frock coats and long-sleeved gowns, until dinner, and there is then a blossoming forth of decorations, of jewels, of gorgeous colors and costly fabrics that are like the garments of priests and vestals donned for the supreme sacrifice. But like most of their social laws, the solemnity of dinner is founded on appreciable reason; men who are engaged in business are then free; women who have the affairs of the house to consider have finished their duties for the day; it is the time of leisure, when host and guest may not only eat and drink with deliberation, but may talk without interruption and at length.

In this connection it may be worth while to explain that there is in the United States an impression—a most erroneous one—that the English are not talkers, and this in the face of tradition of Sidney Smith, Coleridge, Macaulay, and Carlyle, who, if not English, lived and died in London. The real truth is that they are enormous talkers, and one who is disposed to think that the art of conversation is dead should seat himself at a London dinner-table at any good house in the West End to which interesting people are bidden; he will hear such a rushing stream of enchanting talk as he could scarcely imagine. For London is the capital and center of the Anglo-Saxon world, and endless processions of writers, artists, travelers, and savants file through its thoroughfares, congregate in its drawing-rooms, and gather about its dinner-tables. One hears the affairs of the whole globe, all that is doing in every department of its governments and industries, discussed by those who are direct participants in their shaping and management The most interesting experiences are related without brag and frequently only upon great urging; and there the best stories are told, humorous in the highest sense but lacking the spice of wickedness and irreverence with which we seem to season so many of our jokes.

The straightforwardness of the English character is nowhere more apparent than in the planning of all social matters; nothing is left to one's individual judgment; everything is plain and explicit, so that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. For example, so invariably is fine raiment dedicated to the dinner-hour that one knows that plain clothing is *de rigeur* for all earlier functions; the garments may be of rich material but in their general effect they must not so much as hint at an hour later than 6 p. m. A cloth street gown, or a gown of plain dark silk, the frock coat, dark trousers, the silk hat—these suffice for all ordinary occasions. Where one may be in doubt, as at the opening of Parliament and its attendant tea in the terrace, the card of invitation bears in one corner the helpful legend: "Morning Dress"; and the same is true on other somewhat unusual occasions.

The "At Home" has little resemblance to a fashionable afternoon reception in New York or Indianapolis. There is no semblance to evening dress in the toilet of the hostess, no drawn blinds, excessive floral decoration, and orchestra concealed in a jungle of palms. The visitor in ordinary visiting

costume arrives on foot or in a carriage, as the state of his income may ordain; the name is announced at the drawing-room door by the servant; the hostess, also plainly attired in a simple house-gown, without gloves, advances to greet the guest. There is no line of friends "assisting," and, since introductions are dispensed with, and the fact that one is received as a guest is a sufficient guarantee of respectability, the talk is general; there is very little of that feeling about and wondering as to the identity of the company, and this induces a peculiar sociality in a London drawing-room that is hardly to be found elsewhere. The *menu* provided on such occasions is rather more substantial than the conventional American wafer and thimble-full of coffee and cocoa; there are tea, cocoa—coffee is seldom served, except iced in warm weather—with a great variety of bread and butter, sandwiches, cakes, and strawberries when they are in season; some friend or member of the family presides at the tea-urn and directs the servants, who attend to passing the viands and filling the cups.

It is all so easily done, with such comfort to both the hostess and visitor, that one comprehends why hospitality in England is so universal and so generous. There is no attempt at display, no extravagant expenditure, and the hostess, heartily glad to welcome her friends, is neither fatigued nor harassed. Customs change slowly, and one is constantly impressed with the fact that the England of to-day, with a few slight deviations from the old order of things, is still the England of half a century ago.

(End of Required Reading for June.)

BEETHOVEN.

BY F. L. WARD.

GREAT soul that lured the seraph choir
To play full loud,
And listening, caught the angelic strain
And played it new for mortal man;
Thy theme is clear as trumpet note
Of herald angel;
And thy grand chords the atmosphere
That makes more clear
The master tone.

Who can hear thy music
And not long for God?
Who can hear thy chord's perfected harmony
And not strive
To harmonize all nature?
Nor lose the master theme,
God in all.

And finding God in perfect nature
So keep ourselves attuned,
That not one note be wanting
When the Creator asks
Full, perfect music
From the creatures of his hands.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEWSPAPER MAKING.

BY EDWARD ARDEN.

THE close relationship existing directly between the newspaper and the fundamental side of our economic life is in no way better evidenced than by the fact that the newspaper has been twice revolutionized by agencies external to it, first by the railroad and second by the telegraph.

To say that the enormous circulation of the newspaper press to-day is due to the prevailing quick means of transportation would be far from the truth, and lacking in appreciation of other quite as important agencies which have contributed to the growth of newspapers. But it is a fact that without the railroad facilities now at their command the growth of newspaper circulations would have been retarded to an incalculable degree and their present size remained quite without the range of possibility. The influence of the railroad upon the newspaper is best evidenced by the facts of their growth.

It is during the first years of railroad building that we can trace with marked definiteness the revolutionary effects of the application of steam to transportation. The 200 newspapers of all kinds published in the country in 1800 had by 1830 increased to 1,000. Then there was no means at hand for the distribution of the newspaper product except the most primitive. There were no railroads. The decade ending in 1840 witnessed the beginning of railroad construction and the twenty-three miles of track of 1830 had by 1840 increased to nearly 4,000. Here the newspaper growth is fairly perceptible, the number increasing from 1,000 to 1,631. By 1850 the railroad mileage had reached nearly 10,000 miles, and the number of newspapers 2,800. Then began more rapid extension, which divides itself in the main into the periods ending in 1870, 1880, and 1890. The first period, during which the Civil War caused interruption and practical suspension, saw the mileage increase from ten to fifty thousand, the second to nearly ninety thousand, and the third to a little more than one hundred and sixty thousand. During the same periods the newspapers increased in number from 2,800 in 1850 to 5,871 in 1870, 11,314 in 1880, and 16,948 in 1890.

The last period of wholesale railroad construction practically ended in 1890 or shortly before, and the cessation of labor on an extended scale, in this field, appears to have reduced the growth in the number if not in the circulation of newspapers, which up to this point had increased in a constant ratio.

The revolution created by the railroads chiefly during the ten years ending in 1840 became in due course an evolution, to every stage of which the newspaper was not slow to accommodate itself. The era of large railroad extension calling for the periodical investment of immense capital may fairly be considered to have passed, but the probable future decrease in railroad construction, notwithstanding its appreciable influence upon newspaper growth, is not to be attended by a proportionate cessation of enterprise in the latter field.

The railroads, penetrating the remotest parts of the country, have brought the distant points within our domain in close contact with each other. The country has been spanned and respanned until it is covered with a vast network of railroads. In consequence the settlement of the outlying portions of the country has taken place with astounding rapidity, and while the days of the pioneer are practically over, and population has been grouped in centers to an unprecedented degree, the expansion of communities and the further growth and centralization of population are likely to be such as will cause in the future an increase in the circulation of newspapers more particularly than their number.

The advent of the railroads cleared the way for the prompt distribution of the daily product of the press. Without the facilities for distribution which the application of steam to transportation provided, large circulations would have been impossible, for the daily newspaper would have become very much of a back number long before it reached subscribers living at any distance from the place of publication.

After the railroads came the telegraph in 1844, producing a second and, it may be asserted, quite as far-reaching a revolution as its predecessor. As the railroads affected the distribution of newspapers, so the telegraph and then the cable in much the same measure influenced the collection of news. The first telegraph line to be used with success for the convenience of news was that from Washington to Wilmington, Del. It is to be observed that this line reached from the center of the government in the direction of New York, the one city which early distanced all other centers and which has maintained its lead over all competitors, practically fixing the standard for the sort and quality of the news. From the initial period also the newspapers of New York superseded those of all other towns in point of circulation. Formerly it took two days for news to be conveyed from the national capital to New York by pony express. Fast post-horses were used and by a system of relays the distance was covered in that time. The first newspaper telegraph line extending as far as Wilmington reduced the time to twenty-four hours. Then came the rapid extension of the telegraph and the further growth of newspaper circulations.

As the telegraph developed it revolutionized the newspaper. But it speedily became apparent that the average newspaper could not afford the enormous expense of news obtained by wire. Tolls were high and moreover for many years the facilities were not adequate to the demand. It was found that no single newspaper could profitably bear the expense of obtaining any considerable amount of news by telegraph. Then occurred a development based on the principle of cooperation and concentration, the formation of an association composed of seven New York dailies, for the collection of the news, to be used in common by the members of the organization. This association was styled the Associated Press, and although changed as to its membership, it represents to-day, as does its lesser rivals, one of the most important factors in modern journalism. Maintained as a separate organization, with correspondents stationed at all important centers, the news was gathered and sent by telegraph to the headquarters first in New York and then from this common source to the various papers entitled to the service. By this means the news was telegraphed once to many papers, as in New York, where the seven original members of the association received the same matter and in turn the expense was borne in common. The organization was gradually expanded, and it became possible for newspapers in other cities to receive the service of the Associated Press.

In time the larger papers were able to supplement the reports of the press associations by having special correspondents at desired and important points who regularly send special dispatches for the exclusive use of their papers. This system has grown to such an extent that some papers pay $100,000 annually in telegraph tolls for their special correspondence, many to-day having special wires connecting one or more centers of news with their offices of publication. For instance, between Washington and New York, most if not all the influential dailies have one or more correspondents at the national capital, while staff correspondents are stationed by many journals in London and other foreign cities, who represent them exclusively. In all but the larger cities, however, the press associations have continued to furnish the main supply of news by telegraph. But few papers relatively are able to afford special telegraphic correspondence, and thus the great news-gathering concerns furnish by far the largest part of the news which is sent over the wires to-day. They have their correspondents in nearly every town and city of appreciable size in the country and

every foreign news center. They are the news clearing-houses of the world, without which the telegraph would be to the host of smaller newspapers an expensive luxury to be indulged but seldom.

During the few years after the Atlantic Cable was laid it was used sparingly by the newspapers because of the high tariff of rates. The first decided movement on the part of American newspapers to utilize the new device was during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71. It was the *New York Tribune* which created a new departure in journalism at this period by printing many columns of news cabled by special war correspondents, at an enormous cost. Such enterprise was astounding at the time and is in marked contrast to the European news which had up to a few years before been printed in that paper and others consisting of edited extracts from European papers, received by steamer and bearing the caption "Four Days Later from Europe."

The telephone also, which has come into general use within the past ten or twelve years, has aided materially in the making of the newspaper. Its utility, not uncommonly left out of account altogether, is appreciable. In times of extraordinary excitement, for instance during riots, strikes, and other less warlike incidents of social life, a few words communicated through the medium of the telephone to the newspaper offices by newspaper representatives on the field of action are of inestimable account in presenting a timely record of the trend of events.

The resources of the present newspaper on its mechanical side are in marked contrast to those of any previous period. In 1835, when the independent press was established, all printing presses in the country were worked by hand, and the most important newspapers were many times unable to supply the demand. In 1871 Hoe's perfecting press was introduced. In this was embodied the fundamental idea of the sextuple press, the fastest printing machine ever invented and now widely in use. Its cylinder revolves at the rate of nearly one mile a minute and it consumes paper fed from a roll at the speed of fifty miles an hour. In one hour 70,000 four, six, or eight-page papers are printed and delivered, cut, pasted, folded, and accurately counted, all ready for distribution.

As for the typesetting machine, it has been more revolutionary in its effect upon the printing trade than upon the newspaper, although in making the newspaper it has contributed an important saving. The Mergenthaler linotype is the machine most widely used to-day in the United States, although a few other machines are in successful operation. In 1894 there were about 200 linotypes in use; to-day there are no less than 5,000 linotype machines employed. In almost every case one machine does the work of three hand-compositors. Since there are about 5,000 machines in use, it will seem that 15,000 printers have been thrown out of employment by the introduction of this device. The cost of setting type by machinery in newspaper offices is reported to be about one half that of hand composition. The largest number of machines employed in any one office is about sixty, this number being now regularly used in the office of the *New York Herald.*

The paper upon which newspapers are printed is thought to cost more in the aggregate than any other requisite of newspaper making on the mechanical side, notwithstanding that it has decreased in price during the last thirty years from twenty to two and one fourth cents per pound. As the price of paper has declined, however, its use has increased, the daily newspapers have been enlarged, and the immense Sunday newspaper has come into existence to consume large quantities.

The manufacture of paper for newspaper purposes has passed through a variety of stages. The early manufacturers were confronted with the difficulty of securing enough raw material in the form of rags, so that many times they were unable to supply enough paper to satisfy the demands of the newspapers, which in turn were perforce published many times in limited editions. At this time paper was made almost wholly of rags. Other processes, however, have

come into vogue and driven out rag paper except for purposes of the highest grades of work. Paper made from rye straw, which is used at this late day by some few printers, was found to be less desirable for newspaper use than that made from the spruce tree brought from Norway, cut from the Adirondacks, or secured from any of the other localities in the United States or Canada productive of this sort of wood. By a modern process the spruce tree is ground into pulp and to-day ninety-nine one-hundredths of our newspapers are printed on wood-pulp paper of this sort, which can be secured almost anywhere for two and one fourth cents per pound.

Newspaper production, on the whole, has been favored in no ordinary way by both external and internal conditions. Without the rapid progress which has taken place in the field of newspaper enterprise by which the newspaper has turned to its own special account economic agencies such as the railroad and telegraph, and by which within its own sphere it has sought and achieved the most economical and the most highly improved methods and devices entering into its mechanical production, it would not now be keeping pace with its growing opportunities. As to the future, it would be boldness itself to predict the conditions which will obtain, but history makes clear nevertheless that newspaper enterprise will be limited only by the scope of our advancing civilization.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

BY PASQUALE FIORE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE distrust in regard to the practical results of the conference, which is to meet in response to the invitation of the czar from the 12th to the 24th of August, seems to be on the increase. Some even go so far as to affirm that if the conference ever holds any sessions nothing else will come from it than a general discussion about a program, no real agreement on substantial points being possible. They therefore conclude that the czar's rescript will prove of small account. And there is no doubt that it occasioned great surprise. It was received most enthusiastically by all adherents of peace, and by socialists who dream of the abolition of standing armies. Their anticipations, however, were soon to be lowered by the apparent contradiction between the proposal to reduce excessive armaments and the declarations which were made both by the emperor of Germany at Westphalia in August last and by the czar himself in an address to the admiral of his fleet, statements which were to the effect that the military power of each state should be considered as the most solid guarantee for the quiet and peaceful development of its social activities. This contradiction has seemed all the greater since the opening of the legislative bodies of the various countries of Europe and America. For in nearly every one of them projects for increasing the military strength both by land and sea have been brought forward, thus justifying the opinion of the kaiser that only a good army ready for battle can guarantee peace. So we may not wonder if the idea of a peace conference is now greeted with much skepticism.

I have thought that what has principally contributed toward minimizing the importance of the czar's act comes from our having changed its real intent. From the time when it was first promulgated the press has been discussing the proposal as though it aimed at immediate disarmament and was to prepare the triumph of the great idea of universal peace over all the elements of discord which render the present military preparations indispensable. Inasmuch as the newspapers assumed this point of view, it was quite natural that the general public should look with some distrust on so sudden a reform and should consider it

dangerous and unreasonable. And were this assumption true I should agree with the public. I would not assert that the great powers of Europe could advantageously disband or reduce their armies before they had come to some agreement on such complex questions as the future status of the Balkan peninsula, the control of the Mediterranean, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the partition of China, Turkey, or Africa. If the struggle of conflicting interests makes the present forces necessary, would it be prudent to try to eliminate the contrasts by putting all the serious problems on the carpet, with the purpose of solving them so as to do away with all rivalries, and bring the nations to an immediate consideration of disarmament? I cannot believe that the czar's letter has any such intention, and it certainly contains no such ideas. It merely insists on the absurdity of a state of armed peace, and calls attention to the perils which may arise from this state unless a remedy is found. The rescript simply lays bare the fact that economic crises are caused in great part by the system of ultra-national defense, that military expenditures are daily becoming more burdensome for the people, who are constantly making greater efforts to sustain their weight. It shows the need of providing some remedy for future and inevitable evils and invites the governments to join in a conference to consider such a remedy.

The social calamities which are the consequences of militarism had long before been recognized by the congresses of powers, by the writings of publicists, and by less formal ways, and one may truly say that the general aspiration of all classes is to devise some means for putting an end to the perilous situation. No one claims, of course, that the remedy can be found and applied in a day, nor in my opinion should the projected conference resolve that disarmament is a good thing and then adjourn without planning for the reduction of the existing forces. The state which should first take such a step would expose itself to the attacks of its neighbors. A general movement in this direction is necessary, and it is for the conference to direct how such a movement should begin. To-day the international equilibrium rests wholly on the equilibrium of military strength. What really maintains peace and restrains from war is the difficulty each state finds in assuring itself that it can wage a successful war.

In the meantime every state which desires to secure for itself the upper hand strives to become stronger, both by the increase of its own strength and by means of favorable alliances. This desire makes it then incumbent on the other states that intend to combat any supremacy to increase their forces also. And so there is a steady development of warlike resources in each and every nation affected. It must be evident, therefore, that the conference cannot propose a disarmament nor a limitation of existing armaments, since it cannot ask any one state to renounce or diminish the guardianship of its own interests or its own safety.

On the other hand, it is clear that the present condition of things cannot last indefinitely, since from this fatal necessity of being able to rely on its own strength only the life of each government is absorbed in preparations for defense and emulation in maintaining the equilibrium of the respective military forces, and since each one is proposing every year greater expenses in the war budget on account of the imperious need of being ever stronger in order to be ever more respected. The people are being exhausted in the continuous effort to sustain the increasingly onerous burdens, without any one being able to foresee the limit to this incessant need of being sufficiently armed. Add to this situation the self-application of science to improve the means of attack, which render the old means of defense useless, and you will see why the military system must be constantly undergoing modification. Therefore the greater portion of the resources of each country is absorbed in the maintenance of the army and navy, and before thinking of developing any service of public utility we must first square our accounts with the

war department. The outcome of this system will infallibly be a social cataclysm, unless an antidote is found. It is becoming an ever greater obstacle to the progress of industry, the development of commerce, and the international division of labor, thereby retarding increase in wealth and aggravating from day to day the social question. It redounds, then, to the glory of a great monarch that he has recognized the evil influences of excessive militarism on society and has invited the governments of the world to meet together to consider the problem and its solution.

The conference should not propose to change the present condition of things immediately. This is evident. The representatives of the various nations united in general assembly will easily find themselves of one mind in recognizing that the present armaments are a most grievous and intolerable burden. The absurdity of armed peace being thus acknowledged it will become indispensable to go back to the causes for it, and to admit that it is derived from the false notion that the life of international society should be based on the equilibrium of military forces. This admission will entail the discovery of a new basis for the equilibrium, which amounts to the same thing as the fabrication of a system of legal methods adapted to safeguard the rights of each, and efficacious in solving the contests which may arise in international relations. Such a system will exclude the false premise that obtains to-day, which is that political considerations should prevail over the right and that might makes right.

This new basis cannot be found by the conference in a moment. No small result will be attained if the conference recognizes the necessity of going to work to find it. Moreover, I should like to warn my readers not to cherish the exaggerated illusions of the humanitarians who have formed the fallacious dream of perpetual peace and the gradual abolition of standing armies. It seems to me that with the progressive unfolding of the idea of right we may reach the point of taking from military strength the importance which it has at present, on account of its guardianship of the rights of the state. It may be that we can reach the point of giving to the association of states a code of laws, that we can finally induce them to agree to a system of legal procedures adapted to solve international controversies and be able to change the opinion that war can be always justifiable and decisive.

But granted that with the development of the ideas of civilization we may attain all this, we cannot in any way imagine that we are thus reaching a state of universal harmony in which disarmament becomes a fact and peace assured. All we can admit is that in this way we may succeed in finding a new basis of equilibrium, and that by gradually perfecting itself the new system may at some time in the future succeed in curbing the excesses of militarism. The reign of perpetual peace will always be a vain dream. The things of this world do not always proceed as God wishes but as man wills, and if no society is able to prevent the abuses of liberty, on account of the prevalence of human instincts and passions, it would be idle to hope that in a more or less distant future war can be entirely done away with among states, because of the rectitude of their laws and the assured supremacy of the principles of justice in international life. Civilization will always have cycles and describe parabolas in the different regions of the universe, and however rapid may be the communications and wide the diffusion of civilizing ideas we will never be able to arrive at the time when distances will disappear in the moral and social order, and the consciousness of the principles of justice be the same with all the peoples of the universe.

We had gone thus far in this article before the Russian government had published, as it did on January 24, the circular of the minister of foreign affairs which suggested a program for the conference to the representatives of such foreign governments as had returned a favorable answer to the czar's invitation. This circular does not hide the fact that new elements of unrest in the political world had accentuated certain

differences and that some powers had proceeded to increase their armaments. Such events had naturally occasioned doubt as to the opportuneness of the conference. Nevertheless the circular persists in asserting that it is fitting that the representatives of the governments should meet, in order to bring about an exchange of ideas as to the possibility of putting an end to the increase of military strength by means of diplomacy, and planning a way of preventing armed conflicts. So, as I had assumed, it is not disarmament which will form the object of the conference, but rather the limitation of armaments and a gradual reduction of armies and fleets in the future. The subjects for discussion are thus enumerated in the circular: (1) An agreement looking toward a stipulation not to increase, for a period to be fixed later on, the present land and sea forces and the military budgets, together with an attempt to find a way of realizing analogous reductions in the future. (2) Forbidding the use of new fire-arms, explosives, and powders more powerful than those now in service. (3) Limitation of the use of explosives of high power now known in wars on land, and prohibition to throw projectiles or explosives from the air by means of aerostats. (4) Prohibition to employ submarine torpedo boats, or mechanisms of similar destructive powers; pledge not to build rams. (5) Application to maritime wars of the agreements stipulated in the Congress of Geneva in 1864 on the basis of the additional articles of 1868. (6) Neutrality of life-saving ships or boats during or after the fight. (7) Revision of the declaration of Brussels of 1874, relative to the laws and customs of war, a declaration not yet ratified. (8) Acceptance in general of the pledge of good offices of mediation, and optional arbitration to prevent armed conflicts; agreement relative to the method of their application, and to fix a uniform procedure in trying these means.

The czar does not fail to call attention to the fact that all questions affecting the political relations of the states and the established order of things, in force through treaties, are to be wholly excluded from the deliberations of the conference. To-day might is always right, because international society is not only without laws and regulations suitable to determine the legitimate exercise of liberty and international activity, but it also lacks such judicial institutions as are generally recognized to be capable of deciding on which side is right and reason, when disputes arise between the states. One duty of the conference then should be to submit resolutions to the effect that a resort to force is never justified until all expedients have been exhausted which could be employed toward a peaceful solution of the differences and controversies between states. In order to arrive at this noble result it is necessary to recognize the following measures as indispensable: Determining before all what should be the legal rules governing the relations involved in international intercourse; establishing a complexity of judicial institutions fitted to decide the controversies which may arise in consequence of the violations of these rules, and to determine which one of the contending parties is in the right; preventing recourse to the extreme expedient of war before all means for avoiding it are exhausted. Of course we know that we cannot reach such an agreement all at once. It is an ideal that it will be well to hold before ourselves and approximate so far as possible. A Utopia, if you please, but a Utopia which may have a most beneficial influence on the affairs of this materialistic universe.

Now let us see how such a condition could be gradually attained. In our way of thinking it would not be enough for the states to agree on assuming the pledge of submitting any case of difference to arbitration, and with such an understanding to subscribe to a general treaty to make arbitration obligatory or to create a permanent court of arbitration. We do not believe that this method is so efficacious as its partisans claim. It has a great importance but its importance is frequently exaggerated. Arbitration has solved several controversies in recent years. But it is plain that these were of more account through their number than through their nature, and that they

represented questions of special interest, such as the boundaries of territory, the right of fishing in certain seas, indemnity owed for damages occasioned, dominion over certain regions, and the like. Such disputes as these in no way touch the vital point at issue, which is the armament of the various states. For the necessity of large armies and fleets arises from the interest each state has in being prepared in case of a conflict over questions of an international interest, such as the Balkan question, the African, the Chinese, and so on, questions which affect international equilibrium, the development of commerce or colonial expansion, and in which the dignity and honor of nations are concerned. To solve these problems thoroughly by means of legal requirements accepted among nations requires more than a general treaty in favor of arbitration. Besides it is very difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty what are the rules of justice by which the arbitrators should judge the cases.

But this conference could propose establishing a set of rules which should form the common law of civilized nations. It would be necessary then to broaden the work already begun at the Congress of Paris in 1856. This work especially related to maritime wars, and it was ratified by nearly all the states of Europe. Propositions like the following might be adopted: To limit the right to declare war arbitrarily, and assume, after the war, that the conqueror can take what he pleases from the conquered; to eliminate the false notion that the fortune of arms and victory can be the source of any right whatsoever; to widen the scope of collective intervention in all cases of a complex nature, which concern the general interests of international society. In a word, to do away with the false conception of military preponderance and arbitrary power. Proceeding in this way, step by step, we shall in time succeed in substituting for the political equilibrium of the present day, which rests entirely on the equilibrium of military strength, a new system of equilibrium which will be that of law and justice.

The present conference can perhaps initiate this evolution, leaving its unfolding to future ones. It could, for instance, resolve that in case of a disagreement between two states the contending parties could not refuse the offers of good services from other states to mediate in the dispute; also that no nation should undertake war without having first published an ultimatum, in which the reasons for the war should be given and documents cited in their support. Here, without entering on other details, is a chance for a great advance over the present system of arbitrary choice and military power. No one will affirm to-day that the civilizing work accomplished by the Congress of Paris was of slight importance in regard to naval warfare. History has already shown us that the commerce of neutral nations has drawn inestimable advantages from it. If the conference which is to meet so soon will continue the work begun in 1856 it will mark a great step in the advance of civilization. And since one thing springs from another, we then shall have a firm confidence in greater progress for the future.

AFTER OUR TREATY WITH SPAIN, WHAT?

BY WESLEY C. SAWYER.

THE ratification of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain leaves no call for our legislators further to discuss its wisdom. It is doubtless due to the opponents of the policy of the administration in our Congress to suppose that they have deliberately and conscientiously concluded that the duty of legislators forbids their assuming any such responsibility for inferior races as might imperil the highest success of our government of our own people.

Now, however, since the treaty has received the sanction of a two thirds vote in

the Senate, it will devolve upon Congress, after the president's proclamation has announced the ratification by Spain, to determine in what sense and to what extent these "inferior races" are themselves to be regarded as "our own people." The treaty requires that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by Congress." This duty involves the whole question of how to govern and develop the possessions just ceded to the United States.

We have had no experience in governing provinces or colonies, but much in being governed as colonies, and not a little in governing "territories," as we call our immature states. Why may not this latter experience serve as our guide in establishing a government for our new possessions? Our territorial policy has been attended with remarkable success hitherto, as confessed even by those who criticize its democracy.

Some of our islands, even where they do not resist our administration, as in Luzon, and require to be subdued with arms, will prove too rude to take any helpful part in their own government for several years to come. In any such case, military government must be our dependence till the island can be organized as a territory. Such was the government of Alaska for seventeen years.

In due time, the civil governor appointed by the president will organize and administer the territory with the help of the local legislature elected under the limited franchise rights of the insular population. This participation in government must stimulate the ambition of the voter to understand the political questions at issue, and thus impress the importance of popular education. This beginning of legislation can involve very little peril, being subject to the approval of the governor and the revision of Congress, besides being held to strict conformity with the constitution and laws of the United States.

Our forefathers, the American colonists, have left us their protest against the wrongs which they suffered under England—conspicuously that of taxing them without allowing them any representation in Parliament. This practice of the mother country, strenuously denounced by the victims of it, and now acknowledged both unwise and unjust by leading English statesmen, should certainly dictate a contrary policy in the administration of our dependencies. According to Adam Smith, "The assembly which deliberates concerning the affairs of the whole empire, in order to be properly informed of those affairs, ought certainly to contain representatives of that empire." Representation has been called by William E. Forster, "the life-blood of the constitution," and by Charles Fox, "the sovereign remedy of every evil." Why wait for British precedent with so much British opinion beckoning us the way we want to go?

A suitable and safe plan of representation for our territories in the Congress of the United States should from the start be recognized as fundamental in our policy. A voice without a vote, as now granted to our territorial delegates, promises to satisfy the needs of the islands without peril to national interests.

Such well-guarded territorial rights inspire less fear than the subsequent powers of full statehood. When the latter are conferred, there will go up to the national capital, not a single delegate, but several full-fledged congressmen and two senators from each new state, they being generally of untried qualities and of doubtful helpfulness in working out our national ideals. Here lurks our greatest peril.

But why put ourselves at the mercy of foes that must ever remain harmless till we arm them against ourselves? We are under no pledge or obligation to elevate our territories to statehood before they have been fitted for its responsibilities. If the policy of preliminary tutelage has been found necessary in the administration of territories peopled largely by men of our own blood and speaking our own tongue, how imperative must it be with a population who have nothing in common with us but the love of freedom.

The Philippine archipelago might yield

half a dozen states, each equal in population to California, and all together equal in area to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This shows a potentiality of at least a dozen senators and two-score of representatives in Congress, and should admonish our legislators to demand whenever a territory presents its state constitution that it shall contain a clause definitely providing that its voters for state and national officers shall be able to read the constitution of the United States and write their own names.

We do not lack precedents at home for any rigor here advocated. The movement for educational qualifications was begun in Connecticut in 1854; and both Utah and New Mexico were refused statehood upon their first application; the former on account of Mormonism and the latter on account of the predominance of an objectionable race.

We do not disparage our universal-suffrage principle, as has been charged, in refusing to allow the untutored Tagal to vote for our president. It is not the pearls that are disparaged when we refuse to cast them before swine. Even the "consent of the governed" is not for criminals and idiots. These principles are gems of our civilization that demand a choice setting. An inferior race, destitute of schools and libraries, of railroads and telegraph lines, and sometimes of fixed dwellings, has surely a long minority before it, though not necessarily the "perpetual minority" which Burke so much deprecated for the American colonies.

If England is practically "a republic at home and a monarchy in her dependencies," may not the United States be really a republic at home and temporarily, and only in a limited sense, monarchical in her dependencies? Parents are monarchical in their homes, but only for the highest good of their children. With a similar motive we must for a time depend upon the wisdom of our statesmen for our insular policy more than upon the wish of the islanders.

If, then, we can duly guard against the dangers from the participation of inferior races in our government, of which we have not the least doubt, then the territorial system, which is best in accord with our experience and traditions, is best adapted to the needs of our new islands.

Provinces are Roman; colonies, English; and territories, American. Let us adhere to our own! It is the latest,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

HIGH TIDE.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

HIGH tide—the angry ocean fiercely charges on the shore;
Its mighty waves beat on the rocks with sullen, baffled roar.
The path I thought to walk along lies buried 'neath the wave,
Like hopes I fondly cherished once, that early found a grave.

From far out o'er the ocean's breast the mighty billows roll,
Like trouble sweeping swiftly on to overwhelm my soul.
My pathway seems forever lost, and joy forever fled,
And tumult, storm, commotion fierce, before my feet are spread.

But, while I stand with sinking heart and trembling with my fears,
Behold! the tide hath swept away, the pathway now appears;
And where my way was hidden deep beneath the waters' whirl,
Lo! on the sands, just at my feet, the waves have laid a pearl.

THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

PLAZA VICTORIA AND THE CATHEDRAL.

EXCEPTING always the United States, the Argentine Republic is the most progressive and advanced of American nations. In enterprise and activity, in the value of its productions and the volume of its commerce, in proportion to its population, it is equaled by no nation in the Old World and none other in the New. It has already taken an important place in the world's markets for food, and the size and quality of its crops are measured before the prices of meats and breadstuffs are made. There was a time, and not long since, when Chile was considered the foremost nation on the southern continent, Santiago the handsomest city, and Valparaiso the commercial metropolis; but they have been rapidly outstripped by their rivals on the other coast of South America, and have reluctantly fallen back into the second place.

Our geographies and histories do not keep pace with development at the other end of the hemisphere.

There are no books in English which give a fair idea of the rapid growth and the present condition of our American neighbors. Their intercourse with Europe, both social and commercial, is much more frequent and extensive than with the United States. There are occasional articles in the magazines and newspapers concerning important events or interesting features of their civilization, but the efforts to keep one's self informed of their progress and condition, without regular and frequent steamship communication, is not only discouraging but almost impossible. During the year 1898 there entered the port of Buenos Ayres 888 merchant steamships and 392 sailing vessels. Of the steamers, 535 were English, 120 German, 79 French, 59 Italian, 51 Argentine, 15 Norwegian, 9

Uruguayan, 5 Austrian, 5 Brazilian, 4 Belgian, 3 Danish, 1 Portuguese, and 1 Russian, but not one bearing the flag of the United States. Of the sailing vessels, 125 were English, 81 Italian, 81 Norwegian, 15 German, 12 Argentine, 9 Danish, 7 Uruguayan, 5 Spanish, 4 Austrian, 3 Russian, 3 Brazilian, 2 Portuguese, 2 Dutch, and 4 bearing the flag of the United States. Thus, although there was an average of four vessels coming and going every day of the working week, the flag of the United States was seen but four times in the year. But all those vessels did not go to England. Some of them are trading between the Argentine Republic and the United States. There are two lines that run irregularly from New York and Baltimore to Buenos Ayres. Last year our commerce with the Argentine Republic amounted to $12,344,945. Our imports were $5,915,875, mostly wool and hides, and our exports were $6,429,070, mostly lumber, petroleum, and machinery.

CHURCH OF SANTA FELICITAS.

We are just now particularly interested in the political situation in South America because Mr. William I. Buchanan, of Sioux City, Iowa, the United States minister at Buenos Ayres—and, it is interesting to know, the only Democrat in the diplomatic service who survived the political change of administration—has been appointed umpire to decide a dispute over the boundary between the Argentine Republic and Chile, which has been the cause of irritation for many years, and has repeatedly drawn the two nations very near to war. Chile has held that the dividing line should be the watershed of the Cordilleras. The Argentine Republic holds to an imaginary line drawn north and south from summit to summit of the highest mountains. The existence of this dispute has stimulated the natural aggressiveness and the warlike spirit of both countries, but it is now submitted to arbitration, with the hope of permanent peace.

Buenos Ayres is perhaps the most modern city in America, even more so than Chicago, and quite as much so as Minneapolis, with a cosmopolitan population of 765,784 on the 31st of last December, and with a spirit of enterprise that equals anything found in Yankee-land. With a realization that they possess the chief requisites of wealth and commerce, the people have taken great pride in their public improvements and their private property, in their facilities for education, for pleasure, and for all the elements that compose modern civilization. At one time their progress

was too rapid for safety. Their boom collapsed, and they suffered several years of disaster and distress; but the natural elasticity of the nation and its vigorous recuperative powers have not only enabled it to recover but to surpass its former prosperity. When the house of Baring Brothers, the London bankers, failed in 1890, it was feared that the Argentine Republic would never be able to recover to such a degree as to realize the dreams of its ambitious and patriotic statesmen. But, as is often the case, it learned a valuable lesson, and in the

PLAZA LIBERTAD.

light of its experience will hereafter know what to avoid. The greatest weakness, the tender spot to-day is the inflation of the currency. In flush times the country was flooded with paper money, of which the government has not been able to rid itself, but that fault is being gradually corrected, and every year the national finances are being brought to a more substantial and permanent basis.

The greater part of the business is done upon foreign capital—British, Scotch, German, French, and Italian. The banks are among the most interesting features of the country. There are four in the city of Buenos Ayres, whose capital stock is each $5,000,000, and the statistics of their deposits, discounts, loans, and clearings are amazing in their magnitude. At the invitation of the Argentine government British capital has built up a railway system equal to those of the old countries of Europe, and even more modern in its methods of management and its passenger and freight equipment. Enormous tracts of land were sold to large syndicates for the purpose of developing the cattle and sheep industries and the production of grain, until now there are more sheep in the Argentine Republic than in any other country. It stands very near the head of the list of cattle-growing nations, and is the most important competitor of our own country in the wheat market. During the first six months of 1898 the exports of farm products by a population of four million people reached the value of $81,632,825 gold, and it is be-

lieved that the remaining six months will show a similar activity, which will make the total for the year exceed $160,000,000, or an average of $40 per capita of the population in the export trade. During the period named the imports were valued at $49,553,375 gold, showing a balance of trade in favor of the republic of $32,079,450 in six months.

The growth of the foreign trade has been marvelous. The exports of dressed mutton and beef to Europe have reached a magnitude that make them worthy the attention of the people interested in such industries in the United States, while with government aid the development of the sugar interests in the northern and semi-tropical provinces has been so rapid and profitable that it will soon become a commercial factor quite as important as wool and hides, which were the chief staples until recent years.

To accommodate this enormous commerce the enterprise of the country was compelled to overcome serious natural obstacles. The Parana, Paraguay, and Uruguay Rivers converge above the city to form the Rio de la Plata, or the River Plate, as it is familiarly called in English; a broad, shallow, swift-flowing stream, that is almost an estuary of the sea. Upon its banks stands the city of Buenos Ayres, upon a flat, treeless plain only a few feet above the water. This made drainage difficult, and at regular periods epidemics swept away thousands of people. In the old days steamships and sailing vessels were required to anchor thirteen miles from port, where they transferred their cargoes into lighters, which in turn were towed as near the shore as possible, to have their contents dumped into carts whose great wheels stood up to their hubs in the water. This expensive and inconvenient method of sending away the products and landing the imports of a nation was a great drawback to the development of the country until British money and engineering genius came to the rescue and constructed a system of works as perfect, complete, convenient, and extensive as any in the world. Along the water-front, within a few hundred yards of the government house, the cathedral, and the principal

ON THE PAMPAS.

THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE.

plaza of the city, are five enormous basins, surrounded by wharves and docks of masonry, of a depth sufficient to accommodate vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water. Beyond them are two spacious enclosures called "garsenas," where the heavy cargo steamers are moored alongside stone docks and unloaded by the most perfect hydraulic machinery in the world into a system of series of well-organized warehouses. There the commerce of the country is received and distributed by a system of railways whose terminals touch the water.

Similar enterprise and engineering skill furnished an adequate water supply and transformed the ancient Spanish city, with narrow streets, low houses, and cobblestone pavements, into a modern city that reminds you more of Paris than any other place I know. Broad avenues, paved with hard wood, like London and Paris, parks that were converted from bits of rough country into artistic landscapes, magnificent business blocks and public edifices, sumptuous homes of architecture both substantial and ornate, shops that are filled with the most expensive luxuries, monstrous warehouses that smell of the wealth of hides and wool, frequent places of amusement, all combine to make a modern Babylon, in

INTERIOR OF THE BANK OF THE NATIONS.

which the tongues of almost every race contribute to the confusion. The street-car system, equipped with electric motors, is quite as extensive and in many respects an improvement upon most of the cities in the United States. The facilities for handling inhabitants of the republic are emigrants from Southern Europe. The merchants are mostly foreigners, English, Germans, and French. Of the 765,000 population, nearly 300,000 are Italians, 90,000 Spaniards, 30,000 Frenchmen, 10,000 Germans, 10,000

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

and distributing the population are better than they are in Chicago, and quite as good as those of Boston. Twenty-seven street-car lines and seven steam railways, reaching into the most congested portion of the city, promptly and quickly accommodate a large suburban population, and furnish a striking contrast to the primitive conditions found in Italy and Spain, where many of the patrons had their origin.

The Italians are the laboring class, the mechanics, and the small farmers. They are an industrious, economical, and thrifty race, but contribute little to the wealth of the country because they send so much of their savings home. Thousands of people in Italy are supported by remittances from their husbands, fathers, or children in the Argentine Republic. Nearly one half of the Englishmen, with about 300 Americans. Of these, fifty or more are enjoying the hospitality of a nation with which we have no extradition treaty. Buenos Ayres has been the favorite resort of this enterprising but undesirable class, and when an American traveler goes there he is promptly reminded of broken banks, famous forgeries, and sensational defalcations, which were at one time familiar to him through the newspaper reports.

The social life of Buenos Ayres is quite as "up-to-date" and attractive as the commercial features of the city, and the people have discarded most of the ancient customs and restrictions that prevail in less progressive Latin-American countries. The women are educated and independent, and resemble their English and Yankee sisters

THE LAW SCHOOL.

in the freedom which they enjoy. They keep up with the Paris fashions quite as promptly as we. They go to Europe quite as frequently, although the voyage takes twenty-one days instead of seven, and their summer resorts and facilities for amusement are as numerous and attractive as any in this country. There are twenty-five theaters constantly open, including Sundays, and two opera houses, which are supplied with talent chiefly from Italy, France, and Spain. The Newport of South America is Mar del Plata, on the southeastern coast of the province of Buenos Ayres, a night's ride from that city. It has a beautiful beach and several well-equipped hotels, one of which is equal to anything on our coast.

Much of the progress and importance of the Argentine Republic is due to Lieut.-Gen. Don Julio A. Roca, recently reelected president of the republic, whose enterprise, patriotism, and ability is apparent in what-

TIGRE HOTEL, TIGRE.

ever direction inquiry may be made. During the last quarter of a century he has been the most useful and at times the most influential man in the community. It was largely due to his military skill and patriotic foresight that Patagonia was opened to settlement, and the vast pampas that stretch from the Atlantic coast to the mountains transformed into graneries and cattle farms. It is not often that a soldier has so much genius in the management of civil affairs, but, although President Roca's present fame is largely due to his military achievements, I think that history will rank him higher as a statesman than as a soldier. He is now fifty-five years old, in the prime of his mental and physical strength, and the fact that he is to be the head of the government for the next six years is an assurance of peace, prosperity, and progress.

THE CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY HENRY HALE.

THE popular idea of taking the census is in many cases very erroneous. Not a few persons have the impression that it consists principally in counting the people in the various states and ascertaining their condition. The great bulk of the work performed by the government is known only to the small number who from choice or necessity examine the innumerable bulletins sent out in the course of the work, or who study the dozen or score of bound volumes which represent the results.

The Roman idea of a census, which consisted of numbering the people and valuing the amount of property they possessed for the purpose of taxation, has been elaborated in modern times, and the plans of the United States government are carried out on a more pretentious scale than those of any other nation on the globe. The enumeration of the people is really the simplest part. The supplementary reports of special investigations require far more time and labor and constitute possibly a much more important feature. With the army of enumerators selected and in a position to cover every state and territory, the count requires but a comparatively short time and should be ready for tabulation during the inception of the census. This is required to be completed in the present instance by January 1, 1900, for it is used as a basis upon which is planned many of the operations which follow.

The count really presents many interesting details. It is calculated that fully 50,000 persons will be employed to make the necessary canvass from house to house in the city and country, comprising an army in themselves. They will be divided into about 300 districts, the present calculation being to allow for each between 3,500 and 4,000 names in cities and large villages. In the rural districts and in such sparsely settled regions as the mountains of Tennessee and Pennsylvania, for example, the number to each enumerator will of course be much smaller, in some cases less than one hundred. Provided with schedules, those in the country districts make their rounds from farm to farm, in some cases traveling five or six and even a score of miles that lie between some of the families. They encounter all the obstacles which prejudice and illiteracy may throw in their way and in not a few instances actually risk their lives in obtaining their information, for they must encounter the roughest classes of people and visit many a mountain cabin where strangers are more often received with shot-guns than with a hand-clasp.

The city enumerators are much more fortunate, as in addition to the accessibility of information, they are enabled to obtain copies of records, such as city directories, and make use of other aids in their work. Such is the machinery of the census, however, that the canvass takes in all portions of the country, from Maine to Alaska, at the

same time. In spite of the great extent of this work, comparatively few sections were unreported at the end of the time allowed for the count in the last census. The principal schedule of forms to be used by the enumerator varies but little from that of the eleventh census. Each contains blank spaces for such questions as the number of families in the house, the number of persons in the house, the number of persons in each family, the names, the relationship, age, color, sex, whether married or single, the birthplace of the person answering questions, also of parents, number of children, whether a citizen of the United States or not, vocation, whether an attendant at any school (if under age), and if English is spoken. These answers in themselves contain data from which many tables of the greatest value can be obtained, but in addition queries are made as to the physical condition of the person, or if he or she is a prisoner, pauper, or homeless. Information is also obtained as to whether the home is owned or rented and if owned whether it is mortgaged or not and for how much. In the case of a farm the same questions are asked, while the nearest post-office of the farmer is inserted in a space especially provided. In addition to this schedule, the enumerator will have special reports to fill up relative to persons who may be personally afflicted, have a criminal record, or are paupers. Another form is to contain information relative to farming statistics, which is collected by the enumerator. The various schedules can be summed up as follows: population, agriculture, industry, and mortality under the principal heads, with supplementary reports relative to the mental and physical condition, benevolence, climate, and pauperism. These headings, however, fail to give an adequate idea of the really vast scope of the various investigations.

With the enumeration completed and the summaries for the various district supervisors on file, the plans for the special investigations are outlined. Their examination is entrusted to a class of special agents, as they are termed, supposed to be well fitted for the particular line of duty to which they are entrusted. During the last census fully 2,000 agents were required at different times, their terms of service ranging from a few days to a year. The lines of inquiry in manufacturing are to cover the principal industries, of course, and each government representative is supposed to have an intelligent idea of the one which he is investigating. The territory of the special agents may include the entire country or possibly a small area in one state, according to the extent of the subject to be investigated. Under the industrial head comes mining operations of various kinds and in fact anything relating to the production of articles by manual labor or by power. It should be stated here, however, that the government does not attempt to compile statistics of every industry, but only of enterprises and subjects it believes to be of general public interest. Such departments as textile manufacturing, the metal production, gold mining, etc., come under the headings for the special agents. The subject of transportation is also thoroughly investigated and elaborate reports made, divided into land and water territory.

During the present census, special attention will be given to financial information, such as the number, capital, and condition of banking and insurance companies and similar organizations. The many new industries operated by the use of compressed air and electricity as motive power will form another subject to which much space will be devoted in the census report. This chapter will be one of the most valuable of all, as manufacturing has made such rapid strides in the last decade through the agency of these forces. While the reports of the enumerators furnish much data for tables and other information on agriculture, certain matters are made the subject of exhaustive research by experts, such as horticulture, the raising of live stock, the growing of vegetables, cotton, and tobacco. Previous census reports have shown their value to the farmers in general, and the plans for the present census are to be carried out

in this respect more thoroughly than heretofore. As already stated, the work of the special agents alone will vary, ranging from a few days to a year or more. Among the most difficult lines of work will be in the Alaska gold region, owing to the difficulties which must be encountered in covering this field. The same may be said of many other branches of special investigation which must be taken up in order to secure complete information.

The authority to "take" the twelfth census was given at the last session of Congress in a bill which outlined the organizing of this bureau. In addition to the 50,000 enumerators and the large number of special agents an office force will be required of about 4,000. Their term of work will range from a year to four years, according to the time required to complete their various duties. The *personnel* includes the director of the census and his assistant, five statisticians, a geographer, a chief clerk, and a disbursing clerk, who are directly under the head of the bureau. This is divided into five parts, each in charge of a chief who will be closely associated with the statistician and will really act as aid to the latter. The chiefs are responsible for the proper completion of the various tables and other summaries in their respective divisions. It is this that will require the great proportion of the employees.

It is calculated that altogether about 2,500 clerks and stenographers alone will be needed. Under the heading of clerks are included copyists, computers, and assistants. Several hundred stenographers will be required in order to attend to the mass of correspondence, for many thousand letters must receive daily attention during the first two years of the work. The salaries will range from $600 a year for clerks to $3,000 for the chief statisticians. Only sixty-two of the appointees in the bureau will receive over $1,200 a year. The special agents will be paid for their time, the maximum salary being six dollars a day, with three dollars a day allowed for traveling expenses while they are on the road.

The supervisors, of whom 300 have been authorized, will have charge of the collecting of data in their several districts, with the exception of that for which special agents are appointed. They are expected to examine the reports of the various enumerators and to direct the movements of the latter. They are empowered to employ assistants to the enumerators when necessary, such as interpreters in districts containing a large proportion of foreigners, and are responsible for the transmission of correct reports to the several chiefs of the bureau. It may be said, however, that, judging from the experience of the last census, many of the supervisors' reports will need considerable revision, and provision for this will be made by the appointment of a large number of what might be termed "auditors" in connection with the bureau, whose business it will be to examine and pass judgment upon the summaries submitted. They must be men familiar with the data examined.

All of the employees receiving salaries above $600 a year will be subject to examination as to their qualifications, while the statisticians, geographer, and other experts must be qualified for their respective duties by furnishing proof of their suitability.

The *modus operandi* of the census put into plain language is simply this: The count is first taken as described, the reports of the enumerators are passed upon by the supervisors and sent to the bureau at Washington. In the meantime the force at the bureau has been organized and as these reports are received they are turned over to the proper departments for examination, revision if necessary, and tabulation. As the tables are completed they are submitted to the chiefs of the several departments and summaries made which go to the statisticians and later to the director's office. From these tables many of the lines of investigation are mapped out and the agents begin their operations as soon as possible. Whenever the data received are sufficient to give an intelligent idea of this or that subject a bulletin is issued which is distributed gratis, in some cases throughout the country and

in others in the particular district to be interested. The reports of the special agents are sent direct to the bureau and go through a process similar to those received from the supervisors of the various districts. When the returns of the cotton manufacturing industry, for instance, of a certain state are completed, a bulletin is issued for that particular section. When all the reports relative to the cotton industry are completed and the various tables made up, a bound volume may be issued in advance of the census report proper. It is generally calculated to publish a compendium of the census within three years after operations begin. That of the eleventh census contained a large amount of valuable information and embodied the complete returns on a number of very important subjects.

The summing up of the population is truly a piece of remarkable work and is accomplished in an incredibly short time. Electricity is generally utilized, and in the present census it is calculated to use one hundred electrical tabulators, as they are known. These are somewhat similar to the old-style street-car register, which was rung every time the passenger paid his fare. The indicators, however, of which there are about forty to each tabulator, are moved by the touch of a telegraph key to which each is connected by wire. The reports prepared by the enumerators contain the number of persons in the family, conspicuously marked in a particular corner. One indicator represents a family. The "counter," if the clerk may be termed such, glances at the figures in the corner of the enumerator's report and if they stand for eleven or fifteen, for instance, touches the key connected with the indicator of his tabulator which represents the proper number of persons. This registers the number in a fraction of a second. In case a mistake should be made it will be noticed at once and corrected as the figures eleven or fifteen appear in the space on the face of the dial and the total number thus far counted in another space. As soon as the key is again touched the first set of figures disappears and the number indicated takes their place. Consequently at the end of a day the operator merely has to glance at the tabulator to know how many persons have been counted by him up to that time, while the totals of the tabulators give the progress of the count to date. During the last census so rapid was the count that it was not unusual for some of the instruments to register as high as 48,000 persons daily, while the average of the entire force at the census bureau was nearly 6,800,000 daily. This accounts for the fact that the enumeration was completed and published within sixty days from the time the first reports were received. During the twelfth census, the officials hope to count fully 2,000,000 people daily, owing to the improvements which have been made in this truly wonderful apparatus.

At first thought it would seem that the employment of such a large force as has been mentioned, simply to complete the returns of the army of enumerators and special agents, is unnecessary, but the labor of "assembling" information is so great as to be almost beyond calculation. It is impossible of course to predict when the present census will be finished and all its results prepared for public examination, but as that of 1890 required over six years and many of the subjects to be treated in the twelfth census were untouched, it is believed by those in a position to know that even with the improvements which will be made in the work of the present bureau, the time which it will require will be as much as, if not more than, that of its predecessor. The total expense is calculated at fully $8,000,000.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY were standing on the Victoria Embankment, leaning upon the parapet and looking out across the river. A strong tide was flowing, sweeping brokenly through the arches, creeping muddily along the wall; like a living thing, somber, mysterious, sliding along with its harvest of barges for the gaping mouths of Waterloo Bridge, sliding softly and silently. Far above, the evening sky hung pleasantly; beyond, spires, chimneys, great buildings reared up through the haze, looked toward Westminster and caught the glory of the setting sun; from Blackfriars' Bridge came the hum of wheel and hoof and the ceaseless tramp of feet; behind, the cabs and carriages went whirring; now an engine shrieked, or a steam-whistle came lashing, or a tug boat went laboring by: the evening was full of life, hope; London, just then and there, was in fairest mood, clean, radiant—a City Beautiful, you might think, smiling upon the gloom of that unresting tide.

They had just met. On Nan's cheek still lingered the first flush of greeting. Clearly she had made an heroic effort to come and be at her best. She looked neat and fresh, her eyes were bright; as if by magic, Frank thought, she had lost that other haunting look of weariness and hunger. There was a splash of color about her throat, a gleam of roses in her hat, a glitter of silver on her wrists. She wore a plain dress and jacket of dark-colored stuff and white cotton gloves. A little timid, perhaps, and anxious she was, somewhat reserved, too, in manner and speech; but her eyes were sweet and steady as of old, she held herself with grace and ease; was Nan still, Frank told himself, the old-time Nan.

And Frank seeing her was glad—glad to be near her, to hear her speak, to see her, even for a while, free of the ugly grip of Walworth and standing there beside him with health and hope still in her face. Yes, she was still the old-time Nan. How often had he seen her stand just so; head back a little, eyes down, lips slightly parted. She had changed, of course, gone off, as the vulgarism went; but, after all, how much she was the same. He was glad. Had he seen her the other night, or only her ghost?

He turned, smiling.

"Well; how goes it, Nan?"

"Aw, rightly," came back, "just rightly."

"You feel—happier," Frank paused before the word, "than you did last time we met?"

Nan reddened.

"Aw, I was a fool that night. I dunno what ailed me. I was a fool. To think I I must carry on like that! Aw, I could have whipped meself when I got home."

Frank laughed.

"Whipped yourself, Nan. And why, may I ask? Just because you were tired and hungry, and had met an old friend?"

Nan beat her foot on the pavement.

"Aw, don't talk of it," cried she; "don't ask me! Like a schoolgirl I was, wi' me feelin's in me lap. But never again, please God; never again. Aw, let's talk o' somethin' else. Lord, but it's the fine evenin'," said Nan and strove for the commonplace; "aw, but it is."

Frank looked curiously at her for a moment.

"Yes, Nan, it's a splendid evening. Doesn't it all remind you," said Frank, with a wave of his hand, "of old scenes and old times—the whole look of things—the freshness—the sky—the bigness—ourselves, standing here enjoying it all? Eh, Nan? Doesn't it strike you so? Can't you imagine yourself just now on the shores of Inishrath?"

Nan shook her head.

"Naw," she answered slowly, "I can't. Inishrath? Aw, no, no. There's no place in all the world like that."

"None at all, Nan?"

"Not one."

"And why?"

Nan glanced at Frank.

"Why?" she said. "Why, because of everything that's happened in it; because of all I think about it; because mebbe thinkin' of it keeps me alive sometimes. Aw, there's scores of reasons," said Nan, "scores an' scores of them."

"Do I make one?" asked Frank.

Nan looked him full in the eyes.

"You?" she said deliberately. "You!"

"Yes. I."

Hardly for a moment did Nan hesitate; then in a voice just as level as Frank's own:

"There's no one in the world could tell ye that better than yourself, Mr. Barry"; and Frank was answered.

But not silenced. He laughed in his pleasant way, said he was served right; then twisted round with his back to the parapet.

"But you'll admit at least, Nan," said he, "that London has some attractions, some perfections?"

"Aw, it has. I suppose it has."

"You suppose? Tell me, Nan: Do you remember a talk we had one day, long ago, out among the heather, when you asked me about London, and I told you?"

"Just as well as if 'twas only yesterday—just as well."

"Yes? And was I right or wrong, now that you've seen for yourself?"

"'Twas a fine piece o' romancin'," answered Nan after a pause. "'Twas like describin' a meadow by tellin' only about the daisy-heads, an' havin' no word at all for the grass an' the weeds."

"Meaning that I described all this?" Frank waved an arm. "And neglected all that?" Frank looked toward the Surrey side.

"I do," said Nan.

"And did I romance even about the daisies, Nan?" asked Frank, still with that half-smile playing on his face.

"Naw. Mebbe not. But I'm little of a judge. I've been back there," Nan turned her face toward the West End, "once or twice with—with—"

"Ted?" said Frank.

"Yes, with Ted." Nan flushed slightly. "An' surely it's the grandest place in all the world. It's wonderful. But sure it's not for the likes of us. 'Twas like as if ye put me to walk the street in a silk dress. I was just like a fly in a beehive, bewildered and out o' me place. Aw, no. It isn't grandeur that the people livin' over there'll be needin'," said Nan a little bitterly, and stood looking across the river toward Walworth. "Indeed it isn't."

"You don't like Walworth, Nan?"

"Like it? A place like that?" she answered fiercely. "A dirty, ungodly hole like that! Aw, Lord, but I hate it—but I hate it. Think o' the streets, the dirt an' ugliness o' them. Think o' the pig-crows that people live in. Think o' the people themselves; the women—aw, Lord, the women! and the childer, the dirty, God-forsaken childer, with only hunger an' death in their wee faces; and think o' the men, with their drink, an' their cursin', an' their dog's manners. Aw, it's woful," cried Nan, with flaming cheeks, "it's woful. An' to think we've all got to live in it, right in the middle of it, an' see an' hear an' endure iverything! An' then to think of—" Nan paused, stood looking fixedly at the water.

"Inishrath," Frank ventured.

"Ay, of Inishrath—of all, all that we've left an' lost—lost forever. Aw, my God, but it's hard to think of it! An' to lose it all in such a way, all through—" Again Nan paused.

"Through carelessness was it, Nan? Or bad luck? Or the landlords?"

"Aw, landlords an' bad luck!" came back scornfully. "What had they to do with it? Aw, poor father; sure I pity him. He can't help himself. It's his nature. But, Lord alive, if he was only back again—only back! He's ruinin' himself. Aw, Mr. Barry," said Nan, and turned almost beseechingly to Frank, "what d'ye think?

Is there any hope for him at all? Is there?"

What could Frank answer? He pondered a moment; then, without speaking, took Nan by the arm, led her across the pavement to a seat, and there sat down beside her.

"It's not for me to judge your father, Nan," said he. "I pity more than I blame him. But tell me about him," said Frank, turning to face Nan, "tell me about everything."

And Nan, sitting there beneath the young green of the plane trees, the dusk gathering around her, and the great pulse of London throbbing in her ear, told him about John; then, in her simple way, and in answer to Frank's subtle questioning, went on telling him about Sarah, and the ways of life in Walworth, and of life as it was ordered in that dingy East Street home.

It made doleful hearing; even though in every word Frank was quick to detect the note of false hope and assumed cheerfulness with which Nan strove to relieve the utter badness of things. It was just like her, he thought; she was of the kind who die rather than ask favors or admit even the smallest need of them. "Aw, but sure things will mend." . . . "Aw, but what could you expect, an' we only strangers." . . . "Now, we've little to grumble at; sure, there's millions worse." . . . "Some day soon, father'll get work, an' then we'll be right comfortable, so we will." Constantly were phrases like these cropping out in Nan's talk; and in no wise did she alter her tone when, presently, she yielded to Frank's solicitation and began speaking of herself and her affairs.

She had to work hard, to be sure, but so had most people; had long hours, but no longer than had another; had nothing to boast of in the matter of wages, but sure she was only a beginner. Yes; the workroom was comfortable enough, a little crowded maybe, and the air none too sweet, and the company hardly what she was used to: for all that, was comfortable enough. No; she didn't make companions of any of the girls. Some of them she disliked, some disliked her, a few were friendly and she liked them well; but what place had she to take friends to and what to offer them—at least, not just yet, added Nan hastily and dropped her eyes. No; she seldom went out after she got home; she felt tired maybe, or there was something to be done, or 'twas too late. Ah, yes; she'd been to the theater, once at Christmas time with Ted, and once at Easter time with her father. She had enjoyed herself; the pantomime had been powerful. No; she had never had a holiday, not one; but sure 'twas time enough yet to be thinking of such things. Ah, her health kept splendid, thank God. London suited her that far well enough. Ay; maybe she did look pale at times; who didn't, shut up always in a big city? Surely she had her dinner in the middle of the day. The idea of going without that! Didn't she take something with her; and didn't they all send out for things; and wasn't there tea provided at a penny a cup? No; she had no more than the cup of tea between dinner and supper; what more did she want? Sure she was home never later than eight o'clock, and there was mostly something ready; and, at a pinch, wasn't there always bread and cheese in the house and plenty of tea?

Frank could listen no longer. One word seemed only more piteous than the other; seemed to bring clearer before him, and closer, the picture of that other Nan, with wan face and weary eyes and lips trembling below her shabby black glove. He leaned toward her.

"Nan," he said, "don't tell me any more. I hate to hear of this life you're leading. It's all wrong. You're not fit for it, Nan. It will kill you. No wonder you looked pale and tired the other night."

"Aw, yis," murmured Nan, with a shake of her head.

"You're not fit for it at all, I say," Frank went on. "You were made for better things. Think of drudging like that all day long, without proper food, or air, or company!"

"Aw, yis," said Nan again. "Sure it's easy to say that."

"I know it is, Nan. . . Tell me, do you remember a talk we had together, one day, when I spoke on this very point? You were working at the turf and I was trying to help. You remember, Nan, don't you?"

"Remember? It's not the word. It might have happened only an hour ago." Nan sat pulling softly at a finger of her glove. "'Twas the same day, I'm thinkin'," she added, raising her eyes, "that ye told me about London."

Frank winced. The rebuke was merited. Nan was right. He had romanced that day; right and left gone switching only the daisy-heads. For a while he sat tapping his stick against his boot; then leaned again toward Nan.

"It's true," he said; "the reproach is deserved. I've been all words, words from the first day you ever saw me. I've done nothing for you—nothing but bring you trouble. My God!" cried Frank, "what did I not do that was unworthy? Nan Butler, I wonder that you can bear to sit there beside me. How can you look at me, even, and not scorn me? I sneaked away—you chose me, Nan, and I sneaked away! What did you think of me," cried Frank, "when you found me out? What do you think of me now?"

Nan sat bent forward, fingers twining restlessly in her lap and her eyes fixed upon them. She looked very pale now, and her breath came quick. Again came the words: "What do you think of me?" She shook her head.

"Aw, I dunno," she moaned; "I dunno. 'Twas strange. I hardly knew what to think. 'Twas strange. I didn't expect—aw, but no matter. I can't talk about it."

"But I must," said Frank; "I must."

"Aw, no—not now. Whisht! They'll hear ye," said Nan, and looked timidly at the tramp or two, and the straggler or two, that showed dimly in the lamplight here and there on the pavement.

"Let them," said Frank bending nearer. "I don't care. I must explain. Listen to me, Nan. I swear to you that I never tried to come between you and Ted. I did my best to keep away from you. I told you the truth that night—"

"Aw, don't, don't," pleaded Nan. "What's the use o' sayin' it?"

"But I must, Nan; I must. I told the truth, I say, that night. I went meaning to say good-by. But you chose me; and I came away without saying it. I couldn't. And I was glad, Nan. I felt another man as I crossed the lake and went up the road. I said over and over: *She loves; loves me.* . . . And yet, all the time, I knew it was hopeless. I had to go, Nan. I had to say: *I must see her no more, not even to say good-by.* . . . But, crossing the lake, I saw you. You were standing on the pier with a can in your hand; and the sight of you nearly maddened me. You seemed to be calling me. But I fought myself; went away. And all along the road you seemed to be calling me, and I felt a coward, and my heart was sore; and at last I gave way and turned back. I couldn't go without seeing you. . . Nan, how was it you didn't hear me calling? I was sure you would come to the ferrying."

Nan looked up quickly.

"Ye called me?" she said. "Ye called me an' I never heard! An' ye turned back to see me," said Nan eagerly, "came back all that way?"

"Yes, Nan. I had to. . . . Then I ran along the shore, found an old cot, took my life in my hand, and crossed. I didn't care. I had to go. . . . And I was too late. The house was dark. I didn't know what to do. At last—" Frank stopped; looked steadily at Nan; went on. "Nan, I don't know if I may dare speak to you about that night. You—you remember, don't you?"

"Aw, don't ask me. Don't ask me. Could I ever forget it?"

"And I may speak about it?" Frank said, speaking slowly and with his eyes quick on Nan's face.

She looked at him, fully and as innocently as might a child.

"May?" she repeated. "An' why do ye ask me that? Is it that ye think I blamed ye for comin'? Is it that ye think I blame ye now, after all you've said? . . . Aw, if I'd only known," moaned Nan; "if I'd only known!"

"Known what, Nan?"

"Why, that you'd come back all that journey—that ye wanted to say good-by—that I mightn't see ye again. But sure I didn't know. Ye never said. I thought ye were only half in earnest. I thought," said Nan, with half a smile, "that mebbe we both could well wait till the morrow."

Frank hid his eyes behind his hand.

"Yes?" he said. "And what would you have done, Nan, had you only known?"

"I'd have come down to ye in spite of the world."

"You would? Really, Nan?"

"I would surely. Don't ye know it? Aw, but I was to blame. Aw, but I blamed myself afterward. He's gone, I used to think, an' he wanted to say good-by; he pleaded an' pleaded, an' I wouldn't hear him! An' now he's gone forever. . . . Aw, if I'd only known!"

Then Frank clutched her arm.

"Nan," he said, "I swear to heaven that if you'd said the word that night I would have stayed. You remember what I said? I put myself in your hands. I said: 'Ask me to stay, Nan, and I'll stay.' And you didn't, Nan. You didn't understand."

"Aw, I know," cried Nan with a sob. "Don't tell it to me; don't tell it to me."

"So I came away," Frank went on. "I waited a while, thinking I might see you again; but you never came. Oh, but I felt miserable and—" Frank stopped; let his hand slide off Nan's arm. Why tell her how he felt, how guilty and miserable and ashamed? She would not understand; thank heaven for that. "So I came away, Nan," he repeated. "And that was three years ago. And now here we are."

"Aw, yis," said Nan. "Aw, yis, indeed."

Frank moved away from her; and the two sat silent, there beneath the plane trees, their faces toward the silent river and their eyes looking steadily out into the dim mysteries of the night. Nan's lips were trembling, tears were near her eyes; over and over she kept repeating to herself: *If I'd only known.* Frank's face was grave. It was time, he told himself, to speak seriously. Heaven knew what foolishness might come did he wake many more memories of far-off, poignant things. He must speak of those old times and doings no more. For himself it were foolish; for Nan cruel. Nothing could come of such talk. He had explained enough, indulged sentiment and emotion too much; it was time to talk seriously.

"Well, Nan," Frank leaned back in the seat, "there's no use moaning over things now. Not a bit. Perhaps we've made a mess of things, perhaps not; perhaps, after all, we're just as well." Nan sat silent and very still. "One never knows," Frank continued. "I dare say it has all been willed for us, all arranged and settled, ages ago, by Providence. I was to do so and so; you were to do so and so—" Frank turned. "I wonder what your fate is, Nan? Eh?" Nan sat biting her lip; she only shook her head. "Shall I guess, then?" Frank appeared to consider. "Well, I vote for Ted—yes, certainly I do. Come. Am I right, Nan?" Still no answer. Frank kept on. "I believe I am. I'm sure of it; and I'm very glad. There's no better fellow than Ted in all London. Not one. I have the greatest admiration for him—"

Nan turned with flashing eyes.

"It'll be lately, then, Mr. Barry," said she, "that ye took to admirin' him?"

"Well, yes; perhaps it is," returned Frank.

"An' why have ye altered your opinion, may I ask?"

"Why? Oh, for many reasons, Nan. I've heard about him, you know; about the way in which he left Ireland, for instance, and followed you all to London; about his untiring devotion, too—"

"An' who's been tellin' ye all this?" said Nan.

"Oh, one and another; people who know, I think. But all that matters little. Really, Nan, I can't help admiring him. He's a man in a thousand—and," said Frank, with studied abruptness, "I congratulate you, Nan. As I said, there's no worthier fellow, I believe——"

"Aw, spare your beliefs," cried Nan. "Ye congratulate me—ye congratulate me!"

"Am I wrong, then? asked Frank, with

a turn of his head. "Surely my guess isn't wrong?"

"It matters nothin' to ye," cried Nan. "It matters nothin'!"

Things were hardly developing in the way that Frank had hoped. He had meant to be somewhat clumsy, abrupt, but not to the extent of hurting Nan's feelings or of angering her. He wished only to do his duty—so Frank's thoughts ran, as silently he sat looking at the jumble of lights on the long span of Blackfriars' Bridge—to turn Nan's face from himself toward Ted; and here, at the very outset, was she in open rebellion. Of course he understood. She had not come there to have Ted's praises sounded in her ear. Still, he must do his duty.

"Very well, then," said he; "I'll say no more, Nan. I'm sorry I blundered so. I apologize—and withdraw my congratulations. All the same, I must continue my admiration for Ted, I fear—and give him my pity, too. Poor chap! He deserves better luck."

Then said Nan:

"He deserves the very best the world can give him. There's not his like in all London. Your pity! An' a lot Ted Ross wants that of ye, Mr. Barry."

Frank looked round.

"There!" said he. "Just what I've been saying myself."

"Aw, yis; what you've been sayin' and not meanin'. D'ye think I don't know?"

"Then I may congratulate you, Nan? You do care for Ted?"

"I care for him more than all the world," answered Nan defiantly. "He's the best man I ever knew. He's wonderful."

"Ah," said Frank with a shrug, "I see. Do you mean it; really, Nan?"

"It's not the way with me to say what I don't mean, Mr. Barry."

"No? Well, I'm glad. But how long, may I ask, Nan, have you been feeling for Ted like this?"

"That's my affair, Mr. Barry."

"Yes? Very well, then." Frank paused. "But you'll admit, Nan, that half an hour ago we were not talking quite as we are now."

"No," answered Nan bitterly; "God knows we weren't. Aw, the fool I was half an hour ago! No matter." Nan rose. "I'll be wiser again. And now I'm goin' home."

Frank caught her sleeve.

"But, Nan, I've got such a lot to say. I had only commenced."

"You've said enough," answered Nan; "an' I've heard. An' I'm goin' home," she said.

"But, Nan——"

"I'm goin' home."

Then Frank rose also.

"Very well," said he, and added to himself, "Maybe it is well, and maybe it's wise to leave well alone."

They went along the Embankment, quickly and silently; crossed Blackfriars' Bridge, and took their seats on the outside of a tram-car that presently started for Walworth. Neither spoke much. Nan had nothing to say; Frank a great deal, but thought it wise not to say it. At intervals, indeed, he remarked on the beauty of the night, the glory of the sky, the grim sordidness of Blackfriars' Road, the ugliness of the Obelisk; in London Road, too, became almost cynical, waving a hand at many a haunt and exhibition of the cheap and nasty, and talking about marts of the great unwashed; but this was only small talk, the talk at which Frank was something of an adept, but which just then came rather lamely and upon Nan's ear fell unavailingly. She had no wish to speak, none to hear; she wanted to get home, get home. And at the Elephant and Castle, even as Frank was venturing somewhat about the place and chance of a former meeting, suddenly Nan rose and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Barry," said she; "I'm thankful for your company."

"But, Nan!" cried Frank, and went on volubly. He wished to see her home, had something still to say, wanted to arrange about another meeting; couldn't Nan sit a little longer?

"No."

"But why?"

"I'm expectin' to meet Ted."

"Ah! Very well, then; I won't try to keep you. But easy; I must see you down." They left the tram-car and came to the pavement. "Well, good-by, Nan. My love to Ted. Good-by and good luck," said Frank; then waved a hand, raised his hat, and saying to himself that perhaps it was all just as well, set out for Kensington.

But Nan turned for Walworth and home; went hurrying, almost running, face set, eyes big and bright, her brain a whirl of burning thoughts. "Aw, the fool I was," she thought, "the fool! . . Why did I ever go; why did I ever see him? . . . The way he changed, the way he talked. Aw, but he's changed! . . . Why did I ever go? The fool I was! But never again—never—never! I hate him; I hate him! Aw, but he's changed . . . Aw, Frank, Frank! . . . Aw, Ted, Ted; Ted, me son!"

A night or two afterward, Ted Ross, not for the first time, was loitering on the pavement of Camberwell New Road. Up and down he went, backward and forward; presently, at sight of a light flashing up behind the windows of a certain house, crossed the road, turned on the curbstone, and stood watching. The blinds were up, the table laid; one by one a little party gathered in the room. First came a woman, tall and handsome; then an elderly man, gray-haired and slightly stooped; then a tiny old lady, dressed in black satin, and carrying a curly-headed child; then a tall, lean man, with long arms and a solemn face; last of all, in his light summer clothes, Frank Barry himself.

Ted whistled softly; shifted a step that he might have fuller view. The party gathered by the fireplace, made a group before the old lady, and began playing with the child. The windows were down and Ted could hear their voices. Their ways to him appeared strange and foolish (afterward, when recalling the scene, he could only laugh at the awkward gestures of the solemn-faced man and at the absurd antics of him with the snowy hair); but it was on the ways of the tall lady and of Frank Barry that Ted kept his most watchful eye. They stood side by side, faces aglow and their eyes rapt in admiration of the boy. Now Frank clapped his hands, now shook his curls, now turned toward the tall lady and laughed; now (and here you can imagine Ted watching his keenest) took her hand and led her closer to the old lady. There is a hush. The two hold out their hands and appear to plead. The child looks from one to another; suddenly stretches its arms, and with a cry of "father's boy" is carried to Frank's shoulder and borne in triumph round the room. There is a minute of riot, a great noise of crowing and hand-clapping; then a scattering of the group, the face of the tall lady at the window, and down come the blinds.

But Ted, in that little while—so short that a crowd of not more than five, including Ted himself, saw the blinds drawn—had seen and heard enough. He was no longer suspicious; he knew. It was great. With a light as of victory broad on his face, he hurried off for Walworth and East Street.

The Butlers were supping on bread and tea when, with a rush, Ted carried the door of their little room. He strode to the table, laid his hands upon it, and leaned forward.

"Listen," he cried; "listen to me! D'ye know what I've found out? Listen. Frank Barry's married. He's a wife and child. He lives in a big house over Camberwell way. I know it," cried Ted, with a thump on the table. "I know it. I've seen him."

Like news of death the words fell among the Butlers. With a crust half-way to his mouth, John sat staring at Ted; Sarah's face was gray with surprise; Nan shrank back in her chair, taking each word as if it were a blow.

"I've seen him," Ted went on vehemently. "I've found the divil out. The purest chance it was. There was a whole party o' them there—uncles an' aunts, an' sorrow knows who. Listen to me. I was wanderin' up an' down—But wait," said Ted; "give me a drink, for God's sake. I'm parched. Anything, anything; tay or beer, anything at all. . . . That's better. Now, where's there a chair till I tell ye."

So Ted told; and there at the supper-

table, John and Sarah sat listening, hanging on every word, drawing deep breaths of astonishment, breaking in occasionally with question or comment. Only Nan spake never a word, made never a move. Her heart was like lead. It was all true. She knew it was. This explained everything, ended everything. Ah, to think it; to think he could do that and never tell her! How could he do it? Married—married—married these years! And all that time she had waited and waited. Oh, she must get away.

Hurriedly Nan rose, crossed to that inner room, and there on her knees by her bedside wept bitterly. And there on her knees she put away the old dreams and hopes, put them away utterly; then rose and went back to the supper-table, a new Nan with a new face thenceforward for Ted.

So that night passed; and the next day Sarah pinned on her dingy shawl, tied on her bonnet of black, and set out to pay Frank Barry another visit. But Frank happened to be from home when Sarah called; so she saw Marian.

CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly eight o'clock that evening when Frank reached home. There was no light in the dining-room, the house was very still; he ran upstairs to the study, there found Marian at her work-table, sewing by the light of a shaded lamp. She looked up as he entered, then bent again over her needle.

"Hello, Marian. How quiet you are to-night. I half thought you must be out." He kissed her; turned and threw himself into an arm-chair. "Oh, I am tired. Where's the boy?"

"He went to bed early," answered Marian without looking up.

"Bless him. Oh, I am tired. Such a day I've had of it. And, by Jove, I am hungry. Hope you've something substantial for supper, my dear," said Frank, looking round. "But what's the matter, Marian? You look pale—worried. Is anything wrong? You're sure the boy's all right?"

"Oh, yes; the boy's quite right."

"Then what's the matter? Come; tell me."

Marian made a stitch or two; raised her eyes. She was very pale.

"Some one called to see you this afternoon," she said.

"Oh. On business, or what? Who was it?"

"It was a woman," answered Marian, speaking slowly. "She gave her name as Mrs. Butler." Frank twisted in his chair, sat staring at Marian. "She inquired for you, and finding you out asked to see me." Marian paused and made a stitch. Frank's face was like ashes.

"And—and you saw her?" he asked brokenly, hoarsely.

"Yes; I saw her. I had to see her; and to listen."

Marian went on stitching. With an effort, Frank controlled himself; then rose and stood with his back to the fireplace, shoulders drooping and his hands clutched behind him.

"Well?" said he. "Go on, Marian. What did Mrs. Butler have to say for herself?"

"Must I say?"

"Why, of course. If she said anything—why, of course you must."

Frank stood swaying to and fro, his face ghastly, lips tremulous. While you might count ten Marian paused.

"She told me—" Down went Marian's hands. She flushed, sat upright, raised her eyes. "Oh, Frank," she cried, "it's not true—it's not true what that abominable woman forced me to hear? Tell me it isn't; tell me! You haven't been untrue to me, Frank—you didn't do those things in Ireland—you didn't deceive me—you haven't been deceiving me?" cried Marian, so piteously. "Oh, tell me, Frank; tell me you haven't!"

Now that he knew the worst, Frank's courage came creeping back. He steadied himself; as best he might, braced himself for the ordeal. It had come at last, that oft-time dreaded hour. Marian knew all, knew worse than all; was sitting there with

an eternity of piteous doubt in her eyes and ringing in her voice. "Oh, tell me," it came again, "tell me you haven't." What was he to answer? In God's name, what? Slowly, unsteadily, the words came.

"So that's what she told you? That's what you've heard about me? It's—it's a lie," spoke Frank suddenly and fiercely. "The woman's a liar. I've never done such things. I've never been untrue to you, Marian. She's a liar, I say. It's blackmail, blackmail. She owes me a grudge. She's paying me out. It's all lies, lies. I never deceived you. I swear, Marian, I never did. I only—only—"

It was of no avail. He was in the toils. On every side were deeps and pitfalls. Even to himself his words rang hollow and false. Before him sat Marian, the very image of distrust. For a breath or two he hesitated; then flung himself on his knees at Marian's side and broke into a panic of pleading, confession, remorse.

"Forgive me, Marian," he cried, with a clutch at her arm. "Oh, my dear, my dear! I should have told you long ago; I tried to tell you; I was weak, weak. But you'll forgive me, Marian—ah, my dear, my dear!"

Marian sat like stone; hands in her lap, needle in her fingers, eyes rigid on the lamp.

"I've been to blame, terribly to blame; I know it. I've done foolish things. But Marian, Marian," again Frank caught her arm, "listen to me. I've not been so bad as that woman made out. I can explain. She hates me. She's told you lies. I know she has. Listen, Marian. I have never been untrue to you; before God, I swear it. I was weak, foolish. I—I was tempted once, but I did nothing. I've deceived you, I know; I've been thoughtless, unkind; but never have I done *that;* never. You believe me, Marian? Speak to me; speak."

Still Marian sat like stone, looking at the lamp.

"Ah, say you believe me!"

No answer; none. Frank threw up his hands.

"Ah, how cold you are; how hard! I want to confess. I can explain. Won't you speak, Marian? Ask me. Ask me anything. See," Frank spread his arms, "I want to tell you. I'll hide nothing at all. Only give me the chance; give me the chance."

Then Marian turned.

"Chance!" she said. "Chance? Now —now you ask that. After all these years!" Her voice was hard; her face like marble. "You want to confess? You'll hide nothing? Now you tell me that; now when I'm insulted, when I know, now when you can't help it! You are false to me for years—false!" cried Marian. "Oh, great heavens! what am I to think? What am I to do? That it should be true—that it should be true!"

"But it's not true," cried Frank. "You don't know all, Marian. I'm not so bad. She has lied, I tell you. I haven't done all you think; I know I haven't. I swear to you I have never been untrue."

"Oh, spare me that," said Marian, and closed her eyes, and turned away, and shuddered, "and spare your protestations. Don't, don't. And don't kneel there before me. I can't bear to see you. Oh, that it should come to this!" For a minute she sat silent; then, even as Frank drew away and leaning his arm on the work-table knelt looking at her, flashed round in her chair. "Ah," said she, "it can't be! How can I believe it? Of you; of you! Tell me it isn't true. Say it, Frank."

What was Frank to answer? A whole world he would have given, at that moment, for the power to look Marian in the eyes and tell her it was not true. But he was guilty. Nemesis had overtaken him. Again he crept to his wife's side.

"It's no use, Marian," he said. "I can't lie to you. But listen, dear," he went on, as with a moan Marian turned away, "let me tell you. I'm not so very bad, maybe," said Frank; then quickly began again the long story of confession and explanation.

Glibly, earnestly, sometimes passionately, he spoke; and not untruthfully. Marian had heard the account of an enemy; not let

her hear his. What had passed in Ireland he was ashamed of. He had been miserably weak; he deserved punishment; but he had fought himself, had always kept sacred his promises to Marian. It was a miserable entanglement, no more. Let him tell about it, from beginning to end.

Then, coming to the other and more recent happenings, Frank left Ireland and came to London. Here, too, he had done things of which he was ashamed. But all through weakness; his cursed weakness. He had meant well and had acted ill; had started by deceiving Marian and been forced to continue deceiving her. He had been so afraid of wrecking their happiness. Only for that fear he would have confessed all to Marian long ago. Would to God he had done so and saved her this indignity! But farther than deception he had done no ill. This girl was really in a sorry plight. He had tried to help her, to help her people; had only seen her with that object, had only seen her twice, meant never to see her again. And, really, if Marian did but know, she would pity her. The most hard-working, deserving, patient—

Marian flung her work upon the table and rose.

"Oh!" said she, "enough, enough! Spare me her praises, please, and have done with this folly." She took a step toward the door. "Do you think I'm a fool," she said, "that you must try to insult my intelligence as well as myself? Your help! My pity!"

"But, Marian," cried Frank; "Marian, my dear! Insult you—"

"Your help!" said Marian again, just as if Frank had not spoken. "Your help!" she repeated scornfully; then turned with blazing eyes. "I don't believe you," she said deliberately; and again, "I don't believe you."

With the blood quick in his face, Frank rose and stepped back to the hearth; there stood, his hands behind him and his eyes meeting Marian's. He had finished now, he told himself; done his best and failed. The inevitable was coming; let it come. He knew Marian; knew what to expect when she stood like that, hands clenched, eyes glittering, those two narrow lines showing in her forehead.

So Frank, possessing himself in silence, stood back; while Marian, now thoroughly aroused, spoke the truth that was in her, and spoke it without stint, bitterly, indignantly, with sudden flashes of scorn and bursts of passion. That she should so speak, even with Frank standing there penitent and defenseless, even though all the right was on her side and all the wrong admittedly on his, was, as Frank himself thought, inevitable; just as it was inevitable, in the natural reaction and stress of thought and feeling, that she should now believe more than was true of Frank's misdeeds, and express her beliefs recklessly, and say things she must afterward regret.

Naturally of a jealous disposition, quick in temper too, and, when roused, hot of heart and tongue, very decided also in her opinions, and something of the Puritan in her outlook on the broad domains of right and wrong, Marian was not of those who suffer wrong gladly or hide trouble within the gates of silence; most certainly was she not the woman to take lightly wrongs such as those of Frank's and give them quick forgiveness. Rather did they wound her to the heart, and stir the depths of her nature to overflowing. That Frank should be guilty of such conduct, Frank, her husband, whom she loved dearly and in whom she had trusted, the man she had chosen and been so happy with all these years; that he should do these things seemed to her terrible, and brought certainly the bitterest pang she had ever felt. Excuse them? How could she? Forgive them? Oh, impossible! In another she must have detested them; in her husband they were almost abhorrent. This plea of weakness, this talk of drifting, of thoughtlessness, and all the rest; what more did these avail than to make matters worse. Weakness? She had no mercy for it. Deceit, lies? She scorned them in her heart. The thought that Frank had only professed his love, had gone secretly from her in quest of another; the thought was maddening. She seemed to be in hell, a hell of lies and deceit.

"I don't believe you!" she cried. "I believe you are as false now as you have always been. Your weakness and thoughtlessness; your talk of pity and help! As if these excused you," cried Marian; and remorselessly went on. As if anything excused him. Now when she knew all, when he was found out, he asked her to believe him and forgive. Forgive him; and for what? Because he got entangled once, and was entangled still; because he wanted to help, and his wife to pity, the daughter of a washerwoman! To help her? Oh, a pretty story! To help the woman who chose him in Ireland, and waited three years for him; the woman for whom, night after night, he left his wife and went skulking the streets; the woman whose praises he had sounded in a book, the woman who only a day ago had believed him unmarried. Oh, a pretty story!

"I don't believe a word of it; not a word. . . . Oh, my God, that it should come to this! The deceit, the lies, the faithlessness. . . . Oh, it's bewildering! I don't know where to look, or what to think. I can't think. . . . That you should do this," cried Marian; "you—you!" Think of the letters he had written to her, the long passionate letters from Ireland, written in the toils and sweets of this entanglement. Think of the warmth of his greeting that spring day three years ago; and think of the ardor of his parting only two nights before, that night when he had stood so nobly pleading in a garden patch. Think of the way he had deceived her, then—and then—and then; of the blackness of his deceit during the past few months, of the lies he had told about his book, about that abominable woman and her visit, about everything, everything.

"It's all false. I don't know where to look, or what to think. I can't think. . . . And that you should do this; you that I trusted so implicitly and thought the one man in the world! Oh, is it true; is it true? I don't know where to look. I can't think. . . . And all," cried Marian, in a sudden frenzy of jealousy and anger, "all for a slattern of the slums! You leave *me* to go to her! You dare even to look at me after that. . . . Perhaps she is waiting for you now, still trusting in your help, still believing you unmarried. Don't let me keep you," said Marian, sweeping her skirts aside and pointing toward the door, "please don't let me keep you from her. Go! Go! Who am I? Who am I?"

This was more than Frank, guilty though he was and loth to face the storm, could bear. Quickly he stepped forward, answered Marian straight and bitterly; then gave her word for word, scorn for scorn, taunt for taunt, through a long and terrible scene. It was pitiable. Nothing paltry or wretched was left unsaid; this sentence was an accusation, that a recrimination; the one was false, ignoble, cruel, the other hard, unjust, pitiless; old wounds were reopened, old graves of unhappy things uncovered; as with poisoned arrow and venomous dart these two stood waging barbaric battle. It was pitiable. Let us, we at least who respect Marian and are ready to give Frank his due; who know that they loved each other, and hope that their love may continue; who know, too, how little an affair of the heart is such a scene, and how much it comes of the unleashing of primal and brutal instincts common to us all—let us just stop our ears and creep away and close the door and pray that the end of it all may be speedy and peaceful.

Hush! Not yet; not yet. . . . Hush! There is a lull. Now the storm waxes again: now drops suddenly. . . . Again the voices clash. "Oh, this is unbearable," you hear Marian say, "it's intolerable!" Then, "Go! Go!" cries Frank; and the next minute Frank is down the stairs and out in the street, and Marian is standing pale and trembling within the study door. Well, thank God it is over, even if it is not well over.

The street door closed with a clang. Marian turned to her chair, sat down, rested her elbows on the table, and so sitting, with her face in her hands and her eyes on the lamp, gave herself for a while to the thraldom of thought. Altogether calm and self-possessed she seemed now; hardly did she

seem to breathe; only now and then her lips moved and her thoughts spoke: "That it should come to this!" she said; and again, "Oh, that it should be so!" and again, "What am I to do?" and at last, "No, no; it is impossible; never, never! I must do it. There is no other way," said Marian; then, as if driven by stern resolution, rose quickly, found writing materials, wrote a short letter, enclosed it, inscribed *Frank* on the cover, and taking it with her passed into the bedroom and laid it on the dressing-table.

A moment she stood looking at the boy, lying peacefully in his cot; a moment seemed to hesitate. "Shall I?" she asked herself; then, saying, "Yes, yes. There is no other way," pulled a trunk across the floor and began packing it. First, the boy's little garments she took from drawer and cupboard and laid in the trunk; then her own apparel and necessaries; then a few trinkets, baubles (things these that Frank had not given her), and a toy or two from a basket that stood in the corner; last of all, shut down the lid, and leaving the trunk unlocked, dragged it toward the door and left it standing by the wall.

The worst was now over; the Rubicon all but crossed. A slight flush was on her face, as returning to the study she rang the bell and told the servant to lay supper, and to lay it with the best that was in the house. Only a little more now to do; only to put on hat and cloak; to kiss the boy awake, dress him, and wrap him in a shawl; only to tie on her veil, and put on her gloves, and take the boy in her arms—and all was done.

Still half-asleep, perhaps dimly wondering, the boy lay looking up at her; as if hesitating, Marian stood by the doorway, looking down at the boy. "Shall I?" she said. "Am I right, little Frank?" Not a movement or sign. She bent her head and whispered again: "Shall I? Shall I, little Frank?"

A smile answered her. Tightly she strained the child to her breast; gave a swift look round the room; hurried to the study, and there lingered a moment: then, a sob in her throat and her eyes streaming, went down the stairs and out into the night.

(To be continued.)

TRAINING THE HANDS FOR WORK.

BY C. W. WHITNEY.

AN education which is not available in practical life is sure to be condemned in business circles. To this test is constantly being brought every kind of education that is given to boys and girls, whether it is secured in the common schools, business colleges, or the higher institutions of learning, and it is a fair rule with which to measure the training. Does it educate? Is it useful? Can it be used by the mechanic and farmer, the laboring man and woman, in the earning of bread? It is not enough simply to educate men for the professions. That would do if all who come out of the schools were to enter professional life; but it is otherwise, professional people are in the minority in this country and always will be.

The working people, the wage-earners, make a vast majority of our population, and they have a high claim upon the common and high schools. Indeed, if we are providing for the masses, they have as great a claim as the professional men, but everybody will admit that for practical purposes the professionals gain a great deal more in the schools than the wage-earners. The masses of our people labor with their hands, therefore our institutions of learning should educate them for labor. They pay a large part of the taxes to support the schools, and in some states the laws oblige children to attend the public schools till they are sixteen years old. By this time many parents have exhausted their resources, and this is all the education they can give their children.

When they have given their all they should have an equivalent in the preparation of their children for labor.

Boys and girls should understand that our literary institutions do not seem to be adapted to business or to the trades; that is, they should know that the schools will partly and only partly educate them for business life. Often the most helpless and ignorant man in business or serving in a trade is our high school and college man, disproportioned in the relation of body to mind, over-developed in the training of his intellect, while dwarfed in the use of his hands. He knows so much that he is a giant in the world of letters, while he knows so little that among the practical men of affairs in the business of the world he is a pigmy. The lamentable comment can be made that the education given the boys and indeed the girls to-day is one-sided, and only partially prepares them for business.

This lack of practical training has caused our high schools to present a sad phase of this question. A large percentage of the boys drop out at the end of the grammar-school course, while the girls continue in proportionately larger numbers to pursue the advanced course. Thus the women of the next generation are likely to be much better educated than the men.

This inequality cannot long exist without evil results accruing to business, society, and the family. If there are one hundred boys and just as many girls in a town, and ninety of the girls and only twenty of the boys graduate from the high school, a condition of things will result which is pretty sure to work mischief when those boys and girls get married—and they are sure to do that. The boys and girls should be equally well educated. The boys should have as good a chance as the girls. We must constantly keep our eye on the fact that a boy's nature is peculiar. His work in life will in many respects be different from that of the girl, hence his training should be such as he needs. It should be as available for him in the public school as that which the girl receives is for her. Industrial education is what both boys and girls need, but especially the boys, for it will always be true that men will have to provide for the family; that will be their mission—from it they cannot escape.

In speaking of education in Switzerland, Robert Seidel says, "Is it not true that between the factory hand and the educated man of to-day almost as great a gap exists as between the slave and philosopher of ancient Greece?" M. Jules Ferry, the late French minister of public instruction, upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of an important school, said:

> We desire to ennoble hand labor. Believe me, when the plane and file are accorded their place of honor by the side of the compass, the map, and the text-book in history, and when they become the objects of national and systematic instruction, only then will a great amount of prejudice die out and much of the spirit of caste vanish away. Social peace will find a place upon the seats of the elementary school, and harmony with her beaming light will illuminate the future of the nation.

These voices in France and Switzerland, speaking across the sea, direct attention to the very core of an evil which is growing to colossal proportions in our own country. We are in danger of having a gulf fixed between the laboring classes and the highly educated people. There is more danger for our civilization from this kind of caste than any we have to fear from one class becoming very rich while another remains very poor. An aristocracy built on education is, of all class distinctions, to be dreaded the most, because, if it comes into existence, it will commence in that most dangerous period, child life. It will be fostered in our public schools and higher institutions of learning where the state exerts its influence, and in time the evil will be charged to the state.

Efforts are being made to introduce a substitute for hand labor, such as calisthenics in the public schools, gymnastics in the colleges and universities, or athletic exercises, such as rowing, football, and baseball, and in some schools a system of military service with a regular army officer for instructor. But calisthenics is an ignorant expression of the desire for this later education. It leaves out entirely every industry that per-

tains to the training of the hands for useful service. Perhaps these things we ought to have done and not to have left the others undone.

Many educated men hold that hand labor is indispensable to the harmonious education of the man. The Greeks bestowed greater attention upon the training of the physical man than they did on the human mind, and yet more than five hundred years before Christ poetry and music were special elements in a young Athenian's education. The American system of education very largely ignores physical training, and crowns the intellect with all its highest and best endeavor.

The English and German, French and Italian nations each have great standing armies, not one of which numbers less than half a million men. These vast numbers of soldiers are trained to use arms; in fact, the army is a kind of industrial school where the discipline of every man is constant and severe. The soldiers serve in the army from four to eight years, more or less, and then retire to civil life, when new and younger men are taken from peaceful pursuits to pass through the same course of army drill. It keeps up a constant change in the population, and in the end educates their citizens to habits of industry. The effect may be seen in the close application to business and industrious habits, together with the contented lives of any one or all of these peoples.

Gibbon confessed that he obtained a good part of his mental discipline for writing the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" when a soldier. These facts show that such training fits men for contentment and industry as well as for toiling at a trade or in a profession. Manual training schools have existed for years in all the nations named, but we Americans do not have industrial education in our public schools, nor do our people have such training in the army as is seen in some nations across the sea. It is necessary, therefore, that every young person preparing for a business life should look well to his own business training. He must educate himself on the farm, in the store, at the bench, in an office, wherever he may find employment. He must be self-educated in his chosen industry, for the system of public education in the United States does not offer him a preparation for business.

Thirty years ago this lack was met by apprenticing a boy to learn a trade, but this is not possible now for all boys. The factory has taken the place of the industrial establishment, leaving opportunity for but few industries in the cities and larger towns. The old system of a parent binding a boy to an employer for three years to learn a trade is in some parts of the land abolished. The factory cuts a trade in so many parts that no one boy learns to make a whole shoe, a whole coat, or a hat. This new order of things has, no doubt, its advantages to purchasers of manufactured articles in that it reduces prices, but it hurts the character of American boys. Where a trade is held intact, that a boy may learn as an apprentice, we find a barrier erected by the trades union; for instance, the Printers' Union, which covers the whole country, will not permit more than one apprentice in an office for every ten compositors. If the number of compositors in an office is less than ten, there may be one apprentice, but only one apprentice for every ten printers is the law. This is a rule in most if not all trades unions, so that there is no room for the large number of beginners here.

Two boys were arrested recently in Chicago. They were asked for an explanation of their crime. "O, we knew we would be sent to a house of correction, and that is where we want to go to learn a trade." Now, how can the boys acquire habits of industry under such a system of restriction as is adopted by trades unions? Educators, parents, and guardians find their way closed when they look toward manufactories and industrial institutions as places for the education of the youth.

In domestic life the case is just as deplorable. The piano comes into competition with the cook-stove, fancy work attracts from the wash-tub, and foreign girls crowd American girls out of the kitchen. It is a fact that a large class of American girls, if

they ever learn the art of cooking, must leave their own homes to learn what was taught the girl in the well-regulated family twenty-five or thirty years ago. We cry "America for Americans," but the Americans are losing their hold on the old-fashioned methods of training boys and girls to work with their hands.

There is a discipline of the intellect and the emotions which comes to one by using the hands in the work at the bench, or at any kind of honest labor. It is wrought into the fiber of character, becomes a part of manhood, and those who have it are the nobility of the land. This is education. The reflex influence upon character, of laboring with the hands, is so great that it dignifies a man in his own judgment. He has more respect for himself, and believes more in his own manhood. He reaps the fruits of his labors, is conscious that he is making an honest effort to earn bread for himself and his family. This should be the human, as it is the divine order of life.

The boy and girl need something wrought into the character while it is in the formative period, such as ideas of work, habits of industry, steadfastness, and perseverance, all of which educate them to regard labor as dignified and ennobling to man.

I served four years as an apprentice, and learned to make chairs, and to ornament them with many colors of paint, bronze, and gold-leaf; I learned to turn on a lathe every piece of round wood used in making a chair, and to mix every color of paint necessary to decorate one to the taste of the plainest Dutchman or the most fastidious society folk; therefore I know its effect upon one's character. A literary society, of which I have grateful memories, existed in the town. I studied Latin and recited to a marble-cutter, who was well up in Latin. We both wrote compositions, and submitted them to each other for criticism. He graduated from marble-cutting and other schools to the grade of a physician, I graduated in the same way to the higher rank of a minister. I would not, if I could, exchange the quality and habit of mind I secured at the bench for any quality and habit of mind that the best institution of learning can give, for this reason: the quality of mind I won could have been secured in no other way and at no other time of life; the other is available and much easier to get in all the after years of a man's life, that is the habit of industry, which when well formed will always remain as a solid and valuable part of a man's character.

CHINA AND THE POWERS.

BY PIERRE LE ROY-BEAULIEU.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

AFTER the diplomatic struggles which followed the rude shocks of the Chino-Japanese War, the far eastern question seemed to enter, in the summer of 1897, into a zone of calms. All the European powers interested in China, Russia, France, and England, had had their share: that of Germany was judged modest, but it was beginning to be believed that Germany would not have political designs in the Celestial Empire and was willing to content herself with developing her economic interests. On the other and, Russia and Japan were agreeing about as well as could be expected in the Korean Peninsula.

Doubtless the arrangements made by the various powers were not decisive and the ambitions of each one seemed rather allayed than satisfied, but the putting to profit of the advantages obtained and the very preparations each nation was making to be in good position when the day would come for more serious playing, seemed to leave a respite of a few years. Russia was constructing her railroad, which, in spite of all diligence, was not to reach the River Amoor until the end of 1899, and the sea

at the earliest about 1903 or 1904. Japan, while yoking herself to the arduous task of establishing order in Formosa, was arming to the teeth; in order to be ready for a struggle with Russia, which, though dreading, she believed inevitable, she was doubling her army and having constructed in Europe and America a fleet of the first order, which was to assure her maritime supremacy upon the coast of China, but could not be finished until about 1904 or 1905. France was definitely pacifying Tonkin and studying the line of the railroads that had been conceded to her. England was pushing forward her railroads in Burma and sending her steamboats into the West River. Her capital, united to that of Germany and America, had the largest part in the industrial movement which was being created at Shanghai and seemed about to extend to other ports, as a result of the treaty of Shimonosaki.

China herself was profiting by the respite allowed her to go to sleep again. She had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. When her principal statesman, Li Hung Chang, was sent to Europe and America in 1896, it was not solely because he was better prepared than any one else, by his long intercourse with foreigners, to understand what he would see, and deal with others; but it was also, especially perhaps, because he was disgraced. It is said that this mission was offered Prince Kong or Prince Ching, uncles of the emperor. "Ah, what have we done," exclaimed these high personages, "that you inflict upon us this humiliation of sending us among the barbarians?" The journey of Li Hung Chang was, then, one punishment more added to the loss of his peacock feather and his yellow jacket. If his observations confirmed him in the progressive ideas which were credited to him, and which he never held except in an altogether relative manner, his influence has unquestionably diminished, and through the vicissitudes of reentering into favor and the deprivations of office which have signaled his career since his return to China, he has not been able to exercise influence enough to vanquish the prejudices of the court and the immense majority of the learned class.

All that China accorded to progress was to have constructed by English and American engineers two or three short lines of railroad in the vicinity of Pekin and Shanghai. A longer road connecting Pekin with Han-Kow had been projected since 1889, but its construction was indefinitely delayed on one pretext or another. Always, in the question of railroads, as in that of internal customs and every place else, the same dilatory and evasive policy has been employed. No step has been taken toward any military or other administrative reform.

Momentarily satisfied with the rights recently obtained, the foreigners were not making any new pretentions. Everything was quiet at Pekin and it did not seem as if any grave event was to occur in the far East before the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, which would place the Russians a step in advance, when suddenly, in November, 1897, the world learned with surprise that Germany had just landed a detachment of marines on the coast of the Bay of Kiao-Chow in the peninsula of Shan-Tung. The avowed motive for this act was to take security in order to hasten negotiations which had been carried on for a long time at Pekin as the result of the assassination of two missionaries and which were being dragged out at the usual length. At first the world did not attach to this movement the importance that it deserved, perhaps; it chose, for the time being, to see in it only an ingenious artifice of the German emperor to demonstrate the utility of a navy and induce the Reichstag to vote the credits needed for the increase of his fleet. But when William II. sent his own brother into the East at the head of a squadron, and invited him on his departure to make felt, if need be, his "right gauntlet of iron," the world was convinced that the occupation of Kiao-Chow was decisive and that Germany was finally paying herself, rather tardily but with less maneuvering than her allies, for the services she had rendered China in 1895. Doubtless she had taken so long time to act only because she was hesitating between different points for the naval station she desired to establish in the far East.

If the landing at Kiao-Chow was an act maturely reflected upon, it did not seem, on the other hand, that the Berlin cabinet had concerned itself with first obtaining the assent of the other powers. It was a question whether Russia herself, who had had designs upon this bay, where her far eastern squadron had wintered in 1896–97, had been taken unawares. To-day it seems that she had been warned, we do not say consulted, a short time in advance. As for England, she had to face the accomplished fact and British opinion was at first in a violent rage on account of it.

What disturbed the English was not alone the action of Germany, it was the fear that the Empire of the Czars would profit by this to take another step forward in Northern China. If they seemed to take sides with Russia in regard to her occupying a port free from ice at all seasons, they did not, on the other hand, desire that Russia should be able from this port to exercise too direct an action upon the capital of the Celestial Empire. They claimed, also, that a port of this sort should be freely open to the commerce of all nations, as their Hong-kong or any other of the treaty ports. So while in the early days of 1898 Mr. Balfour was almost inviting the Russians to make sure of an issue upon the open sea, another of the queen's ministers, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, was declaring, with the applause of the whole press, that the British government was absolutely determined, at whatever price it might be, even at the risk of war, not to allow the door of China to be closed.

In order to oppose the encroachments of Russia, Great Britain took the lead, and appropriating the financial policy with which the czar had so well succeeded, she offered to lend China directly, by a contract of government to government, the $78,000,000 of which the Son of Heaven still had need. This last of the three great Chinese loans was least well guaranteed, the customs receipts were not sufficient to cover the interest of it, and it was consequently this loan which was to give the lender the greatest opportunities for intermeddling in the interior administration and for exercising political pressure at Pekin. Among the conditions attached to this loan was the adding of Talien-wan in the Liao-tung Peninsula, which Russia coveted, to the list of open ports. In thus opening it to the commerce of all the powers, its monopoly by any one of them was rendered much more difficult.

This was certainly very well played, but it would have needed a show of force to impose upon China the acceptation of these conditions. For this the season was little propitious. In winter, when the Gulf of Pe-chi-li is frozen, Russia is always more powerful at Pekin than England. It was so in this case. Before the threats of Mr. Pavloff, Russian *chargé d'affaire*, the Tsung li Yamun did not dare yield to the demands of Sir Claude Macdonald, the English minister, however energetically presented. The direct loan was not concluded. Talien-wan was not opened, and Great Britain had to content herself with an agreement, concluded the last of February, 1898, by virtue of which she obtained other important concessions. European steamers, beginning with June, 1898, might navigate all the watercourses of the empire; no part of the basin of the Yang-tse-kiang would ever be ceded or leased to a foreign power; a port would be opened in the province of Hou-Nan; and the post of inspector-general of customs would be reserved for a British subject as long as British commerce should occupy first rank in the exterior exchanges of China. The value of these concessions is apparent from their very statement and from the fact that the basin of the Yang-tse is the richest and most populous part of the Southern Kingdom.

As commentary to this agreement, the Chamber of Commerce in the address to the throne, in March, put on record that it was of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of China should be respected, and in the course of the discussion, Mr. Curzon, under secretary of state for foreign affairs, declared, in the first place, that England was opposed to every attack upon the independence or the integrity of the Southern King-

dom; in the second place, that she would resist every attempt to close a Chinese port to her commerce as long as it remained or was becoming open to the commerce of any other nation; finally, that she was determined to maintain in their entirety all the rights she held by the treaty of Tientsin made in 1858. This was the announcement of the famous political saying of "the open door."

However, in the same month of March Germany had China ratify her occupation of Kiao-Chow, which was leased to her for ninety-nine years, and which she hastened to declare a free port. An extended system of railroads was at the same time conceded in Shan-Tung, where Germany established a sphere of interests claiming for her citizens a right of preemption upon all the railroad or mining concessions that the Chinese government might grant in this province.

Russia, on her side, taught by the experience of the Anglo-Chinese negotiations, took note that in further delaying to occupy the Liao-tung Peninsula, she would run the risk, if not of being outdistanced by a rival, at least of allowing international interests to be created which would render the execution of her projects more difficult. Therefore she did not hesitate to act rapidly, and March 27 she snatched from China the signature of an agreement which leased to her Port Arthur and Talien-wan and authorized her to construct a branch road connecting these ports with the East Chinese Railroad. She had then reached her destination. The Trans-Siberian had a terminus on the open sea and from the entrance of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li Russia could threaten Pekin. For a moment it seemed as if the long-deferred struggle between the whale and the elephant was going to burst forth.

Two English ships were anchored at Port Arthur when this point was ceded to Russia; they departed, but March 29 the formidable British squadron of the far East, enormously reinforced during the winter, mobilized, and one part moved north while the other held toward the mouth of the Yang-tse, ready to occupy, it was said, the Chusan Islands, which commanded the entrance of the river. Suddenly Russia showed herself prudent. In order not to throw the formidable support of Japan completely on the side of England, she declared, March 18, that she renounced all active intervention in Korea and left an open field in that country, if not for the political action, at least for the economic interests of the Empire of the Rising Sun. The violent conflict was avoided, but the irreducible opposition of Russian and English interests, joined to the accumulation in the seas of China of the warships of all nations, sent there in haste after the affair of Kiao-Chow, maintained a feeling of inquietude, too well justified, and the irritation of the English public remained great.

It was further increased by the conclusion in April of a Franco-Chinese agreement, altogether anodyne, however. Remaining, according to our customary politics, confined in the poor regions of the South, we obtained from China the agreement not to alienate in any manner the territories comprised in the three provinces bordering upon Tonkin and never to cede to any other power than France the island of Hainan; the renewed concession of the Yun-Nan Railroad; and finally the lease of Kiung-chow-wan Bay, situated upon the eastern coast of the peninsula of Lei-chow, which is opposite Hainan Island. As to the concessions obtained by us, it does not seem as if England or any other power has much reason to be alarmed because of them.

Of quite other importance were the concessions of territory made soon after to Great Britain in compensation for the occupation of the ports of Liao-tung by the Russians; not because of their extent, for they comprised only Wei-hai-Wei and a small suburb in Chan-Tung and three hundred and ninety square miles in the Kau-lung Peninsula opposite Hong-kong, all leased for ninety-nine years, according to the euphemism fashionable; but because their strategic value was of the first order. In the Kau-lung Peninsula, where the English up to that time had had only a small coast strip bounded by hills of Chinese territory, they entered into

possession of all the heights and all the bays necessary to put the port of Hong-kong in shelter from every attack and to permit its extension. On the other hand, Wei-hai-Wei gave them what they had long coveted, a naval station in the northern waters of China. Now when their squadron is occupied in this section, it will not have to make a journey of four or five days to Hong-kong in order to reprovision or take shelter. Besides, Wei-hai-Wei, which they have begun to fortify, annuls in part Port Arthur; the first is almost opposite the second, only sixty-two miles distant, and is but little farther from the mouth of the Pei-Ho; the superiority which the British squadron will necessarily have for many long years over the Russian squadron, in the seas of China as elsewhere, will permit it, with this point of support, to prevent any aid being brought by sea, however short the distance, to Russian troops which might operate by land in the north of China; it will even be easy for the English, by a rapid stroke, to cut the railroad between Tientsin and the great wall.

In spite of all these advantages the insatiable English public does not declare itself satisfied; the press complains that the Chinese government has permitted Germany a sort of privileged situation in Shan-Tung. England holds, above all, to the policy of the open door. She refuses to admit that any power whatever has commercial privileges or preferential rights for the execution of public works.

It is the question of railroads which has most often been on the point of setting fire to the powder. All the powers have zealously struggled to obtain them and the result of this struggle has been that the Celestial Empire has had to consent to the construction of more than six thousand miles of these ways of communication which it abhors. Very extended mining concessions have been given besides. If to this be added the opening to navigation of all the water-courses, at least in the provinces containing treaty ports, and the placing under European administration of the interior customs of the valley of the Yang-tse, it is seen that Europe has succeeded this time, legally at least, in opening the doors of China. Great consequences may result from it.

"Every time that the bones of China are shaken, and they have never been shaken as vigorously as now," says a special English sheet, "an increase of commerce results." Nothing is more exact, and yet it would perhaps be prudent not to shake this old skeleton too violently nor too long nor too often if one does not wish to see it collapse. China is a sort of amorphous state whose different parts are united by ties that we little understand, but which are weak enough. The principal power of cohesion resides in tradition and in the existence of the literary governing class recruited in the whole empire from the very heart of the people. On the other hand, serious germs of disaffection exist; the present dynasty is a foreign dynasty that the terrible Taiping Rebellion, repressed only by the aid of Europeans, brought almost to its destruction at the middle of the century; and descendants of the ancient national Ming dynasty still exist. Furthermore, the accession to the throne of the present emperor seemed, according to Chinese ideas, to be tainted with irregularity. China is preyed upon by secret societies, many of which have for their aim a change in the established order. The people themselves are profoundly indifferent to politics, they would even rarely show themselves hostile to strangers if they were not urged on by fanatical or discontented scholars, but they always readily obey these agitators. Now, in every large town, in every prefecture or sub-prefecture, there is always a mass of famished and embittered learned men without positions, who, in in order to gain a living, carry on the most humble trades, mingling intimately with the lives of the people but profoundly respected by them and ready to stir up trouble against the Europeans and everything which originates with them.

The government of Pekin is to-day too well convinced of its exterior feebleness to dare resist any demand of the powers, but if it is pressed too hard, if it is obliged to

introduce or allow to be introduced too rapid and too sweeping innovations, it will run the risk of stirring up against it the almost unanimous opinion of the learned class, who see, not without reason, a threat for their privileges in every extension of European influence; of even seeing an active resistance organized, especially in the central and southern provinces; and of thus provoking for want of leaders a complete disaggregation of the Celestial Empire.

At Pekin itself rival factions are disputing for power. The events which occurred there in the month of September, 1898, are still little known and perhaps will never be understood. Yet it is certain that the emperor, Kwang-Hsu, a young man twenty-five years old, with a delicate body and, it is said, perhaps wrongly, a feeble mind, had been completely won over to the cause of reforms by a learned man of the new school, Kang-you-Wei, and proceeding with all the zeal of a neophyte had issued during the summer a series of absolutely revolutionary edicts. It has been claimed that he went so far as to clothe himself in European costume, and that he formed the project of going in person to Japan to study the transformation accomplished there in the last thirty years. The reform party had certainly Japanese sympathy and English sympathy also. It was at the Japanese legation that his chief, Kang-you-Wei, passed his last night at Pekin. Nevertheless Marquis Ito, the well-known Japanese statesman, seems to have blamed the precipitation of the innovators, who would have attempted to do in a few weeks what the extraordinary Empire of the Rising Sun itself had taken more than a quarter of a century to accomplish. Such an attempt could not but fail. It did violence to too many prejudices, too many interests, and too powerful personages. Most of the Manchu officers, as well as Li Hung Chang, who had just been disgraced, and the dowager empress, were opposed to it. This last personage, whom the emperor, who is her nephew and not her son, purposed to have arrested, resolved to take the lead. The great majority of the mandarins being at heart hostile to the movement, she procured without difficulty the instruments she needed. The emperor one day found himself a prisoner in his palace, had to make an honorable amend, and sign an edict which put the government entirely back into the hands of the dowager empress. Li Hung Chang and all the mandarins of the old school came back into power. Kang-you-Wei fled on board an English ship, many of his co-workers were beheaded, others were exiled, and soon there remained no trace of their work.

This imprudent attempt at reform has shown the instability and fragility of the government of Pekin. It has put the emperor back under the yoke of the old empress Tze-Hsi, who effectively governed China from 1875 until within the last few years, supported by Li Hung Chang, who seems to become less and less a friend of progress. This is a victory for Russia, who appears to have good reason for counting upon the old statesman. Above everything else, it means the postponement of every important reform, as is proven by recent edicts regulating the conditions for exploiting mines, and the reprimands addressed to a grand viceroy of the Yang-tse for having wished to reorganize the troops of his province on the European plan. The government has also decided not to authorize any more railroads until it can judge the results of those already conceded; but this decision is not lacking in sense. The powers seem to have taken account of the danger that might lie in too great unreasonableness on their part and have not formulated any new demands. It is to be hoped that they will persevere in this wise conduct.

No one can say what vicissitudes the future has in reserve for China, but of all possible hypotheses, that of an early division seems the most deplorable and most abounding in dangers. No one desires this at heart, but each one fears to see his rivals realize it to their profit, and wishes to make sure of his part in case matters should come to that crisis. It is this which forms the present danger of the Chinese problem.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

IT was on a radiant summer morning in 1881, in the unique little Hillside Chapel built for the School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., that I first met Miss Alcott. It was the opening day of the session for that year, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was to deliver the poem. This added attraction to an occasion notable enough in any case had drawn together a great conclave of the *literati*, the thinkers, and perhaps some camp followers. I recall the serene, illumined face of Emerson, whose presence always suggested that line in "Evangeline":

> When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

I recall, too, the noble, benignant countenance of Mr. Alcott, aglow with happiness over this realization of his dream of many years—the establishment of a new academe. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with her refined, high-bred grace, accepted a place of honor on the platform, and as she sweetly pinned on her gown a bunch of violets that I ventured to offer my goddess my cup of enchantment ran over. The great and good Dr. McCosh was a guest that morning, with his winning smile and burly Scotch accent; Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop came in, and one could only think of her, not as Mrs. Lathrop but as sweet Rose Hawthorne, as the sunlight fell on her spun-gold hair and the wild-rose bloom on her cheek; Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, the efficient manager of the school, tall, alert, and affable, saying the right word to each and all; Prof. William T. Harris, now our national superintendent of education, with his winning presence and courteous dignity; Mr. Stedman, the poet of the day, around whom every one clustered—and into all this interesting group of noted people came a woman whom all seemed to welcome with especial joy. Her very presence held its charm. Strong, sweet, and sympathetic she stood there and all felt at once that singularly earnest and impassioned quality of her nature. A moment later and I was presented to her—to Miss Alcott, whose stories had been to me, as to most young girls, a wonderful delight. The clasp of her hand seemed to communicate courage and magnetism and something in her presence inspired one to be his best. Eagerly I inquired if she were to be at the "School" during that summer.

"O, no," was her reply; she "always fled the town when the philosophers came."

The merry twinkle in her eye matched the sunny smile upon her countenance and the degree in which the real Louisa Alcott realized one's ideal of the author of her books was curiously impressive.

For the author as we picture him through his work and the author on his native heath are apt to be two persons rather than one, whose identity it is not always easy immediately to trace. But the beloved "Jo" of the story was never more simple, sweet, and cordial than was Miss Alcott. It was good just to stand beside her. Later it was my privilege many times to clasp her hand and receive her friendly greeting; but this first glimpse of her always stands out to me from the background of the past fifteen years' residence in Boston. Such wonderful years as they have been in their bringing me face to face with the gods and heroes of my childhood. The thrill of wonder and delight, not unmixed with reverence, that it gave me always to meet Dr. Holmes upon the street, or to see the classic beauty of Mrs. Howe at a social gathering was one that no familiarity of recurrence could lessen.

In all this literary Boston, Miss Alcott was a unique personality. To the distinctively literary guild she is even still, I fancy, something of a puzzle in that for one thing she left no "correspondence," in

the usual sense of the author. Her letters were restricted to the limits of her family and personal friends, rather than ranging over epistolary communings with others of her guild. Her life left her little leisure after the duty next her was done, and it was in her character to fulfil faithfully this "duty lying next" before making any excursions into flowery fields beyond.

Her stories are transcriptions rather than creations, and if the Alcott family life had not been what it was, the "Little Women" and "Little Men" and the other delightful stories could never have been written. For they were the literary flowering of outward and actual experiences. Coming directly out of life, Miss Alcott's books appeal *to* life. It is the secret of that vital magnetism of which she holds the secret. All this time instead of giving herself over to creative visions, Miss Alcott's chief concern was for the household needs—the coat required for the philosophic father, the warm wrap for the worn and gentle mother, the hat for "Amy," the gown for "Beth," the shoes for herself. The demands of the household life encompassed her round about. The marvel is that she could have written at all, only—and this clause contains the key and the clue—only that this was a household of idealism and ideals, and thus there was always in the very atmosphere that spiritual stimulus which makes the hardest things in life easy and the rough places smooth. "Visions," well said George Eliot, "visions are the creators and feeders of the world." Some of the more artificial writers or critics of writers who do not sufficiently relate literature to life assert that Miss Alcott's stories lack this or that, and are not "literature." Yet her books are translated into more than half a dozen languages; they are widely read in half a dozen countries, and her name is a household word where the names of some of these superfine critics will never be dreamed of, or heard.

Miss Alcott appealed to the higher qualities of the spirit in our common humanity, and the response was universal. She had an infinite capacity for affection, great love for the people, an exquisite tenderness, keen, practical good sense, and a fund of humor that enlivened daily life. Here is an extract from a letter written to her mother in 1868, that well illustrates these qualities:

> It's clear that Minerva Moody [by which name she called herself] is getting on in spite of many downfalls and by the time she is a used-up old lady of seventy or so she may finish her job and see her family well off. A little late to enjoy much, maybe, but I guess I shall turn in for my last long sleep with more content in spite of the mental weariness than if I had folded my hands in elegant idleness, or gone into fits of despair because things moved so slowly.

Miss Alcott was a great woman, a great character, and her literary work, extensive and valuable as it is, was still but one of her many forms of expression. If the true purpose of literature is to invigorate and to elevate life, then, indeed, did she fulfil this high purpose. She was a thoroughly noble woman; not of the type of the traditional saint or martyr. She was very human, and to the last found an eager and impetuous temper, needing wise control, to be among her marked traits; but the quality of her life was noble. Never, in herself or in others, could she consent to the ungenerous or the trivial. The entire atmosphere of the Alcott home was that of aspiration. There was no poverty of the spirit—the only form in which poverty is hopeless.

The story of Louisa Alcott's life is one of the most tender and touching in all the literature of biography. In one thing, especially, her life was unique—in that it was one of the widest human relatedness. She was always the friend, the helper, the caretaker. By taste and temperament her father was detached from ordinary affairs. He was formed for all high and beautiful things, for conversation, for philosophic meditations. He essayed teaching. Many of his ideas were truly great ones in educational science, yet they lacked that power to relate themselves to existing conditions which makes such ideas of immediate value. He married Abba May, a daughter of Col. Joseph May, of Boston, a woman of remarkably clear mind, fine perceptions, lofty ideals, and practical tact.

Louisa Alcott was born in Germantown, Pa., on November 29, 1832, and died in Boston on March 6, 1888. Between these two dates what an impressive life was lived, one that still goes on radiating helpful influences! There were four of the "little women" in the house: Anna, who married Mr. John Pratt and who died in 1893; Louisa; Elizabeth, who died young, and May, the artist sister who went abroad and married M. Nieriker, and died in Paris in 1879, leaving a little daughter whom she gave to Louisa.

Mr. Alcott removed to Boston in 1834 and for the succeeding fifteen years lived variously in that city or in Concord, with an interlude at "Fruitlands," a transcendental experiment in a community near Concord, whose particular creed appears to have been to avoid the iniquities of tasting meat and to revel in "the Newness." In 1842 Mr. Alcott had visited England, and an enthusiastic friend, Mr. Lane, returned with him and together they planned to usher in the millennium.

Here are some of the little Louisa's impressions at that time (as a child of ten years) from the little journal which all the Alcott children were instructed to keep. The maiden writes:

I rose at five and had my bath. I love cold water! Then we had our singing lesson with Mr. Lane. After breakfast I washed dishes, and ran on the hill till nine, and had some thoughts—it was so beautiful up there. . . . I got to sleep saying poetry—I know a great deal. . . . I wish I was rich, I wish I was good, and we were all a happy family this day. . . . After lessons I ironed. I read in Plutarch.

The affluence of spiritual life in the Alcott family was so beautiful, and it reveals how the atmosphere of love is always that of culture, of refinement, of the highest that life can give. Thus we see that the divinest gifts are equally free to all. As the poet says:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away:
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

One beautiful feature in the Alcott family life was the custom of the father and mother to write little notes to their children. One from her mother to little Louisa closes with these words:

I have observed all day your patience with baby, your obedience to me, and your kindness to all. Go on trying, my child. God will give you strength and courage, and help you fill each day with words and deeds of love. I shall lay this on your pillow, put a warm kiss on your lips, and say a little prayer over you in your sleep.

Mother.

What untold character-culture is in such words as these to the children of the household.

Perhaps the deepest influence that ever came into the life of Louisa Alcott was her worship of her father's friend, Mr. Emerson. Once in his library she came across "Goethe's Correspondence With a Child," and at once her strong dramatic instinct asserted itself and she imagined herself to be Bettine worshiping *her* master—who was Emerson. "I wrote letters to him but never sent them," she related; "left wild flowers on his doorstep and sang Mignon's song under his window in very bad German."

During all this period of her girlhood she was a great reader. Among her favorite authors were Carlyle, Goethe, Emerson, Plutarch, Schiller, Madame de Staël, Charlotte Brontë, Madame Guyon, Milton, and Mrs. Stowe, by which miscellaneous grouping it will be seen that she browsed over a wide range. She began to handle her pen for pecuniary profit, and records gleefully the earning of eleven dollars to buy a good warm shawl for her mother—five of which came for a story to the *Saturday Gazette*, and six earned by sewing. At twenty-two she was initiated into authorship by the publication of her "Flower Fables," which at sixteen she had written for Ellen Emerson, who was some ten years her junior. The "Fables" brought her $32, "and I was prouder of that," she wrote later, "than I was of the $8,000 received during six months of 1886."

Through these formative years she hears Curtis lecture; Theodore Parker invites her to his home Sunday evenings, and there she meets Phillips, Garrison, and Dr. Hedge, Mrs. Howe, and Sumner, and the Whipples. She hears Mr. Whipple lecture on "Courage," and takes heart again. She hears a reading by Fanny Kemble, and

passes a Sunday at the Emersons'. "I can't do much with my hands," she writes in her journal about this time, "so I will use my head as a battering-ram to make a way through this rough-and-tumble world." She records the time in which she read the life of Charlotte Brontë, and says: "Wonder if I shall ever be famous enough for people to care to read my story and struggles." Of Emerson she writes, too, about this time: "Father is never happy far from Emerson: the one true friend who loves, understands, and helps him."

All these experiences and thoughts and efforts brought Miss Alcott up to her twenty-fifth year, when, in 1857, the family removed to the "Orchard House" in Concord, destined to be their first permanent home. A few years of constant struggle passed by and in 1867 Mr. Niles, of Roberts Brothers, asked Miss Alcott to write a girls' book, and this was the initiative of the great success of her life, "Little Women." She had herself no idea of the magnetism, the vitality, that was in it. "We really lived most of it," she said, "and if it succeeds, that will be the reason of it."

It *was* the reason of its success, conjoined to another—that of coming under the management of such a house as that of Roberts Brothers, whose flawless integrity, wise policy, and honorable conduct of affairs inspired her respect and enlisted her entire confidence. She found a freedom from business care that was most favorable to her best work, and her work was placed before the public in the best light.

After the appearance of "Little Women" her fortune seemed assured; yet success is always making and never made. It has no finality. It is progressive or it is nothing. So with Miss Alcott, the conflict continued. She would fly from Concord and shut herself up in an upper floor room which she called "Gamp's Garret," in a tall house in some retired nook in Boston. It is a most curious study to note the constant interweaving of the ideal and the practical in her life. Her father was the purest embodiment of the ideal that our country, our century, and probably many centuries, has ever seen. The Mays, her mother's people, were all executive in their nature. Miss Alcott combined both these ancestral traits. She was the perfect flower of a mixed heredity. She could do anything and everything—make a bonnet, wash dishes, cut and make clothing, nurse the sick, cook, scrub the floor, act in private theatricals, write verses, be the life of a social assembly, or write a book of which 50,000 copies were sold before it was placed on the market at all. How much more than a "literary woman" was this woman of literature, this generous, noble spirit who came to this world not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I am sure that we will not think less of her when after unexpectedly receiving $100 for some literary work, she writes in her journal:

> So the pink hyacinth was a true prophet and I went to bed a happy millionaire, to dream of flannel petticoats for my blessed mother, paper for father, a new dress for May, and sleds for my boys.

Louisa Alcott lived a far larger life than the mere "literary" one of the traditional author. No human need appealed to her in vain. She was a great favorite socially. As a *raconteur* she had hardly a rival. Her dramatic vividness and her fund of humor made her the most inimitable of story-tellers. And her sympathy was as strong as her courage, and these, united with a hopeful and most sunny disposition, made her a most responsive and delightful friend.

Fame has its inconveniences, but Miss Alcott was too simple and sweet and genuine not to enjoy hers. So much love was poured out to her all over the land that she could not fail to feel its spontaneity and beauty. "I asked for bread and got a stone—in the shape of a pedestal," she would say laughingly, but the letters and gifts and adoration of her vast constituency touched and pleased her always.

The crest of Sleepy Hollow, in Concord, is now a place of pilgrimage to the lovers of our noblest literature. There rests Emerson, under the tall pines, the grave marked by a great boulder of rose-quartz. Near by are the graves of Hawthorne and of Thoreau, and in close prox-

imity to these is a lot where five small white stones, bearing initials only, mark the five graves of the Alcott family. The sunshine sifts through the tall pines whose perpetual sighing fills the air with music. One can only repeat here:

Happy places have grown holy; if we go where once we went,
Only tears will fall down slowly as at solemn sacrament.

The grave of Louisa Alcott should bear two lines from her favorite poet, Whittier—lines whose truth found in her life their most complete realization:

The cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee.

TO ULTIMA THULE.

BY ERNST TEJA MEYER.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

THE great problems of geographical research, of which even Alexander van Humboldt spoke, are almost all solved. As snow in the sun, the white spots on the map of the world have melted away, but over one there yet lies a deep enigmatical darkness; the Ultima Thule, the north pole, is yet unattained. Like a powerful magnet the mysterious pole has worked. Millions have been sacrificed to win it, thousands upon thousands of brave champions have gone out to conquer it, but most of them have found a grave in the dismal, almost continuous night and in the ever-rigid ice; many a new thing has been discovered, but no one has yet opened up the pole. Fridtjof Nansen, as bravely and perseveringly, as well as successfully, has advanced nearer it than all others, but Andrée, the romanticist among north-pole explorers, has been lost sight of, probably forever. Very natural, therefore, is the question whether ninety degrees of latitude will ever be reached. By the means hitherto employed, never!

Admiral Makaroff, a Russian, has conceived a new idea, as ingenious as it is modern, appropriate to our times and its important technical results; we shall attempt to reach the north pole with ice-breakers, we shall break the ice wall and ramparts, crush them slowly but surely, and the last citadel of the great Arctos will have fallen.

However wild this plan may seem at first glance, it is not so throughout, but depends upon a calm scientific reckoning and partially even upon experience. Admiral Makaroff is highly reputed as the investigator of the arctic division of the Pacific Ocean, and since the middle of the sixties he has made experiments with ice-breakers in Kronstadt and other Russian ports and thereby acquired rich experiences. Upon these he founded the following computation: an ice-breaker of three thousand horse-power moves with comparative ease in broken ice with a velocity of about one meter per second and breaks through an ice wall sixteen feet high. Larger ice-breakers were tested recently in Vladivostok with the best results. Now, according to Nansen's account, the ice walls in the polar regions rarely attain a height of twenty-six feet, one third of the Arctic Ocean is free from ice, but the ice masses in summer become soft by melting, and, as a result of salt aggregation and segregation, impregnated with many cracks. So, according to Makaroff's calculations, an ice-breaker of twenty thousand horse-power must overcome all difficulties and could reach the pole from seventy-eight degrees north latitude in from twelve to fourteen days. Yet better, even surer, results the admiral anticipates after his recent experiment with two ice-breakers which are said to work one behind the other, each of ten thousand horse-power and six thousand tons displacement.

This is the Makaroff plan, which was accepted immediately because it was re-

ceived with perfect confidence in the most influential circles. The building of two appropriate ships was given to Mr. W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Company, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, the first of which has been recently launched and, because entirely new, peculiar, and until now unique, will be described here.

The *Ermak*, as the steamer is called, is 305 feet long, 71 feet wide, and 42 feet deep, and has a displacement of eight thousand tons. The ship's hull, which is especially strongly constructed, is composed of powerful steel pieces, which stand at a distance of only two feet from each other, and they are strengthened by midribs between the upper and middle decks. These parts are covered with very heavy steel plates, and the longitudinal pieces, the beams, the stringers, and other supports are made especially strong on account of the immense pressure to which the hull of the ship will be exposed in the enormous masses of ice. In order to meet the dangerous results of the impact, to lessen them and prevent the opening of a hole in the bottom of the ship and the sinking of the craft, the bottom of the ship, as in war vessels and the new rapid steamers, is double and is divided by a number (forty-eight) of water-tight bulkheads. In order to test the strength and capacity of these divisions, the ship on the stocks was subjected to a trial pressure greater than any it would probably encounter. In spite of the extraordinary difficulty of supporting the ship still standing on the slip, each individual partition was placed under a pressure of forty thousand hundred-weight. Notwithstanding this enormous pressure the hull of the ship, neither in itself nor in any of its connections, suffered the least change, not one rivet is said to have sprung. All honor to the dock where it was built and the constructor of the ship.

In case the ship should receive too large a leak even in the double bottom, by tanks and other contrivances, the possibility of careening is given, which will bring the ship to one side in order to freely get at the keel and the bottom for repairing. Finally lengthwise, at the water-line, gangway bulkheads are built which furnish a water-tight open space, and, in case of injuries from the outside, they prevent the water from pressing into the inner part of the ship just as well as the double bottom and give to the hull a very high floating capacity.

Special attention must be given to the beak of the ship. One can realize the enormous force of the blow and of the rebound of such an extremely powerful ship, driven by ten thousand horse-power against a material so solid as the polar ice, which has an average thickness of twelve feet. It was aimed to lessen this blow and at the same time to distribute it. So the beak or the bow is made to slant, not as with steamers, precipitately from the quarter cloths to the keel, but it is broadly extended forward, something after the manner of a ram, and curved downward in the form of an arch to the keel into which it merges.

By this means the assault on the ice ensues not from a powerful momentary blow, but more through a gliding stroke. If the ice mass proves too strong to be broken at once by the first blow, and this is usually the case, then the round beak is shoved onto the ice by the pressure of the ship, the water under the ice seeps up through a screw attached to the under side of the edge of the bow, by which the ice loses its support beneath and breaks in pieces under the immense weight of the ship. If one imagines this process in uninterrupted progress, then he can form some conception of the movement and operation of the ship in the ice.

In the case of this ship going out into the outermost deserts, naturally the greatest care must be bestowed on the construction of the engines, and here the utmost possible has been done to make direct changes without making the individual parts too complicated and difficult of access. The *Ermak* is constructed like a three-screw steamer, that is, it moves with three screws aft. To this is added the above-mentioned new beak screw, so that we have for the first time a four-screw steamer.

The engine equipment consists of four triple expansion engines of twenty-five hundred horse-power each, or ten thousand horse-power altogether, each independent of the other. The engines are separated from each other by water-tight bulkheads. Six powerful double boilers furnish the steam, which works with a pressure of twelve atmospheres. That the individual parts of the engines are constructed of the very best possible material is self-evident. As a casting material, the steel ingot is principally used and for the moving parts cast-steel. The immense barrels of the screws are forged from the best nickel steel and have back of the stern box a diameter of twenty-one inches and forward at the point of pressure fifteen inches. To this the entire engine equipment is fastened strongly and solidly.

A large number of all the accidents to ships result from a crack in the barrel of the screw or the breaking off of the screw-blades by striking on moving pieces of a wreck or similar objects. The most dangerous disasters are those near collisions, for they make the vessel wholly, or in the case of the double-screw ship, partially incapable of maneuvering. To protect the propellers is very difficult, technically almost impossible without raising the screw action—they must work in free water.

Such an ice-breaker is naturally exposed to this danger in a greatly increased measure. The ice chips, broken away in front, scratch along under the bottom of the ship and in the strife to rise strike against the powerful propellers projecting from the under side of the stern-post laterally toward the starboard and larboard, which, moved by a giant force, rotate at an average rate of ninety times a minute. Therefore, the blades are easily broken off even if they are constructed of the toughest bronze alloy, or the barrel breaks. To prevent this danger, or even to avoid the possibility of it, a new and extraordinarily ingenious construction has been conceived for the engines of the *Ermak*. In this vessel the screws can strike a stable body without fear of breaking the blades or of cracking the barrel. If the resistance is too great, the engine, by means of an automatic attachment, comes to a standstill, to start again as soon as the screw finds no resistance. In the experiments already made this arrangement has proven most excellent and it is to be hoped that within the Arctic Sea it will not fail.

The steamer is supplied with steam heat and lighted everywhere by electricity. A double dynamo plant furnishes the current which also feeds both the large reflectors. The command of the ship has been given to one of the most capable officers of the Russian flotilla, Captain M. Vassilieff.

This on the whole is the arrangement of the remarkable ship. Whatever the art of engineering, with all the help of our highly developed technic, is able to do has been done in building the *Ermak*. The result of the coming summer will show whether and how far the Makaroff idea is practicable. With the keenest interest the progress and the ultimate result of this great undertaking will be followed not only in the most nearly related circles of naval technic and science, but the whole world will be interested in it, for its success means the solution of one of the greatest problems of natural philosophy.

But whether the latitude of ninety degrees will be reached or not, the *Ermak* expedition will certainly have a great result in another field than that originally considered. It will show whether and to what extent one can hold open, uninterruptedly in the most rigid northern winter, the icy part of the sea and maintain highways and therewith commercial routes to the great emporium of the North. And this result will probably bring to maturity many more far-reaching consequences and actual universal advantages than will the eventual purely scientific, ideal result of the conquest of the pole.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN MAN AND NATURE.

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

IT would be impossible to say who began it. Even human feuds of a generation's standing are so overlaid with successive and self-sufficient quarrels that it becomes a hopeless task to arrive at the original gravamen; and the lack of unanimity between nature and myriad-swarming man is a titanic disagreement stretching back certainly some thousands of years—according to our one record, to the day when that flaming sword first barred the way to the Garden and man's common ancestor was told, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake."

Yet it must be confessed that there seem to be valid grounds for laying the accusation of first giving cause for distrust at nature's door. Into the lives of even the most sheltered city dwellers have come sudden savageries of hers—all inhabitants of the northeastern United States will long remember the "blizzards" of 1888 and 1889—which fairly bear out the contention that the divergence from her ways, now one of his most deeply rooted instincts—the tendency which drives man to his fellows (one might almost call it the "city impulse") probably received its initial impetus in his mind from some overt treachery on the part of his former friend and benefactor. It is easy enough to imagine how primeval man may have lost his confidence. Perhaps it was merely a stiff joint or a rheumatic twinge after sleeping under the stars that drove him to the nearest cave; possibly his first experience of a cold, drenching rainstorm was sufficient to make him realize the necessity for a shelter against a certain relentlessness in nature; or some more serious onslaught of weather or wild beast may have first sown the seeds of distrust. That "nature never did betray the heart that loved her" may be true in a certain sense; but it predicates a heart capable of rising superior to body's plaints. If man ever was in absolute accord with nature it was inevitable, under any conditions of which we can now conceive, that such perfect amity should be but short-lived; and the aggressor was surely the stronger member of the pact.

The evidences that the primal, blessed condition has not remained to us are to be found in every department of man's activity. The most ardent nature-lover of whom later generations have any record, he who had beheld the bed of virgin pond lilies "unfolding in due succession as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower," did not venture to commit himself entirely to her mercies. He cut himself loose from society, but he had a hut by his beloved Walden. It is significant to find a Hawthorne declaring that "Nature has no kindness, no hospitality, during a rain"—and the sturdiest downpour is hardly an adequate measure of her capacity for ill. Indeed, one can trace not only the instinct of self-preservation but an active resentment in "civilized" man's attitude; and, as is true with all resentments, the reaction equals the action. It is but natural and fitting that he should recognize those inhospitalities and provide retreats against them, but it is certainly no small loss to have nature practically eliminated from his life. And this is growing more and more true each generation. A hundred years ago the United States (a good example as being a country lately new to civilization) contained less than four million people, of which number less than a thirtieth lived in cities. To-day the population has increased many fold, yet the ratio of city dwellers is ten times as great: of seventy millions, twenty million have gathered together in towns of more than ten thousand each. It would be difficult to find a more striking indication of man's utter rejection of nature than this fact: that of all the men and women in

some millions of square miles, one seventh pass the larger part of their lives crowded into spaces which would not aggregate altogether one thousand square miles. They are encamped in a hostile land, making common cause against the enemy, dreading an outbreak if they become separated.

Certainly, where men thus gather themselves together they do free themselves from those primeval dangers. The heart of the city is man's sure fortress and stronghold. Small chance has nature for even her most amicable manifestations through asphalt-sheeted streets, bordered by flagged pavements and shadowed by monstrous stone and iron office-buildings. Within these box-like cells, tier upon tier, thousands of men work, year after year, under the glare of the electric light or looking out upon the narrow cañon between their hive and the next. Not one green hint of nature is ever visible here. Where she is permitted a foothold within the city limits, in the scanty parks and squares, she always seems of dejected mien; she is a captive gracing her conqueror's triumph. The half-starved roots of the trees, weighted down with a cement mausoleum, thirstily stretch out their fibrous arms after the chance tricklings of moisture that sink down beside the bole; do they in desperation rear upward convulsively till they burst their encasing stone and gain a crack through which they can secure breath and nourishment, they but hasten their undoing; for their master can be relentless in his turn, and in his own domain he brooks no interference with his established ways. Still do they sublimely struggle against every mischance. Noxious gases and stifling dust-and-cinder breezes clog them from above: patiently they wait for the cleansing and revivifying rain; city diseases and swarming insects attack their already enfeebled frames: unable even to beg for assistance, they silently endure until the evil shall have advanced enough to arrest the attention of their unobservant guardians.

The little grass-blades behold their more exposed comrades, hemmed in by stone copings and trodden down by children's feet, calmly dying, yet putting a brave face on it till the very end—when they are spaded up and carted away to make room for fresh victims. With not only courage but with unfailing serenity does nature lead each fresh forlorn hope. Change the asphalt merely to cobblestones, and let only a hundred vehicles instead of ten thousand pass over them every day, and lo! the tender shoots of grass push their way up between the stones with absolutely irresistible gentleness. The battle of life may go against them but it will not be until they have done their utmost. The cut flowers in the florists' shops, carefully brought to perfection out of season to last an evening at some human festivity, with the garbage barrel lying on the other side of the lights and silver and gaiety, lose no whit of their beauty or fragrance at the realization of their fate; delicate violets and lilies and tall roses suffer themselves to be handled by greasy-fingered aliens, and, with the exhaling of their powers, are thrown to the stones and trampled underfoot, all uncomplainingly. Nature in the city is forever making the best of man's hard conditions.

Well may she be contained: the greater loss is not hers. What do these hurrying black-coats, feverish, anxious, excited, downcast, elate, tense, despairing, determined—everything but calm; dodging cars, bowing, smirking, ogling, driving to clubs—what do they know of her profounder and more intimate delights? They are not even aware that they are but half men; there are tens of thousands among them who never beheld the simplest of her daily miracles, through contemplation of which the mind is drawn from earth, each time along lines that converge in a conception of Omnipotence; whose souls have never beheld the glories of the heavens mirrored in the first purple-blue hepatica, shyly unfolding till it makes of the brown leaves and the massive trees and the far-stretching hillside but a background and a frame to its own perfection; who have never felt the thrill of the human creator, transforming, by nature's unobtrusive aid, a tiny, hard, brown seed into a

gorgeous outburst of flowers. So far are they from all this, so shriveled is the original nature-love which is every man's birthright, that such joys would cause no quickening of their pulse. Tense nerves suddenly released need much slow adjustment before they can vibrate in true unison with nature's homely manifestations. To a soul fed on light opera and variety shows there is naught in the sight of a yellow-billed, ruddy-breasted robin, ruffling his feathers comfortably against the soft spring rain, as he sits overhead amid the full red-pink efflorescence of the awakening maples, and *chirreep-chirreeping* as if his little heart swelled with thoughts too lofty for a small bird's utterance.

In fact, your true "cit" not only fails to take any pleasure in these every-day rusticities—he is apt to have an active dislike and scorn for them. "Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert," lisps Sir Fopling Flutter. "Oh, law!" simpers Mrs. Malapert, "what should I do in the country? There's no levees, no Mall, no plays, no tea at Siam's, no Hyde Park." "I confess," remarks a writer of the most sincere and thorough literary and artistic culture, "I like to be where there's a drug-store on the corner, street-cars running by—and people."

Here it is in a nutshell, promulgated as far back as Aristotle: "To live alone man must be either a god or a beast." And by both him and profound John Locke: "Man is by nature a political animal"; and again, "God, having made man such a creature that in His own judgment it was not good for him to be alone, put him under strong obligations of necessity, convenience, and inclination, to drive him into society, as well as fitted him with understanding and language to continue and enjoy it."

A thoroughly impregnable position. But is it not equally true that God, having made man such a creature that in His own judgment it was not good for him to know nothing but his fellow man, placed him in a world where he is surrounded by nature's miraculous and inspiring manifestations, and endowed him with observation and understanding that in the presence of her simple dignity he might continually renew his pristine innocence and his native aspirations?

Let us confess at the outset that we are neither gods nor beasts, and that solitude is not for us; but this does not necessitate absolutely uninterrupted companionship. It is a truism that truth tends to the center and is rarely found at the extremes. No man is rounded enough to isolate himself for any length of time from his fellows—nor is any society of men capable of cutting loose from all but human fellowship without a gradual retrogression. Man looks level at his fellow man; it is necessary for him to return to the Source and wonder; to slant his gaze upward through the interlacing tree-tops; to cool his heart in the profound serenities that lurk beneath the boscage. Perfect health, of mind or body, is hardly a product of unadulterated city life. Brilliancy, achievement, strenuous activity—these are easily to be discovered; but the calm, patient, balanced temperament does not thrive in this atmosphere.

These men with the atrophied nature-instinct, however, have gained a certain facile quickness which makes them despise anything else. Is there any subject upon which our comic papers have so glutted themselves as the woes of the suburban resident? Can one who is in the thick of city activities refrain from a certain condescension in regarding a country friend? "A fine fellow, solid and substantial. But a little uncouth; talks of crops, and of course behind the times, cut off as he is up there."

Now there can be no question that any one separated from his fellows is unfortunate in many respects: the best of art and literature and many more priceless treasures are denied him. But it is surely a nice question if the first bluebird's song, or the heavenly spring morning-chorus that interweaves its melodies with waking dreams, be not a fair equivalent for a Philharmonic; if any temperamental presentation of a landscape can outweigh to another temperament its own perception of what is most

vital to it in a succession of momently changing landscapes by the First of Painters; or if the knowledge that the skunk-cabbages have braved the departing winter be not as important as that a sausage-maker is being tried for boiling his wife, or that some political scoundrels are devising new methods of pilfering the general treasury, or that the country is about to go to war with some other country.

A little reflection makes man's arrogant claims for his own institutions and inventions and achievements seem ludicrous enough. It is the conceit of a pupil toward his teacher, a teacher, too, whose simplest productions may well be his despair. Hawthorne's summer squashes (with their "endless diversity of urns and vases, shallow or deep, scalloped or plain, molded in patterns which a sculptor would do well to copy, since art has never invented anything more graceful") can be paralleled in any garden. It is the very universality and generosity of nature which makes her seem cheap to the superficial eye.

That modicum of nature which does come into the lives of many reaches them in print! Yet one day spent in her presence is worth far more than any book that could be written about her—be it by ever so ardent and keen-sighted a worshiper—for the limitations of black type and white paper are nowhere more apparent. It is a weighty responsibility to substitute the "education" that makes our children hollow-chested, near-sighted, and self-conscious for a curriculum which includes a lion's share of outdoor life. Nor is that an adequate country life in which each family is located on a hundred-foot lot, where the level green sward is suddenly terminated by the neighbor's clothes-line and the week's wash. They are closer to nature here than they were in the brick rows, yet any real knowledge of her is no more to be expected. These are bound to the city by many ties and do not leave it behind them any more than the summer boarder does: the railroad has merely extended the city limits.

It is the railroad which has been man's most efficient weapon in this contest. By its aid he has been enabled to maintain his hold upon widely separated tracts in the heart of the enemy's land; the great towns have cast out radiating tentacles of railroads and absorbed everything in their vicinity. This it is which has made possible that intermediate, sub-urban condition, developing into city at one end while the outer edges creep still further outward, until there is a tremendous area in this transition stage. From this the stream of humanity pulses daily down to the most congested centers and out again—to be re-oxygenized at least. Where town begins to shade off into country, along the skirmish-line as it were, is a vantage ground from which many phases of this ceaseless battle may be observed. The houses get to be of two and three stories instead of four or five, and the gigantic office-buildings dwindle into small stores, with occasional open lots, on which still crouch the original rock-founded shanties of squatters, once unmolested as taking something of no value. Square upon square of flat houses cover the ground, each backing up against a well-like court. The only trees the inhabitants of these know are the rows of gaunt, straight-stemmed poles, which support the successive strata of clothes-line pulleys in the wider yards. Strange foliage these pallid forest kings now bear; and more pitiable even than their fate is that of those human beings whose daily outlook they constitute. What must be the mental influence upon a child brought up in a "flat" where this is the rear prospect, while in the front and level with the window roar a hundred trains a day, and the whole side of the house flaunts a liver pill or porous plaster advertisement in monstrous yellow, red, and blue letters? There are all too many who live and move and have their being under these or worse conditions.

Further on one comes upon evidences of actual conflict. The eye is held by the incongruity of a staring yellow-white pile of "six-room, steam-heated flats" next door to a quaint, little, brown frame cottage, whose backyard is entirely filled with row upon row of trellises, over which clambers a

luxuriant growth of grapevine. Some distance beyond stands what was once a country mansion. The railroad has lopped the estate in two, barely missing the house itself, which rests against the stone embankment and trembles at every passing train. In front, an extended street, coadjutor of the iron rails, has cut it off from three fourths of its former lawn. A lattice summer-house, of unusual and old-fashioned design, sits on the grass, bare and denuded of its leafy shelter, desolately contrasting its present forlorn state with the romantic outlook so well remembered. Near by, a Winged Mercury, green with dampness and neglect, stands as of yore; but the inspiriting buoyancy of the pose only serves to heighten the general depressing effect. In front, too, is the fountain from whose curving swan's neck the water used to plash in the basin below through the hot summer evenings. The tall pines that shaded a velvety expanse of lawn now wave above old bottles and tin cans, stray rags and shoes, bits of paper, loose boards, ashes, and stones. The house itself, a blackened and defaced "For Sale" sign tagged to it like a blind beggar's card, looks vacantly out from its broken windows; its paint is cracked and weather-stained, its steps have crumbled away at one end, and gaping holes are visible in its sides. Close to the fence leans a wheelwright's shed, the great disorderly pile of old iron and boards well matching the general ruin; at the other fence a machine-shop rattles and rolls and clanks and pounds and belches forth clouds of thick yellow smoke upon the prospect. The old mansion has passed from Arcadian simplicity and quiet to an Inferno of desolation.

To such a state of helpless decrepitude does the city reduce its prey ere it finally devours and assimilates it.

Still further out the houses and the fields change places, the former becoming the landmarks while the open stretches are the rule. And presently, with the exception of an occasional village to evidence the vigor and prevalence of the city virus, man's domain becomes restricted to the road-bed on which lie the straight, shining, mathematically parallel tracks. Here in particular can be observed the indefatigable quality which so often astonishes one in nature. A railroad is an essentially artificial, a hopelessly unbeautiful and utilitarian product of man's ingenuity.

The undulating surface of the country has been reduced to a prosaic level along its route: where a hill intervened, a gash through the heart of it; where some stream trickled along in ambuscade at the foot of a hollow, a causeway of great boulders and earth and masonry, with a pipe at the bottom to carry off the water. Yet before these earthen sides are stable and past the settling stage their bareness is somewhat concealed by a crop of green weeds and grass, sparse at first, but gaining in vigor each season. Over the jagged rocks in the cuts the mosses and lichens stretch, while little clumps of ferns avail themselves of every vantage ground. Everywhere is the effort to relieve and hide what is crude. When man in his wisdom erects a great straddling trestle on which the timber riven from the heart of the forest stares naked, harsh, and yellow-red, it is but a few weeks before the wind and rain, those incomparable artists in the handling of neutral tints, have toned this down to an elusive gray that melts away into the winter-woods hues in the background; even a brick or stone building will be overspread, give it but half a chance, with some cool vine, while on the wooden ones the weather decorators are ever busy; and even those last barbarities which defy the most earnest and continued ministrations are at times blotted out in a veil of mist or snow. It is these enchanters alone who can better for a time the unspeakable advertising signs with which man proclaims his own degeneracy—vulgarities in flaming colors that form no inconsiderable portion of the view within miles of every great city.

But, happily, this fringe of human encroachment is but a fringe. Behind are the everlasting hills, their streams and forests and undergrowth. Sweeping close up to the right-of-way fences along the railroad line are the ever-varied fields and groves and

thickets, inviting to comradeship and friendly intercourse, and offering perpetual proof that nature's occasional severities have been much magnified in human minds.

Turn off into the woods here where the pink-white birches gleam above a black ice-locked pool. It is midwinter; New England and December—the very combination of vocables strikes a chill to the heart of your cave-dweller in his city flat. His fancy at once portrays all of bleakness, all of frozen inertness and mortal desolation that has ever come into his experience. Bleakness! where a whole hillside slopes down dotted with sturdy green ferns that hold their heads bravely above the last snow; inertness! when the laurel in yonder ravine is as fresh and glossy as it was last summer; desolation! when you may, if your acquaintance be so intimate, scrape aside the snow and dead leaves from the heads of a purple-backed, dull-green cluster of hepatica leaves, far down at the base of whose fuzzy stems is plainly discernible the sheathed and swathed bud which but waits the sun's kiss to cast off these wrappings and peer mildly out at the quickening world. Take it up carefully, with plenty of its own soil about its roots, and give it the warmth of the house—and you may have spring flowers on Christmas Day, so surely and speedily does the little plant respond to the kindness.

The summer visitor who opens his country house the first of June misses many most enticing aspects. Indeed, it takes an earnest nature-seeker to penetrate her coverts in the hot weather at the risk of much bodily distress from gnats and mosquitoes. The first timid signs of spring are much more attractive. Here it is, still February, yet along the stream edges there gleams already a pale freshness, a delicate, new green which is as eloquent as the violin whispers that open one of Wagner's music tempests. The sun is warm on the southern slopes but the trailing vines and twigs are ice-sheeted for a foot above the water and sway to and fro with the current—glittering pendants that end in a flaring ice-bell where they brush the stream; the whole so delicate that touch is its destruction.

Along the edges of the brook zigzag fragments of ice still cling, lined and cross-lined in patterns of intricate design which heighten their fragile and evanescent appearance. On a round, stiff-necked boulder, thrusting itself forward against the brawling little brook, the club-moss grows thickly. As the drops splash from a miniature cascade just above, they rain down a coating of ice upon moss and stone alike, the tiny branches of the former giving a peculiar, knobby look to the little ice-pinnacles through which the sun-rays strike a glint of palest sea-green. The drops falling on the bare stone form a smooth covering. Beneath it successive spatterings trickle and wriggle along, marking the interlacing veins and giving by their constant and eccentric movement an aspect of life to the whole.

Below this boulder the water has scooped out a pocket in the sand, in which it rests quietly a few minutes before resuming its downward journey, and a foot below the surface, shining against the bottom, are the white fibrous roots and bright green leaves of a marsh marigold, which will irradiate the whole glen with its cheerful yellow flowers some months later. Not far away, the mottled tip of a skunk-cabbage protrudes cautiously above the surface of the water—green and bronze and brown and orange—merely biding its time until it be assured of spring's seriousness. On a great overhanging rock the moss and ferns lie like an emerald covering, the moisture making a perfect garden of this properly barren granite. Around are the tall trees, whose dignity and beauty of careless design would stand comparison with any refinements of premeditated architecture that man has ingeniously developed from his first nature imitations.

Were it not for timorous body this might seem to be a sufficient life, to dwell here amid such beauty until the memory of rows of brownstone fronts should be but a dream. Yet it is decreed that for his utmost development man requires nature *and* man; either alone is insufficient. The conflict we have followed has largely deprived him of the former; to regain this, his inalienable heritage, he has but to realize his need.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.*

Filipinos Weakening.

The first sign of weakening on the part of the Filipino army occurred the last week in April, directly after the capture of Calumpit, which the native army was then occupying as its capital. After General McArthur had taken Malolos, it will be remembered, the American army suspended operations for a time, giving rise to the report that there would be no more fighting until the rainy season was over—that is, until fall. But it was only the pause before a forward movement even more aggressive than before. General Lawton began a march to the northeast with a large body of troops to turn the

COL. FREDERICK FUNSTON.
Of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers in the Philippines.

Filipino flank, while General McArthur attacked the native front with irresistible vigor. The Filipinos continued their previous tactics of retreating, until Calumpit was reached. There they intrenched themselves, with the Rio Grande, or Great River, which they thought impassable, between them and our forces. But they had forgotten Col. Frederick Funston, of the Twentieth Kansas, who had already distinguished himself on two previous occasions by leading his men across rivers and dislodging the enemy, and had been the hero of innumerable skirmishes and small engagements. With a small force he tried to cross the river at night and take the enemy by surprise, but was detected, so he decided to cross in the daytime. Two of his men, White and Trembly, swam the river with a rope, which they made fast on the opposite shore, Funston and his men ferried themselves across on rafts, charged the native works, and Calumpit was taken. This discouraged the Filipinos, and the next day the peace envoys appeared. Other discouragements were also showing the natives the folly of prolonging the fight. The natives in the north of the island, hereditary foes of the Tagals, were harassing the rear of Aguinaldo's army, while other native tribes on the east were aiding Lawton in his flanking movement, and were bringing in Filipino prisoners every day. In short, Aguinaldo's force was surrounded, and a graceful surrender seemed the best way out of the dilemma. General Otis refused their request that the native congress be allowed to make negotiations, sending back the reply that he recognized no authority in the islands other than that of the United States. The natives were given to understand plainly, however, that in case of surrender they would be treated with the utmost generosity and consideration. General Otis' proposal of surrender was not accepted, and fighting was then resumed, but with the prospect of an early triumph for the American arms. The losses of our troops in the Philippines from August 6 to May 8 were as follows: killed, 222; died of wounds, 63; died of disease, 299; total deaths, 584; wounded, 1,283; missing, 16; grand total, 1,883.

*This department, together with the book "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

Pamphlets Denied the Mails. Something of a ripple on the stream of colonial expansion was stirred up the first week in May when the postmaster-general issued an order to the postmaster at San Francisco, directing him to take out of the mails for Manila all copies of some anti-imperialistic pamphlets from the pen of Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston. Mr. Atkinson, it seems, had written three pamphlets opposed to the government's policy of subduing the Philippine natives and, in fact, against all war, as criminal. He mailed a few of these to Admiral Dewey, General Otis, and half a dozen other officers of high rank at Manila, and wrote to Washington for lists of the other officers and privates,

C. N. E. ELIOT.
England's Commissioner to Samoa.

saying that he wanted to send them copies of his pamphlets. The cabinet discussed Mr. Atkinson's request and decided the pamphlets would have a tendency to encourage the rebelling natives in their resistance, deter the neutral ones from declaring for American rule, and create insubordination among our own troops. Mr. Atkinson admitted that the latter effect would follow if the soldiers accepted his theories. He has sent no pamphlets to the private soldiers, however, and as the San Francisco postmaster has taken out of the mails the tracts addressed to General Otis and Admiral Dewey, there is no longer any danger that they will be led to mutiny.

Court of Inquiry's Report. The report of the military court of inquiry which investigated the charges made by General Miles, who characterized the refrigerated beef issued to the army as "embalmed," was made public Sunday, May 7, by the president, who approved and signed it. The court (Maj.-Gen. James F. Wade presiding) reports that the refrigerated beef was not treated with chemicals, as claimed, and that any defects in it were due to improper handling after it had been delivered by the contractors; it criticizes General Miles for making charges not supported by evidence. The "canned roast beef" is found by the court to be good beef, but not to be recommended as a continuous ration for the soldiers. If any spoiled, it was due, the court says, to the climate. The illness of the troops, too, is attributed to the climate, bad water, too much fruit, etc., but not to the beef. Both kinds of beef, then, the refrigerated and the canned, are given a certificate of good character by the court, although the canned beef, the court says, should not be eaten every day. General Miles is thus criticized for making an unfounded charge; but the court also criticizes him for delaying his complaint until December 21, when he appeared before the War Investigating Commission. The report records the fact that he sent in a complaint on July 20, which in some way failed to reach Secretary Alger, and a request on August 3 for better beef, which was disregarded, yet criticizes him as above. Commissary-General Eagan is severely censured for buying 7,000,000 pounds of the canned roast beef, which was unsanctioned and untried as an army ration. The court says that his action was "a colossal error, for which there is no palliation." Other officers are censured, without being named, for failure to transport the beef properly and to protect it from the weather, and for failure

FREIHERR SPECK VON STERNBERG.
Germany's Commissioner to Samoa.

BARTLETT TRIPP.
The United States' Commissioner to Samoa.

to report promptly on any beef that was found unfit for use. The report criticizes General Shafter for failing to unload a refrigerating plant at Santiago, as requested by the contractor's agent, to preserve the refrigerated beef. The court concluded by expressing the opinion that the criticisms in the report are sufficient punishment for the officers at fault, and recommends that no further action against any of them be taken. General Miles was immediately asked by the reporters to give his opinion of the report, but his only reply was, "I have nothing to say. I have no comment, criticism, or statement to make in this matter. I was, and am now, actuated solely by the consideration of the health, lives, and integrity of the army. My duty is done." Although the court pronounced the beef good, the Germans have taken the liberty of drawing their own conclusions from the testimony, and it is reported that Germany will pass inspection laws so rigid as practically to exclude American meats from entering that country.

Honors and Indiscretions.

Rear-Admiral Albert Kautz of the United States cruiser *Philadelphia* (although said to have been warned concerning boastful expressions in letters which have been made public) is the man of the hour at Samoa. He insisted that the decision of Chief Justice Chambers should be respected, and together with the British naval commander at Apia he is holding the rebellious natives in check until the arrival and decision of the commissioners, who have been appointed by the interested nations to settle the dispute over the succession to the throne of the islands. The British commissioner is C. N. E. Eliot, formerly secretary of the British embassy at Washington. The German commissioner is Freiherr Speck von Sternberg, consul of the German legation at Washington, while the United States is represented by Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, ex-United States minister to Austria.

Another man about whom we have heard a good deal during the past month is Capt. J. B. Coghlan, in command of the cruiser *Raleigh*, which recently returned from Philippine waters. Captain Coghlan and his men received a number of ovations at New York, as the *Raleigh* was in the thick of the fight at Manila, and is the only vessel of Admiral Dewey's fleet which has so far returned to this country. At a banquet of the Union League Club, when in the heat of convivi-

ality, Captain Coghlan referred enthusiastically to Admiral Dewey's treatment of the Germans after the battle of Manila Bay, and he recited, amid tremendous applause, how Dewey had threatened war upon the Germans if they continued to violate the laws of the blockade of the harbor. He also recited a comic poem, at the expense of the German emperor, current among the officers and sailors of the fleets. Captain Coghlan being a United States naval officer, such telling tales out of school, though pleasing to national vanity, would seem to be injudicious, to say the least. The newspapers took the matter up and there was talk of serious misunderstanding with Germany over alleged disrespect to the kaiser. The German embassy even went so far as to protest against the speech of Captain Coghlan and the secretary of the navy issued a mild rebuke to that officer. The matter was thus passed over without any serious consequences.

Diplomacy and Administration. The resumption of diplomatic relations between Spain and the United States is marked by the transfer of Mr. Bellamy Storer from his post as minister to Belgium to represent us at Madrid. Mr. Storer was a member of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses from the state of Ohio and served on the Committee of Foreign Affairs before being appointed to diplomatic service. Spain sends to the United States the Duke d'Arcos, formerly Spanish minister to Mexico and at one time attached to the Spanish legation in Washington. He leaves the post of under secretary of state for foreign affairs (which is taken by ex-minister to the United States, Señor Dupuy de Lome) to come to Washington. His wife, an American, whose maiden name was Miss Lowery, is said to have been wooed in vain by Admiral George Dewey.

Admiral Watson has been ordered to Manila as second in command of our Asiatic fleet, presumably preliminary to Admiral Dewey's recall from his arduous service to needed rest at home. Brig.-Gen. George W. Davis, a member of the military court of inquiry, has been appointed to succeed Gen. Guy V. Henry as governor-general of Puerto Rico. In Cuba departments of military administration have been reduced to five, and payment of the Cuban army at the rate of $75 for each non-commissioned officer and private is in progress.

Political Notes. A New York City law firm has announced that Thomas B. Reed will become a partner upon his return from a European trip, resigning his seat in Congress for this purpose. The generally accepted explanation for Mr. Reed's retirement from a congressional service of twenty-two years, including occupancy of the speaker's chair in the House during three Congresses, is that he finds it necessary to turn to business pursuits in order to make provision for his family. Mr. Reed is nearly sixty years of age and one of the

CAPT. J. B. COGHLAN.

most forceful figures in the political life of our day. His reforms of procedure in the conduct of the business of the House of Representatives have been acknowledged to be of the highest public value, although when inaugurated opposition was unusually bitter.

DUKE D' ARCOS.
Spanish Minister to United States.

The last of the state legislatures to elect a United States senator was that of Florida; the successful candidate was James P. Taliaferro, president of the First National Bank of Tampa, who has been chairman of the Democratic state committee, but who has never before been a candidate for office.

California, Utah, Delaware, and Pennsylvania legislatures failed to elect United States senators. The contest in Pennsylvania attracted widest attention by reason of Senator M. S. Quay's hard fight for re-election. Incidental to the deadlock bribery charges were reported by a legislative committee, and the legislature adjourned before the trial of Mr. Quay on a charge of conspiracy to misuse state funds through a defunct Philadelphia bank had ended. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal, whereupon Governor Stone immediately appointed Mr. Quay to succeed himself. Precedents are against the seating of Mr. Quay, or similar appointees by the governors of the other states where there has been failure to elect. Discussion of the necessity of electing senators by popular vote or at least nominating them by primaries is again rife.

Negro Lynchings. Two lynchings of more than ordinary barbarity in Georgia the last week in April, two court decisions on lynching, and an unusual number of negro murders of less note have opened up again the general discussion of the killing of negroes without trial. On Saturday, April 22, the jury in the United States Circuit Court at Charleston, S. C., trying the men charged with killing Postmaster Baker (colored) at Lake City, S. C., in February last year, failed to agree upon a verdict. The next day Sam Hose, a negro accused of murder and rape, was horribly mutilated and burned to death near Palmetto, Ga., and later in the same day, "Lige" Strickland, the negro preacher whom Hose had accused of complicity in his crime, was hanged in the same neighborhood, despite his protests of innocence and the protests of his employer. These particular lynchings took on the nature of a public jollification, crowds making regular excursions to the spot where the bodies hung, afterward cutting them up and distributing pieces as souvenirs. Several other lynchings of a less sensational nature about the same time, including the shooting of eight negroes at Palmetto, for alleged incendiarism, have added to the feeling for and against lynching, and it is thought that one result of the increasing atrocity of these crimes may be seen in the disagreement at the Lake City trial, which is the first trial in which a South Carolina jury has failed to acquit the prisoners in a lynching case. The South Carolina Supreme Court has also just handed down a decision supporting the anti-lynching law, which awards damages of not less than

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS.
The New Governor-General of Puerto Rico.

$2,000 to the living representatives of the victim, to be paid by the county in which the lynching occurs. An encouraging sign is seen in the fact that the better classes of the South are beginning to be loud in their condemnation of lynching. The more important newspapers are emphatic in their disapproval. A number of them do not defend lynching, but present a vivid picture of the revolting crime of which the negro is usually accused, and beg their readers to keep that scene in mind when passing judgment on the lynchers. The *Atlanta Constitution*, perhaps the most representative paper of the South, declares that the problem would be solved if the better ninety-five per cent of the negroes would deliver negro criminals to justice instead of harboring them, as they do now, and if the better ninety-five per cent of the whites would always require good references from the negroes whom they employ.

HON. BELLAMY STORER.
United States Minister to Spain.

Peace Conference. The international peace conference suggested by Russia and called to meet at The Hague, May 18, promised to bring together a remarkable assemblage of national representatives. The United States sent a delegation of distinguished men, as already noted in these columns. Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to the United States, headed the British delegation. M. de Staal, Russian ambassador at London and a veteran diplomat, at the head of the Russian delegation, was expected to preside. In view of the more or less flippant and sarcastic comment on the proposal of this conference by the czar, it is worth while to note the best current epitome of what he actually proposes to submit to the conference:

1. No increase of military or naval armaments to take place for a specified time, nor an increase of the budget for such purposes.
2. Plans for the actual decrease of existing armaments to be discussed.
3. New arms and military engines, more effective than those in use at present, to be prohibited.
4. The use of destructive explosives to be limited, no balloons or similar inventions to be employed in throwing explosives.
5. The use of submarine vessels as torpedo-boats to be prohibited.
6. No more vessels to be built for ramming.
7. The Convention of Geneva to be applied in maritime warfare as well as on land.
8. Vessels used to save life after a battle at sea to be declared neutral.
9. The stipulations of the Brussels Conference to be revised in accordance with modern tactics.
10. To adopt some rules for arbitration in all cases where arbitration is possible.

Anglo-Russian Agreement. Beyond the Philippines in the far East, the international atmosphere has been cleared, for the time being at least, by an Anglo-Russian agreement concerning policies regarding China. In substance the terms of this agreement, as made public last month, delimit the Russian sphere of influence in the region north of the Great Wall and fix the boundary of the British sphere of influence below the Yang-tse-kiang. Between these two regions lies the great "Middle Kingdom" of China, whose integrity is apparently guaranteed for an indefinite period. Thus diplomacy

has assured a period of peace between the two greatest rivals in the partitioning of China, and Lord Beresford's plan of alliance, in some sort, between Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and the United States against Russian designs in the far East has been discarded for the agreement negotiated by the Salisbury government. It is considered of importance to this country that this agreement declares against any infringement of existing treaties, which is interpreted to mean that in both the Russian and British spheres of influence, the United States is to enjoy the trade privileges of an "open door" without diplomatic entanglements; as for the Middle Kingdom itself our treaties contain the "most favored nation" clause. Following the agreement with France regarding Africa, referred to in this department last month, this convention with Russia constitutes another notable diplomatic achievement, staving off the day of European clashing of arms.

RICHARD CROKER.

Richard Croker, Boss.

A committee of the New York State legislature charged with investigating the administration of government in New York City last month put Richard Croker, his chief personal deputy, and his son and his nephew on the witness stand. Mr. Croker testified that he was practically the head of the Tammany organization and the city officiary now in power. His deputy, Mr. Carroll, described the situation by saying that what Mr. Croker says, goes. Mr. Croker frankly defended the spoils system as the basis of political organization, insisting, however, that he never took a cent of the city's money. His idea was that "when we win everybody stands by us." He thought that judges should select clerks and referees favorable to the organization. He testified that he made about $30,000 a year from real estate transactions turned over through the courts to the firm of which he is a member. As to other relations with various contracting and business concerns doing city work, Mr. Croker refused to answer on the ground that it was "private business." From the testimony of Mr. Croker's son and nephew, it developed that the young men were given salaried positions in certain companies for the purpose of obtaining the Croker pull, and that in the case of the Building Department, the employment of young Mr. Croker was followed by such changes of required specifications that the company with which he was connected was practically given a monopoly of certain kinds of construction. Mr. Croker attempted to break the force of the investigation by declaring that Mr. Platt's law firm was at the bottom of the greatest corruption in

M. DE STAAL.
To Preside at the Czar's Conference.

connection with the control of city affairs through the legislature at Albany. Mr. Croker's admissions (he is to be called again according to program)—admissions from one who holds no political office but

THE LATE REV. CHARLES H. PAYNE, D.D.

who does hold reins of power tremendous to contemplate—have given currency to the apt phrase of "municipal feudalism" as characteristic of the union of business with politics under the lead of a worshipful boss.

Obituary. By the will of Baroness Hirsch, widow of the late Baron Maurice Hirsch, the bulk of a fortune estimated at $125,000,000 is bequeathed to education and charitable purposes in various parts of the world. The baron before his death endowed schools in Galicia with $2,000,000; offered $10,000,000 to Russian schools provided there be no distinction of race or religion in them; gave $15,000,000 to charities in 1891, and began to help Russian Jewish emigrants to the United States by a gift of $2,500,000 in 1892. The baroness continued the active support of Jewish education and aids to self-help during her life, giving generously to establish the Hirsch foundation for Hebrew charities in New York City and bequeathing a share to this work which alone exceeds many benefactions which have been more talked about.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Payne, most widely known as secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on Friday, May 5. After several important pastorates, Dr. Payne served as president of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, and he left successful work there to become secretary of the important general Board of Education of the church, in which position he labored efficiently for eleven years. Dr. Payne was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881, and at several General Conferences received a number of votes for the office of bishop.

Sir Monier Monier-Williams, of the University of Oxford, famous as a Sanskrit scholar, died on April 11. Eli Thayer, the central figure of the famous Kansas crusade, died on April 15 at the age of eighty years; the Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Roman Catholic bishop of Columbus, died on April 17. John R. Sweeney, of Chester,

THE LATE BARONESS HIRSCH.

Pa., author of many popular hymns and a sweet singer whose voice led the singing at Ocean Grove, Round Lake, and other Assemblies, died on April 10, at the age of sixty-two.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 10).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Footprints of Famous Americans in London."

Second Week (ending June 17).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Drug Trade in the United States."

Third Week (ending June 24).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Some Spring Birds."

"The Intolerable Light."

Fourth Week (ending July 1).

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Microbes in the Household."

"The English at Home."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR JUNE.

First Week.

1. General Review—"Europe in the Nineteenth Century."
2. A Paper—Present political conditions in Europe.
3. Historical Study—European revolutions of the nineteenth century.
4. Geographical Study—The political divisions of Europe.
5. Table Talk—Foreign news of the week.

Second Week.

1. A Paper—A history of the most common drugs.
2. Essay—England as a continental power.
3. A Paper—The Normans and the conquest of England.
4. A Paper—England as a civilizer.
5. Essay—The relation between the British government and the United States.

Third Week.

1. Book Review—"Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century."
2. A Paper—Customs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
3. Table Talk—Personal observations of birds and their habits.
4. General Review—Geological definitions.
5. A Paper—A geological history of the neighborhood.

Fourth Week.

1. A Paper—Industrial conditions in England and America.
2. A Paper—The evolution of the English drama.
3. A Study—The novel of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
4. A Paper—The great English essayists.
5. General Discussion—The microbe question.

SYLLABUS OF C. L. S. C. READING.

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

I.—"FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AMERICANS IN LONDON."

1. A visit to the Tower (pp. 211–212).
2. At the Church of All Hallows Barking (p. 212).
3. The Church of St. Olave (p. 212).
4. In Irving's path (p. 212).
5. Traces of the Harvards (pp. 212–213).
6. In the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and Guild-hall (pp. 213–214).
7. A short excursion northward (p. 214).
8. Scene of Franklin's labor (p. 214).
9. Tomb of Capt. John Smith (p. 214).
10. Traces of Penn and Beecher (p. 215).
11. More footprints of Franklin, Penn, and Raleigh (pp. 215–216).
12. In the Abbey (pp. 216–217).
13. In Lambeth Place and vicinity (p. 217).
14. The neighborhood of Piccadilly (p. 217).
15. Poe in London (p. 217).

II.—"THE DRUG TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES."

1. Importance of the trade (p. 217).
2. What the trade includes (p. 218).
3. The crude products (pp. 218–220).
   (1) Sources of supply.
   (2) Destination.
   (3) Varieties of drugs and chemicals.
   (4) Value of imports and exports.
   (5) Markets.
   (6) Ginseng trade.

(7) Prices.
(8) Quinine and opium trade.
(9) Other standard drugs.
4. The manufacture of chemicals (pp. 220–221).
(1) Centers of manufacture.
(2) Heavy chemical output.
(3) Coal-tar synthetics.
(4) Other artificial preparations.
(5) Patent medicines.
5. Retail business (p. 221).
6. A prophecy (p. 221).

III.—"SOME SPRING BIRDS."

1. The bluebird (pp. 222–223).
(1) Characteristics.
(2) Migration.
(3) The song.
(4) Nest-hunting.
(5) Fighting propensity.
(6) Eyesight.
(7) Care for the family.
(8) In the autumn.
2. The crow-blackbird (pp. 223–224).
(1) Arrival.
(2) His song.
(3) His character.
(4) His disposition.
(5) Companions.
(6) A bad tendency.
(7) Departure.
3. The meadow-lark (pp. 224–225).
(1) Time of arrival.
(2) Time and place of singing.
(3) Place of nesting.
(4) Traits of character.
(5) Exercise.
(6) The home.
(7) In late summer.
4. The house-wren (pp. 225–226).
(1) Place of nesting.
(2) Arrival.
(3) Energy and curiosity.
(4) The song.
(5) Disposition.
(6) Nest-building.
(7) Departure.

IV.—"THE INTOLERABLE LIGHT."

1. Personality of Jesus (p. 226).
2. Two opinions about Jesus (p. 226).
3. A New Testament without Christ the Redeemer (pp. 226–227).
4. New Testament teaching on moral evil (pp. 227-228).
(1) The source of evil.
(2) Its secret workings.
(3) Diagnosis in the Sermon on the Mount.
(4) The power behind sin.
5. Meaning of a Christless gospel (pp. 228–229).
6. Consideration of death (pp. 229-230).
(1) Heathen and Christian view.
(2) New Testament doctrine.
(3) Twofold burden of death.
(4) The burdens lifted.
(5) Death without Christ.
7. The Bible without and with Christ (p. 230).

V.—"MICROBES IN THE HOUSEHOLD."

1. A drop of water examined (p. 230).
(1) Bacteria discovered.
(2) Size.
2. A study of bacteria (pp. 230–232).
(1) The name.
"*Schisomycetes*" [skiz-ō-mī-sē'tēz].
(2) Characteristics.
(3) History of the study of bacteria.
"Leeuwenhoek" [lē'wen-hook].
(4) Where they exist.
(5) Utility.
(6) The two classes.
(*a*) Saprophytes.
(*b*) Parasites.
(*c*) Change of saprophytes to parasites.
"Eolus." A mythological character, the god of the winds, which he locked in a cave.
(7) Difficulties of the study.
(8) Important genera.
(9) Use of the term biology.
3. A bacteriological investigation (p. 232).
4. Breeding places of bacteria (pp. 232–233).
5. Protection of the household (pp. 233–234).
(1) Bacteria in milk and water.
(2) Milk and water freed from living bacteria.
(3) Use of filter.
(4) Best disinfectants.
(5) Best antiseptics.
(6) Bacteria in the mouth.
(7) A safe tooth-wash.
(8) Importance of cleanliness.

VI.—"THE ENGLISH AT HOME."

1. The Englishman abroad and at home (p. 234).
2. Traits in the English character (pp. 234–236).
(1) Reverence for law.
(*a*) Discipline of children.
(*b*) Elementary instruction of children.
(*c*) Instruction in higher institutions.
(2) Respect for elders and superiors.
(3) The servant idea.
(4) Promptness in performance of duty.
(5) Simplicity and frankness.
3. English and American fathers (pp. 236–237).
4. Social customs (pp. 237–238).
(1) The dinner.
(2) Proper attire.
(3) An "At Home."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR MAY.

"FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

VIII.

1. It made him the lion of society and secured for him a living independent of *Punch* and the magazines. 2. A translation of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." 3. Adam Bede and Caleb Garth. 4. By his speeches on the Reform Bill (1830–32). 5. Fifty times. 6. "There are but two lines in it that I understand and they are both lies." They are the first and the last: "Who will may hear Sordello's story told," and "Who would has heard Sordello's story told."

"WALKS AND TALKS IN THE GEOLOGICAL FIELD."

XXVII.

1. In the morasses of Orange County, N. Y., in 1801. 2. Around the Shawangunk remains tufts of dun-brown hair from two to seven inches long were found.

XXVIII.

1. For the absence of natural vegetation and for the grotesqueness of the form and the variety of its scenery. 2. They are mostly rather soft sandstones and clays with calcareous cements.

XXIX.

1. Because in England the strata composing it are largely chalk, the Latin for which is *creta*. 2. Whiting.

XXX.

1. The great extent and uniform thickness of many coal seams and the general presence of underclay beneath these seams. 2. About ninety-three per cent.

XXXI.

1. Old Red Sandstone. Murchison and Sedgwick proposed this change because the slaty and calciferous strata of Devonshire contained more fossil fauna than the red arenaceous rocks of Scotland.

XXXII.

1. From the Silures, an ancient tribe of Britons which inhabited a part of Wales. 2. In the east, particularly along the Appalachian range.

XXXIII.

1. 12,000 feet. They are conglomerates, sandstones, and shales, with some limestones, ripple-marked in a manner which shows that they are of shallow water origin.

XXXIV.

1. In the Archæan. 2. To the series of metamorphic and sedimentary rocks lying between the basal Archæan complex and the oldest Paleozoic strata.

XXXV.

1. That the earth is a liquid mass covered by a relatively thin but solid crust; that it is practically solid with perhaps an occasional enclosure of molten material; and that between a very large solid nucleus and a solid crust is a layer of fused material on which the crust remains in a state of equilibrium.

XXXVI.

1. The meteors, though they fall earthward with a great velocity, never reach it in a solid state, and no material substance has been found to show their nature. 2. November 15, 1899.

XXXVII.

1. Kant. 2. Laplace.

XXXVIII.

1. They probably consisted of water of more or less elevated temperature.

XXXIX.

1. In the deepest parts of the basin where the motion of the water is extremely slow. 2. To a belt extending from a little above high tide to a little below low tide.

XL.

1. It was much longer, probably exceeding the length of both combined. 2. The great advance made by the mollusks during the Lower Silurian period.

XLI.

1. That it was varied and luxuriant, and of the same general type as that of the Silurian. 2. Because it contains a record of Devonian land life which is more complete than any of more ancient periods.

XLII.

1. Seat-stone, seat-earth, or underclay; with fossil roots from which stumps of trees frequently ascend into and sometimes through the coal-seam. 2. Little more than two per cent.

XLIII.

1. Plants and marine invertebrates. 2. No less than twelve; four.

XLIV.

1. It had a southern character as far north as Montana, and some geologists say as far north as to northern British Columbia. 2. Sir Charles Lyell, because it was then believed that from five to ten per cent of the Eocene belonged to existing species.

XLV.

1. In the Cenozoic era. 2. They are distinctly African in character.

XLVI.

1. Probably the climate was made drier by cutting off the winds laden with moisture. 2. The Miocene period.

XLVII.

1. Upon the supply of snow, the slope of the

ground, and the temperature of the season. 2. In Ecuador there is a glacier on one of the high peaks.

XLVIII.

1. They are more rounded and flowing and less craggy than those of unglaciated regions. 2. Upon the amount of rock surface extending above the level of the ice and subject to its action and that of the atmosphere.

XLIX.

1. In beds of loam and gravel of the river valleys in Central Europe sometimes 200 feet above the present level of the water. 2. That the people resemble the Esquimaux.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1902.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—John A. Travis, Washington, D. C.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, Pa.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, England; Miss Alice Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tientsin, China.

Secretary—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer—John C. Whitford, Detroit, Mich.

Trustee—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

EVERY member of the Class of '99 should receive through the mail, before the end of May, a copy of the "Report Blank" and of the "Final Address to the Class of '99." These two circulars are of the greatest importance to graduates, as they contain full details of all requirements for graduation, with a list of the Recognition Days at the various Chautauquas. Any graduate who fails to receive these circulars should write on June 1st to the Chautauqua Assembly general offices, Cleveland, O., and ask for them.

THE program for the coming season at Chautauqua will be full of interest to all members of the C. L. S. C., and every member of the graduating class is invited to be present not only on Recognition Day, but as early in the season as possible. One does not really learn to know Chautauqua without spending several weeks beneath the shadows of her venerable trees and beside the waters of her beautiful lake. As the new year is to be the American year in the C. L. S. C., the summer program will be especially interesting to a class whose four years' work has been done under the banner of "The Patriots."

MEMBERS of the graduating class who are unable to reach Chautauqua until just before Recognition Day should strive if possible to include the preceding Sunday also, when the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by the chancellor, the C. L. S. C. Vesper Service observed at five, and the Class Vigil held at nine o'clock in the evening in the historic old Hall of Philosophy.

AMONG the always welcome guests at Chautauqua is the C. L. S. C. counselor, Dr. E. E. Hale, who will be present on Recognition Day and throughout the week. The C. L. S. C. members will be especially interested to know also that his sister, Miss Susan Hale, author of "Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century," will accompany him, and will give a reading from "Sir Charles Grandison" and one from "Evelina."

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"*Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor.*"

"*Licht, Liebe, Leben.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Rev. John A. McKamy, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.; J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Greene, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary H. Gardner, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. James H. Bentley, Ridley Park, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Youngslove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

Trustee—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

CLASS COLOR—GRAY.

THE Class of 1900, who are always fertile in class ideas, are devising a plan to add a little to their class treasury in a manner which they hope may appeal to a "long-felt want." The details of the plan will be announced more fully later. They are fully sensible, also, of the responsibilities which await them as the class in charge of decorating the Hall of Philosophy, and the graduating class will find the 1900's ready to do them honor.

IN quiet little communities, many a persevering Chautauquan is pressing straight on to the goal with a courage worthy of the heroes of San Juan, but the world hears nothing of it and the reward of the heroism is only in the consciousness of having struggled toward an ideal and attained it. A suggestion of what some members of the class of 1900 are accomplishing is found in the fragment

from a busy woman's letter: "It was my privilege to join the C. L. S. C. in 1896, but I am a busy housewife, there has been sickness and one death in the home during the time, an addition to the family of two aged ones, one eighty-three and the other ninety-three years of age, so that our household now numbers seven, and so much of my time is not my own; yet I am unwilling to relinquish my long-cherished desire to take the four years' course." And then follows a suggestion of a possible plan by which she may carry through her course and win a seal for her diploma also by the Bible study, which may be accomplished in the quiet hours of the Sabbath.

CLASS OF 1901.—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

"Light, Love, Life."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—William H. Mosely, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. George S. Duncan, Washington, D. C.; John Sinclair, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Samuel George, Wellsville, W. Va.; Dr. Eliza Mosher, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. T. S. Coleman, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Miller, Jacksonville, Fla.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Ned Arden Flood, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. Henry Cohn, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Jamison.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Harriet E. Barse, 1301 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—COREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

CLASS OF 1902.—"THE ALTRURIANS."

"Not for self, but for all."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Col. Geo. W. Bain, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. A. T. Van Laer, New York, N. Y.; Mr. J. T. Robert, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. M E. Baird, Troy, O.; Madame Emma D. Rupin, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Harriet Walker, Wellesley College; Mr. Albert Watson, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Miss Sallie Leonard, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Jewell Gould, Aspen, Col.; Miss Belle Kearney, Flora, Miss.

Honorable Vice Presidents—The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

Secretary—Mrs. Josephine Griffith Rabb, East Aurora, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. J. C. Armstrong, 530 Lincoln Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS FLOWER—AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

FOR the good cheer of any flagging members of 1902, let it be said once more that the memoranda are not examination papers, that they are not required, and that they may be written out and sent in at any time during the four years and the seals be won for the diploma. Let it also be said that the reading may be finished up during the summer quite easily in many cases, even where the papers cannot be filled out, and lastly that the plans for the new year, 1899-1900, will bring a slight reduction in the amount of required work, so that Chautauquans may do their work not only with more ease, but with more real efficiency. Let no one of the Altrurians who "look out and not in" be tempted to reverse the motto and so fall by the wayside.

CIRCLES which are closing their first year's work as Chautauquans are asked to note the announcement of Rallying Day as made elsewhere, and if possible to send a delegate to represent them at Chautauqua. It is important that every circle which can possibly do so should come closely into touch with others interested in the same work, and there is no better way of accomplishing this than by attendance upon Rallying Day and the later exercises.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE program of the present summer at Chautauqua will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the famous Assembly, and inaugurate, it is hoped, a new era of usefulness for Chautauqua. The occasion will be one of peculiar interest to the old Chautauquans, especially to graduates of the C. L. S. C., many of whom can recall the early days of the movement and have watched with interest its growing power. Every graduate of the C. L. S. C. is invited to be present on old First Night, August 1, and to join in making the celebration of this anniversary a memorable one.

ALL C. L. S. C. graduates will be interested in the new circulars of the C. L. S. C. for 1899-1900, which will be ready for distribution by the first of June, and which will contain varied and helpful plans for graduate work. Special studies relating to the Paris Exposition will form an interesting feature of the announcements, in which graduate members will find valuable suggestions.

THE enterprising Society of the Hall in the Grove of Jamaica, L. I., deserves special commendation for the persistence and enthusiasm with which they have carried out a protracted and self-imposed course of study. Yet the subject, "The National Epics," is one so full of variety and interest that their success is scarcely to be wondered at. The work was begun three years ago and the circle have taken in succession the great epics of the Iliad and Odyssey, the Æneid, "The Divine Comedy," the Nibelungenlied, Beowulf, "The Song of Roland," and "The Cid." Now they are at work upon "Paradise Lost," and are anticipating further pleasure in the poetry of Tennyson and of William Morris.

THE president of the Class of '89, Dr. W. A. Hutchinson, announces the celebration of the centennial of the Argonauts this year at Chautauqua, and asks for the cooperation of the entire class. An offering for the "decennial gift" is desired from every member, and those wishing to contribute should send the money to the treasurer, Mr. O. M. Allen, 351 Massachusetts St., Buffalo, N. Y. The class officers are the committee to decide on the gift and to order the same.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God." *"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1898–99.

ALFRED DAY—October 18.
CAVOUR DAY—November 15.
CROMWELL DAY—December 16.
GLADSTONE DAY—January 14.
DRYDEN DAY—February 18.
WORDSWORTH DAY—March 17.
SHELLEY DAY—April 20.
TENNYSON DAY—May 18.

MAINE.—The Corinthian Club of East Corinth continues to study English history, giving attention to the special days recommended. The last of these special programs was carried out on Wordsworth Memorial Day, when facts about the author's life, readings from his works, and quotations were the principal features which made up the interesting evening's entertainment.——The members of Seaside Circle of Belfast are interested in reading English history and literature. Several are reading for seals. They intend to organize a Society of the Hall in the Grove, and then will pursue some special course of study.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The circle at Brockton is called the Gladstone Circle, indicating that the English year has found favor with them.

RHODE ISLAND.—At Providence the Chautauqua reading is not confined to the regularly enrolled members, but it is to be hoped that those not having the advantages of the regular membership will avail themselves of the opportunity at once.

CONNECTICUT.—From Addison Moore Circle, New Haven, comes a report which indicates a wide-awake organization. Sarah E. Briggs, '96, the leader, sends a letter in which she says: "Our attendance has been almost perfect. Each member, with one exception, has been punctual, so no time has been lost waiting for stragglers. I assign a set of questions to each member, who prepares a two-minute paper on the book review. These papers have been very helpful in many ways. Each one feels a responsibility to be present and read his paper so as not to break the review, and each one has reached the place where he does not turn pale when I ask for a paper on some other subject. We are proud of our three men, who are as interested as any of us, and as their wives are with them in the circle, I have hopes of their continuing through the four years." One of these book reviews on "United Germany," written in verse by one of the seniors, is of especial interest, bringing out the principal events with the efficient aid of the muse. ——A S. H. G. of eight members has been organized in Wapping, and the Hawthorne Circle here is proud to report two or three graduates.

NEW YORK.—The crowd which gathered for the entertainment and social of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union was beyond the expectation of the committee, and the program was carried out to the satisfaction of every one. The particular features are given in the following: "Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union a series of enjoyable tableaux illustrative of English history and literature were presented recently by Epworth Circle, in the chapel of the Hanson Place M. E. Church. The text of the tableaux, which were witnessed by a large audience, was written by E. K. Todd and arranged by Mesdames O'Donnell and Doremus. Miss Lillian Stilson described the scenes as they passed in review, while Mrs. Corbit acted as accompanist. The tableaux were preceded by a vocal duet, by the Misses Fannie and Freda Olsen, and a violin solo by Miss Bessie Johnson. The series of pictures included 'Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare,' 'Richard III. and Queen Anne,' 'Othello and Desdemona,' 'Ferdinand and Miranda,' 'Portia and Shylock,' 'Ophelia,' 'Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh,' 'Lady Edith and Sir Kenneth,' 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' 'Oberon and Titania,' 'King Alfred and the Housewife,' and 'Columbia, Britannia, John Bull, and Uncle Sam.' The closing tableau, representing the 'Anglo-Saxon

Fraternity,' introduced all of the characters, with Columbia and Britannia in the foreground, flanked by Uncle Sam and John Bull, the scene being enlivened with the American and British flags and heightened by lantern effects. This scene was repeatedly encored."——The circle at Adams Center, in reviewing English history, had for one meeting thirty questions and thirty answers prepared and given to different persons. The questions were then read and the ones holding the corresponding papers gave the answers. This was followed by discussions on the two periods of the Hundred Years' War. The meetings of this circle are well attended and the coming year will see a still larger membership. The alumni of Adams are also known as loyal Chautauquans. The circle feels deeply the loss of Mr. Lewis Miller and will hold a memorial service soon.——At Watertown there is a large membership promised for next year.——In October a quartet of ladies at Crown Point made a start as a local circle, two of them being '01's and two '02's. They meet every Monday evening, when they take up the regular lesson, and in addition each one reports on some particular part of the suggested work. They have also read some novels, having the stories told and discussed, and when there was extra time they read Shakespeare. *History As It Is Made* has also been one of their strong points.

NEW JERSEY.—Fifty-one members are now enrolled in the Beach Circle, Jersey City, with a very large percentage in regular attendance. Their meetings, held on Mondays, are successfully carried on, as is everything else the Beach Circle undertakes, the lesson having first place always. Following is the program of a recent meeting: "After the lesson, conducted by President Beach, the entertainment committee, Mrs. F. A. Swenarton, Miss S. Grace Campbell, and Mr. Headly R. Woodward, presented a unique literary entertainment. Every member was provided with paper and pencil and one minute was allowed for the submission of each of fifteen suggestive titles to popular books. Chairman Woodward had provided blackboard sheeting, upon which were worked characters and lettering, followed by the names of authors. For instance, '8 a. m. to 6. p. m., Kipling' suggested the title, 'The Day's Work.' 'A rifle, Cowper' suggested the title, 'The Deer Slayer.' Miss S. Grace Campbell won the prize, a box of candy, she having solved ten of the fifteen titles. The entertainment was voted a success. Thirty-nine members and visitors were present. Several new members have recently joined the circle."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The semi-monthly meeting of the Twentieth Century Circle at Lebanon, held March 1st at the home of the Misses Bollman, was taken up chiefly with the study of Chaucer and his "Canterbury Tales." The paper on this subject was a production which did credit to Mrs. Hayes, the writer, and the discussion which followed was full of interest to every one. Then a few moments were spent in consideration of the subject of memory and how to improve it, and was followed by a review of current events. The closing number was the reading of an account of "Siegfried" by the president, which made a happy ending to the evening's program. The second meeting of the month, held March 14, was opened by a paper on "The History of the Philippines and the Duty of the United States Regarding Them," by Dr. J. H. Mease. Almost every member of the circle joined in the discussion which followed this excellent paper, and it is needless to say that there was a variety of opinions on this all-important subject. The memory exercises and methods for memory development received due consideration, as did also the current events, and the program closed with the reading of "Die Götterdamerung" (The Twilight of the Gods), by Mrs. Hayes.——The Paxinosa Circle, Easton, is held in esteem by all acquainted with the organization, and the untiring efforts of Dr. Harrison have added much to the interest of the study. The circle has eleven members, some of whom were in the class last year, but all have the Chautauqua enthusiasm and are students in the broadest sense of the word. The time for meeting is occupied in the recitation of the lesson, with occasionally a lecture on some subject of special interest.——On New Year's Day Drummond Circle of Stouchsburg held its first meeting, and since then the work has been kept up by weekly meetings, held at the homes of the members, where the plan laid down in THE CHAUTAUQUAN has been followed as closely as possible.——The secretary of Parnassas Circle sends annual fees for four 99's. ——The work of nine newly initiated members at Reading is well sustained, and through the influence of Rev. W. E. Yeager their career will certainly be successful.

MARYLAND.—The Oriole Circle, Baltimore, has about a dozen members, who all expect a pleasurable time answering the questions at the end of the year.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The efficient secretary of Chesterfield's circle tells of their organization as follows: "The lady who is now the president of our little circle returned from De Funiak Springs, Fla., last year so charmed with the Chautauquans and their work that she at once set to work trying to organize a club in our village. We held our first meeting last June with six members and now we are seven in number. The first year's work is almost completed and we have the books ready to begin the second. We find the meeting once a week delightful in a social way as well as a means of mental improvement. During the Christmas holidays the circle was charmingly entertained by

several of the members at their various homes. Our class color (Class of 1901) entered largely into the decorations in one home, another day was a musical day, etc. Violets, mistletoe, holly, ivy, and ferns played a conspicuous part in beautifying the rooms, while candles or Chinese lanterns lent their mellow glow on one or two occasions to enhance the beauty of fern and flower."——Some facts concerning the kind of work carried on by the Sommerville C. L. S. C. will interest circle readers: "Our executive committee arranges programs consisting of essays, debates, readings, etc. One of our members is giving a series of talks on Shakespeare's plays, which we consider very good; then we answer our roll-call with quotations from the authors we are studying. So you see we are doing quite a little literary work in addition to the prescribed course. We have had one social gathering this year which was quite poetic and pleasant. The executive committee arranged branches of gaily tinted autumn leaves, to which were attached slips of paper bearing quotations. Each member was presented with a branch and requested to name the authors from which the quotations were taken. This caused a great deal of merriment. After a time refreshments were served and then a souvenir of the occasion was presented to the member naming the greatest number of authors correctly. There was also a 'booby' prize which was earnestly competed for. Our circle likes to keep abreast of the times, consequently each month we have a *résumé* of current events and discuss subjects of public interest. This led to our arranging a patriotic meeting." This is the program:

Minutes read and approved.
Roll-call answered with patriotic quotations.
SONG..... "Columbia."
RECITATION.....Tennyson's "Bugle Song."
INSTRUMENTAL SOLO..... .....Medley of National Airs.
Humorous Debate, Impromptu.
An "Original Poem," also humorous.
CHORUS....."Star Spangled Banner."

"We thought it very good, the members all took their parts with so much enthusiasm."——A class of twenty-seven has just been organized at Marion. ——It has been proved by the small circle at Jordan that four people can get as much good from the study as a larger number.

TEXAS.—The ladies who compose the circle at Decatur are so in love with the Chautauqua work that no other course can fill its place. Their Wednesday afternoon meetings represent hard and unceasing study, for they began late and have had to hurry to catch up at the last. One lady, a resident of Victoria, B. C., attended the meetings and became so enthused that she will join the multitude of Chautauquans, and may induce others to follow her example.

OHIO.—The circle at Coshocton is practically a woman's club and there is a movement on foot toward joining the Ohio woman's federation of clubs. They have eleven members enrolled, including two graduates and two new members.

INDIANA.—We quote the following from an interesting letter from Mrs. Sigler, a member of the circle at Mt. Ayr: "We have been slow about sending our fees this year, but I assure you our club is not at all slow with the work. We have a very live circle of thirteen members. We have been working on a new plan this year. Formerly we used the suggestive programs, now we simply read the books, each reading a paragraph in turn, and answer questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on the previous week's reading. We have chosen sides, and receive credits for attendance, answers to questions, being up to date with reading, and response to roll-call, which is a quotation from some English author of the time covered by our week's reading. At the close of the year's work the victors will be entertained by the vanquished. We find this plan increases interest and attendance. We meet regularly once a week, and once a month we have a special meeting on the memorial day, using the program in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for that day. The husbands are invited for that evening, and we finish with a social evening and a little supper. I forgot to say that our club are all ladies except one. We hope, however, to interest the gentlemen at the special meetings so much that they will wish to become members. This is my fifth year, and I have enjoyed it very much, although I am fifty-eight years old and have very poor health, a shut-in, in fact, the largest portion of the time. I have read all the required reading for the time, and many of the books recommended as supplementary work."

MINNESOTA.—The Tracy Circle is composed of sophomores who have done excellent work with the English year. One of their class has just put in rime some very good ideas on "The Mission of Poetry," in which he says:

Our study in English this year has not been
Musty fragments and scrolls to ransack,
But to scan the fine arts of great writers of yore,
Who molded our language intact.

. . . . . .

The poet of faithful and painstaking heart,
Whom rhyming in verse does not tire,
Must feel and know certain that he is endowed
With emotion and poetic fire.

The work of true poets should be so to state
A spiritual law in such beauty
That all may glean truth through profoundest research,
And know that God's work is man's duty.

IOWA.—The approaching commencement season brings the request for membership books from Creston.——Gilman has a fine circle.

KANSAS.—Vincent Circle, Baxter Springs, sends a request for the Vesper Service. Their club year begins in May, which is the regular time for the S. S. S. Federation to which they belong.

COLORADO.—Seven members are enrolled from Flagler and as many more will join in a short time.

WASHINGTON.—One of Chautauqua's loyal supporters writes from Everett that she is more than ever encouraged concerning the C. L. S. C. work in Washington and thinks the little bands of readers scattered through the state will have a lasting influence for Chautauqua. The circle in Everett is exceptionally active and the program for an evening with Chaucer was carried out with benefit to all.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Cruise of the Cachalot.

In the life on shipboard there is a great fascination for the landsman whose limited knowledge of the subject is frequently obtained by a few days' experience on board a large passenger steamer. This probably is the most pleasant of the various phases of sea life, but in comparison with that which Mr. Frank T. Bullen describes in "The Cruise of the Cachalot"* it must be monotonous in the extreme. This vessel was a whaler which set sail from New Bedford, Mass., for the southern seas, where the cachalot, or sperm whale, is found in large numbers. It is a novel sight that Mr. Bullen presents to us as he describes the boat, the motley and inexperienced crew, the mess, the methods of discipline, and the preparation for the real work of the voyage. Then as the actual labor of whaling begins the excitement on shipboard is communicated to the reader and he follows with the keenest interest every part of the dangerous process from the moment the whale is sighted till the commercial articles obtained from it are stowed away in the hold of the ship. The author also gives glimpses of other animal wonders of the deep sea and describes the methods by which the crew is supplied with a varied diet. Many thrilling incidents occurred during the year's cruise and each is delineated in a delightful and forceful manner. Several excellent pictures illustrate some of the scenes described.

Poetry.

Phebe A. Holder is the author of a volume entitled "Voices from Lakeview"† which she has dedicated to the C. L. S. C. Class of '85 and other friends whom she found at Lakeview. This explains the titles of many of the poems, all of which are permeated with the atmosphere of a Chautauqua Assembly. The vesper hymn, the class song, the memorial poem, the "Sabbath even-song," the odes to noted Chautauquans, and the anniversary poems are all here and they seem like the spontaneous outbursts of a heart overflowing with the sweet memories of sacred experiences. They will be specially appreciated by those who are familiar with life at a Chautauqua Assembly.

The students of Walt Whitman will be delighted with the volume containing selections from his prose and poetical works.* Dr. Triggs, the editor, has chosen those extracts which best show the versatility of the poet's genius, taking for that purpose excerpts from the autobiographical and diary notes included in "Specimen Days" and "Memoranda of the War" and numerous selections from "Leaves of Grass." The preface of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" and several interesting letters are also included in the volume. The editor has prefaced the selections with a biographical and critical essay written in a clear, scholarly style, and a comprehensive bibliography concludes the volume.

A new edition of "Sonnets from the Portuguese"† issued a short time ago has dainty covers on which a unique and suggestive design is stamped in gold. Decorative borders and initials ornament the pages bearing the text, for the printing of which an excellent type has been used. Altogether it is an artistic setting for these graceful verses.

The title piece of a volume of poems‡ by Mr. Henry Rose is a presentation of the subject of immortality in which three *dramatis personæ* express their views in songs and speeches, having meters varied to suit the character of the sentiment. The "Rustic Rhymes" give glimpses of rural beauties in pleasing cadences and in the blank verse of "In Visions of the Night" the poet displays great skill in smooth and graceful expression. In all the verses the phraseology is clear and simple.

The contents of Richard Watson Gilder's new collection of poems‖ are divided into four parts. The first contains poems on subjects suggested by

* The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullen. With illustrations. 399 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Voices from Lakeview. By Phebe A. Holder. Class of '85. 71 pp. Everett, Mass.: Press of Frank D. Woodbury.

* Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman. Edited with an introduction by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D. 300 pp. $1.25. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

† Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 44 pp. $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ Willow-Vale and Other Poems. By Henry Rose. 217 pp. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

‖ In Palestine and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. 110 pp. $1.00. New York: The Century Company.

travel in various countries and the second is made up of verses on themes suggestive of the poet's art, while the third and fourth consist of war songs and miscellaneous poems. With scholarly ease Mr. Gilder has expressed his poetic fancies equally well in rimed stanzas and blank verse. Artistic and beauteous melody he sends forth in this little volume.

Hon. S. B. McManus with his "Rural Rhymes"* takes us out into the country to revel in the delights of rustic occupations, sights, and sounds. There is real poetic art in even the dialect verses, and into the childhood poems and those of mere sentiment and devotion he has put a heart-touching quality which all genuine poetry possesses.

As we open the volume of verses entitled "Songs of War and Peace,"† the first poem that greets us is "War," a strong, vigorous expression of the power of war to call forth the best in men. There are other poems of a martial character which speak of Napoleon, Dewey, Farragut, and Uncle Sam. In lighter vein and in a varied measure the subjects pertaining to peace are treated and many inspiring thoughts are expressed in lines of studied beauty. The volume is put out in dainty covers artistically decorated.

There is a note of sadness in nearly every selection which Hiram Augustus Farrand has included in his volume of poems.‡ This however has not prevented a rhythmic movement in some of the verses which carries one along in spite of the somber thought, while in others there is a conspicuous lack of spontaneity and rhythm. Each of the twenty selections seems to have come from the author's personal experience.

"Before the Dawn"‖ is the title of a volume of poems by Joseph Leiser, which the preface says are representative of his literary labors during his senior year in college and the first year of his professional career. Included in the contents are sonnets, odes, and poems on subjects which naturally attract the collegian. There is dignity and smoothness in Mr. Leiser's poetic language, and he has skilfully used a variety of measures in expressing his thoughts.

There is a musical, sprightly sound in the verses which Arthur J. Burdick has named "Just Jingles."§ The simplest subjects are skilfully treated by his poetic imagination, and there is a rare depth and purity in his sentiment most pleasant to contemplate. The poems for children show a happy appreciation of a child's fancies and frolics and those having a reminiscent strain are by no means the least effective productions. Several half-tone illustrations are also among the volume's attractions.

Letters from Japan.

A short time after the constitution was proclaimed in Japan and that country had taken her place among the important nations of the world, Mrs. Hugh Fraser went to Tokio, where she resided about three years. The letters she wrote during her residence in the Island Empire have been published in two volumes under the title "Letters from Japan."* She begins her writing while at sea and describes the landing at Nagasaki and the voyage on the Inland Sea with intense vividness. After becoming established in her new home she proceeds to study the country, the people, and their customs, and what she discovered has been embodied in letters delightfully chatty and entertaining. She had a fine opportunity to learn all about court life in Japan and she has described with great clearness an audience with the empress, the festivities of New Year's Day, the royal palace, the empress-dowager's mushroom hunt, a royal wedding anniversary, the installation of Prince Haru as heir-apparent, and other ceremonies peculiar to the country. The writer did not confine her observations to Tokio and the higher circles of society. She went on excursions to other cities and into the country, where she found many interesting peculiarities of climate, vegetation, and scenery, and there, as in royal society, her association with the people resulted in pleasing delineations of various phases of present-day life in Japan. Quite in keeping with the reading matter are the two hundred and fifty pictures scattered throughout the two volumes, which show the picturesqueness of the country and the people. Heavy paper and large clear type are the striking characteristics of the make-up of the book.

Fiction.

"Strong Hearts"† is a most apt title for a volume containing three short stories by George W. Cable. In the first of the trio, "The Solitary," he tells the story of a man who frees himself from the drink habit by withdrawing to the solitude of an uninhabited island where he destroys his only means of returning to civilization, thus making it impossible to obtain anything but pure water to satisfy his cravings. The second story, "The Taxidermist," is a charm-

* Rural Rhymes. By Hon. S. B. McManus. 157 pp. $1.00. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains.

† Songs of War and Peace. By Sam Walter Foss. 146 pp. $1.25. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

‡ Poems. By Hiram Augustus Farrand. 52 pp. Philadelphia: Hiram A. Farrand.

‖ Before the Dawn. By Joseph Leiser. 145 pp.—§ Just Jingles. By Arthur J. Burdick. 157 pp. $1.25. Buffalo and New York: The Peter Paul Book Company.

* Letters from Japan. A Record of Modern Life in the Island Empire. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. With two hundred and fifty illustrations. Two vols. 416 and 387 pp. $7.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Strong Hearts. By George W. Cable. 214 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ing picture of a creole who finds in his suddenly acquired wealth a means of ministering to the needs of humanity, and in "The Entomologist" the author has given us a bit of realism from creole life in New Orleans. Each of these tales Mr. Cable has told in his usually pleasant way, giving to them the sympathetic touch which makes his work so fascinating.

In "The Story of Old Fort Loudon"* Charles Egbert Craddock takes us back into the middle of the eighteenth century when the French and the English were struggling to obtain possession of the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains. At the opening of the story the English are in possession of Fort Loudon, in Tennessee, which the Indians consider their property. They institute a siege of the fort which results in the capitulation of the English on condition that they be allowed to return to North Carolina under the escort and protection of some of the Indians. After one day's march many of the English are massacred, the survivors being taken back to the fort as prisoners. These are the facts of history which make a most stirring tale and around them are grouped facts pertaining to pioneer life on the frontier. The terrors of Indian raids and massacres are lighted up with vivid pictures of the beauties of nature in Tennessee.

"The Black Douglas,"† is the title of a stirring novel by S. R. Crockett in which are delineated the ferocity and the cruelty resulting from the political intrigues in Scotland about the middle of the fifteenth century. The historical basis of the work is the beheading of William, Earl of Douglas, and his brother in the castle of Edinburgh, to which they had been decoyed by Crichton, an unscrupulous and crafty man of the period. Other deeds quite as awful are described, but through it all there is depicted a gratifying loyalty of clan to clan, of squire to lord, and lover to lover. It is a strong work, full of the action and spirit of the period with which it deals.

Anna Chapin Ray is the author of an interesting story called "Each Life Unfulfilled."‡ The hero is a young author who becomes blind during the course of the story and the heroine is a young woman studying music in New York City. How they both work to attain a high ideal and the influence of each life on the other are portrayed in a simple, effective way.

The discussion of sociological questions has been greatly augmented by the writings of Mr. Jacob Riis, by whose services the tenement life in certain parts of New York City has been much improved. His experiences in slum work have given him an immense fund of anecdote, from which he produced the contents of "Out of Mulberry Street,"* a volume made up of short stories which reveal the terrible facts of existence as he observed them. Everywhere the intensity of the writer's earnestness is apparent as he depicts almost every variety of human emotion, and though pathos is the dominant quality of these stories, they are not entirely devoid of humor.

Sociology.

The author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class"† asserts that "The institution of the leisure class is the outgrowth of an early discrimination between employments, according to which some employments are worthy and others unworthy," and that the emergence of this class and the beginning of ownership are coincident. With this as a premise he proceeds to discuss in carefully arranged arguments the economic value of the leisure class, at the same time tracing the evolution of certain characteristics of this branch of society from their rude beginnings in primitive civilization to modern times. It is an interesting discussion, full of apt illustrations, and though one's opinions may be at variance with those of the writer, he has given his readers something to think about.

"Outlines of Sociology,"‡ by Lester F. Ward, is divided into two parts. In the first, called "Social Philosophy," the author explains the importance of the science of social phenomena, shows its relation to biology, cosmology, anthropology, and psychology, and points out the lines of investigation from which are obtained the facts underlying the principles of the science. The second division of the book is composed of a series of papers on correlated subjects, published in a sociological journal, and they constitute an interesting and instructive treatise on the subject of social science. Mr. Ward has used a dignified, forceful style in his discussions, which treat of such subjects as forces of society, social mechanics, "Social Genesis," "Individual Telesis," and "Collective Telesis."

Those interested in the laws regulating the progress and development of society should read "Social Evolution"‖ by Benjamin Kidd. The opening chapter is a general survey of the present outlook of social affairs, and succeeding this are chapters in which are elucidated the principles governing the complex phenomena observable in modern civilized society. In the appendix of this new and enlarged

* The Story of Old Fort Loudon. By Charles Egbert Craddock. With illustrations by Ernest C. Peixotto. 409 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 479 pp. $1.50. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

‡ Each Life Unfulfilled. By Anna Chapin Ray. 257 pp. $1.25. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

* Out of Mulberry Street. By Jacob A. Riis. 269 pp. $1.25. New York: The Century Company.

† The Theory of the Leisure Class. By Thorstein Veblen. 408 pp. $2.00.——‡ Outlines of Sociology. By Lester F. Ward. 313 pp. $2.00.——‖ Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. New edition revised, with additions. 413 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

edition are replies to criticisms on the work and statistics pertaining to sociological subjects.

The results of actual sociological work in one district are ably set forth in a volume entitled "The City Wilderness."* It is a presentation of social settlement work in the South End of Boston, in which the various writers, residents and associates of the South End House, have described the conditions in regard to population, sanitation, labor and wages, crime, amusements, educational and religious forces, and the methods for encouraging social improvement.

"Unite! Organize! Vote!" is the closing appeal of John Brown in "Parasitic Wealth"† to all who would crush money power and correct the abuses in social and economic fields. By his method of reform the individual landowner transfers his land to the government, for which is issued a certificate that constitutes the legal money, "Reform Money," payable for all public and private debts. This is the first step in his system of cure-alls, which he presents in a clear, concise manner, using numerous statistics to fortify his position.

Thomas G. Shearman is the author of a volume entitled "Natural Taxation"‡ in which he advocates the adoption of a natural method of obtaining revenue for the government, a method which requires the payment of but one tax, the ground tax, "the tribute which natural laws levy upon every occupant of land, as the market price of all social as well as natural advantages appertaining to that land, including necessarily his just share of the cost of government." According to the writer's arguments, which are clear and cogent, this is the one way to remove the obvious evils of the present method of taxation. A supplementary chapter in this edition answers some of the criticisms which this theory has called forth.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Sidis, Boris, M.A., Ph.D. The Psychology of Suggestion. A Research into the Subconscious Nature of Man and Society. $1.75.

Evans, E. P. Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology. $1.75.

A French Volunteer of the War of Independence (The Chevalier de Pont Gibaud). Translated and Edited by Robert B. Douglas.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Landon, Joseph, F. G. S. A Manual of the Art of Questioning. For Training Classes. 50 cts.

Herbart, Johann Friedrich. Letters and Lectures on Education. Translated from the German and Edited with an Introduction by Henry M. and Emmie Felkin. $1.75.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.
CURTS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Ames, A. H., M.D., D.D. The Revelation of St. John the Divine. An Interpretation. 90 cts.

Brewer, A T. How to Make the Sunday-school Go. 60 cts.

Foster, Bishop Randolph S., D.D., LL.D. God, Nature, and Attributes. Studies in Theology. V. $3.00.

McGrady, Rev. Thomas. The Mistakes of Ingersoll. $1.00.

Crooks, George R., D.D., LL.D. The Story of the Christian Church. $3.50.

Parks, L. K. With British and Braves. Story of the War of 1812. $1.00.

Whittaker, James T. Exiled for Lèse Majesté. $1.00.

Dale, Annan. Dwellers in Gotham. A Romance of New York. $1.50.

Price, Ella Perry. The Cry Heard. $1.00.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Warren Hyde. By the author of "Unchaperoned."

Croker, B. M. Peggy of the Bartons.

Alexander, Mrs. Brown, V. C.

Paterson, Arthur. Father and Son.

Abrojal, Tullis. An Index Finger. $1.25.

Prescott, E. Livingston. The Measure of a Man.

Claretie, Jules. Vicomte de Puyjoli. A Romance of the French Revolution. Englished by Emma M. Phelps. 75 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Campbell-Copeland, Thomas. American Colonial Handbook. 50 cts.

Banks, Rev. Louis Albert, D.D. The Christian Gentleman. A Series of Addresses to Young Men. 75 cts.

GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Ethics of Hobbes, as Contained in Selections from His Works. With an Introduction by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

Frommel, Emil. Eingeschneit. Eine Studentengeschichte. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. 30 cts.

Lesage, Alain-René. Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane. Abbreviated and Edited with Introduction and Notes by Adolphe Cohn and Robert Sanderson. 40 cts.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Rostand, Edmond. Cyrano de Bergerac. Comédie Héroïque en Cinq Actes. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Oscar Kuhns.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Van Dusen, Washington. Songs of Life and Love.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. Iphigenie auf Tauris. Ein Schauspiel. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by Karl Breul, Litt. D., Ph.D. 90 cts.

Fortier, Alcée. Précis de l'Histoire de France. Avec des Notes Explicatives en Anglais. 75 cts.

Goodrich, Arthur L. Topics on Greek History. Intended for Use in Secondary Schools. 60 cts.

Carpenter, Edward. Angels' Wings. A Series of Essays on Art and Its Relation to Life. $2.00.

Durand, Edward Dana, Ph.D. The Finances of New York City. $2.00.

Dunning, William Archibald, Ph.D. Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction and Related Topics. $2.00.

Smith, Goldwin, D C.L. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects. $1.25.

Bryant, Sophie, D.Sc. The Teaching of Morality in the Family and the School. $1.25.

Sidgwick, Henry. Practical Ethics. A Collection of Addresses and Essays. $1.50.

The Bible Story Retold for Young People. The Old Testament Story. By W. H. Bennett, M.A. The New Testament Story. By W. F. Adeney, M.A. $1.00. In Two Vols. 60 cts. per vol.

Who's Who. 1899. An Annual Biographical Dictionary. Edited by Douglas Sladen. $1.75.

Collection of Poetry for School Reading. Selected and Arranged with Notes by Marcus White. 50 cts.

Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. In Ten Vols. Vol. III. 50 cts.

Litchener, Edward Bradford. A Primer of Psychology. $1.00.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age. Papers of the English Club of Sewanee. Edited, with an Introduction, by its President, The Reverend Greenough White, A.M., B.D.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TORONTO.

Wenley, R. M., Sc.D. (Edin.), D. Phil. (Glas.). The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World. A Study in the History of Moral Development.

Meyer, F. B., B.A. Paul, A Servant of Jesus Christ. $1.00.

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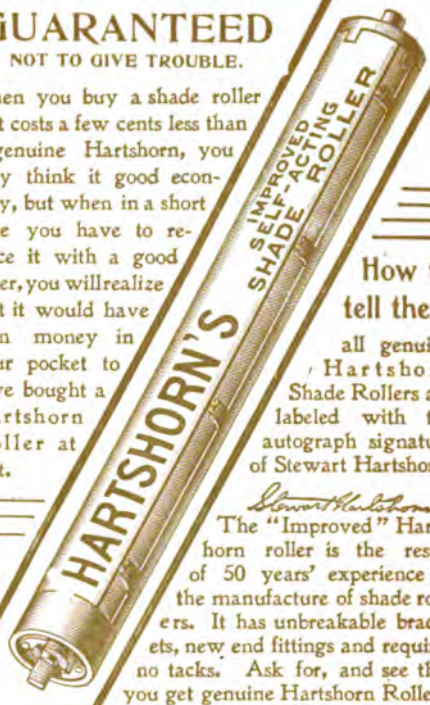

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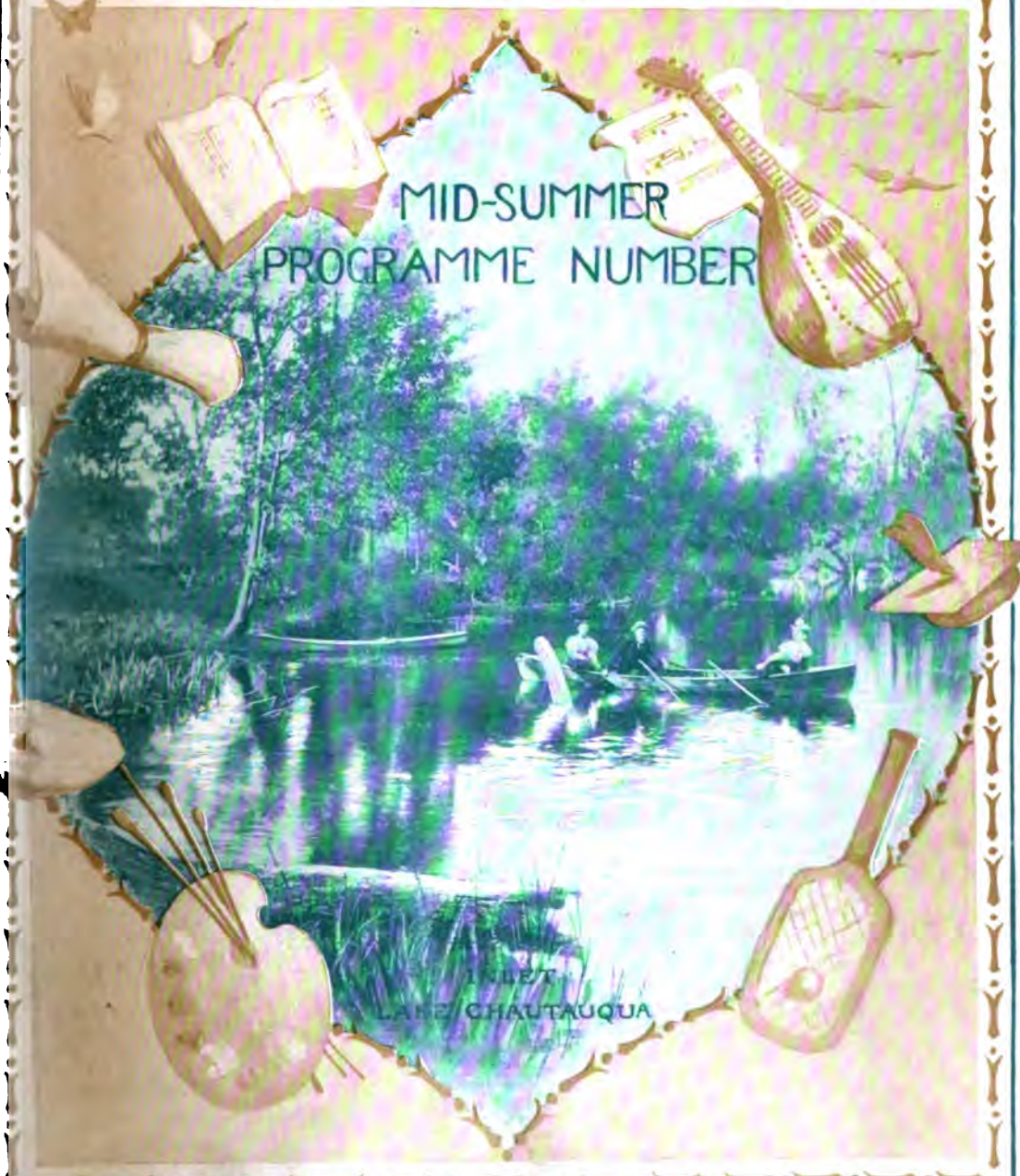

Dr. Theodore L. Flood, Editor . Meadville, Pa.

VOL. XXIX. JULY, 1899. NO. 4.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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See "History As It Is Made."

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

BY THOMAS B. PRESTON.

THE Universal Exposition which will be opened in Paris on April 15, 1900, will in many respects surpass all its predecessors. In area it was exceeded by Chicago, but Chicago had the prairies to draw upon while Paris is confined within the limits of a walled city, densely populated. Chicago displayed the perfection of the industry of the day, but the world is seven years older and during those seven years has taken on a more wonderful development than in any preceding septennate. Entirely new arts and industries have sprung into being and others have grown from weakly infants to sturdy giants, shouldering to the wall their older kindred. The Röntgen rays and the cinematograph, the automobile and the submarine boat demand

AT WORK ON THE GRAND PALACE.

THE GRAND PALACE AND THE NEW AVENUE LOOKING TOWARD THE INVALIDES.

recognition, and, the field of all the sciences being enlarged, there is greater need of selection to give them adequate representation.

Only a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of the undertaking can here be attempted; volumes could not tell in detail the projects in contemplation. First then, and fittingly in Paris, the home of art, there rise on the Champs Elysées, the world's finest avenue, two palaces destined to be forever set apart for the annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture; each building in itself a work of art worthy the close of the nineteenth century. They replace the Palais de l'Industrie, so well known to all visitors to the French capital, which held the third of the world's great international expositions in 1855* and for years thereafter was the home of the annual Salons until it fell beneath the pickaxes of the demolishers last year and pictures and sculptures sought temporary shelter on the Champ de Mars. There still stands the central pavilion surmounted by Regnault's group representing France awarding wreaths of laurel to art and manufacture. This too will soon fall and then the eye of the spectator standing in the middle of the avenue will behold a vista of magnificence scarcely equaled since the great sculptors of Athens covered the Acropolis with exquisite temples to their gods. Between the two palaces, like colossal wedding cakes, in their creamy whiteness contrasting well with the green trees of the Champs Elysées, the view follows a broad and level road to the Alexander III. Bridge, with its four tall pylons and lavish bronzes, across the Seine to the Esplanade des Invalides, covered with buildings of fairy shapes yet all in harmony, the perspective closing with the solemn façade of the ancient Soldiers' Home and the gilded dome that keeps perpetual watch over the bones of their great commander. Let us walk along this fine, broad way.

On our left is the Little Palace, called the Palais Girault, after the name of its architect. It is much lighter and gayer in design than the Grand Palace on the right. It has a central dome, surmounted by a bronze female figure, and pavilions at the four corners of the irregular quadrangle which it occupies. The large interior court will be used as a garden and ornamented with sculptures, while the building itself will serve for the exhibition of retrospective art, the larger palace across the way being intended for the modern works of art, the annual Salons, the Horse Show, and various other fixtures. The Little Palace is more

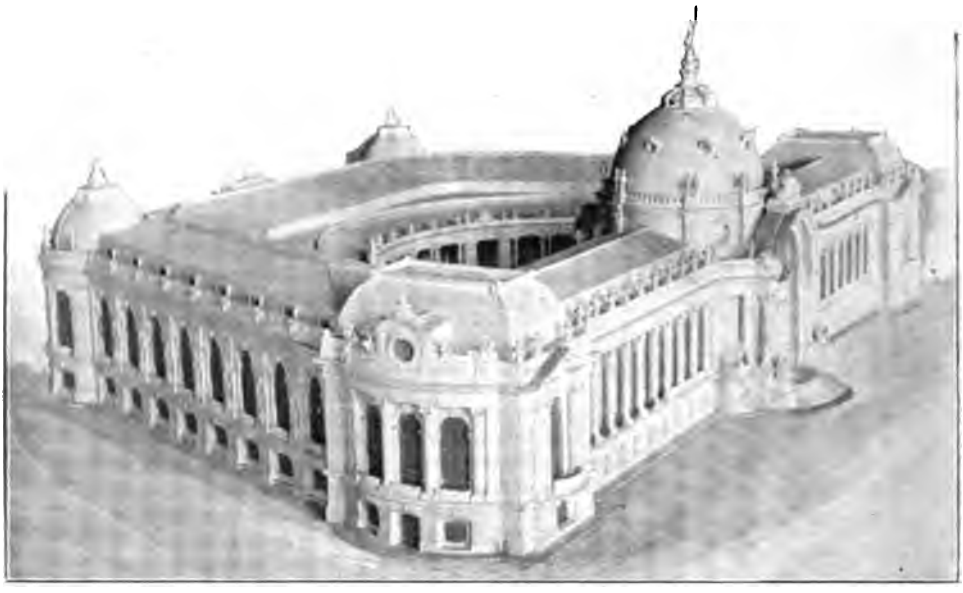
* London saw the first, in 1851, and New York the second, in 1853.

advanced than any other portion of the exposition and workmen are already engaged in finishing the roof.

In striking contrast is the Grand Palace, with its wide portico supported by colonnades of twin Ionic columns. In shape something like a letter H, with one side truncated, it consists of two main buildings with a large connecting hall between. Here the opening ceremonies of the exposition will take place, foreign sovereigns will be received, and prizes distributed. After the exposition it will be used for public concerts and festivals. A magnificent stairway ascends to a tribune overlooking the whole vast interior, and a gallery ten meters wide will extend around the four sides, offering an unrestricted view of the hall below. The entire series of exhibition rooms will be united exteriorly by a long gallery, similar to that in the Palais de l'Industrie, permitting the visitor to walk from end to end without entering any of the rooms or to choose his own entrances and exits. The architecture of this building is due to the designs of three different architects, MM. Louvet, Deglane, and Thomas, who have collaborated under the direction of M. Girault. The rear of the Grand Palace, forming the shorter leg of the H, is called the Pavilion Thomas, this architect having sole charge of the design. It resembles somewhat the Palais de l'Industrie, with its large central porch and dome-like glass roof, a likeness doubtless caused by M. Thomas' desire to perpetuate the memory of the older building, of which he was for years the official architect. It will face the Avenue d'Antin and will extend to the Rue Jean Goujon, of fateful memory, which is to be prolonged to the Champs Elysées. The exterior of the Pavilion Thomas will be decorated with a frieze representing the "History of Art through the Centuries," after the drawings of M. Joseph Blanc, of the Institute. The material of the frieze will be a kind of ceramic, and the castings are being made under the direction of M. Baumgart at the national porcelain manufactory of Sèvres.

INTERIOR OF THE WATER PALACE.

After passing between these magnificent palaces we come to the Alexander III. Bridge, the corner-stone of which was laid by the czar, Nicholas II., during his visit to



THE LITTLE PALACE.

Paris in October, 1896. The tracks of the tramway and steam surface cars, which here run along the quays, are to be sunk below the level of the street so that they will not interfere with communication between the parts of the exposition on the right and left banks. Here on the right hand the proposed aquarium will be installed. The Alexander III. Bridge, which is 100 meters long (334 feet) by 40 wide (133 feet), spans the Seine nearly at the right angles, with a single arch. Two pylons on either side mark the approach to each end of the bridge, which is on a level with the street. They will be fifty-seven feet high, and will be surmounted by colossal gilded bronze figures, Pegasus and Fama, groups representing on the Cours la Reine "Vox Pacis," by Frémiet, and on the Quay d'Orsay "Vox Gloriæ," by MM. Steiner and Granet. Near the base of each pylon will be two smaller obelisks or shafts about half the height of the pylons, carrying large ornamental gas-fixtures, and at the foot of the larger columns will be four seated female figures representing the France of the Renaissance, of Louis XIV., of the Middle Ages, and of modern France. There will be a line of bronze lamp-posts on either side of the bridge, showing red lights at night similar to those on the other bridges across the Seine, and the balustrade will be relieved in the center by groups of sculpture representing genii of the water looking down at the flowing river. The bridge after the exposition will afford direct communication between the Champs Elysées and a part of the city now not easily reached.

Between the walls supporting the quays, which are some twenty-five feet higher than the Seine, and the river itself, there are in Paris in many places paved roads descending to the water's brink forming a kind of sub-quay for the reception of freight, the landing-places of the little passenger boats, the stations of life-savers, etc. The administration of the exposition has seized upon all these places on both sides of the river from the Alexander III. Bridge to the Trocadero, and they will be utilized for the shows, like the "Streets of Paris," the "Retrospective Stage," and "History of Costume," as well as for those exhibitions in which running water forms a necessary adjunct. Hundreds of Venetian gondolas, propelled by real gondoliers, will flit about the river, conveying visitors from one side to the other.

Work on the bridge itself has not advanced quite as rapidly as was anticipated and that on the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars is much behindhand. However, as the structures there are only

temporary, not destined to survive the exposition, there is not so much need for hurry. For that matter, it has been the same story at Chicago and every other world's fair that I can remember—grandiose plans and leisurely execution at first, followed by hurry and pellmell disorder as the opening day drew near. Much of the confusion on the left bank of the Seine is due to the necessity of extending to the exposition grounds the present means of railway communication and facilitating rapid transit from one part to the other. In this way whole streets have been torn up, and the dirt excavated from the grand station on the Esplanade des Invalides, containing six acres hollowed out under ground, had to be transported through tunnels to the Seine and carried off by boats. On the Champ de Mars end, the bank of the Seine all the way from the fortifications has been monopolized for months by the Ceinture Railroad, which encircles the city, the tracks of which have been doubled in great part and then extended to the Champ de Mars. This will be the easiest means for the visitor to reach that part of the exposition from the central quarters about the Opera and the Madeleine, by way of the Gare St. Lazare. A movable sidewalk will also facilitate transit between the sections on the left bank. In many of the buildings there will be movable inclined planes by which visitors may ascend from one story to another.

PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE LITTLE PALACE.

On the Esplanade des Invalides will be grouped the expositions of interior decoration and furniture for public and private dwellings; of old silverware and jewelry; of bronzes and artistic iron-work; of toys and dolls; and of india-rubber and gutta percha. It should be remembered that here the entire exposition is subdivided into about one hundred and twenty different classes and the foreign as well as the French exhibitors must show their goods in the classes in which they fall. The exposition, in other words, is industrial, not national; instead of all the exhibits from one country being found together, they will be scattered in the classes to which they belong. This in many cases will not give so much scope to national pride, but it must be admitted that it is the best way to bring home to the ordinary spectator, as well as to the political economist, the relative advance of each particular art, industry, and science throughout the world. Another important regulation is that the means of production and the articles produced must be exhibited side by side so far as possible; the raw material, the machinery, and the finished article forming successive stages in each class of exhibits.

Each state, the head of which will visit

the exposition, is to have its own national pavilion for government exhibits. By dint of patience and perseverance Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States commissioner-general, procured a pavilion also, although he explained that President McKinley would be unable to visit the exposition. These foreign pavilions, each differing in style and shape according to the taste of the architects employed by the foreign commissioners, will be situated on the banks of the Seine along the Quay d'Orsay from the Esplanade to the Champ de Mars. Here also on the water's edge will be the French government

THE APPROACH TO THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE.

Naval Building, one of its wings representing an ancient frigate and the other a modern battleship. This structure will be used for the army as well as the navy.

The Champ de Mars will be the site of the most interesting buildings of the exposition from an industrial point of view. Here is now rising the great Electricity Building—Chicago having led the way by first isolating exhibits of this class. Hence will radiate the wires conducting motive power to all the machinery on this bank of the river besides those which will furnish electricity sufficient to light all the buildings and grounds of the exposition. The steam to drive the dynamos that will turn power into electricity will be generated at the end of the Champ de Mars, behind the buildings, there being one set of boilers for the French exhibitors and another for the foreign. It is calculated that two hundred *tons* of steam will be required per hour. But the great attraction here to the non-professional visitor, and probably the most beautiful sight in the whole exposition, will be the Chateau d'Eau, or Water Palace, erected against the wall of the Electricity Building like a façade. It will be 37 feet wide, 230 feet long, and 160 feet high, formed of a light iron-work, filled with galleries and stairways, with a central grotto from which a copious supply of water will fall in cascades over the front of the building, being collected in a central basin whence rises an allegorical group: "Humanity, led by Progress, advances toward the Future." One of the figures, falling headlong into the water, is intended to represent "Routine." Description can give but a very feeble idea of how this wonderful Water

Palace will look, lighted from the grotto by thousands of electric lights of varying colors and placed as it will be at the end of the perspective of the Champ de Mars as one looks across from the Trocadero beyond the Eiffel Tower. Only France could produce such a fairy, artistic scene.

Here also will be grouped the buildings of Agriculture and Food Products; of Civil Engineering and Transportation; of Mines and Metallurgy; of Fishing and Forestry, and of Education and Teaching, unless the latter should be crowded out the last moment by the urgent demands of some other section; for the pressure for space is something awful. This is especially the case with regard to the side shows. There were 828 different schemes suggested, some of which almost seem to have originated in a lunatic asylum; such as that of a village floating in the air on a platform to be supported by balloons; an artificial rainbow, electrically lighted, to cover the entire site of the exposition, and a gigantic seesaw, the fulcrum of which should be as high as the towers of Notre Dame, capable of raising hundreds of people at a time. But some of the projects adopted are really very interesting as well as daring. There is M. Elisée Reclus' monster globe, eighty-three feet in diameter, on which every detail of the earth's surface will be worked out in relief, encased in a large building fitted with spiral walks, permitting sightseers to examine every part. On the interior the upper part will contain geological maps of the northern hemisphere, while the lower will be reserved for a panorama of the Evolution of Man. All the profits of this show are to be devoted by M. Reclus to scientific work and the aid of geographical discovery; for the globe is intended to be permanent and the surface will be remodeled in parts from time to time as new discoveries are made or more accurate details are received.

Then there is the Big Wheel of Paris, three times as large as the Ferris affair, which is already turning on its monster steel axis, near one corner of the exposition, just outside the grounds.

There will be a "Maréorama" by which the spectator may take an ocean voyage from Marseilles to Constantinople, the scenery on land being shown by a moving panorama, the rolling of a ship imitated by eccentric wheels under the spectators' platform, while sea breezes manufactured out of air impregnated with iodine will blow upon their faces. M. Deloncle will have a telescope that will bring the moon within twenty-five miles. There will be an Alpine mountain and a California mine, a Morocco village and a tri-lingual daily newspaper. In fact, should one devote his whole time from April 15 to November 5, the closing day, to visiting the exposition, he would find his moments fully occupied and even then would not see everything.

The pressure for space became so great long ago that several of the exhibits were relegated to the Bois de Vincennes, outside of Paris to the east. There will take place the "Olympic games" and other sports, in which America, it is expected, will distinguish herself. It is quite likely also that the section of Political Economy and Social Science will find itself transferred here from the Champ de Mars, and perhaps other sections later on; such as bicycles, automobiles, and means of transportation requiring an extended track. In addition to all these shows, there will be scientific congresses similar to those held at Chicago.

I should say a few words in conclusion about the part the United States will take in this grand world's fair. Mr. Peck, the commissioner-general, in the face of great obstacles, has succeeded in securing for American exhibitors more than one third as much space again as was originally allotted, so that, next to France and her ally, Russia, the United States will have more space than any other nation. By his efforts Mr. Peck, in the face of courteous opposition here and underhanded attacks at home, has secured an increase of floor space from 150,000 square feet originally allotted to 211,000 square feet. The figures speak for themselves. This space will be divided as follows among the different classes:

	Square feet.
Machinery and electricity	48,000
Agriculture and food products	26,140
Decoration and furniture	24,600
Manufactures' annex	17,192
Civil engineering and transportation	16,750
Textiles	13,000
Education and liberal arts	11,400
Mines and metallurgy	7,700
Government building site	7,500
Marine transportation with annex	5,600
Forestry and fisheries, with annex	5,450
Chemical industries	4,100
Ventilating apparatus	4,024
Horticulture	2,718
Weather Bureau	2,500
Colonization	1,500
Army and navy	1,500
Social economy	1,162
Total	210,836

The French regulations for the admission of articles are very liberal. M. Alfred Picard, the French commissioner-general, has done everything in his power to secure for foreigners facilities from the legislative and executive branches of government. There will be no duties on objects brought in and all space is given to exhibitors rent-free. Water, gas, steam, and motive power will also be free, but the exhibitor will have to pay the cost of making connections between his display and the main conduits. All the cost of unpacking, packing-up, and transporting must naturally be borne by the exhibitor.

The financial success of the exposition is already assured, the greater part of the money having been raised by an issue of lottery bonds amounting to $13,000,000, while the city of Paris and the national government have given $4,000,000 each. The spectacular effects will be unrivaled, and, while the prevailing tone will be artistic, it is certain that the material results from such an assemblage of all that contributes to human knowledge, invention, and progress will be immense beyond all calculation.

TWENTY YEARS AN EDITOR.

BY THEODORE L. FLOOD.

IT is more than twenty years since I first revolved in my mind the idea of becoming the editor of a monthly periodical. Bishop Gilbert Haven, whom Henry C. Bowen offered ten thousand dollars a year to become editor of *The Independent*, but who declined it and remained with *Zion's Herald*, Boston, as editor, and later was elected bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, visited me in Meadville in 1877, when, true to his instincts, literature became the topic of conversation. I said to him, "What do you think of a monthly magazine published in Meadville that shall be the organ of the Chautauqua movement?" His reply was prompt and emphatic, "No monthly magazine has ever been a success published west of New York, and you cannot make it go here." This opinion, coming from an experienced editor, had a tendency to make my thinking conservative, but the fact that the population of the country was increasing rapidly, and that its distribution was westward, became a dominating argument, and it was the final conclusion that the time had come for a new experiment in a monthly periodical.

It was thought that Meadville, being midway between New York and Chicago, was a better point for the experiment than Chicago itself. Therefore I concluded to join fortune with the movement if it could be put into shape. After consulting the proper persons at Chautauqua, the monthly was designed and put on the market. The next question of vital importance was, shall I become an editor? I tried to settle it by consulting somebody who was friendly but who acted entirely apart from Chautauqua. Bishop Matthew Simpson, who made the oration at Abraham Lincoln's grave and was eminent for wisdom, judgment, and eloquence, was humble enough, though very much my senior, to be my friend, and it was

on the shores of Chautauqua Lake that he and I had a long conversation over this question, "Shall I retire from the pastorate to become editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and at the same time its proprietor and publisher?" Bishop Simpson, in his sincere and guarded manner, said: "I see no reasonable objection to your being editor of such a magazine. It will be the friend of the Bible, teach wholesome truths, and be a blessing to mankind; I would advise you to do it."

I did not follow his advice immediately, because I had a notion that I could serve a church as pastor and edit a magazine at the same time. These two things I tried to do for two years, when I found that worry over my work was neutralizing my natural force, so I ended the matter by retiring from the pastorate to create a magazine. I had had very little experience in writing for the press except what I had done for Bishop Haven on *Zion's Herald*, some for the *Boston Journal*, and some for *The Methodist*, when Dr. D. H. Wheeler was its editor.

It was rather a bold undertaking, because, like my predecessors in the ministry, I was without money and had no rich friends who were ready to invest money in this publishing enterprise. Therefore I undertook to make a magazine for Chautauqua, which itself was new and had no wealth to present to its editor, no money with which to endow or assist a publishing venture. The fact is, Chautauqua did not then pay its current expenses, it was being involved in debt from year to year, its paper was in the banks endorsed by the Hon. Lewis Miller, who in a little more than the first decade of its existence loaned his name to commercial paper for Chautauqua to the amount of about a hundred thousand dollars. This I have always regarded as a great help, notwithstanding the fact that Chautauqua paid every cent of it. There was no hope for my enterprise financially, save in the constituency of the Chautauqua Assembly, but I had faith in the people and believed that Chautauqua was a growing cause and that it would draw many and strong friends who would stand by it in years to come. Besides I considered it a safe undertaking to build THE CHAUTAUQUAN as a pulpit from which to teach history and science, religion and philosophy, and the practical duties of human life.

Of course there were friends who told me that I was making a mistake in leaving the pastorate, that I would ruin myself financially and very likely incur a burden of debt which would handicap me for the rest of my natural life, all of which disagreeable things I considered, for I have always regarded it wisdom to hear what objectors to an enterprise could offer, and to weigh their objections; but these did not weigh heavy enough to turn me aside from the work. I studied the men with whom I would be associated, though I was a long distance from them; for while people could tell me many things concerning them which were kind and appreciative and encouraging to my enterprise, yet nobody knew them personally or how they would conduct themselves in the new relations that would exist between them and myself. Upon these matters I formed a judgment without precedent to govern me.

It should be remembered that Chautauqua from the beginning has never been responsible for one dollar in the publication of any of its periodicals, but that I assumed and have continuously carried the financial responsibility for its daily paper at Chautauqua and its monthly magazine. Up to this time, 1899, I can say of these publications, I have paid all the bills, secured the copyright for the magazine, owned them, and I have paid as percentages into the treasury of Chautauqua during the years of my ownership of these periodicals and my interest in publishing the Chautauqua books over two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, or an average of fourteen hundred dollars per month for thirteen years, the period during which I have paid percentages. It has not been altogether a losing enterprise for me, though I did not engage in the venture for the sake of making money. My chief concern was to

find money enough to start the publications and then to continue them, but my plan has worked out prosperously in this way that, besides affording me a satisfactory compensation for my work, they have been one of Chautauqua's chief sources of revenue, by which she has gained over two hundred thousand dollars in percentages.

The work to be accomplished was threefold: to provide for Chautauqua people good literature at lower prices than obtained in the market as it then existed, to establish an organ which would fitly represent the new Chautauqua idea, and to inaugurate a propaganda of the new movement. These were the main points to be gained by beginning and continuing these publications.

The plans for the summer school provided lectures on a variety of topics, together with the teaching of Hebrew and Greek and some instruction in other languages. The popular lecture was the method depended upon mainly in the beginning, for instruction as well as entertainment. A series of lectures on chemistry were illustrated by means of a laboratory that was brought on at heavy expense from New York by Dr. Doremus and set up in the grove, and upon which many people looked with wonder. The men who lectured were eminent in their specialties. I was led to think favorably of editing a daily paper in the woods for three weeks each year, to present a report to the people who could not come to Chautauqua of the wise things said in the lectures, and to put in print a report of what was done there, besides giving to the temporary inhabitants the news from the different cottages and boarding-houses and from the lake in general.

The first paper was published in 1876. It was folio size, printed three miles up the lake at Mayville, and brought down before daylight in a cracky wagon and sold by newsboys on the ground. The chief difficulty in this phase of the enterprise was the sending of copy from the editorial rooms to the printing office three miles away. Our editorial office was an unpretentious Centennial cottage set on the ground. We were denied the luxury of a stone foundation. Sometimes a heavy rain would pelt the thin roof and come dripping through, wetting down our papers, but finally the water would leak through the cracks in the floor, and in a little while the office would become dry again. There was no stove and no chance for a fireplace. We were located in a rustic environment to get out a daily paper, and some friends called it a romantic effort in journalism.

This daily has now been in existence twenty-three years. I owned it and have been responsible for its publication. At first it was published every week-day for three weeks in August, but for a number of years now it has been published five weeks in July and August. Its circulation has been as high as five or six thousand and sometimes has dropped to less than that. The advertising has been a source of revenue to pay for the publication, though I never counted it a profitable enterprise, except that it represented the Assembly and excited interest in it among people who did not attend. Besides, it was an advertisement for the C. L. S. C. books and the monthly magazine, and was a great help to the management of Chautauqua, carrying out their plans from day to day and building up the enterprise. So that the *Assembly Daily Herald* has been one of the chief features of the Chautauqua Assembly. It was founded two years after the Assembly and has never failed to do its work from that time to the present.

After the *Herald* had an interesting existence for two years, I proposed the plan of publishing it as a monthly, making it an eight-page paper. I served the College Church in Meadville, Pa., as pastor for three years and edited the monthly *Herald* during this time, and then adopted the idea of merging the monthly *Herald* into a monthly magazine in which a part of the required reading for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle should be published. The plan was endorsed by the management at Chautauqua. This was in 1881. I edited the magazine and gave

direction to its business and served a church as pastor for two years longer, when I found it wearing upon my nerve force; then I followed the advice of Bishop Simpson, withdrew from the pastorate, and settled down in Meadville to edit THE CHAUTAUQUAN. This place has been my home ever since. Such is the story of the beginning of the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* and of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Mr. Milton Bailey, of Jamestown, N. Y., was the business manager of the *Daily Herald* and the *Monthly* up to the time that THE CHAUTAUQUAN was first issued, when I bought his interest in both periodicals and have owned them both up to the present time.

My duties as an editor, first of a daily in August, then of a monthly magazine, were varied and interesting. In directing the *Assembly Daily Herald* I felt obliged to reproduce the lectures of eminent men who made their deliverances in the great Auditorium. My hardest task was with Dr. John Lord. He forbade me using any of his lectures in the paper until by appointment we argued the case fully and reached a conclusion. He held the opinion that if his lectures were printed and circulated over the country, it would destroy them for future use on the lecture platform. I told him that the circulation of the *Assembly Herald* was limited to Chautauqua people and they were few in number compared with the vast population of the country, that they were widely scattered, but that they came from nearly every state in the Union, and the publication of his lectures would advertise his literary wares. This, together with a price in good money, led the good doctor to furnish his manuscripts, his lectures were printed for the first time, and he took an advance step in getting before the public.

I learned by experience that diplomacy was the best method to use in securing lectures for publication. A class of lecturers like Dr. Lord were dignified, reserved, and withal conscious of their power to instruct the people, but to impress these learned men that it was just as important to publish their lectures as it was to deliver them became one of the difficult tasks of my editorial career. Young lecturers were, as a rule, anxious to get into print. This class were not always wanted. However, not a few of them turned the tables and used diplomacy on the editor. A friend would call on me to exalt the text, to magnify the eloquence, or to enlarge upon the constituency of the lecturer, with the purpose of making a big reputation in a day for his friend. Sometimes I would yield and publish a weak lecture, not because it was the wise thing to do, but rather because the lecturer had plowed my soul and made an atmosphere that swept me in his direction. The hardest thing I had to learn as an editor was to say *no* in a kind, whole-hearted, firm way, and leave the lecturer well pleased. I often told a weak man that he would regret the publication of his lecture, but I learned that a weak man is not easily influenced by reason. At such times his momentum is personal pride or a lofty ambition. Such men often presumed upon the good will of the audience, as well as upon the generosity of the editor, but while they were weak as lecturers, they developed exceptional strength as advertisers of their platform productions.

The *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* was a medium for introducing to the world outside of their small sphere the best talent that appeared on the platform. Some men were started with an upward lift by the *Herald*, going abroad with their lectures and describing how they were received by the vast crowd that gathered in the Auditorium to hear them. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Worden is a prominent Presbyterian clergyman who became famous through his Chautauqua lectures and teaching of the Bible. The *Herald* recognized his power both as a teacher and preacher, and he was started toward the position he now holds of editor of the Sunday-school publications in the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Dunning, of the Congregational Church, won fame in the same way. He finally became editor of *The Congregationalist*, published in Boston, where he has demonstrated his versatility and strength as an editor. Dr. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut is now editor of the Sun-

day-school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The *Assembly Herald* helped to introduce him to the Methodist public. It is my judgment that three men now filling the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church would be still plodding in more humble spheres if the *Assembly Herald* had not greatly aided in making them and their work known to their church people; not that the *Herald* was their only aid in reaching these positions, but with these props dropped out, Chautauqua and the *Assembly Herald*, they would hardly have become bishops.

I have been asked frequently why the great lectures and sermons delivered at Chautauqua have not been published in book form. My answer has been, they would not sell. In 1880 I called upon Mr. Jopeph Harper in New York and proposed that the Harpers publish a volume of the best lectures and sermons delivered in five years at Chautauqua. His reply was: "Our house issued a book, 'The First Century of the Republic.' It was made on your plan; and was one of the best books we ever published, but we did not sell enough copies to pay for making the plates. Fiction," he said, "sells better than lectures or sermons." So he declined to publish the book. The literature Chautauqua has made may be found in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the *Assembly Herald*, and nearly one hundred books written and published especially for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. My monument will be THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the *Assembly Herald*. I ask no loftier fame than to be known as the maker of this magazine. To my son Col. Ned Arden Flood, I owe a debt of gratitude for the invaluable service he has rendered me since he graduated from the Johns Hopkins University. He has been the managing editor of the *Assembly Herald* for ten years, for nine years superintendent of The Chautauqua-Century Press, and will shortly sever his Chautauqua relations, preferring to adopt an individual career rather than to accept the repeated invitations to continue in Chautauqua's service.

Chautauqua has successfully exploited some ideas which were lying dormant in many minds. One was more fraternity among people of different religious sects. Here they were brought together for religious and educational work; strong men and women holding diverse views as to church polity, doctrine, and sacraments laid aside non-essentials and organized a Christian brotherhood which lives and will live. To trace the growing unity of the churches in the United States back to Chautauqua as the birth-place of this new era is a task worthy of the scientific religionist.

Another idea was, the Assembly itself, held in a grove where the people lived for one or two months of the summer in rustic houses or tents, and congregated in the open air to hear lectures on the topics of the times as suggested by education, moral reforms, religion, and the sciences. The Assembly was so novel and attractive that the idea spread until it covered the whole country and very generally supplanted the old-fashioned camp-meeting, which was so popular among the early Methodists.

The greatest idea Chautauqua presented to the world was the reading circle, not that it was new, but it was renewed and brought to a focus under the euphonious title, "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." The Assembly was already organized and many people had made suggestions as to its life, character, and the propaganda movement. Many of them believed that it ought to reach the masses in their homes, and it assumed practical form in this reading circle. Right here is where the Chautauqua periodicals came into being and formed a relation to the organization and represented it with energy and strength. I am the only man who for twenty years has devoted himself exclusively to Chautauqua work. This I have done as editor of its periodicals. I have believed and do now believe that Chautauqua is the grandest Christian educational movement of a popular character that has sprung up in the nineteenth century.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN has won its place among the great monthlies of the world in part because it was a Chautauqua magazine, but in larger part because its popular quali-

ties carried it beyond the limit of the reading circle and Assembly ideas. As I look back at its beginning I am pleased that for twenty years I have been an editor devoted to the one work of making the magazine. I have kept faith with myself, my subscribers, and the Chautauqua trustees, who gave me my commission, and at the same time have industriously studied to serve the public with wholesome literature.

Like every great organization, Chautauqua has struck the time for radical changes. One set of men have been in its chief places for nearly a quarter of a century. They have done their work under the eyes of competent critics, but their best praise is this: their work stands and is imitated in this and all lands. The Hon. Lewis Miller, who from the beginning has been president of the Chautauqua Board of Trustees, died within a few months. Dr. William R. Harper, whose responsibilities as president of the great University of Chicago, and leader in other large and successful educational enterprises, are more than sufficient to consume his extraordinary energy and resources, has retired from his place as principal of the Collegiate Department of the Chautauqua System of Education. Dr. W. A. Duncan has ceased to be superintendent of the grounds, and Mr. E. A. Skinner, who has been treasurer from the beginning, has resigned. And I have sold to the Chautauqua trustees all my interest in the contracts under which I have edited and published THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald*. Flood and Vincent have sold their contracts, under which they have published the C. L. S. C. books, to the same trustees. With the September number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN I will finish my work as editor of the magazine and retire from all official relations with the publications of Chautauqua. Dr. George E. Vincent becomes the principal of instruction of Chautauqua. A graduate of Yale University and post-graduate of The University of Chicago, well endowed by nature, he is advanced to a high place, which he is qualified to fill. The Hon. Clem Studebaker, of Indiana, who has long been identified with Chautauqua, is, by common consent, the acting president of the Chautauqua Board of Trustees, and will probably be elected permanent president at the next annual meeting. Cleveland, O., is to be the successor of Meadville, Pa., as the publishing center of Chautauqua literature, where also the general business offices of Chautauqua will be located. Mr. Wilson M. Day, of Cleveland, is the acting general manager of Chautauqua's business interests.

I welcome the coming of the day of my release from labors and responsibilities which for nearly a quarter of a century I have enjoyed, and which I shall hand over to others, coveting for them the power to make THE CHAUTAUQUAN greater and cherishing the hope that all Chautauqua literature may not only be good literature, but that it may be loyal to God and his revealed Word. I send my heart-felt greetings and God-speed to the hundreds of thousands who have read THE CHAUTAUQUAN and made it a bond of union between them and myself.

THE SIN OF THE WORLD.

SIN is not a thing to be defined. It is a thing to be felt. Every attempt at a definition comes short of the reality. If it is insisted upon as the full truth, it becomes a guide to error. Every genuine feeling of sin throws some light upon the reality and helps us to perceive that which we can never explain.

One of the inexplicable elements of sin is the connection between its roots in the race and its fruits in the individual. We cannot explain how it is that each man should feel himself free enough to be fully responsible for his own evil thoughts and feelings and actions, and yet conscious at the same time that they are joined to a common ground of

evil in human nature. Stranger still is the fact that this propensity to evil is felt to be not an excuse but an aggravation. The man who injures his brother in a fit of passion, takes no comfort in the remembrance of his anger. The anger itself is part of his condemnation. Sin is not only an act: it is a condition, a state; and separate sins are not better, they are worse, because they spring from a common root.

Christ taught the truth of original sin. He did not explain it, but he declared it when he said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." Side by side with this truth he proclaimed the guilt of actual sin when he said, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." He taught also that all men need to be delivered from both original and actual sin when he said, "Ye must be born again," and "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." But when his disciples pressed him to explain this mystery of the connection between the root and the fruit of evil, with their question, "Lord, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Christ refused to answer them.

Original sin makes originality in sins impossible. There is a fatal resemblance and relationship in all the evils that are done under the sun, from the days before the flood even until now.

And yet every sin originates in the heart that commits it. Each individual will that consents to evil chooses for itself. The ground of this choice is hidden in darkness. It may lie in a region beyond the sphere of time and space, an antenatal state.

But the operation of this choice is manifest in the light. Every sin is a fall of man.

To be really conscious of a single sin is to feel its secret connections and infinite possibilities. It is to catch sight of the bottomless gulf and have a sense of the immeasurable peril of walking beside it with unguarded feet.

John Bunyan's exclamation, when he looked from his window at a condemned malefactor going to execution—"There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God"—has found an echo in many a heart. But this echo is not a defense; it is a confession.

The sense of sin covers character as well as deeds. It clings not only to what we have done, but also to what we are prone to do. It was in this region below the surface that Jesus touched and exposed it, with his searching tenderness, his holy insight, his relentless love. Not only his word, piercing like an arrow of light to the roots of evil in pride and selfishness and lust and greed and hypocrisy, but also his life, in its stainless purity and flawless truth, was an infallible detective of the furtive evil seeking to hide itself, like Adam and Eve in the story of Eden, among the trees of the garden. It was for this reason that the Scribes and Pharisees hated him, because he made them hate themselves. It was for this reason that Peter feared to be with him, and cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." It was for this reason that the woman of the city streets drew close to him, and bathed his feet with her tears, because she knew that he knew that she was a sinner.

There are four elements in a true sense of sin: shame, pain, fear, and hope.

The shame comes from its ugliness, its defilement, its marring and mocking of those elements in us which we feel belong to the divine image and our better nature. No man is born without an ideal. The failure to be true to this ideal, the befouling and breaking of this image, is the shame of sin.

The pain comes from its enslaving and imprisoning power. Man was made for liberty. But sin is bondage to evil. "Whoso committeth sin is the servant of sin." The conflict within our members, the law of the flesh warring against the law of the spirit, the weight of the chains of evil habit, the tyranny of sensual lusts and passions—these make the misery of human life. Stevenson's parable of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is a commentary on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

"Crime and punishment," says Emerson, "grow out of one stem. Punishment is a

fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower that concealed it."

The fear comes from the sense of disobedience to a high, mysterious, inexorable command. It is not possible to feel sin without fear, except by denying the existence of all moral law. As a matter of fact, the consciousness of evil has always carried with it in all human experience a feeling of secret apprehension, a troubled expectation and dread of punishment. Fear is related to guilt as personality is related to law. The reality of the one relation carries with it the reality of the other. Here we come face to face with a crucial question in religion.

Is there anything objective and actual which corresponds to this human element of fear in the sense of sin? Is there anything for sinful man to be afraid of?

Certainly there must be, unless the whole testimony of our moral nature is an illusion. The condemnation of sin rests not merely upon the feeling that sin is self-injury, self-mutilation, but upon the deeper sense that it is an offense against a law outside of us, and above us, and justly sovereign over us. Such a law must have within itself the right, the power, the inexorable necessity of punishment. Resting upon the will, and expressing the character of a righteous God, the ruler of the universe, it implies in him a holy indignation against all that breaks and dishonors it.

For consider [says one of the greatest preachers whose voice has been heard in the nineteenth century] sin violates and defies the moral law of God. And what is God's moral law? Is it a law which, like the laws of nature, as we call them, might conceivably have been other than it is? Certainly not. We can conceive much in nature being very different from what it is—suns and stars moving in smaller cycles; men and animals in different shapes; the chemistry, the geology, the governing rules of the material universe, quite unlike what they actually are. God's liberty in creating physical beings was in no way limited by his own laws, whether of force or of matter. But can we, if we believe in a moral God, conceive him saying "Thou mayest lie," "Thou mayest do murder"? . . . The moral law is not a code which he might have made other than it is; it is his own moral nature, thrown into a shape which makes it intelligible and applicable to us his creatures; and therefore in violating it we are opposing, not something which he has made, but might have made otherwise, like the laws of nature—but himself. Sin, if it could, would destroy God.

The penalty of sin under moral law is not less certain, but more certain, than the penalty of disobedience to natural law. The wholesome fear which makes a burnt child dread the fire is no more trustworthy than the salutary fear which makes a sinful man dread the divine indignation. Both are premonitions of an actual peril, safeguards against a real danger. But the latter, if Christ knew the truth, is far more needful, far more terrible. For he said: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." And this he said, not unto his enemies to terrify them, but unto his friends to warn and save them.

The fear that lurks in sin is not an illusion. It is an admonition. It corresponds to something real outside of us. And that something is the reality which religion calls "the wrath of God."

It is inconceivable that this holy wrath should be perfectly comprehended or explained by us. It is equally inconceivable that it should be doubted or denied. A righteous judge incapable of indignation against crime would be unfit to sit in the seat of justice. A holy God incapable of wrath against sin would be disqualified to rule the world.

There must be a moral necessity in God which calls for the condemnation of evil as sin. This necessity comes from every side of his nature—from his justice first, but also from his purity, his wisdom, his goodness, his love. And the condemnation expresses every side of his relation to the world. As Creator, he disapproves the marring of the ideal. As Judge, he condemns the transgression of the law. As Lord, he resents and reproves treason and rebellion against his government. As Father, he is wounded and offended by ingratitude against his love and separation from his fellowship. All

these holy perfections are included and implied in that mysterious reality of which the Scripture speaks as "the wrath of God, coming upon the children of disobedience."

But there is a form in which this truth of the divine wrath has been presented which makes it utterly hateful, and, indeed, incredible. It is the form which forgets and denies those perfections of God out of which his indignation proceeds. It is the form which introduces sin itself into the very heart of God's feeling against sin. It is the form which makes him fierce, vindictive, implacable, and cruel.

To separate God's indignation against sin from his love toward man is to blaspheme his name.

This is the fault of which, alas, human theology has too often been guilty—a fault which has brought its own deep punishment in the revolt of human nature against the hideous misrepresentation of religion. Take two examples of this black caricature of God's feeling toward sin, from the writings of Robert South, one of the most eloquent and eminent preachers of the seventeenth century.

The same relation of a Creator that endears God to the innocent fires him against a sinner. God looks upon the soul as Amnon did upon Tamar: while it was a virgin he loved it; but now it is deflowered he hates it.

A physician has a servant; while this servant lives honestly with him he is fit to be used and to be employed in his occasions; but if this servant should commit a felony and for that be condemned, he can then be actively serviceable to him no longer; he is fit only for him to dissect, and make an object upon which to show the experiments of his skill. So while man was yet innocent he was fit to be used by God in a way of active obedience; but now having sinned, and being sentenced by the law to death as a malefactor, he is a fit matter only for God to torment and show the wonders of his vindictive justice.

The world is to be congratulated that such teaching as this has become obsolete and incredible. Whatever system of theology it may have belonged to, it is now as dead as Dagon. A God who had any resemblance in his character to that vilest and most despicable sinner, Amnon, a God who could use his children, even after they had disobeyed him, as "fit matter to torment and show the wonders of his vindictive justice," would be a nightmare horror of moral monstrosity, infinitely worse than no God at all. To worship such a God would be to worship an omnipotent devil.

God cannot be angry, even against sin, as sinful men are angry, because in him there is no sin. Whatever his holy wrath against evil may mean, it certainly must be eternally consistent with his purity, his goodness, his compassion, and his love.

Therefore, the true fear which is an element in the sense of sin—the fear which is simply seeing what evil is, what judgment is, what law is, and what punishment is—the fear which is reverent, sober, steadying, stimulating, healthful—the fear which gives depth and grandeur to our conception of the world and enters mightily into every serious and noble life—the fear which is not spiritual cowardice, but an incitement to courage, not abject superstition, but a reasonable awe—the fear which comes upon every sinful soul as an influence of quickening intelligence, a powerful movement of imperiled life, in the presence of the just and holy God—this fear carries in its heart a secret and imperishable hope.

The hope that dwells in the sense of sin! Strange mystery of the deepest of all sorrows—seed of light hidden in the womb of darkness—indomitable testimony of the lost soul to its faith that some one is seeking for it in the wilderness!

Sin is the separation of man from God.

The sense of sin is God's unbroken hold upon the heart of man.

The sacrifices on myriad altars bear witness to it. The prayers of penitence rising from all dark corners of the earth bear witness to it. The tremulous homeward-turnings of innumerable souls from far countries of misery and loneliness bear witness to it.

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!"

But mark—he still says, *Father!—Henry van Dyke, D.D., LL.D., in "The Gospel for a World of Sin."*

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

BY NED ARDEN FLOOD.

DIRECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.

DANIEL WEBSTER died on Saturday, October 24, 1852, and his death was one of the first events to which the newspapers did timely justice. It was in reporting this news that the use of heavy head-lines was begun. The long descriptive head-lines of the present, printed in bold-faced type, did not come into fashion, however, until a much later period. The first page of reading matter in the average issue of the *New York Herald* in 1865, just before the close of the Civil War, contained only head-lines of single-column width and in length not more than half a column. The art of writing head-lines had not yet developed, and they had not yet gained the importance which required specially trained persons to write them. To-day whole pages nearly are consumed with head-lines as the importance of the news may in the opinion of the editor require, and every large newspaper employs one or more persons whose chief business it is to epitomize the news and write it in epigrammatic language.

Heavy head-lines were invented mainly for the convenience of the reader. Once having learned how to read a newspaper, one may acquaint one's self with the essential news of a given day by quickly scanning the head-lines, and by a process of quick discrimination separate the good from the bad, the essential from the non-essential, and learning all that is desired of the lesser things, from such a process devote the necessary time to the news of real importance. There are head-lines of many different sorts employed to-day, but like all legitimate inventions this has become somewhat perverted in its use. The bold, descriptive head-lines have their legitimate place in journalism, if the so-called "scare heads" have not, and I am not sure but that the newspaper of the future will have more and better head-lines than in the past.

The interview which is to-day an established feature of American journalism was first employed as a vehicle for news by the *New York Herald* in 1859. Following the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, the *Herald* sent a reporter to call on Gerrit Smith, at his home in Peterborough. This noted character discussed the matter, with which he was concerned, most freely. The result was a tersely written story of the conversation, a published interview, which attracted immediate and widespread attention. Thus the process of interviewing was begun, and directly on the eve of the Civil War it was applied to many public men, until finally it became one of the permanent resources of journalism, the property first of the American newspaper which had accomplished its discovery.

In these times, when the eye of the business world is focused with daily regularity on the financial centers of the country, when thousands of electric tickers momentarily record the rise or fall of the stock barometer, it may be hundreds of miles away, and innumerable other agencies are at work supplying information that is vital to our economic life, it is interesting to look back over the years and note the beginning of the system of financial reporting. It was in 1835, when the *New York Herald* was first established, that the elder Bennett began the publication of the "money articles." They were the first reports from Wall Street, and constituted an innovation not only in the newspaper but in our financial history. They were published irregularly at first but soon appeared as a daily feature of the *Herald*, forming the first newspaper reports of the kind in America.

The beginnings of newspaper illustration date back to 1835, when the *New York Herald* pictured the Merchants' Exchange

in New York. A few years later the same paper devoted a whole page to a crude picture of General Jackson's funeral procession. The same period witnessed the publication of the first war maps. When the Canadian Rebellion centered for the time on Navy Island, near Niagara Falls, the *Herald* printed a map of the locality. This was in 1838, and now, at this distance from the Spanish-American War, it is not difficult to recall the profusion of war maps which our newspapers presented and which, it may be said, filled a high office, since they were the only source of geographical information available for by far the larger part of the people.

As it led in many other things, so did the *Herald* contain the first regular European correspondence. The arrival of the pioneer steamer *Sirius* demonstrated the success of the application of steam to navigation on the Atlantic and when the steamer returned in 1838 it carried the proprietor of the *Herald*. Once on the other side, with characteristic enterprise, Mr. Bennett arranged for the first European newspaper correspondence, which was subsequently printed continuously in his paper.

The limitations of space will not permit reference here to all the important beginnings of this period, but I may briefly describe one other innovation which was little short of a revolution in newspaper enterprise. In the early thirties it was the custom to hold the annual meetings of many important religious societies in New York. Beyond a few small items chronicling the mere facts which appeared in the newspapers and the brief editorial utterances of the religious press, these meetings received no public comment. Again Bennett revolutionized newspaper methods by reporting the meetings with such fulness and in such painstaking detail that he immediately provoked the hostility of the pulpit, the religious press, and his less energetic rivals.

Bennett was denounced and condemned from many high places. He persevered, however, and year after year the *Herald* contained more extensive and better reports of religious gatherings, until finally other newspapers adopted the same policy, and it was observed that the new and increased publicity given religious meetings was having its effect in larger contributions and increased attendance. Then the tide turned and in the end Bennett was accorded popular appreciation for his initiative, which was without question productive of greater social good than benefit to the newspaper.

Our newspapers are peculiarly and typically American. They reflect with measurable accuracy the national spirit and character. They have borrowed a little, a very little, from the European press, but in the main they have established their own standards, wrought their own resources, in short created a journalism which has no prototype anywhere in the world to-day.

In the early thirties, the newspaper had no business status. It was not commonly regarded as a legitimate business calling and as a profession journalism was not counted in the reckoning. To-day the newspaper establishment is among the foremost of our commercial properties, the newspaper press is one of the most vital of our social institutions, and journalism occupies the status of an honorable and remunerative profession.

In 1835 James Gordon Bennett established the *New York Herald* on the basis of a capital of $500 and a harsh and bitter newspaper experience of fifteen years. Before his death he is said to have refused $3,000,000 for the property. *The New York Sun* brought $250,000 in 1849, and during the editorship of the late Charles A. Dana more than one offer of nearly three million dollars was made for it. Mr. Dana himself left an estate valued at more than a million dollars, which represented only a part of the profits of *The Sun* during his term. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer in 1883 paid $350,000 for the *New York World*, which is now considered one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the country and probably could not be purchased for ten times its cost.

The daily and weekly newspapers of the United States, according to the fairly accurate returns of the census, represent an investment of $126,269,885. Their revenues in 1890 from the two chief sources were about

equally divided between advertising and subscriptions, the aggregate being $143,585,448. It has been estimated that the gain in advertising receipts between 1880 and 1890 was about eighty-two per cent, and if this ratio has continued—it has more than likely increased—the receipts from advertising during the present year will probably exceed $100,000,000. During the same ten years the receipts from subscriptions increased forty-three per cent, indicating a total, should the ratio continue, for the present year of only ten million dollars less than the advertising. More than 100,000 persons are now employed by the newspapers of the country, to whom are paid wages in excess of $70,000,000 annually.

Nothing could better evidence the vitality of the newspaper than the facts of its economic status. The investment of individual capital in the newspaper is in itself a guarantee that it will be developed within the range of its possibilities, which means that the public will surely share in the results. While it is true that newspapers have been commercialized and that in many instances the operation of a newspaper for profit breeds yellow journalism, it is nevertheless the fact that the large and constantly increasing investment in newspaper property as a means for making money is in itself the best guarantee of the progress of the newspaper press and the widening opportunities of the journalistic profession.

The growing influence of the commercial side of the newspaper upon the editorial policy is constantly being deplored, but it must not be assumed that the editorial chair is one of infallibility. In the nature of things and according to the actual fact, the circulation depends largely upon the managing editor. He in turn must look to the counting room for the record which the barometer supplies of rising or falling circulation. It was so in the early history of the modern newspaper and it is more truly the case in this day of increased competitive activity, producing better newspapers and in larger numbers from which a more keenly intelligent army of readers is quick to detect which is most to their liking.

When the *New York Tribune* declared for the impeachment of President Johnson, the circulation immediately increased at an extraordinary rate. In the absence of Greeley, a vice-editor had committed the *Tribune* to this policy. Upon Greeley's return, he privately denounced the policy, but tolerated its continuance. The record of circulation overbalanced his preconceived judgment. Again, when Horace Greeley signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, the *Tribune*, then more prosperous than it had ever been, suffered directly an enormous, almost ruinous decrease in circulation. The sale of Greeley's war book, "The American Conflict," which had already reached a high mark, began to dwindle immediately, and very soon stopped; and Greeley's promising candidacy for the United States Senate received its death-blow. To be sure, Greeley's act was that of a patriot, performed in the highest conscience, but the offended people found the mark, and the barometer in the business office of the great editor fell as had been predicted.

With our newspapers established and conducted for purposes of gain, it requires no argument to sustain the view that the purely commercial influence will ultimately control newspaper policy, but this does not mean the abandonment of high ideals or the sacrifice of conscience in the business or professional aspects of newspaper enterprise.

The late Charles A. Dana classified newspapers as being of two kinds, "those made for sensible people, and those made for fools." "It is perfectly right," he said, "to provide for the fools in special newspapers; and that duty, you may have noticed, is extensively and conscientiously performed by gifted and conspicuous individuals, and I have heard that some of them make money by it." Mr. Dana's classification is intelligent and practical and there is much truth in his concluding observation. In the final analysis it is clear that the newspaper is amenable to the public, which reflects its sentiment in the records of circulation. Thus does it become apparent that the newspaper is to-day, as it is likely to be in the future, what the people make it.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT midnight Frank returned; ate something in the dining-room; then turned out the lights, softly went up to the study and sank into a chair—the same chair from which, only four hours before, he had risen to face the storm. Four hours: a mere handful of time gone flitting on wings of misery and change.

Physically, he was very tired; mentally, had come back refreshed from his wanderings, the fumes of temper spent, the ugly passions of heart and soul crushed out. Already, and very bitterly, he regretted what he had said and done. Why, over and over in those hours on the pavements, he had asked himself, why not have curbed tongue and temper, let Marian have her say, and trusted to time the consoler? That had been wise, and his clear duty to Marian: now fault lay upon fault, and wrong above wrong, in one great heap, a heap that might take weeks, aye, months, to clear away; one day this, the next day that, whole weary days at last before that giant mound of his misdeeds had bit by bit come crumbling down. Ah, and they would be weary days, he told himself. He knew Marian; knew how slow she was to forgive, how tardy to see the light. There would be coldness between them, abruptness, long fits of silence, efforts on his side toward explanation and conciliation, repulses on hers because of blind instincts, crooked reasonings, natural inability to forgive men their trespasses; then, some day, perhaps, a patched-up truce and an uncertain start for brighter ways and days. Still, they must be lived through, these; and for himself he meant to make all reparation in his power, to give Marian every assurance and explanation, to be patient also and forbearing; above all, to strive hard for renewed happiness. These things Frank had vowed; and might the happy end be speedy.

For that night, however, he had vowed and striven enough; let each day, said he, carry its own burden. He lit his pipe, took up a book; tried for a while of quietude. But thought would run riot, that unhappy scene live and act itself before his eyes. Words, taunts, whole passages of sound and fury came whirling back from the wide portal of memory. He closed his eyes and saw Marian scorning him, opened them and there sat she by the lamp in her cold silence; at last worn out in body and brain, dropped his head and fell asleep.

Dawn had come and the birds were twittering, when, cold and unrefreshed, Frank awoke. Pipe and book lay on the floor; the lamp had burned out; gray and cheerless the room showed itself in the ghostly light of morning. He shivered, yawned wearily; then pulled off his boots, crept along the landing, entered the bedroom, and looked at the bed.

Empty? Frank rubbed his eyes; ran his hand along the counterpane; looked across at the boy's cot; then, with a low whistle of surprise, turned up the gas and stood gazing here and there about the room.

Gone! He saw the trunk standing by the door; went over, lifted the lid and stood eying the medley of toys and baubles and garments. Again he looked at the bed; again let his eyes range the room; presently had sight of the letter lying on the dressing-table, and in a trice had it open. Just a few lines there were:

Dear Frank—When you open this I shall be at mother's. It is the best and only way. I am taking the boy, of course. I have packed some things; please have them sent on to me in the morning. Good-by. Marian.

Just that, without another word. Over and over Frank read the letter; peered inside the envelope, scanned the back of the sheet; sat on the edge of the bed and read it again; at last folded it, laid it on the

dressing-table, and stood abstractedly watching the haggard face that stared at him from the looking-glass.

"*At mother's*," he repeated. "*I am taking the boy, of course. . . . Please have them sent on. . . . Good-by. Marian.*" Gone? Gone with the boy? "*Good-by. Marian*," he said; then jerked back his head and broke into a pretense of laughter. A mighty fine piece of comedy it was; and a splendid development, this last, in all truth. Quite on the lines of melodrama things were running. A ghostly dawn—an erring husband—an empty room—a packed trunk—a laconic letter—a missing wife and child—then? What next, asked Frank, in this stirring drama of real life in Camberwell? Ah, what next, indeed, said he; then pulled off his coat and prepared for bed.

For hours he lay tossing and thinking; at last dropped into an uneasy sleep that lasted till the servant came tapping at the door and bringing the usual eight o'clock cup of tea. All to himself he had it that morning; no Marian to share it, no boy to play with spoon and saucer. No Marian and no boy. Did he miss them? he asked himself. The boy most certainly he missed; Marian—well, perhaps after all she had done wisely. A day or two apart would bring no harm; would give Marian time to reflect, and himself an opportunity to pick the best means of approach toward forgiveness. Yes; no doubt she had done wisely. But, said a voice in his ear, suppose Marian to stay away longer than a day or two, to stay away much longer? It is quite possible, you know, Frank Barry, said the voice; it would be only what you deserve; Marian is not the woman to go from you without just cause for the going; look at the trunk there by the wall, think of the coldness of that note, the curtness of her good-by, of the "Go, go," you shouted last night just before you flung away: think of these things, Frank Barry, and then ask yourself again whether Marian has gone for only a day or two. Eh? went the voice. You think it absurd, do you? You have done nothing dreadful, you say, done nothing outside forgiveness; it is only a freak on her part, the result of an impulse; she will be back to-morrow, you think, perhaps to-day? Very well; but suppose she stays away longer, what then, Frank Barry? You don't know? Well, try to know, said the voice; perhaps the trying may do you good.

It was not in Frank's power ever to grapple strenuously with thought or thing; ordinarily he slid away from the one and avoided the other; but this question of the voice certainly made him appear unusually grave and thoughtful (if nothing more) all the time he was dressing that morning, and while he lingered for a while in the cheerless study, and while, soon after, he stood, newspaper in hand, beside the breakfast-table. It was spread for two, just as it had always been spread these three years back, with the boy's chair standing beside his own, the shelf covered with a napkin and carrying the little bib and mug. And now, for the first time in three years, he stood waiting for nobody. There was no sound of pattering feet upstairs, no merry cackle of laughter; for that morning at least he must eat and drink in solitude, must do so much penance for his sins. So much? Perhaps more. Well, and if he did? He could endure—no, he could not. He felt lonely already. He missed the boy; missed Marian; missed many things.

The landlady herself came with the breakfast tray; laid it in the usual place, glanced curiously at Frank, and coughed behind her hand. Was Mrs. Barry unwell? she ventured. No, answered Frank, over the edge of his paper; she was quite well. But, he went on, she would not be down to breakfast that morning. The fact was, she had been called in the night to see a sick friend and had not returned. She might be back that day, or not for a few days; in the meantime he wished Mrs. Smith to manage as best she could for him. "You know what I want, Mrs. Smith," he said with a smile. "I'm simple in my tastes; and you should know them after all these years. Do your best for me."

Himself strove also to make the best of things, with poor success. He had no appetite, felt spiritless, lonely; constantly kept

chasing thought through a blur of type—thought that came pressing whether he would or no. How had Sarah found out; what had she said? What of Nan? What did Marian mean to do? What was he to do? thought Frank, and echoed that question of the voice. Should he treat matters lightly or seriously? Should he demand Marian's return, or implore it; or should he simply leave things as they stood, to work out and develop as chance, or Marian, might direct? Demand? No. Implore? Not yet. Leave things, then, to slide and develop? Perhaps so. Something might happen; he must not act rashly; Marian might come back that day, she might write, she might—

"Oh, confound things!" cried Frank, in his perplexity, "confound things! Why couldn't she believe me? Am I worse than other men? Would she have me a saint? I confessed all, explained; and she has left me! Well then? It is her own choice. Am I to go pleading and begging? No. Not a word shall I say. Of her own will she went; so must she come back. . . . Yet I ought to go. And I miss her so—and the boy—and everything. Shall I? Shall I not? Yes, I'll go," said Frank; and, in a minute, "No, I won't; I'll wait."

The morning wore on. Upstairs in the study Frank sat trying to work; knitting his brows, striving vainly to untwine thoughts of present things from thoughts of other things. The house was strangely still; hollow and gloomy as a tomb, it seemed. Now and again he threw down his pen, hurried into the bedroom, flung up the window, and looked eagerly along the pavement toward Leipsic Road. Constantly he kept pulling out his watch; turning his head as if listening for a step or a knock; once he took down his hat, held it a moment, hurriedly hung it again. This moment he seemed deep in thought; the next in the pangs of irresolution; the next was driving an unwilling pen.

About eleven o'clock came a quick knock at the street door; and at sound of it Frank rose and stood biting his lip. Hush! There is a voice; but whose? Now there is a step on the stairs; now it is on the landing; now the door opens and the mother comes in, her face anxious, her eyes bright. Not a moment she wasted. Hardly did she touch Frank's hand.

"Frank," she said, still striving for breath, "what's all this? Why has Marian come home? What has come between you?"

Frank hung a moment on his answer.

"Ah, that's the question," he said; then, looking at mother: "Hasn't she told you?"

"Not a word. Oh, she's so strange, so strange," cried the mother, with a shake of her ringlets. "I dare not ask her. I've never seen her like this before. Never. She's hard, hard—and cold. Frank, what is it?"

Frank shook his head.

"If Marian won't say, mother, then I can't. No. Besides, 'twould be of no use. Not a bit. Better let it rest between ourselves. . . . But don't be worrying, mother," said Frank. "You mustn't. All will come right in the end."

"Ah, but will it, Frank? Will it? I don't like this, Frank. It's terrible. I can't bear to look at Marian. . . . Frank, tell me. Is it anything very serious?"

"It seems so. Yes, it is."

"And, Frank, who's to blame?"

"Oh, I, of course," answered Frank with a smile. "Ah, you little knew, mother," he went on, "the reprobate you were taking into the family. She's quite right, quite right. No matter. How's the boy?"

The mother clutched Frank's sleeve; stood looking up into his face.

"Frank," she said, "tell me. It's nothing dreadful has happened, is it?"

"Well, that depends," answered Frank. "Marian thinks it is; I think—it's not."

"Tell me," persisted the mother, her hand trembling on his sleeve, her voice piteous, "tell me, Frank. There's no—no sin? Oh, say it."

"No. There's none, mother."

"Oh, thank God—thank God!"

"I swear it to you," Frank went on, "I've been weak and foolish; but nothing more. I swear it."

"Thank God," sighed the mother again. "And Marian knows?"

"I've told her. She knows everything.

But she doesn't believe me. She said—ah, it was a terrible business," said Frank, "terrible. And I deserved it all. You see, she found me out, mother."

"I understand. And you did your best to explain?"

"My utmost, my very utmost. And 'twas no use; none. She still believes—oh, God knows," cried Frank, "what she doesn't believe!"

"I understand," said the little mother, and stood with her hands folded, looking toward the window. "I quite understand. And what do you mean to do?" she asked, in a while.

Slowly came Frank's answer:

"I don't know."

"But you should know, Frank."

"Yes? What should I do, then?"

"Come to her," answered the mother. "This must not be. Frank, it must not. It's terrible. You and Marian! Frank," she cried, seeing him shake his head, "you must come. It's your duty." She laid her hand on his arm. "You will, Frank?"

"She went of her own accord," answered Frank. "I came back and found her gone. That was all I found." He held out Marian's note. "Read it."

"No, no," said the mother. "I understand; quite. But she must come back. You must speak. It's your duty, Frank."

"Duty?" said Frank. "And has she none?"

"Yes, yes." Gently the mother pulled at Frank's sleeve. "Come back with me," she pleaded. "Ah, Frank, Frank."

He pondered a moment; then spread his arms.

"What's the good? She said she hated me," he cried. "Hated me! And she does! No, I can't."

"You must, Frank."

"No. It's wisest to wait. Not now."

"It's not wisest, Frank. The longer you wait the harder it will be. Oh, I know it!" cried the mother, from the depths of her sage experience. Again she plucked at Frank's sleeve. "I beg of you, Frank."

A while he stood irresolute, with the mother's hand on his arm, and her eyes hard on his face; suddenly crossed the room and took down his hat.

"All right," said he. "Come along."

Together they started; went silently along Camberwell New Road, came to the corner of Leipsic Road, and there the mother stopped.

"I'll go on, Frank," she said, "and see Marian. She doesn't know I've been to see you. She might—come in presently."

"Very well," said Frank. "Don't explain, and don't be afraid," he added, smiling; "I'll surely come."

The mother hurried off. Frank lingered some minutes along the pavement; then turned through the green gate, knocked, and was shown by Rose, the servant, into the little parlor.

He crossed to the French window, opened it, and stood looking down the garden. He felt strangely nervous. He half wished he had not come. What should he say to Marian? How would she receive him? How quiet the house was! Where was the boy?

He sat down and let his eyes range the room. How orderly everything was and clean, each chair exactly in its place, the pictures so accurately hung and tilted, the clock twenty minutes fast, the books standing like soldiers at drill, labeled, numbered, stamped, as it were, with the image of the dad's personality. . . . But where were they all? Did they know he had come? Should he ring? No. Better wait a little longer.

This was the dad's favorite room. It was easily seen. Dear, harmless, deluded old fellow. The vain dreams of vain things he must have dreamed here; of his career, of that impossible golden future, of the rewards that assuredly waited him, some day, somehow, somewhere. What a strange nature. Always hoping, always hiding the light with the mist of delusion. Yet who so lovable, generous, single-minded? . . . How still the house was. Hush! Some one was coming down the stairs. Strange to be standing like that waiting for his own wife!

It was the mother who came, her face grave again, her eyes troubled. Quickly she crossed.

"Frank," she said, "it's no use. I can't understand her. She says not now—not now. She blames me, I can see, for going to see you. She thinks, perhaps, you ought to have come sooner, or of yourself—"

Frank raised his hand.

"That's quite enough," he said; "it's just as I expected. No matter. Where's the boy?"

"But Frank, Frank——"

"I want to see the boy."

"He's asleep. Better not, Frank; not now. Ah, my boy, I'm so sorry for you, so disappointed." Tears were running down the mother's face. "But wait a day or two. Come again in a day or two." Frank moved toward the door. The mother caught his arm. "You'll come then, Frank, won't you? Oh, you will, you will! It's your duty—your duty, Frank."

With his hand on the knob Frank turned to her.

"Never fear," he answered; "never fear, mother. I'll do my duty. Kiss the boy for me—and my love to dad."

"And Marian? Ah, Frank—to Marian?"

"Yes. My love to Marian."

Ten minutes later, in the little back room that still was called hers, Marian, looking pale and worn, sat beside the bed, and the boy sleeping upon it. Before her stood the mother.

"Oh, you'll regret this, Marian," cried the mother; "bitterly you'll regret this all your days. You are wrong, I say; you should have seen him. To let him go like that! Oh, so hard you are, so cold. And he was so penitent; wanted to see you so. . . . And even then, even then, he sent you his love!"

Marian sat quite still, nor answered a word; only reached out and held the boy's hand lying limp on the white coverlet. And there for long enough she sat, while the mother blamed and pleaded, listening quietly and thinking deeply; thinking of this, perhaps, among other things—that, in Frank's place, she could imagine herself demanding the right to carry her love to one whom she loved.

CHAPTER XI.

FRANK went straight home; locked the trunk, sent it off, and posted the key to Marian.

"Perhaps that will show her how I am thinking," he said, as he turned from the pillar-box. "She may stay as long as she likes," he went on. "I don't care, not a jot. I've done my best; I'll do no more. I gave her my word, not another shall I add to it. Not another," he said; then, with characteristic inconsequence, broke out: "What have I done? Would she have me a saint? And she? To leave me like that; refuse me like this! Oh, but wait," said Frank, looking mighty grim; "just wait. Soon she'll be glad to come back. I know it. And if she doesn't—? I don't care," he cried again; "I don't care a jot. And I mean to show her I don't."

When Frank Barry, in that impulsive way of his, said he did not care, we may be sure that really he cared a great deal; just as we may be certain that his efforts to show how little he cared must have mocked him to his face. In his heart he knew himself to be talking foolishness, knew Marian to have reason and great excuses on her side; knew, too, that her leaving him was a staggering blow, and her keeping away a stab as of mortal pain: but was he, Frank Barry, a man of spirit and feeling, a transgressor, it might be, but a transgressor having now a partner in blame, was he, just fresh from this repulse, to admit these things to himself? In truth, no. If he had done wrong, what now was Marian doing? If Marian had her rights, had not he also? He repeated, he did not care a jot; and he meant to show that he did not. Enough of storm and stress he had had: now for a period of quiet, of enjoyment.

So, whistling gaily, and breaking anon into some merry burden of love and beauty, Frank sat him down to lunch; then smoked a pipe in the study, trying the while to conjure back fond memories of old bachelor days; then, bidding himself rejoice in the dead stillness of the house, bent to work, and tried for the lightsome phrase and the happy touch; then took a turn in the garden.

and made minute search for the hidden and picturesque in nature: and all so vain, so pitifully false. Where was the boy with his curls and his babblement? Where Marian, her sweet presence and ministrations? Where the something, he hardly knew what, the something that was part of himself, and now was missing, yet haunted him in every corner of those silent rooms?

Still, he must be firm. The illusion must be kept. He had tea, dressed carefully, went townward; played a game of billiards with a friend; lounged a while over pipe and glass and sniffed joyously the rapturous air of lower Bohemia, in the narrow chamber of some fellow-dabbler in life and letters; made merry for an hour, cracking joke, telling tale, in one of the Fleet Street taverns frequented by journalists; at last, a French novel under his arm, a cigar in his lips, and his steps not certain, reached home again, went quick to bed, nor knew till morning, and then not regretfully, that nearly all the time of his enjoyment the dad had awaited him in the study.

He slept badly, rose late, came down to breakfast short in temper and appetite; rapped out an oath over a belated notice of his book, and muttering his detestation of busybodies, tore in pieces a long letter from the mother.

His mood had mended but little when, nearing noon, the mother herself came and, in her gentle, half-tearful fashion, went on with her counsel of mediation; drawing deeply from the wells of experience, playing cunningly on the strings of sentiment, letting stories (for some of them, may the mother be forgiven!) of the boy's deeds, of Marian's sighs, go winged and barbed for the tenderness of Frank's heart. But like adamant seemed Frank's heart that morning. He listened abstractedly, answered carelessly; let the mother go off at last, stumbling and groping through her tears.

"Ah, me," sighed the mother, turning from Frank at the corner of Leipsic Road; "ah, me. Surely not? That can't be Frank? And Marian, my little girl Marian? Oh, what is going to happen?"

"Don't care," said Frank, as if answering the mother, and strode for home; "don't care a jot. I'll not give way. I won't have this interference. I'll do as I like. I'll show her," said Frank; within ten minutes was sitting gloomily at lunch, and wondering while he ate if those stories of the boy and of Marian were true.

The afternoon crept by on leaden feet; evening came with gifts of headache and depression, after a while brought sound of dad's knock and step, and sight of his not unwelcome if very solemn face.

"Hello, dad," said Frank, stepping forward with outstretched hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. How are you? Pretty well? That's good. I'm not first-rate myself—oh, nothing but a bit of headache. Sit you down, my son. . . . Well, how goes it," Frank rattled on, when the dad had taken a chair and brought out pocket-comb and cigarette paper. "How's the world using you? Come, tell us something about the office. I haven't heard a word of it for months."

The dad crossed his knees, strove to look unconcerned, spoke a half-hearted sentence or two; suddenly turned to Frank and laid a hand on his arm.

"Frank, my boy," said he, and now surely the words were heartfelt, "I can't tell you how grieved and sorry—"

No further would Frank let him go.

"I know, dad," said he. "So am I. But no matter just now. I'd much rather you didn't tell me."

"But, Frank, my boy, I want to tell you."

"Not now, dad; not now."

"But, Frank—"

"We'll quarrel, dad, if you persist. I know what you would say, and I'm thankful to you. Still I'm not just now in the humor to be bothered with"— Frank paused in search of the phrase that should show the dad, and others maybe, how little he cared —"with what I'm tired of. It's of no consequence, as Mr. Toots would say. Let's talk of something else; of the weather, the price of coals, the death of kings, of anything but these tiresome personal matters."

The dad spread hands on knees; let his

shoulders droop, and sat looking vacantly at the fireplace. He felt crestfallen, bruised in feeling. He could not understand Frank. Never before had he known him in this strange mood; never heard him talk in this fashion. He was so abrupt, indifferent, the dad thought. Surely at such a time as this, now if ever, Frank ought to speak differently from that. Talk of other things! How could he? There was only one thing to talk about. He had come round to sit a while with Frank, to talk matters over, to give his sympathy and counsel, to say how grieved he was at his children's misfortune, to express his hope that soon all might be well with them again. He had not contemplated more than that. It grieved his simple old heart to see differences of any kind between those he loved. Of Frank or Marian he believed and would hear nothing ill. It was impossible, he thought, that either could do wrong. What! Marian, his girl, the child of his heart; Frank, the boy whom he trusted and loved? Oh, impossible. There had come some little difference between them; some trifle which loving hearts were apt to let grow into ugliness and bitterness had set them apart; but only just these, and only for a day or two, thought the dad. All would surely be well again very soon. Why, of course. He was incapable of thinking otherwise. Meantime, it grieved him sore to see Marian unhappy and away from Frank; to know that Frank, too, was unhappy and miserable. Something must be done. He had spoken to Marian; now had come to give Frank his sympathy and aid, and Frank would not hear him! It was unaccountable, thought the dad, and, a cigarette paper in his fingers, sat looking at the fireplace. Talk of other things! How could he? If Frank would not hear what his heart had to say, why then—

Slowly the dad rose, held out his hand and said good-by. Oh, but he must not go like that, said Frank. Let him sit down again and have a smoke and a crack. But the dad shook his head.

"No, Frank," he said; "not just now. I'll—I'll come again. I promised not to be long. No, no. I'm not offended. But—Good-by, Frank, my boy; and God bless you."

"Good-by, dad," said Frank; then, as he turned from the door: "Poor old chap; poor old dad. Still, I can't help it. This is between Marian and myself. I won't be talked over; I won't give way. I don't care," said Frank again; within half an hour was showing how much he cared by the exceeding boisterousness of welcome which he flung at his friend Rab Lindsay, and the fine rapture of gaiety with which he prepared for one of the great old-fashioned evenings.

It suited Rab, that evening, however, to keep silent and grave; and, after a while, a pause coming in the flow of Frank's chatter, he seized the opportunity to untwine his legs, rub his pipe vigorously on his sleeve, and make a remark.

"You'll not be quite yourself this evening, Frank, my lad?" said he; then, on the heels of Frank's disavowal, "I was thinking you a bit hysterical the night"; and following that, somewhat quickly for Rab, "What have you been doing with the wife?"

At once Frank steadied himself, looked inquiringly at Rab, and answered:

"Why do you ask?"

Rab looked about the room; blinked as if in thought; slowly took his pipe from his mouth.

"Well," said he, "I've been wondering. I miss something. I can't remember ever before seeing the room as it is now. And," Rab twisted toward the door, "I don't know, but somehow the house has an empty feeling, the night."

Frank kept silent for a breath; then rose.

"You're quite right, Rab," said he; "quite right. I know exactly how you feel. I've had that feeling myself this day or two. It is empty. She's gone; the wife's gone."

"Ay?" said Rab. "Well, I was thinking that. Will it be for long?"

"Ah, you don't understand." Frank crossed to a cupboard and pulled back the door. "Come, till I show you something." Rab rose awkwardly, limb by limb, as it were, and came. "Do you see it?" Frank went on. "Do you see the family skellington? Wait, then." Frank stepped into the

cupboard. "Now lift your eyes, Rab, and behold the ghastly thing of mystery and wickedness."

Rab had had treatment like that before from Frank. Without a word, he turned to his chair, and limb by limb sat down. Frank followed him and stood, back to the mantelpiece, face to the lamp.

"Rab," said he, "it's no joke. Our skeleton has come at last; it's been here these two days: and I've brought it, Rab. Ah, my son, things have happened. Skeleton? I'm a walking temple of iniquity! It's true, Rab. I've been a fool. And Marian's gone; gone, I say; taken the boy and left me."

Frank paused, pulled out his pouch, and began filling his pipe; without speaking, Rab sat looking steadfastly up at him.

"Yes, she's gone," Frank went on, speaking as if to himself; "the skeleton came and she went. She's quite right. Oh, yes. 'Twas all my fault—of course! But wait." Frank sat down. "I'll tell you, Rab—"

Then Rab raised a hand. "No," said he. "You've no right to tell me."

"But I have. I want you to know; I want your opinion and advice. I can't be your friend any longer except I tell you," said Frank, and silenced Rab's protests; then, briefly as he could and as faithfully as he might, gave the history of what he chose to call the Barry skeleton. Quickly, tersely, he gave it, now with something of dramatic fire (instance, that scene of the choosing and the fight); now with a touch of romantic fervor (instance, that night adventure below Nan's window); now in words of sarcastic bitterness (chiefly these in his references to Sarah Butler, to luck that had deserted him just as he was trying to do good, to fate that left Marian believing more than was just and more than he could disprove); at last finished and turned to Rab.

"Now what do you think?" said he. "And what do you think of me?"

Not a word had Rab said all the time of Frank's speaking; even now he did not answer, but turned his eyes from Frank's face and began fumbling in pocket after pocket for imaginary matches.

"Eh?" said Frank again. "What do you think of me, Rab?"

Still Rab paused and fumbled; then:

"Have you a match?" he asked, and stretched an arm. Frank flung him a box. "Thanks," said Rab; then, in a minute: "Must I tell you?" he asked, in his deliberate way.

"Certainly."

"Then, I think the wife did right."

"Ah! I see." Frank rose. "So this ends our friendship, Lindsay, I suppose?"

"Eh?" said Rab looking up. "What do you mean, Barry?"

"Simply, that if you believe with Marian you may as well act like her."

A slow light of laughter played on the ruggedness of Rab's face, and silently he sat plumbing Frank to his depths. He had known him for many years; was it that even now he did not know him?

"You're a strange combination," he said at last; "there are things in you, Barry, that you don't know of yourself. Man, you're as full of whims and foolishness as a woman in her tantrums. Ah, sit down and quit your folly. You're only posing, Frank; you're not fair to yourself; you're saying what you don't mean and thinking what you don't say." Rab paused a moment. "Man," he went on, "what kind of being are you? Did it never occur to you, all the days of your foolishness, that, as sure as heaven is above us, sooner or later trouble and punishment must come?"

Frank, now seated on the edge of his chair and clasping a knee with his hands, shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose it did," he answered—"afterward. Oh, I had my good days, Rab, you may believe me."

"Ay. Your good days—afterward," repeated Rab; "and now comes the great afterward, the time that you've labored hard for and earned well. Ah, but you've been a fool, Barry. The things," said Rab, in that deep crackling voice of his, "the hardspoken things I could say to you. But no. You can say them yourself, for surely you must know them." Rab's flow of words, such an unusual happening with

him, stopped for a breath. "Frank," he went on, and leaned across the arm of his chair, "it's of little worth what I think or say, or what you think or say; here's the thing: What are you going to do?"

"You mean about Marian?"

"I do."

"I've told you."

"What?"

"I've told you what I did; what happened; how I think and feel." Frank flung out his hands. "What can I do? She left of her own free will. She believes what isn't true of me; accuses me of iniquities I never committed. I confessed, pleaded, promised; I went to bring her back, she refused to see me; I—" Frank paused, checked as it were by the somber glow that lay in Rab's eyes. "What more could I do?" he cried fretfully. "Would you have me go begging and imploring, and forcing her against her will, and confessing what isn't true?"

Up went Rab's hand. Like the face of a Covenanter proclaiming his faith in the teeth of death, now was his: stern, grim almost, suffused with a strange light.

"Stay," said he, "let me hear no more. Let me keep my respect for you at least. Ah, what puny talk is this? Your miserable pride and quibbles! Done? You've done nothing. I tell ye, Frank Barry, if ye crept on your knees in sackcloth and ashes from here to where she is, ye would na be doing enough. Man, ha' ye thought, d'ye know what you've done? Killed her trust in ye—crushed, na, burnt it out. Don't ye see? Have I to tell you that? Has it never dawned on ye, never come in the reality to ye? Think of a woman trusting ye, Frank Barry, for years and years, trusting in ye as she would in her God maybe; and then think of all that going—at once, without warning. Ah, man, think of it. It must be just as if the temple of her life had crashed upon her head. To lose trust, faith. . . . . ah, it's terrible. I know it, I know it," cried Rab, as if in agony. "It's [illegible] itself. And you, Frank Barry," said [illegible]again, "you of all men, you with the [illegible]heart and wife in all the world; you to do this! Ah, weakness doesn't excuse you, nor youth, nor anything; you have no excuse. Ah, man, why were ye not content? Even to think of another, with such a one for your very own, devoted to ye heart and life, almost goes beyond belief."

"'Twas only long ago, Rab," cried Frank; "only in that miserable time long ago. I haven't thought of any one else since—since—"

Up went Rab's hand again.

"Don't, Frank," he said; "don't, for God's sake. Man, I know better; you know better yourself. I can see it in your face. And don't you see? Don't you know that it's just what you've been thinking, ay, as much as what you've done, all this time, that makes the wife think of you as she does? It's the unknown things, the other things, the things that by every chance must have been, the things you have long forgotten—ah, it's these that lay the scourge to torture. Don't you see, Frank?"

"I know, Rab; I know. God forgive me for all I've done."

"And thought," added Rab.

"Yes, and thought," said Frank; then buried his face in his hands. "You're right, Rab. I have been a fool. She is the best woman in the world; there's no one like her, none. I always knew it, Rab," Frank went on, looking up, "always. Even at my worst I knew it. Ah, what devil possessed and blinded me? I was not myself. . . . But I know now; I know now. God bless you, Rab," cried Frank, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; "never was there a better man or a better friend. You have opened my eyes, Rab, shown me my duty. Never can I forget what you've done. You've saved me from myself. God bless you, my son, and keep you!"

When Frank, or another, started talk like that, Rab usually sealed his lips and shrank within himself. The froth of sentiment, the pop and gurgle of shallow enthusiasm; these, the sight and sound of them, always afflicted him as with shivering. Plain speaking, plain doing much more; not empty mouthing, but an uprising in strength

and a swift doing; these were what commanded his respect, were what, just now, he would require of Frank: and, he knew well, would require in vain. There was nothing heroic in Frank; he lacked fiber, grip; a sentimentalist, an amorist, a man with the stability of water and the grim outlook of a butterfly—such, so far, he had proved himself to be, and such, Rab feared, was destined to remain. Still, thought Rab, any saying or doing was better than that puny pose of inaction. The lad was good at bottom. Down under that whirl of moods and frivolities, that astonishing turmoil of weakness and ill-doing, was something worthy and lovable; might it be, prayed Rab, that this better part was now roused, and prompting to some kind of worthy deeds.

"I'll do everything in my power," Frank continued. "I'll go to-morrow. I'll take no denial. I'll just take her in my arms. I won't be without her. . . . Won't that be right, Rab? Eh, old friend?"

"Ay," answered Rab drily. "Oh, ay."

"I'll make every reparation. I'll try to win back her love and trust. I'll do everything that mortal can; everything. . . . Eh, Rab? won't that be right?"

"Ay," answered Rab again. "Oh, ay."

"And she'll see such a change in me. I won't be the same man. I'm changed, Rab, greatly changed. I feel it. This has steadied me. No more weakness from this on. Ah, I've had my lesson, Rab."

"Ay," answered Rab, and smiled grimly at his pipe. "Oh, ay."

"And how welcome she'll be! How I've missed her! Ah, you can't imagine it, Rab. The house has been like a tomb—just as though the sun had gone out. No Marian; no boy! You can't understand all that, Rab. Only those who have experienced things know what it is to lose them. You come back at night to your den, or whatever it is, and it's just the same as it always has been; there's no face missing, there's—"

Quickly Rab rose; turned to the bookcase, pulled out a book, and began turning its leaves.

"What's the matter, Rab?" asked Frank. Rab did not answer; so Frank crossed, took him by the shoulder, and turned him to the lamp. "Why, what's this?" said Frank at sight of his face. "Have I been talking too much about myself? You're sorry for me, Rab? Is that it, my son?"

Rab looked Frank in the eyes and smiled.

"Ay," said he. "That's it, Frank; that's it."

(To be continued.)

KITCHEN AND CELLAR ON SHIPBOARD.

BY A. OSCAR KLAUSSMANN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

THERE is yet an hour before the departure of the steamer to New York and we will take advantage of this time to look around and ascertain how the passengers are to be cared for on their seven days' journey. Some philosophers maintain that eating is not the principal thing in life, but if these gentlemen would take a long sea voyage, their ideas would undergo a transformation, for here eating plays a very important part. Meal-time comes as an exceedingly welcome diversion in the monotony of life on shipboard, and then the sea air sharpens the appetite in a remarkable manner. Even young women who appear so poetic that one might easily believe their chief diet to be rose dew and lyric poems, at sea acquire an appetite which on land would do credit to any hard-working man. In consequence, special attention is given to the needs of the inner man, on this steamer as on those of all the German companies. All the fare is included in the price of passage, only the drinks being paid for extra.

It is not easy to do cooking on such a

large scale for passengers on shipboard, because on a journey of seven days' duration the ship is dependent almost entirely on herself. In the voyage to New York the steamer stops only once, at Southampton, where they take on board fresh ice, poultry, and vegetables; but after that the cooking must be done with the provisions on hand. The preparation of the meal is not always made easily, for a severe storm lasting all day long, rainy weather, the setting in of colder or warmer weather, all have their effect on the work in the kitchen and store-room, and the allotment of duties on the ship, which are under the management of the paymaster through his subordinate, the commissary, must be arranged for all emergencies. The steamer carries 800 steerage, 660 first and second-cabin passengers, and a crew of 360 men, including the officers. Here are 1,800 persons who must be provided for every day, and a third of them in a very careful manner. Such a preparation would be difficult even on land, and on shipboard it would be altogether impossible if the preparations made were not as extensive as they are practical.

On board our particular steamer there are three kitchens; one for the first-cabin passengers, one for the second-cabin passengers, and a so-called steam-kitchen, where the cooking for the steerage passengers and crew is done. The officers of the ship are fed from the kitchen of the second-cabin passengers. These kitchens are located on the upper deck, together with the confectionery, the bakery, and the butcher's shop, for there is fresh baking every day during the whole journey. Close by the kitchens are the pantries. But we will reserve the inspection of the kitchens and pantries for the end of our round and first climb down the steps to the very deepest part of the ship, which is about the height of a good three-story dwelling-house. Away down, in the forward part of the hold, is a part of the cellar from which the kitchen is supplied. This provision-room is well filled with boxes, barrels, parcels, and bags. If we take up the list of supplies in this room we discover that the different materials which are necessary for the provisioning of the ship are written down on six closely written folio pages. Vegetables, fresh and dried, eggs, flour, cereals, rice, spices, fruits, dainties, in the form of preserves, are stored in this room. Some idea of the quantities may be ascertained from the following: the steamer carries 20,000 eggs, 100 pounds of coffee, 1,800 pounds of sugar, besides 4,000 pounds of legumes, and over 1,000 pounds of preserved vegetables. Exemplary order reigns in this store-room, which is lighted with transportable electric lights, and on every barrel, every box, every iron tub is written a number and the contents; nothing is taken out of this room without obtaining the consent of the commissary, and everything being carefully recorded.

In compartments separated from this store-house is found the salt meat in barrels, about 6,000 pounds. In the next rooms are stored butter (about 3,000 pounds), oleomargarine for the steerage passengers (2,000 pounds), brown bread (about 10,000 pounds). Then comes a special apartment in which those preserves, extracts, sauces, and dainties are stored which easily absorb strange odors. Here are found all the salts, extracts, in little bottles, small boxes, and cups, which are used in German as well as in English and American kitchens, to improve the taste of the food. Since many Americans are on board the ship, attention must be given to American food.

In the apartment which contains the butter and oleomargarine we notice a very low temperature. The store-rooms containing provisions which might spoil are located around the ice-room, which is filled with not less than 40,000 pounds of ice for the voyage. The most important of the rooms is the great meat-room. You do not enter this meat-room direct, but through an ante-room in which the air, which is forced in when the door is opened, is cooled again. In this room there is always a temperature of seven degrees Centigrade. Here the meats are fastened to iron bars, hung on hooks; there were about 30 oxen, 20 calves, 20 sheep, 10 hogs, together with about 5,000

pounds of poultry, 1,000 pounds venison, and near this fresh tongue of beef, mutton, and veal, and oxtails, and sausages of all kinds for cutting off cold. The next apartment contains fine cheese, from 75 to 100 pounds of the best quality, and about 1,200 quarts of fresh milk, not only for the cabin passengers, but also for the babes for all classes. The babes of the steerage passengers receive the fresh milk gratis, and in case of accident 800 boxes of condensed milk are also on hand. The fowls are all plucked and cleaned and have only to be "dressed" before being ready for cooking.

Now we pass on to the place where the fish are kept. Here fresh sea fish are stored in a quantity of 1,500 pounds, besides live lobsters, scores of crabs, and salted, pickled, and smoked fish.

In proximity to the ice-room is also the space for wine and beer. In the wine cellar bottles of the most salable kinds of wine are stacked up. The cases in which the bottles are placed are so arranged that the latter cannot fall out except by capsizing. When we consider that in this forward part of the ship there is also a potato compartment, which can carry more than 400,000 pounds of potatoes, that near by are the flour compartments, which contain the supply for the bakers, then we have a view of what a ship is burdened with in going on a journey to America.

Before we go once more to the kitchen, in which the provisions are being prepared, let us obtain some information at the office of the commissary. On the staff of cooks there are employed one chief cook, one first cook, three second cooks, three third cooks, a steam cook, two butchers, nine assistant cooks, two confectioners, and three bakers. There are four chief stewards and seventy under stewards for domestic and table service. A part of the latter are learned musicians, who twice a day, once during dinner time, give concerts. In the room of the commissary is a small printing establishment. The *menus* for the second breakfast, the lunch, which is served at twelve o'clock, and for dinner, which comes at about six o'clock in the afternoon, are freshly printed, as is also the musical program. The *menu* for the lunch is a gilt-bordered card, artistically decorated with views of harbors and ships and the insignia of the company. These cards are printed beforehand and only the name of the ship, the date, and the *menu* are printed in black ink on shipboard. The dinner cards consist of two leaves fastened together, the first page of which shows pictures of ships and harbors in colored ink; on the second page is the *menu* in German, on the third the *menu* in English, and on the fourth the musical program.

The following is a *menu* for a dinner in October:

Bouillon.
Soup a la Sunday.
Turbot with Butter.
Roast Beef. Baked Potatoes.
New Peas and Carrots.
Ox Tongue, *sauce piquante.*
Baked Calves' Kidneys with Spinage.
Prairie Chickens.
Salad.
Columbia Ice.
Marchpane. Pastry.
Dessert.

In the perusal of the *menus* we are satisfied that there is seldom found a restaurant on land in which there is better fare than is found on shipboard. But on certain holidays which are celebrated on board, because it gives an opportunity to break the tediousness of the journey, the *menus* are more elaborate. National holidays, as the Kaiser's birthday for the Germans and the Fourth of July for the Americans, are observed by princely *menus* at lunch and dinner.

The kitchen for the first-cabin measures about 360 square feet. On the larboard and starboard sides are two doors leading to the ship's passage-ways and on the side wall stands an iron cooking apparatus with fifteen griddles, three fires, and three enormous frying-tubes. Peculiar contrivances are placed on the cooking machine, so that the pots placed over the fire are held fast and cannot be turned over even if the ship rolls ever so much. Under such circumstances certainly cooking is no pleasure,

even to the most experienced ship-cook. Burning and other damages are not exceptional, for when people try to hold themselves firm, they are hurled here and there by the movement of the ship, and the cook, who performs his duties during the storm, still has the sad knowledge that he exercises his art to no purpose, for on account of the severe storm only a small number of the passengers come to the table, while the rest are struggling with seasickness. Since it is no better with the steerage passengers and the people are too busy to devote themselves to the pleasure of eating, often the whole meal must be thrown overboard untouched.

In the middle of the kitchen stands an immense table, fastened down by iron clasps and screws. On the other side, in a corner, is a steam-cooking apparatus which is heated with steam from the engine, and this serves to cook safely and quickly vegetables, potatoes, and other provisions in colossal stew-pots. On the walls are arranged the cooking utensils. The list of utensils for the first camboose (the kitchen for the first-cabin passengers) numbers eighty-two. Of these we will mention only twelve copper dripping-pans, four copper fish kettles, thirty copper stew-pans, six enameled sauce-pans, two copper kettles, and besides these, great vessels which are placed in the steam apparatus. The second camboose is arranged like the first. Cooking is done here, as previously explained, for the second-class passengers and for the officers, and the food is just as good and just as rich as for the first cabin, only at breakfast and dinner one or two courses less are served. But here the difference is that every one can take from every dish according to his taste and as often as he wishes.

On all occasions on board every man can eat just as much as he wishes. Besides the first breakfast, when are served tea, coffee, or chocolate, and warm cutlets, fish, eggs, bread, butter, and cheese, and the lunch, there is the dinner, and for the evening meal generally cold sliced meat and tea. But besides this, every passenger has the right to order from the kitchen warm or cold lunches without paying extra for them, and indeed there are people who, besides the well-provided meals, lunch the day through, because the sea air has sharpened their appetites in such an extraordinary manner.

The steam kitchen contains only two large steam apparatuses, such as are used on land in barracks or in great hospitals. The food is cooked by steam in these apparatuses, and the meat especially is cooked just right. Then enormous vegetable pots, potato boilers, and potato racks are used, also 200 pudding bags, for the puddings for all passengers, even for the first class, are prepared only in the steam kitchen. Near the steam kitchen is the meat-shop. Here no butchering is done, at least not on the voyage to America, but both the butchers cut up the meat here, which is brought from the meat compartment, and it is prepared for cooking. The confectionery would do honor to any city on land.

We come now to the pantries. They are supplied with serving tables, and the spaces on the walls are lined with cupboards. In these cupboards are found 1,000 tablecloths and 3,000 napkins. On the arrival at New York about 100 sacks of soiled table and bed-linen are carried on shore and are placed in a laundry until they are needed again. The top of the cupboards contains places for the china. Special arrangements are made to keep the pile of plates firm so they cannot fall out with the heaviest rolling of the ship. This cannot always be prevented and an especially high wave can cause a loss of several hundred dollars in china and glass. The china is painted and decorated and every glass has cut on it the name and the insignia of the company. It would fill volumes only to print a description of the earthenware.

The cups are arranged in long double rows on the sides of the pantry with the nickel and silver cans and the milk cans, making a fine decoration.

TRUSTS.

BY ERNEST A. SMITH, A. M.

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STANLEY JEVONS has advanced the theory that commercial panics occur at regular intervals of ten years, the largely-conducive element being the recurrence within that time of spots upon the sun. The remote terrestrial connection indicated is the failure of tropical harvests.

A law of periodicity may be suggested in the consideration of trusts and the same term of years named. A decade ago, the periodicals abounded in leading articles on monopoly, economic oppression, and capitalistic greed. These deliverances, with some revision, might well again be pressed into service in the public print, and our eyes would have been greeted daily with the familar statements and arguments that have come before us the past six months. Mr. Carnegie then was pleased to characterize the movement and the popular agitation as the "Bugaboo of Trusts," declaring such organizations to be only one of the many changing forms that industrial concerns assume from time to time. His recent retirement from money-making in the face of the formation of a gigantic steel corporation negatives his conclusion, emphasizing as it does the durability and adaptability of the feature of industrial life in question. For the trust, as an economic institution, is not a phenomenon exclusively of recent growth, but the legitimate principle underlying it entered into the economic history of the world when capital was summoned to the aid of labor. It is the people at large who have given their attention to trusts only in spasms and periods, just as municipal virtue is contagious too frequently only after a protracted season of innocuous desuetude. The public does not long concentrate its observation on one subject, and when a problem once canvassed from many sides comes again to the front, the assault is renewed with all the vigor of the first encounter. Yet the tremendous rush for forming new enterprises in this year 1899 is of a nature to arouse consideration, even if it has not, as one alarmist puts it, created as much excitement as the blowing up of the *Maine*.

Some figures from the Commercial Yearbook of the *Journal of Commerce* express the situation lucidly. In 1898, there were in the United States 200 combinations whose capital stock and bonded debt were $3,660,000,000. At the end of February of this year, two months' activity, the trusts numbered 353, with an aggregate money representation of $5,830,000,000.

This is an increase of seventy-six per cent in the number of institutions, and sixty per cent in the combined stock and bonded debt. This rate of increase was even surpassed in March, for the record of the New Jersey incorporations is $1,540,000,000, making a total valuation of $7,370,000,000 at the end of the first quarter of the year.

The vastness of this form of organization is the more impressive in the light of the census report of 1890, which valued the entire capital invested in manufacturing and mechanical industries at $6,525,000,000. Three possible conclusions can be drawn: all industry has gone under the trust form; our national wealth has greatly advanced this decade; or there is very heavy overcapitalization practiced.

The noted activity of corporations in 1888-89 came along with United States Treasury surplus, and the assailing clamor resulted in the Anti-Trust Act of 1890, introduced by the Ohio senator and often called the Sherman Act. The present tidal wave of corporation creation is a feature of *post-bellum* prosperity, and how it will be checked or controlled is a question of uncertain solution. The terms, trust and corporation, have been used interchangeably.

Nominally, the trust no longer exists, since the courts decided that concerns had no right to surrender their stock to trustees, such action being "ultra vires." But the reorganization was speedily arranged under a new form, directors taking the place of trustees. The socialist's conception of the trust is that of a combination to effect an illegal purpose by legal means. Corporations are the marvelous industrial development of the century. The vigorous fight against them, first occurring in the chartering of the United States Bank, brought into existence the national political parties. At the beginning, corporations were granted only by special charters; later, general acts of state legislatures were passed, under which enterprises entered into legal personality. By this recognition and establishment they received many of the functions of government, and the manner in which these have been discharged in many instances freely invites the indictment that the name "trust" is a huge libel on the sacred character of fidelity. While the distinction was once made that the trust was an organization of corporations, the term has come to have a popular, all-inclusive application to any association into which an element of monopoly enters.

Monopoly, in its simplest sense, is the absence of competition. Before the trust is accepted as synonymous with monopoly, the various classes of monopolies must be noted as inter-related and contributing to each other. The legal monopoly gives an exclusive privilege to use, as the protection of the government under the patent rights to the inventors. The natural monopoly arises on account of location and from exclusive control of a particular kind of product. Such are coal-fields and routes of transportation. The capitalistic monopoly is the effort to control, by large capital and the concentration of production, an entire industry. It is significant that such movements of capital succeed most largely when associated with legal monopolies, as in the case of the telephone, or when having arrived at an understanding with a quasi-public monopoly, such as the railroad.

But in a large sense, the trust may be rightly described as the culmination of an industrial evolution, whose first process began when a machine displaced hand labor. The progress has been steady and the same forces operative that led to the replacement of small establishments by large enterprises. Again statistics indicate the trend in the growth of large scale production in the United States, from 1850 to 1890. In textiles, factories increased in number from 3,000 to 4,000, while the average product per factory grew from $42,500 to $175,500, and the average capital from $37,000 to $180,000. In iron and steel for a shorter period, from 1870 to 1890, the establishments show a decrease in number from 808 to 719. The average product per mill rose from $250,000 to $665,000, and the average capital increased from $150,000 to $575,000.

The early policy of our government toward its business corporations was that of non-interference, the experiments with state ownership of banks and public works resulting badly. The era before the Civil War was one of free competition, and the courts did not recognize the creation of classes. Some forms of combination were practiced in the railroads, the telegraph, and coal mining. After the crisis of 1872-73, the union and concentration of business interests became common. The railroads were involved in the Granger legislation, but emerged into a general condition of consolidation. The Standard Oil Company, the pioneer and model of the trusts, was formed in 1882, but its way had been prepared by various enterprises for ten years previous, during which it had thoroughly established its monopoly. Scores of trusts sprang up in imitation, many of them of short duration, and their securities were introduced on the stock exchanges.

Old-time competition was no longer an accepted principle, and capital, in the words of a distinguished economist, from henceforth marched in phalanxes. The forms of organization are three: The friendly agreement, where each business is conducted individually, but jointly prices are fixed for sale and purchase. An illustration is that of

the four large packing houses of Armour, Swift, Nelson, and Hammond, who were shown by the United States investigation of 1890 to have practically annihilated the independent butchers. The second form is the pool, where the agreements are made under a formal, material tie, the parties contracting to maintain the prices, apportion the territory, and divide the business. But members of the pool very commonly take some advantage of their associates, breaking the agreement, and the courts do not enforce the contracts. Lastly is the trust proper, which has a permanent understanding and the identity of all the interests of its members. The individual undertakings may be nominally preserved and their stock transferred to trustees who issue trust certificates. Or, more frequently, the undertakings are consolidated by lease, rent, or sale, when a new large company takes entire direction. This is complete union, financial and technical, in whole fields of production.

The first national agitation against the principle of combination led to the congressional investigation of 1885-87 and the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Act, establishing a commission that is neither a common law nor a constitutional court. The next congressional investigation on combinations, that of 1888, was followed by the law of July 2, 1890. This act deals with every combination in the form of trust or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states and with foreign nations. Every person who monopolizes or combines to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several states is liable to an extreme penalty of $5,000 fine and one year's imprisonment. The circuit courts of the United States are invested with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain violations of the act, and it is the duty of United States district attorneys, under the direction of the attorney-general, to institute proceedings upon a petition to enjoin violations. Many of the states have followed the national example, with laws supposedly more or less stringent. The list extends from Kentucky in 1889, to Texas in 1899, the states of the South and West being more fully represented.

In New York it is a crime to enter into any contract whereby competition in the supply or price of articles, in common use for support of life and health, may be restrained. Yet other states at the very time of this hostile legislation offered special inducements for the recognition of such enterprises, and by a change of the corporation laws, trusts were remodeled. Taxation laws were also altered so as to favor foreign corporations.

New Jersey, West Virginia, and Kentucky figure most prominently as affording safe retreats for roaming speculative combinations, wishing to be taken in under the wing of the law. Established as a stock company, then the concern, under interstate comity, can sally forth to do business anywhere.

Across the river in New Jersey, one can get a "charter for any business or purpose whatever." The incorporation fee is one fiftieth of one per cent of the par value of the capital stock, and the annual tax is one tenth of one per cent. Just one director need be a resident; the amount of capital stock is unlimited and there is no liability for corporate debts. Annual reports are not made public. In West Virginia, a charter costs merely $56 fee and $50 annual tax, but that is not so desirable a place to go, compared with New Jersey.

But here is where the excrescences of trust formation arise. What justification, what advantages, if any, does this huge economic phenomenon present? The cause is plain; the issue is sharply defined. It is unrestricted competition against monopoly. Individual activity was the dogma of the classical school of economists. Its infallibility is universally challenged to-day. It is certain, plants were multiplied without reference to the demand for the goods; underselling and losses were a common experience, and apparently in self-defense, the combination is the inevitable resort.

The cost in manufacturing processes is not a fixed standard that can be set down as normal price. Factories keep at work even

if they return only a proportionate part of the interest charges, running with actual large annual deficits. If from various reasons the fluctuations of price are numerous, competition is not able to yield a remunerative and stable rate, and a combination is the natural, normal result.

The objects of the combination may be summarized in the cheapening of production, the regulation of the output, and the control of prices. Many arguments favorable to the trusts can be advanced by reason of the lower cost of production. There is the advantage of the concentration of large capital; there is great economy in the use of raw material. Many by-products are developed, so that no substance in the subsidiary processes can be classed as refuse. New methods are constantly sought and inventions are the guarantee of continued prosperity. Preeminent skill is secured for the management of the business, since intelligence, activity, and personality count largest. Vast saving is made in the expenses incident to the excessive advertising and fierce competitive solicitation, one twelfth of the former outlay being sufficient in many instances under combination.

The object of the restriction of the output does not gain such favorable comment, but more frequently lays the trust open to the charges of injustice. It is true that there is a responsibility and opportunity to gauge the demand, which is not possible when the business is in the control of small firms. The boast of the combinations is that they are able to ward off crises and give steadiness of trade. The prevention of disastrous inflation and over-production is a legitimate province, but the lessening of the supply in the face of a sharp demand is a reprehensible act, against which the public will not remain defenseless.

In the matter of fixing the prices, final judgment must depend largely upon the record of how the consumer has fared at the hands of the trust. Since the monopolists are in business for profits alone, the first assumption would be that the prices are to the advantage mainly of the producer. Yet the elaborate report of 1893 on prices showed that the general tendency to lower prices met with no exceptions in the instances of industrial products.

The published price lists of the leading trusts, extending over a period of years, point to a slight decrease in rates. Certain special, extended investigations, with one or two exceptions, confirm such a conclusion. Yet it is probable that the prices paid for raw material have decreased more than relatively. Actual experience is now demonstrating that only those trusts will be successful in the long run which steadily improve and cheapen their products. It is the new, untried concern which will issue high quotations and fail to guard the expense account, ignorantly imagining that the short road to riches is by exactions from the public rather than by a service to society. The cardinal law of economics cannot be set aside, for as the prices rise, demand must fall. The vaster the business, the greater is the necessity for large sales. The smallness of the margin is compensated by the volume of consumption. Thus prices have their own limit, and it is the low rate which permanently wins.

The fundamental objection urged to this modern industrial system is that it prevents competition. The line of argument runs: one buyer of material dictates the price to be paid in purchase; one seller sets his own price for the consumer. The increased price lessens the number of consumers and so decreases production; there is less labor to be employed and that at a set price in the monopolized market; certain sale takes away the motive to improve the quality of the article; neither is the cost of production reduced nor new inventions incited, the final result being dismantled factories and a debilitated state. The foregoing is cited as an illustration of unreasoning pessimism, and amounts to a categorical denial of the proven services of combination. The verdict of the failure of unrestricted competition does not carry with it the conclusion that unrestricted monopoly is the desideratum of the industrial *régime*. Combination is the immediate, natural remedy for the present wastes of competition. The theories

of many observant students, backed by the demonstration of the history of trusts, prove that competition has not been entirely eliminated, nor has an absolute and lasting monopoly ever been secured.

The most sanguine advocates of trusts contend that they are their own correctives. In the event that prices are kept high, the hope of the profits to be secured will attract new capital to enter into competition with the trust. This has been the fruitful cause of the downfall of some organizations, but the large amount of capital that is required to equip any modern enterprise will be one of several deterrents, and this can be regarded accurately as largely a potential competition. Again, it is said that the trust is not able to monopolize the market permanently at an unjust rate, for other substitutes will be found, and the syndicate will over-reach itself, as notably in the great copper trust.

On the moral and ethical side of the question there is strong condemnation for the methods of the trusts. Without their formation the fate of the smaller and weaker concerns would have been problematical, to say nothing of the stronger concerns which have been relentlessly crushed to the wall. In the most cruel days of cut-throat competition the practices were no more violent than those employed by the monopolists. It is a well-established fact that many of the trusts secured their foundations of power by discriminations and secret bargains which robbed their rivals. With such a past it will require extraordinary precautions to convince the public that there is no taint of the old practices yet attaching. The crushing out of the individuality of the former small producer makes the compensatory obligation of the trusts enormous, if not unachievable.

In its political association, the influence of the trust is too frequently most pernicious. The tariff has been named as a prominent source and sustainer of combinations. As its purpose is to keep out foreign competition, to that extent it is a tendency to monopoly. One hundred trusts were said to have exerted an influence in the tariff legislation of 1894. It is significant that the father of the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 was willing to exclude from protection in the tariff bill all articles that would benefit the trusts in the home market. The House of Representatives was willing to follow many of the suggestions, but their rejection in the Senate was scarcely an issue of partizanship.

The modern capitalistic organization must be accepted as inevitable. That it has grave defects, economic and otherwise, is undeniable, but they are not irreparable. What shall be the attitude of the nation and its individual citizens to the trust? The interests at stake are too large and the nature of the relations sustained to the public by these aggregations of capital are too complicated and vital for ill-considered and ultra-radical treatment. It is admitted that the experiment of the national legislation with regard to the great transportation companies has not been satisfactory, but the conditions are vastly improved over those of a dozen years ago. The corporations as creations of the government are eminently amenable to its laws. The national Anti-Trust Law is roundly denounced as inefficient. The present attorney-general, though a citizen of the corporation-famed New Jersey, has taken no position differing from the interpretation of the Democratic attorney-general in his report of 1893. The statute applies to commerce "among the states" and the pending case of the Addyston Pipe Company will furnish the test needed as to the real value of the law.

A movement for uniform state corporation laws would, if attained, do much to simplify the control of trusts. Injurious concerns will be best broken down by taking from them the special privileges which they enjoy. One corrective proposed is a concerted plan of attack on the corporations by the attorney-generals of all the states. But their duties would be more successfully executed if they were in the line of the enforcement of a revised common corporation law.

The imposition of a high taxation under

a uniform commercial code would be an attendant feature of such general legislation. The judiciary is in need of paying less attention to precedents in their decisions on modern economic matters and of viewing more the changed relations of industry to legal interpretation. As a last resort, it is possible that some forms of natural monopoly must be given over to state control before the grasp of the artificial, capitalistic monopoly is broken. Government monopolies in the form of patent rights and tariff laws beneficial to trusts are urged to be abolished.

From Professor Clark, of Columbia University, comes the advocacy of the policy of governmental interference to secure that potential competition which would preclude absolute monopoly. This is a long step toward socialistic production, and in the event of stopping short of that, the workings of such interference promise much complication. One of the best remedies for corporation control is publicity, although the unfortunate tendency of past legislation has been to drive to greater secrecy. Any measures which help the public understand the affairs of monopolies are beneficial. There is undoubtedly great laxity in the responsibility of directors and trustees of business. The management of borrowed capital ought to be an obligation strictly enforced. It should be a crime to divert the property of investors for the private purposes of the manager. Public sentiment does not condemn enough this common practice. The secretary of the treasury very properly proclaimed to the bankers of New York the responsibility of Wall Street for the present trust mania, pointing out that it is a short-sighted policy which encourages so indiscriminately every new enterprise by listing its stocks freely. Not by one remedy, but by many correctives applied from numerous sources will the defects of this all-ramifying system be reached. The citizen, the state, each has a part to perform.

OLD VIOLINS.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

THE violin of all instruments holds the greatest romance in its history. From the singing of the wind through the trees from which it is shaped to the singing of the soul through its strings it responds to life. From the sunshine, the blue sky, the wind, and the storm that make the life of the forest where the sturdy woods grow from which it is formed, it merges from the maker's hands into those of the artist, and with the great violinist his instrument, his art, and his whole life are one. The instrument grows to be a part of himself, and with the old violin that has sung for a hundred years to the response of the masters there seems to be left a part of the art, the soul, and the life of each.

It has vibrated to the loftiest flights of each; it has been the confidant of his joys and sorrows more closely than his own kind; it has known the heights of his aspirations and the bitterness of his disappointments better than any human friend. It is his second self, and when the hands that fondled it and awakened it to song are dust, the inspirations and confidences that he has given it seem to remain, only awaiting the touch of a master to make it glow with the increased beauty of its experience.

The history of great violinists has been full of romance, and not less to-day than in those earlier ones when Tartini fled to a monastery and was discovered by the wind swaying the canvas curtain behind which he played in the chapel; or when Paganini's mother had a vision in which a supernatural promise was given her that her boy should be one of the greatest of artists.

To-day the romantic takes other phases, but we have it still, and sometimes in a

fashion quite in keeping with the past. At Pamplona, in Spain, the annual festival of San Firmin, which lasts from July 5 to July 9, finds Pablo de Sarasate the central figure. It is the eminent violinist's birthplace, and when the first day of the feast comes round he is drawn in a carriage by his enthusiastic countrymen at the head of a long procession, winding its way to the top of the giant hills of San Cristobel.

These hills, the highest in that part of Spain, and the point of land first seen by the sailors on their homeward voyagings from Africa, "overlook the beautiful valley, fertile with grapes and rich with sweet shrubs and wild flowers which clothe it." On the topmost crest the king of the feast day, with his violin under his arm, goes to a balcony and plays. "Then in breathless silence the vast multitude stand uncovered while he plays with wondrous tones, which fascinate the ears of his enthusiastic countrymen."

It is doubtful whether in all his career Sarasate has had moments that are calculated to touch him as deeply as these. The blue sky, the sunshine, the beauty of the landscape, the devotional stillness of the throng, and floating up into the sky and over it all like a benediction the song of his violin. And yet this is only an incident in the life of a violin that outlasts the touch of one generation to yield with renewed beauty to the master hand of the next.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century Brescia, in Lombardy, saw the making of the first violins recorded. For a hundred years this city, that gave birth to Gasparo di Salo, the first great maker of violins that history chronicles, knew only strife. Instruments were undoubtedly made earlier, but of these no specimens exist. From Di Salo's work there sprang the inspirations of Maggini, the Amati, and Antonio Stradivari.

While French and German writers claim for their respective countries the honor of inventing the violin, to Di Salo of Italy belongs the distinction of first calling it into prominence. Like lives that have made history beautiful by their gentle power, the violin was cradled in the strife of continuous wars at the little Lombardian city.

His pupil, Giovanni Paolo Maggini, gave to the world the proper principles of violin-making, perfected a century later at Cremona. This little village, destined for renown, was peculiarly adapted by nature because of its resources. The sun beat fiercely down on the hillsides about it, that grew grand forests of maple, pine, and willow, and the grapes that gave their spirit for the varnish.

A FRANCISCO RUGGERI VIOLIN, 1690.

In the quiet of these surroundings Andrea Amati pursued his task. Fame came to him through a foreign source. Charles IX.

PAGANINI.

of France commanded him to make twenty-four different instruments for his Chapel Royal. Unfortunately for art, all these, with one authentic exception, were destroyed in the French Revolution.

His sons, Antonio and Girolamo Amati, followed in their father's footsteps. Then came the third generation, Nicolo Amati, the son of Girolamo, the originator of the "Grand Amatis," whose model furnished Stradivari with artistic ideas. His list of pupils was a long one and its names a grace to the collector's catalogue to-day.

Antonio Stradivari studied his art with him and fell in love with his daughter, but she, failing to reciprocate in a suit which her father greatly favored, married instead another of his pupils, Henry Jacobs, the Hollander. Then in a fit of pique Stradivari, destined to be far the greater man of the two, found a wife and a fortune in the widow Signora Capra.

From that time on he gave himself up with indefatigable enthusiasm to his art. His fame grew until the riches that he amassed gave rise to the saying, "As rich as Stradivari." His career was almost unprecedented in length, terminating only with his death at the age of ninety-three. The violins that he made during his busy life, this imperial maker of them all, are estimated as numbering two thousand. George Eliot, in her poem "The Stradivari," pays this tribute to a noble, indefatigable life, whose handiwork sings with increasing beauty with the growth of years:

That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work.
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance;
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

Joseph Guarnerius, born in Cremona in 1683, and the most famous of his name, made in the final period of his career the noted "Canon" of Paganini, now preserved in the Museum of Genoa. Here again is a

A FRANCISCUS STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN, 1742.

violin, locked in silence until some turn of fortune shall set it to singing, that became identified by a curious episode with the life of its last great owner.

Paganini had a passion for gambling and losing all would pawn his violin, sometimes being left without an instrument to fulfil his engagements. At Leghorn he found himself in this predicament—a predicament which brought him this treasured violin, which history does not chronicle him as risking through such devious ways. Hearing that Paganini had no violin, M. Livron allowed him the use of his prized Guarnerius, and after the concert in which the artist had aroused his intense enthusiasm declared that no other hand should profane it, and presented it to him then and there.

Spohr was less fortunate though more exemplary. He owned a Guarnerius del Gesu, brought as an imperial gift from Russia. During a concert tour in Germany the trunk containing it, together with other possessions, was stolen from the back of the coach in which he was traveling. Maddened by the overwhelming loss Spohr rushed into the fields, an open knife in his hand, vainly seeking the robbers. After a sleepless night word was brought him that the empty violin box was found, but from that day no trace was discovered of the violin and to the end of his life the composer violinist was irreconcilable.

Some of the Cremona masters found their way to Venice. The greatest of these, Montagnana, and the greatest of the Neapolitan makers, Alessandro Gagliano, were both pupils of Stradivari.

In chronicling this golden period of artistic industry in Italy there are also to be reckoned with the great makers of Florence, Milan, Padua, Modena, Mantua, Bologna, Turin, Saluzzo, and Rome: Camilli, Cappi, Carcassi, Gabrielli, the family of Testore, and a long list besides.

Taking to heart the example of these famous Italians, the French makers followed the leaderships of Cremona and Brescia, whose violins they took as models, and at the head of them stands Nicolas Lupot. Although of French descent he was born in Stuttgart, Germany, removing to Orleans with his parents when he was twelve years of age, and later to Paris, where his genius won for him the title of the French Stradivari.

Of the modern French makers, Vuillaume, the foremost, Chanot, and Germain have perpetuated their names. The first

A JOSEPH GUARNERIUS VIOLIN.

mentioned made beautiful copies of Stradivari and Guarneri, and into his hands came the most perfect Stradivari extant, known as the Salabu, now in the possession of an Edinburgh collector. Of the histories of great violin-makers that of the most noted

German, Stainer, is the saddest. He appears to have been a man of the noblest artistic aims and purposes and of indomitable energy and thoroughness. Had he been thrown at an earlier age under Italian influences he would undoubtedly have won greater recognition, but as matters stood the English of his time prized him above Amati. In his own country his greatness served

YSAGE.

completely to overshadow his colleagues Ruppert, Jauch, Eberle, and Bachmann. Beginning life as an organ-builder, Stainer forsook it because of ill health and devoted himself to violin-making. The struggle was an uphill one, for it was first at the age of forty-eight that he succeeded in obtaining the long-coveted title of "violin-maker to the court of Austria." Like many other coveted titles, it appears to have brought little with it. Harassed by debts, frequently at law with a money-lender, and vainly petitioning the Emperor Leopold for relief, he finally succumbed. Unable to support his ills, he lost his reason and died insane at the age of sixty-two—a man whose work has left a lasting impression on the world.

The English makers of renown were crowded to the wall by removal of the duties on foreign products of inferiority, and slighted by writers on the subject who gave prominence to far less worthy continental makers, ignoring Englishmen deservedly noted. With these there must be numbered Barak Norman, inspired by the work of Maggini; Benjamin Banks, who copied the work of Nicolo Amati with rare skill and faithfulness; William Forster, who forsook Stainer for Amati models and who is held in high favor, and the Youngs, father and son, of whom the great Purcell poetized in witty fashion.

In common with other generally accepted mistakes the idea prevails that rare old violins of famous makers are not to be had, or if they are, only at the price of a king's ransom. It is perhaps at this point well to correct a wrong impression. Violins of many of these makes and of others whose handiwork is greatly prized in the history of the instrument are to be had at reasonable sums and easily within the reach of artist or amateur right here in America. The time is soon coming when even young violinists will understand the enormous advantage of possessing a violin with a soul and will not rest a moment until they own one. For that matter, Yankee enterprise has succeeded in securing a wider range of choice in fine violins than many a long journey would bring to us. There is at least one collection of old violins in this country that compares favorably with anything to be found in London. Then the opportunity of buying from a well-known American business house saves to us the vexatious question of genuine authenticity which troubles us in a foreign land and which at home with the dealer of high repute no longer presents itself.

THE GREAT SOUTH RAILWAY TERMINAL AT BOSTON.

BY JANE A. STEWART.

AMERICAN railways are distinguished for the comfort and convenience they afford travelers, and for the admirable management and equipment of the great system into which the trunk lines are now combined. Cooperation between the great railroads has given us uniformity in time, in train rules and signals, in methods of block signaling, in regulations governing employees, and in safety appliances—all conserving the three great requirements of modern railway travel—speed, safety, and comfort.

Among the latest results of the cooperation of the great railroad companies has been the provision of great commodious railway terminals in the various large cities. Most notable of these is the new South Terminal Station at Boston, opened on January 1 of the present year. It is a remarkable illustration of the rapid development of the railway industry and the good effects of cooperation. Aside from being the most extensive structure ever erected for a similar purpose, the Boston Terminal has heralded a new era in railway passenger service through the original and practical innovations which have been introduced in its arrangements.

It was in Massachusetts that the first railway in the United States was built, in 1827, to carry the granite for Bunker Hill Monument from Quincy, Mass., five miles, to the seaboard. The crude rails were of wood laid on sills of granite, strapped with iron, and the cars were moved by horse-power. There is fitness in the fact that to-day the old Bay State leads in the expansion of railway construction by the erection of the largest, and in certain respects the most convenient and most unique, railway terminal in the world. This achievement, however, would not have been possible without the concerted action of the five great railroad companies and the cooperation of both the city and the state.

THE YARD ENTRANCE TO THE TRACK SUBWAY.

The urgent necessity for greater transit facilities between Boston and its suburbs

THE NEW SOUTH TERMINAL.

was the chief factor in forcing prompt action. It will come to many as a surprising statement that in point of suburban population Boston stands second only to New York among American cities. Considering in each case a circle of fifty miles radius concentric with the city proper, according to the census of 1895, the four chief cities rate as follows: New York, 4,700,000; Boston, 2,400,000; Philadelphia, 2,300,000; Chicago, 1,200,000. Within Boston's ten-mile circle are 890,000 people; within its twenty-mile circle, 1,217,000. It is thus made evident that Boston has grown to be a great commercial center, while retaining its place as a center of art, culture, and historical interest. These figures indicate the density of the suburbs which comprise greater Boston and from which the city's passenger traffic is largely drawn.

Five years ago there were eight distinct railway terminals in the city. The tendency toward centralization and combination was first felt in the building of the "North Union Station" on Causeway

THE "MIDWAY."

Street, which reduced the number of terminals to five. These five have been gathered in under the broad wings of the new South Terminal Station, which now assumes one half of the care of the fifty

THE MAIN MONITOR OF THE TRAIN-SHED.

million express and suburban passengers carried by the railroads to and from Boston yearly.

Though the atmosphere of Boston is comparatively reposeful, its people are not dilatory when advance measures are to be taken. It was the present active mayor, Josiah Quincy, worthy descendant of an honored line, constantly conceiving plans for civic welfare, who first suggested that the interests of the city demanded the construction of a single passenger station upon the south side. That was three years ago. Within six months state legislation had been secured, a site selected, and an agreement made that the city should widen and make such changes in streets as the situation demanded. The Boston Terminal Company was formed of the five railways interested—the Boston & Albany, the New England, the Boston & Providence, the Old Colony, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads. Charles P. Clark was made chairman of the board of trustees, which includes Samuel Hoar, Charles L. Lovering, Royal C. Taft, and Francis L. Higginson. The objections of South Boston residents, who claimed that their means of communication with the city would be greatly cut off, and of the harbor and land commissioners, who thought their plans interfered with for the development of the land owned by the state in South Boston, were finally overcome.

Plans were begun July, 1896, under the capable direction of George B. Francis, an experienced constructor and engineer of Providence. Before entering upon its plans, the company's representatives visited the best stations abroad—that at Frankfort, Germany, the largest on the Continent; at Dresden, famous for its beautiful architecture and sculpture, and the great beautiful Paris depots, with their suggestions for comfort and convenience. The striking

Louis station, which until now has been the largest and finest in the United States.

It is in its plans for suburban traffic that the new Boston station carries suggestion for other steam railroads which have the same problem of cheap and rapid transit to meet. As has been indicated, the great width of space available has permitted the construction of two loops of continuous tracks below in addition to the twenty-eight stub tracks above. The problem of switching, which delays traffic and multiplies difficulties, is thus entirely eliminated. Trains will leave their passengers and move on without switching. By using the alternate tracks, one train to be filled while the other is cleared, it will be possible to release a train every minute, making more than two thousand suburban trains every working day of eighteen hours, or about five times as many as before.

The suburban tracks enter by an incline at one side of the through tracks, swinging around the large central platform, which is the loading platform and is connected with the main floor and waiting-room by stairs. The unloading will take place on the two outer platforms, the total platform area accommodating 25,000 people.

Another suggestive and pleasing feature of the new station, and one which should have wide adaptation, is the provision of separate platforms between the seven pairs of passenger platforms on the main floor exclusively for the trucking of baggage and express matter. There are also capacious electric truck lifts and a special subway for baggage under the tracks leading from the large baggage room on Cove Street. One of the most interesting features is the ice-making and refrigerating plant, in which twenty tons of diamond ice will be made each day. It should be mentioned that the electrical power plant, necessarily very extensive for a station of this unprecedented size, has some unique appliances, among which are the mechanical stokers in the boiler-room and the forced draught, the latter being produced by a pair of large, slow-[illegible]ning exhaust fans. Electricity is used [illegible]rating all the elevators, five of which are for passenger service, two for freight, and twelve for moving baggage between the main floor and sub-station. An extensive heating system of steam and compressed air is included and cars will be kept warm even while standing on the track and not in use.

It is scarcely more than half a century since the architecture of railway stations became a necessity or even a possibility. Public buildings and especially railroad stations afford the most favorable opportunity for the concrete expression of the life and character of a community and its degree of advancement. They also contribute to a liberal architectural education. The stranger entering a city is given a favorable impression of the importance and magnitude of a municipality when it receives him in palatial and magnificent quarters. Fortunately it is coming to be realized that the architectural element can enter into a railroad structure without material additional cost and greatly to the permanent value and success of the erection.

While architectural effect has not been utilized to the degree that it might have been in the Boston Terminal, and although the structure has not the artistic and decorative beauty of some of its predecessors upon the Continent—as the Dresden and Frankfort stations—this lack is partly condoned by solidity and durability of expression. A good design, graceful contour, correct constructional outline, and symmetrical proportions distinctly characterize the Boston Terminal.

Approaching the building from Federal Street, one is impressed by the monumental effect of the majestic curving façade. This is technically termed the "head-house." The central portion is five stories high and 875 feet in breadth, the total width of the head-house, including the three story wings on the three streets, being 2,190 feet. Two stories of the façade form a massive base, in which are three great entrance arches. The three upper stories are treated as a colonnade with a series of fine polished granite pilasters more than forty feet in height. Above the colonnade, the entablature and parapet carry the structure to a

junction of Atlantic Avenue, Federal, and Summer Streets. It is mostly "made land," having originally been overflowed by the ocean and later covered with docks, wharves, and buildings, founded on cribs, piles, and rubbish. To clear the site required the removal of the New England passenger station and about two hundred old buildings, many of them valuable and well built. Streets were abandoned and new ones made, thus materially changing the map of Boston at this point. The new topographical arrangement made possible a street one hundred feet wide on each of the three sides of the terminal. Provision was, of course, made for removing the grade crossings; and also for a Back Bay station between Dartmouth Street and Columbus Avenue. A large amount of work was done by the city in readjusting sewers, water pipes, electric light and telegraph wires, the cost of the necessary changes in the sewer system alone amounting to $100,000. It is significant that the advent of the terminal into this neighborhood has brought about a renaissance of building and a complete change in the character of the whole locality.

The principal engineering problems involved were the construction of a sea-wall and a coffer-dam, the foundation, the waterproofing, the arrangement of tracks and train service, the switch and signal system, the mechanical and power installation, the train-shed, and the head-house.

The whole of the great structure stands on cedar piles, of which 26,000 were driven. As the sub-station was designed to lie seventeen feet below the main floor and seven feet below high tide, it was necessary to protect it by a permanent scheme of waterproofing and by perfect drainage. The waterproofing was successfully accomplished by putting first a layer of concrete between and above the exposed tops of the piles. Upon this were placed ten layers of tarred paper, with a tarry compound between each sheet, comprising the waterproof section, which is ten acres in extent. This waterproofing, wherever vertical, is backed up with eight inches of brick-work. More concrete was added, making a solid basement floor of slightly less than three feet. In some portions of this foundation it was deemed necessary to add an extra ballast of heavy iron rails concealed in the last concrete layer.

The coffer-dam, which presented possibly the most difficult feature of the undertaking, merits a brief description. A line of timbered wall, consisting of six-inch splined hard pine planks, in forty-feet lengths, was driven into the substratum of clay along the harbor bank. This line was doubled in places to give the necessary lateral strength to resist the pressure from the open water, the whole forming a continuous water-tight coffer-dam, costing about $75,000. The drainage from the basin formed by the waterproofing is all carried by drains between the tracks to a point about 360 feet outside of the train-shed on the sea side and close to the city sewer which empties into Fort Point Channel.

The necessary accommodation of tracks for present as well as for future use, as has been stated, caused the development of the double floor plan. When in full use there will be about 750 through trains transferred to the thirty tracks of the new station from the old terminals which aggregated twenty-five tracks. The long-distance trains are manipulated upon twenty-eight stub tracks on the main floor, the trains being switched in and out in the usual manner, but by means of the ingenious electro-pneumatic train controller. This comprises compressed air cylinders connected with electric wires. A touch of the finger on the switchboard is sufficient to make connections work in an instant and shunt an incoming train to the proper track where passengers are to be landed. To connect the main tracks with those in the station there are provided 250 single switches, 37 double slip switches, 283 movable frogs, 150 semaphore signals, 200 signal lamps, and 9 signal bridges. Three hundred and forty-four passenger cars, sixty-five feet in length, can be set against the platforms on the main floor. This is sixty-five more than can be accommodated in the same manner in the handsome St

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM.*

BY PAUL DE ROUSIERS.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "LA REVUE DE PARIS."

RECENT events in the United States have greatly alarmed many persons interested in the future of that country. Europe is asking if the American nation does not risk compromising its economic and social development in inaugurating a policy of conquests; if the imperialism which has manifested itself with so much tumult in certain presidential discourses and in a notable part of the American press is indeed compatible with the free play of private initiative which has heretofore been the great and almost the only element of progress in that country; in brief, if the Americans are not starting out into a way contrary to all their traditions.

Imperialism does not seem to me to have so radical a bearing. The most ardent among the Yankee jingoes do not dream of sacrificing private initiative to national glory, economic development to political power, the free and fertile expansion of the race to an ideal of armed conquests. They judge only that private initiative will turn to account the national glory, that economic development will be usefully served by political power, that the free and fertile expansion of the race will profit by certain armed conquests. It is this opinion which constitutes imperialism.

The contrary opinion is represented by Americans who do not believe in the efficacy of these means in present circumstances, or who are opposed on principle to all increase of territory by force of arms. Most of the partizans of imperialism subordinate its rôle to its presumed efficiency. They are not dreaming a heroic dream. On the day when they see clearly that imperialism does not pay, much more on the day when it manifests itself as a danger, the United States will contain few imperialists. If, on the contrary, imperialism shows itself a good server of the economic interests of the nation, if it performs efficiently the task expected of it, we shall be called upon to see it developed; perhaps by new conquests, more probably by a marked extension of the influence of the United States upon the whole of America, perhaps also by an alliance with England—by the union of the two Anglo-Saxon imperialisms.

We cannot foresee its destiny; it may be ephemeral, it may, on the other hand, be permanent and very lofty.

Concerning the aptitude of the United States to govern its new possessions express reservations must be made. Very probably the Americans will not show themselves, especially at the beginning, excellent administrators. The *personnel* which will represent them in their colonies will doubtless be recruited in the class which furnishes their own functionaries; which is not a chosen class, as is well known. It seems at first sight that Cuba, for example, will not gain much in exchanging the domination of the Hidalgos, who came there to make their fortunes, for that of the Yankee politicians. But the effect of bad public administration will be neutralized by the free American energy which will be spread abroad in this rich country, which has been heretofore so badly exploited, but is certainly called upon to develop in a marvelous manner in the hands of its new possessors. These men will bear financial waste and administrative negligence, but never will they endure a shackling of the enterprise they are going to establish; and if the system of government applied to the country embarrasses them, be sure they will not be long in having it changed. On this point any one who knows the Americans will have no doubts. They accept very many things which surprise their European visitors, but

*This article is quoted not as voicing the sentiments of the editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN at all points, but as an interesting expression of French opinion.

upon one essential condition, that of having their elbows free to act.

This is why in the face of an administration which has great chances of being bad, a more powerful force, an invincible and regenerating force, will be applied to Cuba and will profoundly change the economic, social, and political conditions of the island. If the officials fall short, the men will not be found wanting.

This is readily accounted for when one reflects upon the manner in which the Americans bore themselves in the course of the last war. The incapacity of the different administrations clearly appeared, and the courage, the audacity of the individual agents are none the less proven.

The success of the Americans was not due to their good organization. The newspapers have copiously related the numberless faults of the supply service and the sanitary service and the grievous errors in management of the secretary of war. With the murderous climate of the Antilles during the hot season, the epoch at which the campaign was undertaken, the absence of necessary precautions, the insufficient supply of provisions, and the inexperience of an expeditionary corps of which improvised soldiers formed the majority, it is to be believed that the American army would have experienced great disasters if it had not had to deal with an enemy demoralized and consequently half conquered in advance.

The first result would have been the more to its disadvantage, as it had not, as the armies of Europe, which are submitted to a traditional discipline, the faculty of suffering in silence and of dying without complaint. The volunteers wished indeed to give their lives for the triumph of their native land, but they were not resigned to giving them uselessly and made themselves voluntary judges of the utility of their sacrifice. With this manner of comprehending military discipline, a defeat would have caused inexpressible disorder; but on the other hand it would have stirred up national sentiment to such a degree that it would have immediately occasioned an immense effort. The Americans are never slow to learn their lesson. With energetic strokes, and with a loss of force due to their first inexperience, they would have promptly levied a new army and recommenced the heroic struggle of thirty years ago, when the North, little versed in things of war, instantly turned in that direction all its activity, invented weapons, formed generals and soldiers, and remained yoked to this heroic task until it triumphed.

This time circumstances did not demand of the United States such a display of energy and perseverance, but the men who had to display their mettle did it with a tranquil bravery which was an unimpeachable witness of the persistence of the same qualities in the race. It is imagined in certain little-informed circles that the Americans must lack military courage because they have not been especially trained for it. This opinion is ridiculous. Men who struggle all their lives against all sorts of obstacles, who consider an easy-going existence as a proof of inferiority, who exalt by their acts as by their example continued and vigorous effort, are prepared to make determined soldiers. Lieutenant Hobson and six sailors were found to run the *Merrimac* into the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and many others would have been found to imitate them. Men of this stamp are not lacking in the United States.

And their heroism, having its source in their general worth as men, in the height of their humanity, is exempt from ferocity; it is not an intoxication. One recalls the words, henceforth historic, of Captain Philip, commander of the *Texas*, when the Spanish vessel scuttled by his cannon was disappearing with its crew: "Don't cheer, they are dying." This spontaneous manifestation of respect springs from a true moral grandeur. It puts in relief the characteristic religious gravity so profound in the American soul, which superficial observers do not discern in the midst of their ordinary activity.

From the fact that circumstances are placing before the Americans a new duty; from the fact that they will have to form a less rudimentary army, a stronger navy, an

administration, there is no reason to conclude that their social organization is threatened. The foundation remains, and the habit of efficient personal action is still the best preparation for public action. It is easier to establish a state administration which is wanting or insufficient in a country fertile in men, than for a government wisely constituted to form men in a country where men are wanting or insufficient.

It is still more nonsensical to consider that a country like the United States is false to its traditions and puts its constitution in danger because, in addition to individual vigor, it takes care to provide for the necessities of its public life.

The personal energy, the spirit of enterprise and initiative of the Yankees will not be stifled, nor even lessened, because the United States is going to depart from its national isolation. England does not seem to have clipped the wings of her individual citizens by the part she plays in European diplomacy. It is even very certain that she has often supported, thanks to the power of her fleet, the private enterprises of her emigrants and merchants in the most efficacious manner. International political power is not a weakness in itself, far to the contrary. Only the life of the nation must not be sacrificed to it, but must be served by it; its apparatus and organs must not be exaggerated by foolish megalomania. It then becomes the necessary expression, the ordered and harmonic expression of the real interests which are confided to it.

But, some one says, the United States in allowing itself to be seized by the cog-wheel of international complications, will be dragged farther than it thinks. Who can foresee the possible consequences of the conflict with the Filipinos? No one, assuredly. At the same time it must not be lost sight of that the Americans are guaranteed in a large measure by their habits and by the subordinate character of their imperialism against the dangers of being carried too far. In private affairs the Americans are not at all headstrong. On the contrary, they are very prompt to liquidate an enterprise foolishly entered into, more prompt sometimes than commercial honesty would demand. They are very prompt also to reverse their policy. In international relations it is reasonable to suppose that they will display the same characteristics, because they will proceed on strict business principles, as they say; because their imperialism is essentially opportunist, subordinated to circumstances, not rigid, logical, and sensitive on the point of honor. I imagine that they would abandon, without false shame, a political project recognized as more dangerous than useful, just as they would persevere invincibly in a difficult enterprise if it were recognized as necessary. In brief, they will do in their cabinets what they do every day in their stores and factories. They will negotiate and liquidate, they will even go to the length of failure, rather than let themselves be dragged into a disagreeable path.

It remains to be seen how the Americans will succeed in organizing their public service. Up to this time they have not been model administrators. They still have to show their capabilities in that direction. They will have to reinforce their army and navy and create a sort of civil service for their colonies. The army and navy, in spite of their importance, are perhaps not the most formidable part of the problem to be solved. The present navy seems to have the qualities required. The Americans will not be slow to invent and construct perfected vessels, and as to the *personnel* of the navy it is not lacking in boldness, and is better disciplined than might be thought.

There will probably be greater difficulties concerning the land army, but even here the United States has the resource of a nucleus of very well trained officers. West Point enjoys a good reputation with European officers who have had opportunity to visit it and become acquainted with their American comrades. Whatever the difficulties of the undertaking may be, it is a question of developing a work already commenced, not of creating a new one.

On the contrary, for the civil service everything is to be done. The worst thing, and it is to be feared that that will happen,

would be to employ the corrupt *personnel* of politicians who will see in the new possessions an opportunity for easy profits. If that happens, it is to be hoped that the Americans established in the colonies will not long endure this scandal and exploitation; but if they succeed in excluding peculators they will have accomplished only one part of their task. Politicians, overawed and watched by public opinion, will still be only negative administrators rendered incapable of doing injury. More than this is needed. Capable men such as the political machine does not furnish and has not furnished must be placed at the head of affairs. The problem is therefore a grave one. In order to solve it honest men must be influenced to accept positions in public life. In this there are great difficulties and few chances of success. This is the way it appears to us.

The difficulties are of two sorts. In the first place the bad renown of the politicians renders the healthy part of the population averse to accepting public office. A man belonging to an honorable stratum has a slight feeling that he is declassed in accepting office, especially a non-electoral office, obtained through favor. This phenomenon is the inverse of what we observe in France, where many young men consider state positions more elegant than the professions. And the people in power do not seek men of worth, as is the custom with us, because they have an electoral clientage to place. In the second place, the agricultural, industrial, and commercial opportunities of the United States offer the activity of young Americans so many advantageous openings, and their spirit of enterprise is so skilful in finding employment that the salaries of public offices do not tempt those who have the capacity to fill them. When a man possesses the qualities necessary to live well in independence, he does not care to be chained down.

Such are the serious obstacles to a good recruiting of public offices. However, there are some chances of success. They are furnished principally by the young men of the universities.

The American universities have had an immense development in the last thirty years. Very many parents send their children to them with the idea of assuring them the benefit of general culture, of giving them a better start in life, thinking that the delay resulting from the sojourn at the university is more than compensated by the intellectual development acquired there, in short, that the operation pays. Many, on setting out from the university, enter into business, overtaking at the end of five or six years the young people of their own age put sooner than themselves to practical work, and are apt to hold the high positions. Others are pure professional students, who learn at the university their future trade of physician, lawyer, architect, or engineer. Finally, a small number devote themselves to study and recruit the corps of professors.

In this intellectual and reflective medium, less dominated by the desire for immediate lucre, more concerned with political questions, and more conscious of the problems of public life, there is being formed a current of enlightened civism. For a long time university men have deplored the abandonment of politics to politicians. They have sought to modify this situation, and have been preparing themselves to remedy it. The universities thus seem marked out to furnish the elements of a chosen and honest administrative *personnel*, capable of giving the new colonies apprenticeship in self-government. From the same class might be recruited future American diplomats, whose rôle will become complicated in proportion as the United States takes part more and more in international questions.

In this direction is the hope of a better future for American politics. While waiting for this hope to be realized we will probably witness unfortunate experiments. There may result from these an increasing discredit of the public organisms of the United States, and this discredit will be merited if European diplomats often encounter American colleagues as unyielding as the members of the commission charged with treating with Spain, or if the Cubans have to suffer from the dishonesty of politician ad-

ministrators. But he who would infer from these faults the decadence of America would strangely deceive himself. For the new duties that new circumstances demand of the United States, new men are needed, more solicitous for the public life than the citizens of former times, of a greater moral elevation than the contemptible politicians. A reserve of this sort of men exists. Will the government of the United States have the wisdom to make use of them on the start? This is scarcely to be hoped when one recognizes the great power of the machine and the dependence of President McKinley upon those who have brought him into power; but it is a source of great strength that this reserve exists, that it is ready to march at the first call, and that it is determined to act in order to hasten this call.

To those who consider American individual initiative seriously threatened by the present triumph of imperialism, it is well to remark that in spite of its analogies with French chauvinism, the American spirit is profoundly distinct from it. In order that the ideas of two races of men be the same, it is not enough that their abstract expressions momentarily meet in similar formulas. Washington spoke like Lafayette at the end of the last century, he did not act like him, he did not always think like him. Declarations of principle are only a clothing that we give to our intimate and profound conceptions. Judgment must not be passed upon this clothing, but upon what it covers. America is not as much modified as it seems to be by the new and slightly disconcerting attitude that it has taken in late events.

THE FRIENDLESS DEAD.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

DOWN in the "paupers' corner," friendless, unwept, alone,
With only God's white-leaved daisies instead of a lettered stone,
There, in the dusk, they laid her—for she was nobody's own!

Nobody's own?—poor creature, weary and white and old!
Nobody's own?—and the daisies bending their hearts of gold,
And the stars all white with pity over the paupers' fold?

Once she was somebody's dearest, nestling on arm and breast;
Once there were kisses plenty and prayers o'er the guarded nest;
And of all the wee pink babies this babe seemed to one the best.

Once in her life—we know it, whatever the rest has been—
Once in love's boundless kingdom she was the dimpled queen;
Once she was somebody's dearest, whatever has come between.

Weep not in hopeless pity over the pauper's mound.
Love, that God made immortal, hallows the sacred ground.
Lo! there's an angel's garment bowing the daisies 'round!

SOME FRUITS OF THE REFORMATION.

BY ARTHUR W. KENNEDY.

I.

THE Reformation under Luther was the first successful effort of the Democracy to weaken the temporal power of Rome. It was the first breaking away by the people from the slavish ecclesiasticism in an effort to adopt simple forms for worshiping God.

The Reformation awakened thoughtful people not only in Germany, but in Italy, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Denmark, to think of liberty, how dear it should be to a man as a being, a Christian, and a citizen. The awakening was so thorough and so general that men have kept their eyes open to guard the cause of liberty until this day. When the Reformation struck Germany, the kings and princes of all European nations were making obeisance to a temporal power in the church, and had seemingly forgotten that God was a spirit and that he was divine. Luther pointed them to God and showed them their duty as worshipers. The people believed him and followed him. This was the undoing of kings. Charles V., intelligent, tolerant, and powerful, did not understand the ideas which swayed Luther and his followers. He was in the fetters which bound all nations and peoples, but Luther, with his new interpretation of the Scripture, was greater than Charles V. and presently Charles saw that he was undone, and abdicating his throne retired to a monastery. This left Luther in possession of the field. It was a conscientious reform, with ideas which fitted the needs of the people, and it proved to be the beginning of the overturning of the established order of things in church and state.

History does Luther the credit of showing that he was not so visionary as he was practical, and his success was as glorious as his cause was just. The wonder is that Luther was not beheaded or cast into prison when we remember that worldliness was in power in the state all about him. But for some mysterious reason, unknown to historians, Luther lived on, writing, preaching, toiling, and winning victories. As an itinerant preacher, he was the Elijah of the fourteenth century, defiantly burning the pope's bull of excommunication in the suburbs of Wittenberg.

Why is Luther's name so secure in history? Why do sacred and profane historians vie with each other in perpetuating the story of his achievements? Is it not because he came to mankind with plain, practical truths in a sincere, honest spirit, and when he came he found the people waiting for him and the truths he brought? It was the meeting of a messenger with a message and the people hungry for the truth. It is the old story of a little leaven hidden in the meal, till it leaveneth the whole lump.

The church and the world for nearly four centuries have characterized this movement as the Reformation because it succeeded in reforming religious thought, reforming Christian doctrine, reforming man, reforming the church, reforming nations, and reforming the civilizations of the world. Luther set in motion ideas and influences that are still affecting the church and the nations of the world for good. It was a Reformation that actually reformed, and the whole Christian world, which has been a partaker of its fruits, blesses both the sower and seed.

In treating of the fruits of the Reformation, we cannot even glance at all of them, because the catalogue is too long, but we may look at some of them.

The English Bible, rescued from obscurity, is one fruit of the Reformation. Its translation into the language of the people is an achievement full of historic interest; it is yielding results which time alone can

fully record. With Bibles on every hand, in every home, and in public institutions, the world is literally being filled with the truth. As we look back at the time of Luther, we can hardly appreciate the scarcity of Bibles and the new revival of interest in the Book. Indeed, our own views of it may be under limitations.

The English Bible conveys to one the idea that it is the Bible of only the English-speaking people, or that the people who speak the English tongue made the Bible, just as the American Bible Society is the name for a great organization which publishes and circulates the Scriptures. The very name "American Bible Society," though euphonious, is local. We limit the Bible to one language when we speak of the English Bible, and we limit it to this continent when we speak of the "American Bible Society." By local coloring we are liable to overlook the fact that Luther did his greatest piece of work when he translated the Bible into the language of the German people. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the whole weight of the church's authority was turned against the use of the Scriptures by the laity. Men and women were denied copies of the Scriptures and the Book was withheld from them in their public assemblies. Of course this was before the printing press was invented, so that copies of the Scriptures could not be multiplied as they are to-day.

German and Latin were the languages of Germany in Luther's time, but no translation of the Bible had been made and printed that was in common circulation among the people and that had reached any degree of popularity as a book to be read.

Luther, who was an accomplished scholar, made a translation of the New Testament in three months, and in 1522 it was put into print and circulated among the people. In 1534 he finished his translation of the Old Testament, and the complete German Bible was then given to the people. An eminent authority says, "The language used by Luther in both the Old and New Testaments did not exist before in so pure, powerful, and genuine form." It was the Reformation in its revolt against mere human authority that demanded the open circulation of the Bible in the language of the people, translated from the original Hebrew and Greek. This was obtained from Luther, and from Luther's Bible, completed in 1534, we date four classes of translations of the Bible.

The first of these was the translation adopted by Protestant churches in Protestant countries, such as Luther's Bible in Germany, the Dutch Bible, the Danish Bible, and ultimately the English Bible.

The second class of translations was for the private use of schools and libraries, and for teachers and scholarly men.

The third class was Bibles for missionaries, as they would take the Psalms or the New Testament or the Gospels and translate them into the language of people in foreign countries to whom they went as missionaries.

The fourth class was the Roman Catholic versions, such as the Rhemish and Douay versions, in English.

These translations, all based upon Luther's, were made before a Bible society was formed, such as exists in European countries and the United States to-day.

The printing press was a great aid to the new reformer. Luther's translation of the New Testament was issued eighty-two years after printing was invented, so that he had the aid of all the improvements of these years in this new invention in getting his Bible into the hands of the people. The printing press came at just the right time to be used in making the Bible a popular book and proved one of the most effective aids that history recites in the work of Luther's Reformation. Luther, in sympathy with the Bible as the Word of God, and in sympathy with the common people, who were waiting to receive it, made a translation that was at the same time genuine and helpful, and, aided by the printing press, put it in the hands of the people. He rescued the Bible from its seclusion and made for it a free course, so that it could be truthfully said, "the Word of God is no longer bound."

It required only one battle and only one victory of this kind to make a secure and

permanent place for the Bible in the hearts of mankind. Never since that day has the Bible been relegated to its original languages of Hebrew and Greek and shut away from the people. The barrier of unknown tongues was overcome once for all. The triumph of a free press made a return to former conditions impossible. The world had grown too much, the spirit of the Reformation had raised up too many believers, both among scholarly men and the common people, for the cause of the Bible to lapse again as it had in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

To be sure, in some countries, as in France, Italy, and even Switzerland for a time, the Bible was denied to the people, but the Reformation swept away the objectors with their objections, and it simply came to this—it was to be either a reformation or a revolution. It makes pleasant reading for us when we turn to the history of Luther's time to find that the beginning of the circulation of the Bible among the common people was made quietly, although with tremendous power, that it did not provoke men to bloodshed, nor involve the German people in civil war, and that wars with other great nations on this great issue were averted. And how appropriate it was that a reformation and not a revolution should be the medium of God's message to man, which teaches man the true way to God. Thus the leaves of the Book came quietly for the healing of the nations.

Who can measure the value of the Bible on the language of the people? For the German people, it unified their language, gave them one tongue, and ultimately drove the Latin language out of the state and made German the language of the state and of all the people. What has the English version of the Bible done for the English language? How many children and young people form their ideas of the English language by reading the Scriptures and hearing them explained? This Book of God, read by all the people, dominating their thought, increasing their knowledge of the English language, glorifies and dignifies the English language as no other book could. This has been done for the German people and for the English people, and who knows but it has worked the same results in the languages of other peoples. This universality is a part of its power. Men who cannot buy the Bible get it free, and for those who do buy it, no other book is so cheap. It is brought within the reach of all by great donations to Bible societies and by the organized effort of Christian people in all parts of the world. The Bible is the only undenominational book coming from the printing press to-day that is universally read. This undenominational character of the book has made it a bond of union between nations and Christian peoples in different nations the world over. From it they have learned, each people in their own language, lessons concerning God and their duties to God, that men are brothers and that we are all of one blood. The British and Foreign Bible Society alone has made nearly three hundred translations of the Bible, and there are about seventy Bible societies in the world. The American Bible Society stands next to the British and Foreign Bible Society in the list, making translations and circulating the book in all parts of the world.

To be sure, men differ in their interpretation of the Bible at certain points. They hold diverse views about the marriage ceremony, the baptismal service, and the Lord's Supper. One denomination holds its peculiar views of the sovereignty and justice of God, of God's free grace and man's free will, and so men have held their own interpretations concerning this or that particular doctrine, but after all the Book has remained intact. They have held it as the Word of God, and as Paul says, "Some preach Christ of envy and strife, and some of good will." It makes very little difference, so he is preached. These varied, and in many cases vain, interpretations of what God teaches, may pass away, many of them have already been set aside, the old controversies are over; their prejudices have died. We live in a day when the different churches, forgetting their conflicts of opinion, are beginning to see eye to eye, are adopting one faith and one

baptism, and believe in one Bible, which teaches one God, who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

But this is not all that the Bible as a Book for the people has done since the Reformation. Two men appeared in the latter part of the seventeenth century whose work in the literature of the world fills a large place even to this day and will to the end of time—John Milton and John Bunyan. Macaulay says that there were only two great original writers who appeared in the last half of the seventeenth century—John Milton with his "Paradise Lost" and John Bunyan with his "Pilgrim's Progress." Now, what relation did these men sustain to the Bible and what was the fruit that grew from the Bible in their writings for the health and blessing of the world?

John Milton spent seven years at Christ College, Cambridge, and took his degree there in 1632. He was a dissenter—could not be bound by the ecclesiastical system of the English Church. He was a scholarly man and was regarded as one of the best Latin scholars of his day. His "Paradise Lost" was his masterpiece; to it Christian thinkers turn as to the beginning of a new religious literature. It has been supposed by some writers that it was founded on the Book of Genesis only because of its allegorical character and the weird nature of the plan and its execution. But the best authorities now claim that Milton based it on the Scriptures as a whole. He was a student of the Bible, and his "Paradise Lost" received its flavor, its character, its power, from the Bible. It could not have been written had not the Bible existed before it did.

John Bunyan was born a mile from the town of Bedford. He was a dissenter, as was his father before him. Bunyan studied in the village school—reading and writing was his curriculum. This is all the record we have of his education. When he began to preach, he was regarded as an illiterate man and he preached to illiterate people. He was put into jail in 1660 and remained there for twelve years. Here he studied the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs." His knowledge of the Bible was such that he was called a living concordance. In 1672, while still in Bedford jail, he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress." This was his greatest achievement. It went silently, almost clandestinely, into circulation. At first people concealed it as though it were a crime to possess the book, but the charm of the work won the attention of the readers, and gradually became so popular that it has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible, and in this it keeps pace with the Bible.

Bunyan says of his arrest and imprisonment that while in a religious meeting the constable came in, and found them with their Bibles in their hands, ready to speak and hear the Word of God. Teaching the Bible was the cause of his imprisonment. In his "Prison Meditations" Bunyan tells us that the Bible was the basis of "Pilgrim's Progress." He put it into the form of poetry, and these are the two verses from his "Meditations" which tell the story:

> The Truth and I were both here cast
> Together, and we do
> Lie arm in arm and so hold fast
> Each other, this is true.
>
> This jail to us is a hill
> From whence we plainly see
> Beyond this world and take our fill
> Of things that lasting be.

"Pilgrim's Progress" could not have been written except by a man who had a very thorough knowledge of the Scriptures. Bunyan had absorbed the sentiments of David's Psalms, the teaching of the Acts of the Apostles, the story of the prodigal son, he reveled in John's apocalyptic vision, and like Paul, whether in the body or out of the body could not tell, he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress." It resembles "Paradise Lost" in its theme, but while Milton wrote of man going down, Bunyan wrote of man going up. Of these men, one, a finished scholar, appealed to scholarly men, the other, an illiterate man, appealed to the illiterate people of his times, each man getting his inspiration from the same Bible, and each dissenting from the established church with its rigid ecclesiasticism. They seem to have

been sent into the field of literature by twos, as the Master sent his disciples. Is it not a marvelous fact that the beginning of popular religious literature in the world dates from the time when John Bunyan and John Milton wrote their views of the Bible? To-day each man's work is regarded as a classic in the religious literature of the world.

Here is one of the ripest and best fruits of the Bible rescued by Luther from its obscurity. Given again to the world in the story of "Paradise Lost," and the story of a Christian pilgrim going through all phases of Christian life into the celestial world, it put a religious stamp upon literature. These were models by which subsequent writers could guide their pens in preparing stories of human life and destiny.

These men wrote not a system of theology, they wrote for no particular church, they were not denominationalists, but as broad as the world and as liberal as the Bible. The Bible, a resurrected fruit of the Reformation, was their inspiration.

DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

IN all the Orient, housekeeping is a much simpler task than it is with us. Having no cold weather to contend with or prepare for in the way of fuel, food, or raiment, the routine of daily life among the Egyptians is reduced almost to primitive methods.

The exterior of Cairene houses is very plain and forbidding; frequently a high wall with an ornamental gateway is all that the passer-by can see; should he, by a lucky chance, find the gate ajar he will catch a glimpse of an inner court, around three sides of which the house is built. The court is furnished with old *moushrabieh* settles, fixed in alcoves built for them; above these are the beautiful *moushrabieh* windows made of ornamental lattice-work, which shield the women of the harem from view, but which by no manner of means prevent them from seeing all that takes place in the court. In very hot weather the master uses the court as a reception room.

The men of the family take their meals quite apart from the women. As a rule the master eats alone, unless he feels inclined to send for a wife or favorite daughter to join him. Each wife and concubine has the meals for herself and children served in her own apartments.

The harems which I have visited were arranged on the plan of a large boarding-house, or hotel. Each wife had her own suite of apartments, with her children and slaves near at hand. The principal room of the harem, which answers to the drawing-room or parlor, is more richly furnished than the general or private sitting-room. It is called *Ka'ah* and it is there that ceremonious visits are received, intimate friends of course being taken to the private apartments. There is very little privacy, however, for slaves and servants are continually walking in and out, not infrequently stopping to listen and sometimes to join in the conversation going on between their mistress and her visitors. I have seen several drawing-rooms in the homes of the more modern Egyptians which did not differ materially from those of the same class in the United States, except that there were a dozen or more small smoking stands scattered about the room. Pictures, which were forbidden by the Prophet of Blessed Memory, hung on the walls. There were sets of upholstered furniture, which is an abomination in that climate, and the floor was covered with the ugliest of modern monstrosities in the shape of a carpet. All the soft old rugs and artistic pieces of the cabinet-maker's work have been discarded for things European which have distroyed all beauty and individuality in their homes.

The cooking is usually done in a general kitchen, which is frequently built across the court quite detached from the house. Meals

are served on low tables, the family sitting on cushions or tiny stools. The table most often seen in well-to-do houses is a handsome beaten brass tray set on a carved folding stand of ebony. Poor people eat off boxes or even on the floor, when nothing better is at hand. The ewers and bowls, the incense-burners, the coffee-pots and holders for the infinitesimal cups of delicious Turkish coffee are, in the homes of the wealthy classes, beautiful works of art in brass or silver; Egyptians are very fond of beaten brass and filigree silver and they make use of such articles wherever they can.

To prepare and pour the coffee is the special duty of a favorite slave, as it is one of the most important features of the domestic economy of the household. In preparing it a few handfuls of unroasted coffee are put into a large iror ladle and placed over the glowing charcoal; they redden and smoke a little but are withdrawn long before they become charred or brown. They are then pounded in a metal mortar; the Arab strikes the grains in cadence, and every time he raises the pestle he rings lightly the sides of the mortar in order to know, according to the degree of intensity of the sound, whether the coffee is sufficiently pounded. The coffee is made with boiling water, but the process is not allowed to be long or violent; sugar is added while boiling and sometimes other flavoring. It is considered etiquette to sip but a single mouthful and return the cup frequently to be refilled. A glass of water is always served with each cup of coffee. The tiny cups used are set in metal or porcelain ornamental holders.

Bread, which is generally known as *kesra*, is eaten with a sauce usually made of a vegetable called *bamiehs*, boiled with red pepper and salt; sometimes beans are used instead of *bamiehs*. Fish is plentiful, and when meat is scarce a meat sauce boiled in milk and mixed with dried fish is a favorite dish.

Meldusheer is a vegetable of which the Arabs are very fond; it is a variety of the cotton plant and is made into a sort of stew, flavored with garlic; it is stringy and mucilaginous and is not much thought of by Europeans.

Egyptians are fond of roast mutton, and the *piece de resistance* of every feast and many ordinary dinners is a roast fore-quarter of lamb stuffed with rice, raisins, and pine nuts, which is really a very palatable dish. Rice and pine nuts are largely used in their cookery. They are very fond of fried things, and, like the people of Southern Europe, use oil for that purpose and squeeze lemon over everything they fry. They make great use of a vegetable called *coosa*, which is something like our vegetable marrow, and they use the egg-plant far more freely than we do.

Kitobe is a dish made of beef beaten almost to a jelly, then spread with a layer of crushed wheat, salt, pepper, and butter; over this is put another layer of pounded meat, more condiments, and finally a layer of pine nuts; it is then baked, and when served looks like a great brown pie; if eaten hot it is tasty and is considered very nutritious.

A delicious dessert is made of rice boiled in milk until it is soft enough to be strained through a cloth; it is set to cool in molds and is eaten cold with orange or rosewater sprinkled over it.

The dinners served at a fête or wedding are very elaborate, consisting of twenty-five or thirty courses. One visitor tells of a dinner where the twentieth course was turkey, stuffed with pistachio nuts. It was formerly the etiquette among wealthy people when giving a grand repast to serve course after course until the guest asked for mercy or gave other decided evidence of repletion.

Egyptian ladies are very fond of sweets and eat large quantities of Turkish Delight. It is a matter of great pride with their housekeepers to have on hand a number of syrups which they dilute with water and serve to visitors who arrive between meals.

Once, when visiting a harem, I had a tray of sweet set before me which I did not know how to manage. In the center stood a large bowl of preserves, around it were grouped a half dozen glasses of water, and as many teaspoons were lying beside them. What to do and how to do it, I knew not. Considering frankness the best policy, I

told my hostess of my dilemma. She immediately took a teaspoon, dipped it into the preserves, and ate one mouthful; then she dropped the spoon into one of the glasses of water. I saw at once that a clean spoon and separate glass were intended for each person and that no one was expected to have more than one helping of the preserves.

Many of the poorer people, that is the men, live almost wholly at restaurants, where one finds an infinite variety of pickled and salted food, as well as sweets.

In many cases the meals for the harem are carried in from the outside, nothing but the coffee being made in the house. And what delicious coffee it is! Even the poorest Arab never fails to have a good cup of it, and what is curious, it is never served without an accompanying glass of water.

One night we dined at a native restaurant. The *menu*, as translated by a Syrian gentleman who had learned English in America, was as follows:

Beefsteak.
Mutton Chops.
Kebaiba. (Syrian dish.)
Roasted Pigeons.
Kharoof Mahshi. (Syrian dish, consisting of a lamb stuffed with rice and minced meat.)
Chickens (boiled).
Chickens (roasted).
Fried Fish.
Fried Eggs.
Sausages.
Kibaba-Siniyah (consisting of meat cooked in an oven in layers with crushed wheat).

THE FIRST STEPS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S.D.

RUMFORD PROFESSOR OF THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO THE USEFUL ARTS IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

I THINK it is beyond question that this first step was taken by Joseph Henry, the distinguished American physicist whose early work in electricity was so remarkable. He laid the foundations of the Morse System of Telegraphy; and, as we shall see from the following extract from his scientific papers, discovered a phenomenon which is the basis of wireless telegraphy. In 1842, speaking of electric sparks, he says:

In extending the researches relative to this part of the investigation a remarkable result was obtained in regard to the distance at which inductive effects are produced by a very small quantity of electricity; a single spark from the prime conductor of the machine, of about an inch long, thrown on the end of a circuit of wire in an upper room, produced an induction sufficiently powerful to magnetize needles in a parallel circuit of wire placed in the cellar beneath, at a perpendicular distance of thirty feet, with two floors and ceilings, each fourteen inches thick, intervening. The author is disposed to adopt the hypothesis of an electrical *plenum*, and from the foregoing experiment it would appear that the transfer of a single spark is sufficient to disturb perceptibly the electricity of space throughout at least a cube of 400,000 feet of capacity; and when it is considered that the magnetism of the needle is the result of the difference of two actions, it may be further inferred that the diffusion of motion in this case is almost comparable with that of a spark from a flint and steel in the case of light.*

The present method of wireless telegraphy uses Henry's spark as a sender of waves, and employs his receiving circuit to operate a relay circuit. The novelty consists in employing a tube filled with fine metallic filings in the place of the spark gap which he employed, and in using a relay. The electric waves from the sending spark render the metallic filings more conducting; and the relay circuit is thus brought into action.

There is thus an interesting parallel between the improvements in the method of ordinary telegraphy and the advance in wireless telegraphy: both methods have employed electrical action to set off by means of relays more powerful impulses which are strong enough to work telegraphic sounders, or even to print messages.

* Scientific writings of Joseph Henry, Vol. I., p. 203, Smithsonian Institution.

The method of wireless telegraphy which is the most successful is due to Marconi, who has discovered that it is necessary to elevate the sending spark and the receiving coherer a considerable distance above the earth, in order to avoid the inductive effects of the latter, effects which prevent the reflected waves from spreading out in great far-reaching ripples through the air. The distance, therefore, through which messages can be sent without wires seems to depend upon the practical height which can be used for the purpose. To attain great distance balloons or kites have been suggested. It is possible that some modification of the present form of apparatus may overcome the difficulty of requiring such vertical heights. There does not appear to be any immediate prospect of the adoption of any method of dispensing with wires in telegraphing across a continent. There are, however, possible applications of wireless telegraphy even in its present state of development which are of immediate interest. One of these possibilities is in the field of warfare.

During the late war with Spain many students in our colleges were taught the method of signaling by flags, which is sometimes called "wig-wagging." The sender of signals, provided with flags, waves them according to a preconcerted plan. One wave, for instance, to the right, can signify 1, and one to the left can stand for 2, one in front, 3. The message can thus be spelled out by an observer at a distance, who is provided with a suitable code. Students having been trained in this method of telegraphy with flags were sent to stations along the coast in order to announce the coming of the enemy's ships. The system was a species of wireless telegraphy, very limited in regard to distances if one used the unassisted eye. The sender must occupy a comparatively lofty and conspicuous position, he could not conceal himself behind the walls of a fort or in a thick wood, and the enemy could see and perhaps interpret his messages.

The possibilities of communicating at a distance by means of electricity without wires are extremely interesting; and in the wars of the future we may see the electrical method supplant "wig-wagging" by means of flags. It has several great advantages. One is the possibility of transmitting intelligence just as well on the darkest night as in broad daylight. Another is the possibility of sending the messages through hills and through earth embankments of a fort. And still another is the possibility of instantly directing the operations of an entire army, the divisions of which may be spread out over a great extent of country and which could not be reached by messages, however swift, without considerable delay.

It is true that the enemy could receive the signals also, but a cipher might be used which would take time to interpret.

In view of such interesting possibilities of sending invisible messages without flags, or beacon-lights, or wires, let us see how such a result can be accomplished. A simple conception of the method can be obtained by considering what takes place when a stone is dropped into smooth water. Ripples are quickly formed which spread out in circles rapidly enlarging in size, little leaves on the water rise and fall as the ripples pass under them, just as the waves from a steamboat cause a boat to rise and fall. These ripples indicate waves which result from the disturbance caused by the fall of the stone, and it will be observed that they spread out in all directions from a center. All the leaves on the same circle of disturbance will then rise and fall together. The electrical method of sending messages through the air is similar in its effects to those produced by the fall of the stone in the water. Instead of creating a disturbance in water, ripples are sent out from a point in the air, and in place of leaves to indicate by their up-and-down motions the coming of the waves, there is a peculiar electrical apparatus which can ring a bell or make a tap or even print a cipher. The sending apparatus consists of an apparatus for producing an electric spark at a comparatively short distance from the ground; at the

summit of a mast, for instance, fifteen or twenty feet from the earth. From the spark proceed electric waves in all directions, like the ripples produced by the fall of a stone in placid water. These electric waves are capable of setting in action battery circuits, when they undulate across them, even at a distance of six or eight miles. They accomplish a result which is similar to that performed by one who presses an electric button, and thus rings a door-bell. The button closes an electric circuit and sets a battery in action. The electric wave also closes a battery circuit. The sender, by means of a key, regulates the flow of sparks so that the intervals of continuance or intermission correspond to the cipher which is used.

Both the sending instrument, for producing the spark, and the receiving one are very compact. In army operations they could readily be carried in a small wagon, and if the system could be made to work without failure there would be no necessity of stringing telephone or telegraph wires in changing army operations.

In time of peace also the system suggests a plan of regulating the clocks of a city so that they should be all kept in time with a standard clock; for the electrical impulses sent out by such standard clocks could be made to control all the clocks in a radius of six or eight miles, and compel them to beat together. It would seem possible also to have a fire-alarm service which would not require wires and which might work as well in heavy snow-storms as during quiet, dry weather.

Although the method of wireless telegraphy is still in its infancy, it promises already to be of practical importance in signaling to light-ships off the coast, which are not in communication with the mainland by cable. It could be of great use in the directions I have outlined, and it is not impossible that moving trains could send messages ahead and behind by wireless telegraphy. If, however, messages were sent from several stations by this method, they would interfere with each other; for there is no method at present by means of which the receiver can be tuned to respond only to one note or one form of impulse. This desirable result may be accomplished in the future.

Apart from the possible uses of wireless telegraphy, the principle employed in it is attracting much attention from scientific men. This consists, as we have seen, in closing a powerful electric circuit by the effect of electric waves on finely divided metallic particles. This effect is not fully understood. The filings of all the metals oppose great resistance to the passage of an electric current unless they are submitted to considerable pressure. When, however, electric waves infringe upon them they are apparently attracted together, or made to cohere, and thus afford a bridge, so to speak, for the current. By means of some modification of the coherer, the possibility is suggested of detecting and measuring very short waves of electricity.

From a scientific point of view such a detection and measurement would prove extremely interesting. The length of the electric waves which are employed in wireless telegraphy is two or three feet. The shortest electric waves that have been hitherto measured are about twenty-four hundredths of an inch in length. These waves of heat lie far out in the invisible red end of the solar spectrum. Their existence for a long time was unsuspected, for it was not recognized in the early days of spectrum analysis that light and heat only differ in length of waves. It is now believed that light and heat differ from electricity only by reason of wave-length. Where our measures of heat-waves cease should we not begin to measure electric waves, just as now we continue to measure heat-waves beyond the limit of light-waves? This task does not seem impossible, and it would round out the great generalization of the electromagnetic nature of the energy we receive from the sun.

The coherer seems destined to reveal vibratory motions which have been hitherto unsuspected. It has shown that what has been considered steady electric currents are in reality intermittent. This intermittence had not been revealed by a telephone. We

have therefore in the coherer a much more sensitive instrument for the detection of vibratory electrical action than even the telephone. The scientific use of the coherer will require stations remote from cities, on account of the use of electricity for light and for power; for in its most sensitive condition it will respond to the fluctuations of commercial electrical circuits. Moreover, it is disturbed by the vibrations produced by traffic. Just as the astronomer is being driven from the neighborhood of great cities by the glare of the electric lights at night and has taken refuge on mountain tops, where he can obtain a better medium for his studies, so the physicist who works with the coherer may be compelled to establish stations in the wilderness in order to detect electric waves which come from the stars.

The action of the coherer under the stimulus, so to speak, of electric waves, has also a physiological significance. A scientific romancer, in constructing a modern Frankenstein's man, could, with a show of reason, suppose that the retina of the eyes of such mechanism were made up of coherers tuned to different pitch.

The human eye is generally regarded as an optical instrument having to do with light alone, and not influenced to any known extent by electricity or magnetism. It is true that light can be seen when electrical discharges shock the nerves of the eye, but similar luminous appearances can be produced by mechanical shocks. "Seeing stars" is a common expression arising from a common experience. According to the greatest physical hypothesis of modern times light-waves are really electrical waves, and the eye is therefore an instrument to analyze electrical sensation.

It is not impossible that the electric waves, now called the light-waves, falling upon the peculiar formation in the retina called rods and cones, complete circuits analogous to electric circuits, and that we thus have within ourselves a receiver for wireless telegraphy, which receives and analyzes light-waves, or, in other words, electric waves.

"THE MEN BEHIND THE" BOOKS.

BY CLIFFORD LANIER.

FROM cabined walls of close-ranged dusty shelves,
Whereon the effigies of great thoughts are
In print, mine inner sense would break the bar
And find the treasury of their inmost selves:—
Shakespeare's, while visioning midsummer elves
With Queen Titania in her wee nut car;
With dreaming poets range from star to star,
Or plunge in caverns plumbing science delves;
To gaze beyond this pale on Keats' dear soul—
Endymion 'mong the stars of Beauty's sky;
On Milton's hearing heavenly battles roll;
Through Wordsworth know each tender floweret's eye;
With humble workers study moss and clod,
And with brave singers feel the breath of God.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.

In the College World.

The college commencement season of 1899 disclosed features of unusual interest. During the year an exceptional number of well-known institutions had been seeking presidents, and the process of selection indicated not only an encouraging growth of public attention to higher education throughout the country, but emphasized the increased importance attached to the qualifications demanded of candidates for the honorable office of college president. Yale, the largest and oldest university seeking a president at this time, broke the traditional requirement that its head should be a clergyman, and Arthur T. Hadley, professor of political economy in the faculty, was elected president by the Yale corporation. President Hadley is a son of the late James Hadley, of Greek Grammar fame. He was graduated from Yale in 1876 at the age of twenty years; he became president of his *alma mater* at the age of forty-three. With the exception of three years of study abroad Mr. Hadley has been teaching at Yale ever since his graduation, special reputation being acquired in his elective work on railroad questions. For his achievements in this line the Paris Exposition of 1889 awarded him a silver medal. It is significant that his electives have been the most popular at Yale, that his method of instruction has stimulated individual research rather than text-book recitation, and that he is credited with the largest influence in the revival of debating at Yale. Chautauquans appreciate the compliment paid to the principal of instruction of Chautauqua, Dr. George E. Vincent, by members of the Yale corporation who favored his election. Although Dr. Vincent personally favored Professor Hadley, the event showed that he was adjudged the most available among other Yale graduates considered.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, has been elected president of Brown University, succeeding E. Benjamin Andrews, who is now superintendent of the Chicago public-school system. Dr. Faunce is a graduate of Brown and forty years of age. From 1884 to 1890 he was pastor of the Springfield, Mass., Baptist Church, coming thence to New York. Back in 1881–82, he was instructor in mathematics at Brown; he has studied abroad, has taught homiletics at The University of Chicago, and served as resident preacher during two periods at Harvard.

Westminster College, at Fulton, Mo., has elected the youngest of American college presidents in the person of John Henry MacCracken, son of the chancellor of the New York University. President J. H. MacCracken is only twenty-four years old, having been graduated from New York University in 1894 at the head of his class, and having occupied the assistant professorship of philosophy at that institution to date.

PROF. ARTHUR T HADLEY.
President of Yale University.

A multitude of individual contributions to educational purposes marked the closing months of the academic year. The largest

single contribution was that made by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, who gave property estimated at a value of $10,000,000 to Stanford University. The greatest concerted movement in behalf of educational institutions has been undertaken by the Methodists in connection with the call for a $20,000,000 twentieth century offering for church purposes.

Religious Bodies. Current religious activities attract attention by reason of recent conventions and representative gatherings. The Presbyterian General Assembly at Minneapolis, made up very largely of new delegates, proved to be a distinctly conservative body. The McGiffert heresy case was disposed of through an understanding by which it was referred back to the New York Presbytery. Before the sessions closed every benevolent society of the church became free of debt. The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly met at Richmond and the Cumberland Presbyterian at Nashville. At the Lutheran General Synod, held in York, Pa., the growth of the movement

REAR-ADMIRAL J. C. WATSON.

in favor of a ritual and services in the English language for all the churches was marked. Anniversaries of the Baptist benevolent societies were held in San Francisco, celebrating in particular the fiftieth anniversary of Baptist work on the Pacific coast. Thomas S. Barbour, of Brookline, Mass., head of the committee of systematic beneficence, was also made a secretary of the Missionary Union. The Disciples of Christ, a denomination which has doubled a membership of 600,000 within six years, chiefly in the Middle States, held a convention representing the Eastern and Atlantic States, and, through a general organization and the work of a permanent missionary, extension in the East is to be undertaken. The American Sunday-school Union, celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary in Philadelphia, showed that $9,000,000 worth of literature had been sent out within that period, and that during three quarters of a century Sunday-schools had been organized at about the rate of four a day. The biennial meeting of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. at Grand Rapids, Mich., was the largest meeting of its kind ever held. Reports of the work of the association during the war constituted the principal feature.

Arbitration at the Peace Conference. All the so-called great powers sent representatives to the czar's Peace Conference, which met at The Hague on May 18. Among the governments not represented were the South American states, neither were invitations tendered to Bulgaria on account of Turkish objection, to the Boer Republic and the Orange Free State because of British feeling, nor to the pope in view of his controversy with the Italian monarchy.

Projects for establishing a tribunal of international arbitration have taken the foreground of consideration, and it is already assumed that whatever failures to agree on other matters may be recorded, some scheme of arbitration will be evolved. Russian suggestions include a compulsory feature in certain cases. British and American plans contemplate voluntary submission of cases to the court. The American plan, said to have been adopted by the sub-committee on arbitration, would establish a permanent international tribunal, to which any and all questions of disagreement may, by mutual consent, be submitted by the nations concerned, "but every such submis-

sion shall be accompanied by an undertaking to accept the award." Members of the court are to be nominated by a majority of the members of the highest court in each of the adhering states, one from each state. In a particular case the bench of judges shall consist of as many as the litigating nations may agree upon, never less than three, and in case of a bench of three no member shall be a native or subject of a state whose interests are in litigation. To make the plan operative, ratification is required from nine sovereign states, four of which shall have been signatories of the Declaration of Paris.

Philippine Affairs. Admiral Dewey, relieved of command on the Asiatic station by Rear-Admiral J. C. Watson, is on his way home via Hong-kong and the Suez Canal. Preparations to receive the most striking personal figure of the recent war are being made on an elaborate scale, the expectation being that Admiral Dewey will reach New York about the first of October.

The situation in the Philippines has continued to drag along unsatisfactorily, despite uninterrupted and vigorous campaigning on the part of United States troops and the efforts of the Philippine commissioners to secure acceptance by Filipinos of proposed plans of government. Active military operations were transferred from the region northwest of Manila to the east and southeast in May and June. The topography of this section adjacent to Pasig and the waters of Laguna de Bay rendered operations in the rainy season extremely difficult. While reports of the operations showed heroic endurance on the part of our men, such towns as were occupied showed the elusive tactics of the natives, who rarely risked anything like a direct encounter. Official dispatches recounted the results of unflagging campaigns and declared that evidences of demoralization among the Filipino forces were increasing. Governor-General Otis estimated that a force of 30,000 men will suffice for our purposes of occupation. When all the regular troops now assigned to the service shall have reached Manila to relieve the volunteers who are yet serving, the force will aggregate some 24,000 or 25,000 men.

The written proposition submitted to a commission of Filipinos by President Schurman, of the United States Commission, read as follows:

THE LATE EMILIO CASTELAR.

While the final decision as to the form of government is in the hands of Congress, the president, under his military powers, pending the action of Congress, stands ready to offer the following form of government: a governor-general, to be appointed by the president; a cabinet to be appointed by the governor-general; all the judges to be appointed by the president, the heads of departments and judges to be either Americans or Filipinos or both, and also a general advisory council, its members to be chosen by the people by a form of suffrage to be hereafter carefully determined upon. The president earnestly desires that bloodshed cease, and that the people of the Philippines, at an early date, enjoy the largest measure of self-government compatible with peace and order.

A request for an armistice from Aguinaldo's commissioners was denied by Governor-General Otis, submission to the authority of the United States being required as *sine qua non.*

Administration of Cuba. Difficulties which invariably attend the administration of dependencies have been illustrated in Cuba

in connection with the distribution of $3,000,000, appropriated for the Cuban army upon its disbandment. After the order had been amended so that arms should be delivered to the mayors of towns instead of directly to United States authorities, the first few appointed days revealed an exceedingly small number of Cubans ready to give up their arms in order to get the allowance of $75 per man. Disaffected Cuban leaders were blamed for this situation, which, however, appeared to improve day by day, until it was thought that the plan would eventually work out satisfactorily. It was deemed necessary to establish a censorship of the press in Cuba, which caused considerable sharp criticism. General Gomez found his attitude misunderstood, and, upon leaving the island to attend to private affairs, he issued a parting manifesto in which he said:

We wanted and depended upon foreign intervention to terminate the war. This occurred at the most terrible moment of our contest, and resulted in Spain's defeat. But none of us thought that this extraordinary event would be followed by a military occupation of the country by our allies, who treat us as a people incapable of acting for ourselves, and who have reduced us to obedience, to submission, and to a tutelage imposed by force of circumstances. This cannot be our ultimate fate after the years of struggle, and we should aid by every pacific method in finishing the work of organizing, which the Americans accepted in the protocol, and which is as disagreeable for them as for ourselves. This aid will prove useless without concord among all the islanders. Therefore it is necessary to forget past disagreements, to completely unite all elements, and to organize a political party, which is needed in any country. . . . I think doubts and suspicions are unjust. . . . In this country there should not be one man whom we consider a stranger. To-day we no longer have autonomists or conservatives, but only Cubans.

One of the most important administrative measures taken by the United States has been the establishment of a new Supreme Court of Cuba with Antonio Gonzales de Mendoza as president. Frederico Mora has been appointed attorney-general of Cuba.

PAUL KRÜGER.
President of the Boer Republic.

Spain's Sale of Colonies. Spain's loss of colonial possessions through war with the United States disposed her to what might be called a remnant sale of islands in the Pacific. If both governments ratify pending negotiations Germany will secure the Caroline and Pelew Islands and the Ladrones (excepting Guam). These comprise an area of about 610 miles, for which Germany is to pay $5,000,000. Spain is to retain equal trade privileges and a number of coaling and naval stations in the islands. Thus Spain's colonial possessions, reduced in a year by nearly 166,000 square miles, have now been limited to a few towns in Africa and islands in neighboring waters, a total area comprising about 247,000 square miles. During the peace negotiations at Paris an offer of $1,000,000 is said to have been made by the United States commissioners for the Caroline group, which Spain's commissioners refused to take. Germany in 1885 raised her flag on the island of Yap, but Spain's title was at length confirmed by the friendly intervention of the pope. Religious troubles have occurred in the Carolines at intervals under the Spanish *régime*, and it is to be noted that the treaty of transfer proposes to concede to the Spanish religious orders the same rights and liberties as to the German orders. Current comment in our papers inclines to regard the sale as a good

bargain for Spain. German trade interests already predominate there, and the United States in the far East has an alert neighboring great power to deal with.

Emilio Castelar. Spain has also lost her most eminent citizen, Emilio Castelar, virtual dictator of Spain in 1873, although nominally president of the Spanish republic of that day. His death at Murcia on May 25 called forth many foreign tributes to his statesmanship, democratic sympathies, and scholarly attainments. Left an orphan, without money, he became a professor in the University of Madrid before he had reached the age of twenty-four. On account of his democratic expressions he was expelled, only to become the leader of a republic too short lived to demonstrate Spanish capacity for self-government. Even under the monarchy his influence has been courted, his sympathies with America have been marked, and he earnestly sought to prevent war between the two countries. Reputation as an author and orator was not the least of his personal achievements.

COUNT ESTERHAZY.

The Issue in the Transvaal. Paul Krüger, president of the Boer Republic, is described as sturdy or obstinate, according to the point of view of the observer. He is certainly a representative character among a people peaceful and plodding by nature, but possessed of fighting mettle, as the Jameson raiders learned to their cost four years ago. But for the rich gold finds in the Transvaal, President Krüger might never have become a conspicuous international figure. The mines, however, fell for development into the hands of foreigners, largely Englishmen, and the "old-fashioned" laws calculated to preserve the institutions of the Boers did not suit the incomers. To the Boers these men were literally "out-landers" or "uitlanders," against whose predominance by mere numbers the natives naturally had prejudice. Chief among the demands of the Uitlanders was one for voting power without renouncing their British citizenship, and the Jameson raid which proved abortive was planned to secure privileges by force. Since that time President Krüger's diplomatic movements have been a feature of European politics, concerned as they are with the partition of Africa. Recently the Boer government again proved its intention to maintain its rights by imprisoning a number of non-commissioned British officers, on the charge of treasonable conspiracy. Shortly afterward President Krüger and the British high commissioner from Cape Colony, Sir Alfred Milner, conferred upon matters in dispute. It is understood that the British representative declined to accept President Krüger's principal proposal, which in substance provided that a sojourn of but two years should be required for naturalization, and that full suffrage should be acquirable five years later with property and other qualifications. These concessions were made contingent upon Great Britain's acceptance of the principle of arbitration to settle existing differences.

Alaskan Boundary Dispute. Discoveries of gold in the Yukon region, as in the Transvaal, have brought on international complications. The Joint High

Commission appointed to negotiate a settlement of the long-standing and vexatious differences between Canada and the United States became deadlocked over the boundary line of Alaska, to which the gold finds gave sudden importance. According to apparently authoritative statements of the American position, our commissioners contended that under the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, Southern Alaska was bounded on the west by a line running ten marine leagues from the coast-line. Three important towns—Dyea, Skaguay, and Pyramid Harbor—are within that line if measured from the edge of the mainland, but beyond the line if measured from the outer edge of outlying islands, the latter measurement being insisted upon as the right one by Canada. It is further asserted that the Americans were willing to submit the whole dispute to arbitration, although there is a counter claim that limitations regarding the nationality of an umpire entered into the proposal. Diplomatic negotiations since the adjournment of the High Commission are said to have revealed a change of base upon the part of Canada, in that she insists that at least one of the three towns be given to her for a port as a basis of compromise.

New Trial for Dreyfus. After five years of degradation, banishment, and solitary confinement Capt. Alfred Dreyfus is *en route* back to France, virtually acquitted of the crime of which he has always declared his innocence. The United Court of Cassation decided in favor of a revision of the case on June 3, and ordered a new court-martial at Rennes in Brittany. The public proceedings conducted prior to the verdict of the court seem to render the result of the new court-martial foreordained. The court's verdict of itself is said to restore rank and title to Captain Dreyfus, and the tide of public opinion in France appears to have overwhelmingly changed in Captain Dreyfus' favor. How far will punishment of those guilty of the crime against Captain Dreyfus go? Three of his persecutors have ... miserable deaths. Col. Paty du Clam, who was charged with carrying through the first accusation against Dreyfus, has been arrested and imprisoned for forgery. Higher up, members of the general staff of the military are said to be uneasy. Count Esterhazy has added to his various alleged confessions another to the effect that, as the court assumed, he is the real author of the *bordereau* upon which Dreyfus was convicted, and that he wrote it in obedience to orders from superior officers in order "to supply necessary evidence of treason." To Émile Zola, under sentence of fine and imprisonment, to Colonel Picquart, still in prison, and to Mme. Dreyfus, triumph in the long fight for justice is sweet indeed. To the world outside the outcome encourages faith in the republic, tempered with regret that President Loubet, at such a time, should be subjected to personal assault in public at the hands of an aristocratic mob.

THE LATE ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosa Bonheur. "The Horse Fair," hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and, in reproduction, hung in thousands of homes in this and other countries, stands as the masterpiece of Rosa

Bonheur. Other paintings by the same artist are familiar to multitudes who visited the art galleries at the World's Fair in Chicago. The death of the painter whose work has given so much pleasure to the common people occurred May 26 at Fontainebleau, France, where she has had her studio and her numerous pets for more than twenty years. Genius for animal painting, which ran in the family, reached a prolific climax in Marie Rosalie. Her first exhibit was made at the Paris Salon when she was eighteen years of age. "The Horse Fair," which made her famous, was completed in 1853, sold in this country to A. T. Stewart for $40,000, and bought for $55,000 by Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1887 and presented to the Metropolitan Museum. Among the stories of Rosa Bonheur's precocity in drawing, it is related that one day she was locked up in the coal cellar and covered the walls with excellent portraits of a cat which had been a fellow prisoner. As early as 1848 the president of the French Society of Fine Arts declared that Mdlle. Bonheur was the finest female artist France had produced, and in addition to many exceptional honors conferred by home and foreign potentates, it is recorded that during the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War, special orders were given that her house and studio should be respected in recognition of her genius.

Queen Victoria's Eightieth Birthday. Two years ago the celebrations of the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria brought out exhaustive reviews of her reign, extraordinary not merely in length but in material and political achievement. On the 24th of May this year popular celebrations of the queen's eightieth birthday attested the personal esteem in which she is held by millions of individuals. Perhaps three things associated with the queen's observance of the day could not have been purposely better chosen to indicate her personality. First, as in the Jubilee year, she planted an oak tree, and second, Kensington Palace, historically the most famous of the royal palaces and the birthplace of Victoria, was thrown open to the public, the queen having diplomatically gained an appropriation for repairs and maintenance by driving a bargain with Parliament. Previous to the day itself, but inseparable

QUEEN VICTORIA.

from the birthday festivities in the public mind, came the queen's part in laying the corner-stone of the building which will complete the Victoria and Albert Museum, an unrivaled museum of arts and manufactures, the outgrowth of the late Prince Consort's Exhibition of 1851. The total value of the collections is estimated at between four and five millions sterling. If tree-planting may indicate simplicity of taste, the preservation of a royal palace may reveal the traditions as well as the limitations of British monarchy to-day, while the museum may stand for the queen's personal devotion to the arts of peace in preference to war, as repeatedly shown in historic cases.

Of Political Interest. Canvassing for the office of speaker of the next House of Representatives to succeed Speaker Reed has, six months ahead of the date of election, placed Representative David B. Henderson, of Iowa, far in the lead. Mr. Henderson has been a Republican member

of Congress for over sixteen years. He has been a member of the Committee on Appropriations, and in the Fifty-fourth Congress he became chairman of the Committee on Judiciary and ranking member of the House Committee on Rules, which he retains. Previous to his election to Congress he held the district office of internal revenue collector in Iowa. Mr. Henderson was born in Scotland in 1840. He came to Iowa six years later, was educated in that state, and has continuously been identified with its interests. He enlisted as a private in 1861, was disabled in service, but reenlisted as colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa Volunteers in 1864. He is a lawyer by profession and considered a conservative Republican party man.

GEN. DAVID B. HENDERSON.

An order from the president modifying civil-service regulations was promulgated on May 29. It purported to exempt about four thousand offices, mostly confidential clerical subordinates, from the system. The National Civil Service Reform League, however, in a detailed statement, declares that over ten thousand positions are affected, and that indirectly the order will permit the undermining of the whole system. Two departments, the State and Navy, are unaffected by the order. Secretary Gage of the Treasury Department defends it as the result of experience and recommendation by heads of departments. Critics point out that exemptions for Alaska and the Indian department show the way to failure in colonial administration.

THE LATE ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

Obituary: Besides people of note already mentioned whom death has recently claimed, the current mortuary record contains a number of well-known names. Roswell P. Flower, ex-governor of New York State, Democratic politician and, at the time of his death, the leading financial "bull" in Wall Street, died on May 12.

Frank Thomson, president of the vast Pennsylvania Railroad system, passed away June 5, at the age of fifty-eight. He began in the Altoona shops of the railroad, and advanced step by step to civil engineer, superintendent of motive power, general manager of the eastern system, second vice-president, and finally president in 1897.

Governor William H. Ellerbe, of South Carolina, died on June 2.

Johann Strauss, the composer, called "the waltz king," died at Vienna on June 3.

Augustin Daly, recognized as the foremost theatrical manager and "star" maker in the United States, died on June 7.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

In the Forbidden Land.

It is difficult to believe that such experiences as A. Henry Savage Landor relates in "In the Forbidden Land"* could be undergone in these latter years of the nineteenth century, but his narrative is too well substantiated for its veracity to be doubted. In the spring of 1897 Mr. Landor started on a journey of exploration and scientific investigation into Tibet, intending to penetrate as far as Lhassa, the sacred city of the Tibetans. Immediately after crossing the frontier from India his progress was opposed by Tibetan officials, and he was obliged to feign a retreat to the border. Upon his again expressing a determination to push into the interior two thirds of his Shoka coolies deserted him, and with the seven remaining and two Hindu servants he proceeded toward Lhassa, adopting all manner of subterfuges to elude the Tibetan troops. Suffering extreme hardships from cold, hunger, and the difficulties of the route, and deserted by all his servants excepting the two Hindus, he came at length within a few days' journey of Lhassa. Here, just when all the difficulties and dangers seemed over, he and his servants were seized by Tibetan officials and, after being subjected to the most harrowing tortures, were conducted back to the frontier more dead than alive. Once with friends they partially recovered from their wounds and exposure and Mr. Landor was at length able to return to his family. One of the strangest features of the whole affair is that in spite of his sufferings Mr. Landor never lost sight of the original purpose of his journey and obtained much valuable information concerning the land and customs of the strange people he visited. Fortunately he recovered his diary, note-books, maps, and sketches, and has been able to give the public an accurate and intensely interesting account of his observations. The book, which is published by the Harpers, is in two octavo volumes, bound in green cloth with appropriate cover design, and is fully illustrated with photogravures, colored plates, half-tones, and a map.

Studies in English.

There is always a demand for good, short histories of peoples or literatures and whoever contributes such a book to the student world is its benefactor. Such a service Mr. George Saintsbury has performed in "A Short History of English Literature."† Not only has his modestly expressed purpose to supply in its pages "the necessary minutiæ of useful information in guiding readers through the history of which it is a mere epitome" been accomplished, but the volume will meet the far wider demand of the student seeking the inner meaning, the causes and tendencies of different epochs, or a dispassionate judgment of individual authors. Mr. Saintsbury's clear, scholarly style is too well known, through many earlier works, to need mention, nor is it necessary to state that this "Herculean task of sketching the literature of a thousand years in less than as many pages" has been done conscientiously and displays profound knowledge of the subject and good judgment in its treatment.

A new and revised edition of "A History of English Dramatic Literature,"* by Adolphus William Ward, late principal of the Owens College, Manchester, has been issued by the Macmillan Company. The work was first published nearly a quarter of a century ago and has long been a valued authority on the English drama from its origin to the death of Queen Anne. In its present form it has been carefully revised, some parts rewritten, and various passages given more ample treatment. The typography of the work is excellent and the binding neat and durable.

An interesting literary problem is the subject of "Jean-Jacques Rousseau,"† by Joseph Texte, of the University of Lyon, France. To what extent English literature influenced French literature during the eighteenth century is exhaustively discussed in three parts, devoted respectively to the influence of England upon France before Rousseau's time, the discussion of Rousseau and English literature, in which Richardson and Sterne receive much consideration, and Rousseau and England's influence during the latter half of the century. The work shows a knowledge of all phases of the subject and proves that French literature has become permeated with the cosmopolitan spirit, first detected in the writings of Rousseau.

In choosing selections for an introduction to English literature‡ Mr. Andrew J. George had in mind the needs of the high school pupil, and the volume

*In the Forbidden Land. By A. Henry Savage Landor. Two vols. 307 + 250 pp. $9.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

†A Short History of English Literature. By George Saintsbury. 819 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne. By Adolphus William Ward, Litt. D., Hon. LL.D. New and revised edition. Three vols. 8vo. 1,940 pp. $9.00.——† Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature. By Joseph Texte. Translated by J. W. Matthews. 393 pp. $2.00.——‡ From Chaucer to Arnold. Types of Literary Art in Prose and Verse. By Andrew J. George, A. M. 676 pp. $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

is admirably adapted to its purpose. The selections range from Chaucer to Arnold, including extracts from fifty of England's representative authors, and are well styled "types of literary art." Among these selections are many that are common to such collections, but the reader will also find a large number which are less familiar and equally worthy study. An introductory chapter, notes, a bibliography, and glossary increase the value of the work.

Under the title "Three Studies in Literature"* Lewis E. Gates, of Harvard University, has gathered into a neat volume essays on Francis Jeffrey, Cardinal Newman, and Matthew Arnold, originally used to preface volumes of selections from these authors. These studies show thorough scholarship, perfect acquaintance with the subjects, and much originality of treatment. That of Jeffrey displays a clear appreciation of the worth and limitations of this "typically well-equipped and skilful middleman of ideas"; the judgment of Arnold is particularly sane and just; while the monograph on Newman is the most pleasing of all, in its attitude of sympathy and strength of statement.

The reader will find in "The Development of English Thought"† a strong proof of the wonderful influence of the smallest things of daily life upon national progress. In tracing the development of thought the author has chosen England as his field of study as being the most normal in its growth and present condition of any civilized nation, and from the study of her history has evolved a theory of thought-development through concrete illustrations. No attempt has been made to give a detailed history of all or any period, but the volume furnishes an admirable picture of English social and home life. A pioneer in the field of thought it discusses, this work will command attention because of its originality and strength.

Theodore W. Hunt, professor of English in Princeton University, is the author of a pleasing volume on "English Meditative Lyrics."‡ In the introductory chapter Professor Hunt defines the limits of his subject and traces the historical development of this particular form of English verse. In successive chapters the lyrics of England's great poets from the Elizabethan age to Tennyson are discussed, and the concluding chapter includes the most famous lyric poems of the minor poets. Portraits of a number of England's poets accompany the different chapters.

*Three Studies in Literature. By Lewis E. Gates. 211 pp. $1.50.—† The Development of English Thought. A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D. 415 pp. $3.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ English Meditative Lyrics. By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D., Litt.D. Illustrated. 157 pp. $1.00. New York: Eaton and Mains. Cincinnati: Curts and Jennings.

Fiction. Those who have read Miss Alice Brown's "Meadow Grass" will welcome her new collection of "Tiverton Tales,"* which are similar in character and breathe the same spirit of country wholesomeness and repose. The people of these charming stories may none of them be drawn from life, but that the queer, isolated old town of Tiverton could produce such characters no reader will doubt. So sympathetic and realistic is Miss Brown's power of delineation that we delight in their unworldliness, their crudities, their oddities, even their little vices, and so attractively does she paint their simple pleasures and routine of duties that one lays down the book with a sigh for such unconventional lives, simple living, and quiet round of years.

The heroine of "A Tent of Grace"† is a Jewess rescued in childhood from persecution and reared in her own faith by a German country pastor. She grows to a beautiful young womanhood in ideal home surroundings. The first discordant element enters when the question of marriage reveals the gulf fixed by race distinctions. A young Jewish banker, wealthy but dissolute, seeks her hand. She dislikes him, but yields to the wishes of her guardian, and the wedding is close at hand when the son of the house, now a famous doctor, returns home. They discover their love for each other, he succeeds in overcoming her determination to sacrifice herself, and the Jew is dismissed. Knowing the curse a union with her would be to her lover, she fights bravely against his pleadings, but at last seeks the rabbi's permission. He refuses; still the lover is obdurate, and finally she consents to marry him and emigrate to America. But the conflict has been terrible, she feels deeply the curse of her religion resting upon her and the reproaches of the pastor, and death, though cruelly visited, comes as a happy escape to the bruised soul.

The fortunes of Richard Carvel‡ will be followed with special interest by those who delight in "ye olden days" when the United States was still known as "the colonies" and George III. was on the throne. Heir of the large estates of a noble Maryland family, young Carvel accepts the advantages of his position without question but takes his pleasures with wise moderation. He is early convinced of the justice of the colonies' cause and eventually fights for their liberty under Commodore John Paul Jones. His sterling qualities and strong affections win for him powerful friends everywhere, and whether shipwrecked in open sea, at the point of death in

*Tiverton Tales. By Alice Brown. 339 pp. $1.50.—† A Tent of Grace. By Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. 398 pp. $1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡ Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. 538 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Holland, repulsed by the Maryland beauty he adores, or a bankrupt in a London sponging-house, their support, with his own indomitable will, saves him, and health, wealth, and happiness with the girl of his choice are his after many vicissitudes. Mr. Churchill has written a charming tale, unencumbered with sex, race, or other problems, in which the principal characters lead healthy, active, though not perfect, lives, for all of which the reader will be grateful to him.

Next to "The Man Without a Country," probably "In His Name" is the most popular of Dr. Hale's stories, and thus appropriately finds its place in the second volume of the new library edition of his works.* The other contents of the volume are the Christmas stories: "Christmas Waits in Boston," "They Saw a Great Light," "Daily Bread," "Hands Off," and "Cromwell's Statue." A preface explaining the origin of the stories and an appendix will be of interest to the reader. A substantial binding of green cloth stamped in gold, good paper, and clear print make this edition very desirable.

"King or Knave"† is a sequel to "The King's Henchman" and continues the history of the king, first as Henry of Navarre, then as King Henry IV. of France, and that of his henchman, Jean Fourcade, completing his happiness in a reunion with his beloved Sophie. The plot centers in the story of the king's wooing of Gabrielle d' Estrées, a beautiful girl of noble but impoverished family, who finally weakly yields to his solicitations and her ambition for royal power and splendor, sacrificing her own happiness and that of her noble lover, Louis de Bellegarde, to become known in history as a favorite mistress of this famous but profligate king. This "old tale of Huguenot days" contains an interesting recital of some of the most stirring events in the history of France.

The plot of "The Fowler"‡ is based on the psychic power possessed by an evil-minded man, who exercises it to fascinate young women and gradually bring their minds under complete subjection to his will. In Nora Penhurst, a girl of exceptional mental powers, he finds a difficult subject, but so cunningly does he weave his net that only after she has broken with the past, her lover, father, and friends, and is on the point of marrying her master, does the knowledge of his soul-wrecking past give her power to cast off the evil spell. The story is not a pleasant one, except in its *denouement*, but it is relieved by the very original character of "Nurse Isabel" and the amusing one of Mrs. Mary Shaw, whose trials with her "ancestors" and wooing by a rival innkeeper are unique.

Miss Wilkins' latest volume is a worthy addition to her delightful stories of New England life. "The Jamesons,"* a city family compelled to curtail expenses, choose a summer residence in a quiet New England village. Mrs. Jameson's well-meant but tactless attempts to "improve" the villagers are a source of much amusement to her victims and of merriment to the reader. A love affair between her daughter Harriet and a young man of the village adds to the interest of the narrative.

From the various periodicals in which they first appeared, Mrs. Catherwood has gathered in a collection of American tales† descriptive of life in the middle West. Some of them tell of a society now passed away, others of customs still existing in eddies sheltered from the great current of progress. All deal with simple, strong, and oftimes beautiful characters, plain Americans, as the author aptly calls them. "The Queen of the Swamp" and "Stirring-off," two stories in which the itinerant Methodist minister holds a prominent place, are especially charming tales of love and courtship, while "A Kentucky Princess" is probably the strongest story of the collection. But whatever the theme all the stories breathe out the cheerful, hopeful spirit which made pioneer life not only endurable but enjoyable.

It is doubtful if Hamlin Garland in his unique presentation of western life has exceeded the charm and originality of "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly."‡ While in the fascinating history of this beautiful child of the country, from her crude home and school life to college, city, and social experiences, he may have occasionally struck a false note, we are none the less ready to acknowledge his skill and delicacy in describing forces and facts which, though usually unrecognized, are potent in a girl's life, and to approve his emphasis of the gravity of a relation which in all classes of society is too thoughtlessly "solemnized." This new edition of an already popular book is nicely bound and suggestively decorated with golden ears and leaves of corn.

History. The years between the Crimean and Austrian Wars were the palmy days of Napoleon III.'s reign. Victorious in war, successful in diplomacy, benevolent to his people, he was loved at home and honored abroad. It is to the court life of this period and especially to the life

* In His Name and Other Stories. By Edward Everett Hale. 368 pp. $1.50.——† King or Knave, Which Wins? An Old Tale of Huguenot Days. Edited by William Henry Johnson. 343 pp. $1.50. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

‡ The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. 345 pp. $1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

* The Jamesons. By Mary E. Wilkins. 177 pp. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. Philadelphia: Curtis Publishing Company.

† The Queen of the Swamp and Other Plain Americans. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 331 pp. $2.55. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

‡ Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. 354 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

of the emperor and empress that Imbert de Saint-Amand admits the reader of "The Court of the Second Empire."* He paints a charming picture, royalty in its full glory, with no check to its ambitions, no distrust of its motives, no fear to disturb except dread of a foreign assassin. The book is a disappointment, however, in one sense, it closes abruptly on the eve of the war for Italian liberation, when the reader is loth to leave a monarch in whom his sympathies have been interested.

A valuable contribution to the history of modern Europe is the latest work in the Cambridge Historical Series, "The Union of Italy,"† by W. J. Stillman, L. H. D. Thoroughly acquainted from long residence in the peninsula with the inner workings of Italian politics, and possessing great discriminative power, Mr. Stillman has been able to present a clear picture of the complicated events leading up to Italian union. Beginning with the downfall of the Napoleonic *régime* in 1815, he traces the gradual growth of the sentiment of independence and unity which eventually enabled the various states to rid themselves of Austrian oppression and home despotism and unite under a common constitutional government. The character delineation of the great personalities largely instrumental in accomplishing this work is one of the interesting features of the narrative. The work is essentially a study of causes and effects and helps the reader to an understanding of the difficulties well-nigh overwhelming the Italy of to-day. The author regrets that his study of the subject does not enable him to forecast a speedy dispersion of the clouds which threaten the young kingdom.

To the list of books growing out of the war is to be added a history of Spain‡ by Frederick A. Ober. It is intended for young readers and will interest them in its recitals of legends and incidents. Though it is to be wished that the author had devoted more of his narrative to the people and less to the rulers and wars of the kingdom, the book is on the whole an attractive little volume.

The difficult task of writing a history of his own times has been well performed by Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst College. "Contemporary History"‖ he entitles the volume, which treats of the events of the past fifty years. While rather condensed for general reading the book will be a valuable reference book or a good text-book upon which to base more extended study. In his treatment of topics the author shows keen sense of proportion and, so far as is possible in so brief a work, has developed the philosophical side of his subject.

Professor Grosvenor has also recently brought out a revised translation of Duruy's "Ancient History of the East."* Students who have learned to value M. Duruy's histories will appreciate having this work in such compact form. Numerous maps add greatly to the value of the text.

Students of Roman history and of early Christianity will be interested in the new work of Professor Dill, of Queen's College, Belfast, entitled "Roman Society in the last Century of the Western Empire."† As its title indicates, the book is a study of the inner life and thought of the Roman people during the last days of the Empire of the West. Professor Dill has made a profound study of the writers of the period, both Christian and pagan, and presents an exhaustive treatise, supporting his opinions by numerous quotations. While seeing much to condemn, he yet finds a leaven of virtue in the morals of declining Rome.

William Dean Howells has found a fertile field of historic incident in his native state and gathered a goodly harvest in his "Stories of Ohio."‡ No state of the Union has furnished more able men or produced greater fanatics than Ohio, and no writer is better qualified to make both classes entertaining than Mr. Howells. The stories, which adhere always to truth and as much as possible to fact, give an outline history of the state. Their simple, picturesque style, which adapts them to young readers, does not spoil them for older story lovers.

The deliverance of the South American states from Spanish rule is a subject in which all Americans feel a sympathetic interest but one upon which concise and reliable information has been hard to obtain. Hezekiah Butterworth now supplies this need in a history of the South American struggle for freedom,‖ beginning with the revolt of Tupac Amaru in 1572 and ending with the liberation of Cuba and Puerto Rico in 1898. The work is popular in character and will interest the general reader.

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*The Court of the Second Empire. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. 346 pp. $1.50: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†The Union of Italy. By W. J. Stillman, L. H. D. 412 pp. $1.75. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡History for Young Readers. Spain. By Frederick A Ober. 285 pp. 60 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‖Contemporary History. By Edwin Grosvenor, Professor of European History in Amherst College. With colored maps. 173 pp. $1.00. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

*Ancient History of the East by Victor Duruy. Translated from the French, revised, and edited by Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst College. 182 pp. $1.00. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

†Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. By Samuel Dill, M. A. 382 pp. $4.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡Stories of Ohio. By William Dean Howells. 287 pp. 60 cts. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: The American Book Company.

‖South America. A Popular Illustrated History of the Struggle for Liberty in the Andean Republics and Cuba. By Hezekiah Butterworth. 266 pp. $2.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

No phase of the anti-slavery movement excites greater romantic interest than the workings of the Underground Railway,* and in writing a history of this system Professor Siebert has accomplished a work which a decade hence might have been impossible. Owing to the severity of the Fugitive Slave Law few written records of the road's transactions exist but by a systematic course of investigation Professor Siebert has obtained much oral and some written information. From this and the books previously published on the subject he has compiled an interesting and valuable work. He finds the beginnings of the movement in the Quaker settlement about Philadelphia, before the close of the eighteenth century, and traces its gradual development, particularly in the states north of the Ohio, which were ultimately honeycombed by Underground routes. All sides of the movement are considered, including the methods employed by the railroads, the life of the refugees in Canada, prosecutions of railroad agents, the Underground Road in politics, and the effect of its work. Appendices give the national legislation relating to fugitive slave cases, a bibliography, and a directory of Underground Railroad operators.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO., 215 MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Stiles, William Curtis. A Matter of Business and Other Stories. Paper, 25 cts; cloth, 75 cts.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO.

Carpenter, Frank G. North America, Carpenter's Geographical Reader

Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Kenilworth, Abridged and Edited by Mary Harriott Norris. 50 cts.

Guerber, H. A. The Story of the Great Republic. 65 cts.

Baird, S. W. Graded Work in Arithmetic. Fifth Book. For Grammar Grades. 65 cts.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Holden, Edward S, LL.D. Our Country's Flag and the Flags of Foreign Countries.

Munro, John. The Story of the British Race. 40 cts.

McLaughlin, Andrew C. A History of the American Nation. $1.40.

Pemberton, Max. The Phantom Army. Being the Story of a Man and a Mystery.

CRANE & COMPANY, TOPEKA, KAN.

Inman, Colonel Henry. Tales of the Trail. Short Stories of Western Life. $1 00.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Keightley, S. R. The Silver Cross. $1.25.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Markham, Edwin. The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems. $1.00.

Dickinson, Martha Gilbert. Within the Hedge. $1.00.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.

CURTS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Armstrong-Hopkins, S., M.D. Within the Purdah, In the Zenana Homes of Indian Princes, and Heroes and Heroines of Zion. Being the Personal Observations of a Medical Missionary in India $1 25.

Halstead, William Riley. Christ in the Industries. 75 cts.

Huntington, Rev. D. W. C. Sin and Holiness, or What it Is to be Holy. $1.20.

Gracey, Mrs J. T. Eminent Missionary Women. Introductory Note by Mrs. Joseph Cook and Mrs. S. L. Keen. 85 cts.

C. H. ENGLE, HARTFORD, MICH.

Pokagon, Chief. O-gi-maw-kwe Nut-i-gwa-ki (Queen of the Woods). Also a Brief Sketch of the Algaic Language. $1.00.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Demolins, Edmond. Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What is It Due. ("A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.") Translated by Louis Bert. Lavigue. $1.00.

Gallet, Louis. The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac. Translated by Hettie E. Miller. $1.25.

Dickens, Charles, Jr., and Collins, Wilkie. John Jasper's Secret. Sequel to Charles Dickens' Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Vivian, Thomas J., and Smith, Ruel P. Everything about Our New Possessions. Being a Handy Book on Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. 60 cts.

Milford, Bertram. The Gun Runner. A Tale of Zululand. $1.25.

McIlwaine, Herbert C. Martyrs of Empire or Dinkinbar. $1.25.

Merriman, Henry Seton. Prisoners and Captives. $1.25.

Griffiths, Major Arthur. A Girl of Grit. A Story of the Intelligence Department. 75 cts.

Cobban, J. Maclaren. The Angel of the Covenant. $1.50.

FORDS, HOWARD, AND HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Pennington, Jeanne G. Some Marked Passages and Other Stories. $1.00

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Pulitzer, Walter. That Duel at the Chateau Marsanac. 75 cts.

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THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1899.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK.—June 28 to August 24. Recognition Day, August 16.

ASHLAND, ORE.—July 11–22. Recognition Day date not fixed.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—July 14–31. Recognition Day, July 31.

ASSEMBLY PARK, TULLY LAKE PARK, N. Y.—August 8–27. Recognition Day, August 17.

BAY VIEW, MICH.—July 12–August 16. Recognition Day date not fixed.

BEATRICE, NEB.—June 21–July 4. Recognition Day, June 30.

BETHESDA, O.—August 2–16. Recognition Day, August 14.

BOULDER, COL.—July 4–August 14. Recognition Day date not fixed.

BURLINGTON, IA.—June 27–July 8.

CLARINDA, IA.—August 3–17. Recognition Day date not fixed.

DANVILLE, ILL.—August 4–17. Recognition Day date not fixed.

DES MOINES, CHAUTAUQUA PARK, IA.—July 6–20. Recognition Day date not fixed.

DIXON, ILL.—July 25–August 8. Recognition Day, August 3.

EAGLES MERE, PA.—July 25–August 22. Recognition Day date not fixed.

FINDLEY LAKE, N. Y.—July 29–August 27. Recognition Day, August 18.

FRYEBURG, ME.—July 27–August 25.

GAINESVILLE, GA.—June 25–July 15.

GLEN PARK, COL.—July 6–August 22. Recognition Day, July 28.

HAVANA, RIVERSIDE PARK, ILL.—August 3–14. Recognition Day, August 8.

LAKESIDE, O.—July 12–August 18. Recognition Day, August 17.

LANCASTER, O.—July 29–August 15.

LONG BEACH, CAL.—July 17–28. Recognition Day, July 28.

LEXINGTON, WOODLAND PARK, KY.—June 27–July 7. Recognition Day, July 5.

LONG PINE, NEB.—Last of August. Recognition Day date not fixed.

MADISON, MONONA LAKE, WIS.—July 18–31. Recognition Day, July 26.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.—July 4–August 25. Recognition Day, August 4.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MD.—August 2–29. Recognition Day, August 23.

MOUNT GRETNA, PA.—July 4–August 10. Recognition Day, August 2.

MT. VERNON, LAKE HIAWATHA PARK, O.—July 18–27.

NORTHAMPTON, LAUREL PARK, MASS.—July 11–21. Recognition Day, July 20.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—July 11–22. Recognition Day, July 22.

OLD ORCHARD, OCEAN PARK, ME.—July 23–September 1. Recognition Day, August 10.

OLCOTT, N. Y.—August 9–24.

OTTAWA, KAN.—July 17–28. Recognition Day, July 27.

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.—July 8–23. Recognition Day, July 18.

PETERSBURG, ILL.—August 11–22.

PONTIAC, RIVERVIEW PARK, ILL.—July 26–August 8. Recognition Day, August 1.

REMINGTON, IND.—August 5–20.

ROME CITY, IND.—July 26–August 17. Recognition Day, August 5.

ROUND LAKE, N. Y.—August 1–13. Recognition Day, August 12.

RUSTON, LA.—July 1–31. Recognition Day, July 12.

SELLERSVILLE, HIGHLAND PARK, PA.—July 10–16. Recognition Day, July 14.

SHASTA RETREAT, CAL.—July 26–August 1. Recognition Day, July 28.

TALLADEGA, ALA.—July 5–21. Recognition Day, July 15.

TENNILLE, GA.—June 4–9.

URBANA, ILL.—August 18–27. Recognition Day, August 23.

WATERLOO, IA.—July 6–21. Recognition Day, July 20.

WINFIELD, KAN.—June 21–29. Recognition Day, June 23.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY OF 1899.

IT is eminently fitting that Chautauqua should enter, as it does, upon the second quarter century of its growth with a concentration of energies and a readjustment of plans to changed conditions. Twenty-five years of public favor proves the Chautauqua idea adapted to the public need, and justifies measures to render its influence permanent. Of this nature is the movement toward securing an endowment fund for the Assembly, the initial success of which was noted in the May number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Of a similar order is the plan gradually to substitute for the ephemeral tents and frailer wooden structures of Chautauqua substantial buildings of brick, terra-cotta, and stone. The Hall of the Christ, a beautiful example of classic architecture, will be ready for occupancy in 1900. During the coming summer the Boys' Club will take possession of a new building erected for them by generous friends. Other much-needed buildings will be erected from time to time as funds are secured.

The educational policy of Chautauqua will be, as in the past, progressive but not radical. Ideas and methods which have been tested elsewhere will be put into application. The democratic spirit which has made the Assembly beloved of all conditions of men and women will be fostered, and Chautauqua will remain a place where all lovers of truth and wholesome pleasure can meet on common ground.

THE CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

THE Chautauqua Assembly for 1899 opens Wednesday, June 28, and closes Thursday, August 24, covering a period of fifty-seven days, filled with the choicest lectures and entertainments to be had in America. While the program follows the general lines which have gained public approval in previous years, it is thoroughly abreast of the times, as is shown by the large space devoted to American expansion and other topics of national interest. The music of the Assembly will be maintained at its usual high standard, and the readers and entertainers who will appear from time to time are all men and women of ability. The detailed program, given below, speaks for itself.

THE DAILY SCHEDULE.

Wednesday, June 28.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Juliet's Philosophy." *Miss M. E. Ford.*
P. M. 3.00—Concert. *The Pittsburg Ladies' Quartet; Mr. Harry J. Fellows*, Tenor; *Mr. C. G. Woolsey*, Basso; *Mr. I. V. Flagler*, Organist, and *Mr. Henry B. Vincent*, Pianist.
" 8.00—Readings. *Members of the National Association of Elocutionists.*

Thursday, June 29.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, *Bishop Vincent.*
" 11.00—Organ Recital, *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "The Woman of Long Ago." *Miss M. E. Ford.*
" 8.00—Readings. *Members of the National Association of Elocutionists.*

Friday, June 30.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Bishop Vincent.*
" 11.00—Musical Lecture. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "The Poet of Patriotism and Progress." *Miss M. E. Ford.*
" 8.00—Readings. *Members of the National Association of Elocutionists.*

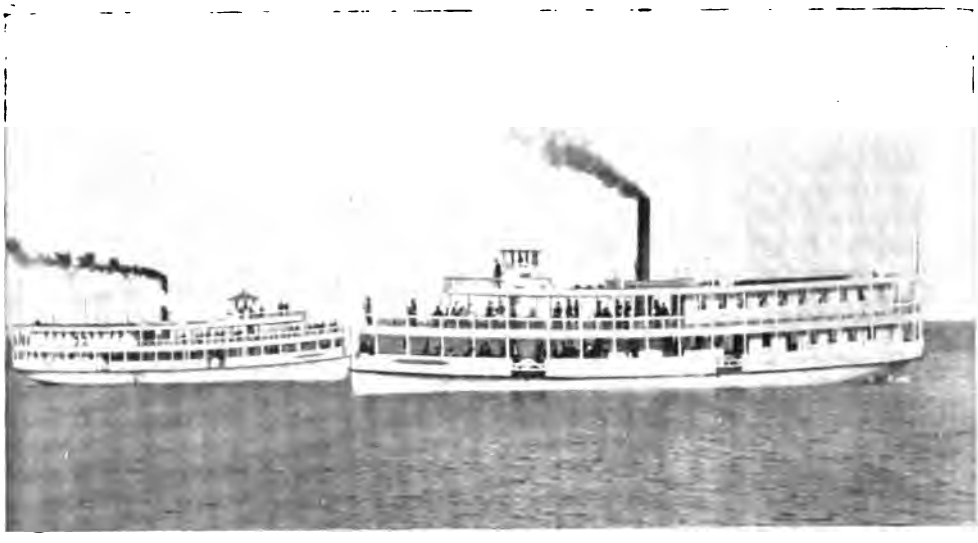
Saturday, July 1.

A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "Wendell Phillips, the Orator of Emancipation." *Prof. T. C. Trueblood.*

A FAMILIAR SCENE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

P. M. 2.30—Concert. *The Pittsburg Ladies' Quartet; Mr. Harry J. Fellows*, Tenor; *Mr. C. G. Woolsey*, Basso; *Mr. I. V. Flagler*, Organist, and *Mr. H. B. Vincent*, Pianist; *Chorus.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Photography up to Date." *Mr. George G. Rockwood.*

P. M. 2.30—Concert. *Chorus, Pittsburg Quartet, Mr. Fellows, Mr. Woolsey*, and *Mr. Flagler.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Chautauqua Country in History." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*
" 8 00—Entertainment Readings and Music.



TWO CHAUTAUQUA STEAMERS.

Sunday, July 2.

A. M. 9.00—Bible Study.
" 11.00—Morning Service. Sermon.
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 3.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour.
" 11.00—Lecture, "What is the 'Public Mind'?" *Prof. George E. Vincent.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "The American Concept of Government." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*
" 8 00—Entertainment, Stereopticon Views and Music.

Tuesday, July 4.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour.
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Machinery of Public Opinion." *Prof. George E. Vincent.*
P. M. 3.00—Independence Day Exercises. Address by *Judge John Woodward.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Struggle for Sovereignty." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*
" 8 00—Illustrated Lecture, "The Grand Cañon of Colorado." *Miss Mary V. Worstell.*
" 9.15—Fireworks.

Wednesday, July 5.

A. M 10.00—Devotional Hour.
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Psychology of Fashions and Fads." *Prof. George E. Vincent.*

Thursday, July 6.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour.
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Theory of Crowds and Mobs." *Prof. George E. Vincent.*
P. M. 3 00—Address. "The Race Problem in the South." *Rt. Rev. J. S. Johnston.*
" 5 00—Lecture, "The Hundred Years' Migration." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "The Yellowstone Park." *Miss Mary V. Worstell.*

Friday, July 7.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour.
" 11.00—Lecture, "Public Opinion and Democracy." *Prof. George E. Vincent.*
P. M 3.00—Lecture, "Territorial Expansion." *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.*
" 5.00—Lecture. *Mrs Emma P. Ewing.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "The Yosemite Valley." *Miss Mary V. Worstell.*

Saturday, July 8.

OPENING OF THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

A. M. 10.00—Address, "Work at the Prison Gate." *Mrs. J. L. Slater.*
" 11 00—Opening Exercises of the Summer Schools.
P. M. 3.00—Concert. *Chorus; Pittsburg Quartet; Mr. William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Mr. Fellows; Mr. Woolsey.*

P. M. 8.00—Reception to the Faculties and Students of the Summer Schools. Hotel Athenæum.

Sunday, July 9.

A. M. 10 00—Bible Study, "The Transfiguration." *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Sermon *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 10.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. "The Conception of God." *Dr. A. H. Bradford.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "French Louisiana." *Prof. Alcée Fortier.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture. "An Old Castle." *Prof. C. T. Winchester.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Seventy Years Young." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 8.00—Dramatic Reading. *Prof. S. H. Clark.*

Tuesday, July 11.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. "The Divine Fatherhood." *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Spanish Louisiana." *Prof. Alcée Fortier.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "The English Lakes and their Poets." *Prof. C. T. Winchester.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Child and the Church; or, Needs of the Hour." *Dr. J. R. Street.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "English Cathedrals." *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

Wednesday, July 12.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Problem of Suffering." *Dr. A. H. Bradford.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "American Louisiana." *Prof. Alcée Fortier.*
P. M. 3.00—Concert. *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish-Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist.
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Working Together of School and Home." *Dr. W. L. Hervey.*
" 8.00—Prize Spelling Match.

Thursday, July 13.

A. M. 10 00—Devotional Hour, "The Basis of Optimism" *Dr. A. H. Bradford.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Creoles of Louisiana." *Prof. Alcée Fortier.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." *Prof. C. T. Winchester.*
" 5.00—Chautauqua Story, Part I. *Rev. C. M. Sheldon.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Winter in Florida and the Bahamas." *Dr. Henry R. Sanford.*

Friday, July 14.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Immortal Life." *Dr. A. H. Bradford.*
A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "Louisiana Folk-Lore." *Prof. Alcée Fortier.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "As You Like It." *Prof. C. T. Winchester.*
" 5 00—Chautauqua Story, Part II. *Rev. C. M. Sheldon.*
" 8.00—Grand Concert. *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso.

Saturday, July 15.

A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "A Winter's Tale." *Prof. C. T. Winchester.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "The Wandering Jew." *Rabbi Moses J. Gries.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Cuba and Porto Rico." *Dr. Henry R. Sanford.*

A FISHERMAN'S CATCH.

Sunday, July 16.

A. M. 10.00—Bible Study, "Tuesday of Passion Week." *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Sermon. *Dr. James C. Mackenzie.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5 00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 17.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

THE BOAT CREWS IN TRAINING.

P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Great Britain and the Settlement of the Boundary Disputes." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Scientific Investigation of the Problems of the Home." *Dr. Luther Gulick.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Australia." *Mr. W. Hinton White.*

Tuesday, July 18.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "American Composers." *Mr. William Armstrong.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "France and Our Relations during the War of the Revolution." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
" 4.00—Lecture, "Undergraduate Life at Harvard." *Mr. L. T. Damon.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Art of Story-Telling." *Miss Grace Adèle Pierce.*
" 8.00—Athletic Exhibition, under the charge of the *Chautauqua School of Physical Education.*

Wednesday, July 19.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "France and Our Relations with Her from the Louisiana Purchase to the Present." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
P. M. 2.30—Grand Concert, *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish-Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso; *W. F. Sheehan*, Basso; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist.
" 5.00—Lecture, "A Glass of Water." *Mrs. Alice P. Norton.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Unpublished Interviews with Great Composers." *Mr. William Armstrong.*

Thursday, July 20.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "British Composers." *Mr. William Armstrong.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Russia and Our Relations with the Russian Empire." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
P. M. 4.00—Lecture, "Undergraduate Life at The University of Chicago." *Mr. J. W. Linn.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Evolution of the 'Idylls of the King.'" *Prof. Richard Jones.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "New Zealand." *Mr. W. Hinton White.*

Friday, July 21.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Artistic Temperament." *Mr. William Armstrong.*
P. M. 3.00—Lecture, "Germany and Our Relations with the German Empire." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Repression: Expression." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "The Prose, Poetry, and Tragedy of the Sea." *Mr. W. Hinton White.*

Saturday, July 22.

A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "The Eastern Question and Our Relations with the Ottoman Empire." *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.*
P. M. 2.30—Address. *Rev. Annis Ford Eastman.*
" 8.00—Grand Concert. *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish-Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist.

Sunday, July 23.

A. M. 10.00—Bible Study, "The Day of the Crucifixion." *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.*
" 11.00—Sermon. *Rev. George Hodges.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Address, "The Greater America, and our Responsibilities to the Orient." *President John Henry Barrows.*
" 8.15—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 24.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Social Situation." *Rev. George Hodges.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "A World Pilgrimage." *Pres. John H. Barrows.*

P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Verrazano and Henry Hudson." *Mr. John Fiske.*
" 4.00—Lecture, "How Play Educates the Baby." *Miss Emilie Poulsson.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Literature in its Practical Aspects. The Volume of Literary Production." *Mr. W. H. Page.*
" 8.00—Prize Pronunciation Match.

Tuesday, July 25.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Christian Socialism." *Rev. George Hodges.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Christianity and Buddhism. I." *Pres. John H. Barrows.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Early Days of William Penn." *Mr. John Fiske.*
" 4.00—Lecture, "The History and Progress of the Domestic Science Movement." *Miss Anna Barrows.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Some Notable Contemporaneous Work in History and Biography." *Mr. W. H. Page.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Manila and the Philippines. I." *Mr. F. R. Roberson.*

Wednesday, July 26.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Alms and the Man." *Rev. George Hodges.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Salem Witchcraft." *Mr. John Fiske.*
P. M. 2.30—Grand Concert. *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish-Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist.
" 4.00—Lecture, "Pocahontas and William Tell." *Mr. John Fiske.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Some Recent Successful Novels." *Mr. W. H. Page.*
" 8.00—Dramatic Reading, "Captain Lettarblair." *Mr. Edward P. Elliott.*

Thursday, July 27.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Church's Social Mission." *Rev. George Hodges.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Christianity and Buddhism. II." *Pres. John H. Barrows.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Thomas Hutchinson, Last Royal Governor of Massachusetts." *Mr. John Fiske.*
" 4.00—Lecture, "Comfortable Living on Moderate Incomes." *Miss Anna Barrows.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Essays, Criticism, Political Writing and Social Science." *Mr. W. H. Page.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Manila and the Philippines. II." *Mr. F. R. Roberson.*

Friday, July 28.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "A Social Experiment." *Rev. George Hodges.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Christianity and Buddhism. III." *Pres. John H. Barrows.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Charles Lee, the Soldier of Fortune." *Mr. John Fiske.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Machinery of Contemporaneous Literature." *Mr. W. H. Page.*
" 8.00—Dramatic Reading, "Christopher, Jr." *Mr. Edward P. Elliott.*

Saturday, July 29.

A. M. 10.00—Woman's Missionary Conference, "The Holy Spirit in the Work of Missions."
" 11.00—Address under the Auspices of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. *Pres. John H. Barrows.*
P. M. 2.30—Address, "Observations of an Optimist in the Orient." *Bishop Charles B. Galloway.*
" 4.00—General Missionary Conference, "Missions as a Force in Civilization."
" 8.00—Grand Concert. *Chorus; Orchestra; Minnie Fish-Griffin*, Soprano; *Mabelle Crawford*, Contralto; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *Roland D. Williams*, Basso; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist.

ON THE LAKE.

Sunday, July 30.

A. M. 9.00—Consecration Missionary Service.
" 11.00—Missionary Sermon. *Bishop Charles B. Galloway.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 4.00—Student Volunteer Rally.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Anniversary of the Missionary Institute.
" 8.30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, July 31.

A. M. 9.00—Woman's Missionary Conference, "Home Missions."
" 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. W. F. Oldham.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The American and the Spaniard, Colonial Conflicts from 1562 to 1763." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "A Judicial Estimate of Gladstone." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*

THE LANDING OF A STEAMER AT CHAUTAUQUA.

P. M. 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "Children's Reading." *Mrs. W. L. Hervey.*
" 4.00—General Missionary Conference, "Medical Missions."
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Bible School from an Educational Point of View." *Dr. G. W. Pease.*
" 8.00—Readings. *Prof. S. H. Clark.*

Tuesday, August 1.

A. M. 9.00—Woman's Missionary Conference, "Influence of the Home in Heathen Lands."
" 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. W. F. Oldham.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Relations Between Spain and America (1775-1806)." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Americanism and the American Spirit." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 4.00—General Missionary Conference, "Echoes from Mission Fields."
" 5.00—Lecture. *Dr. A. E. Dunning.*
" 7.15—First Vesper Service.
" 8.00—"Old First Night." Anniversary of the opening of the original Assembly. Short addresses, Chautauqua songs, etc.
" 9.30—Illumination and Fireworks.

Wednesday, August 2.

QUARTER-CENTURY DAY.

A. M. 10.00—Lecture, "The Ruin of the Spanish-American Empire (1806-1823)." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
" 11.00—Platform Meeting, Reminiscences of Chautauqua by Old Chautauquans.
P. M. 1.45—Procession of all Chautauqua Departments.
" 2.15—Anniversary Address. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 3.30—Grand Concert. *Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra.*
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "The Chautauqua Circle and Local History." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
" 8.00—Lecture, "Abraham Lincoln." *Bishop Charles H. Fowler.*

Thursday, August 3.

C. L. S. C. RALLYING DAY.

A. M. 9.30—Meeting of C. L. S. C. Delegates.
" 10.00—Rallying Day Exercises.
" 11.00—Lecture, "The United States and the Latin States of America (1823 to 1898)." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
A. M. 2.30—Question Box. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
" 4.00—Reception to C. L. S. C. Delegates. St. Paul's Grove.
" 5.00—Lecture. *Dr. A. E. Dunning.*
" 8.00—Readings. *Miss Katherine E. Oliver.*

Friday, August 4.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour. *Dr. W. F. Oldham.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Spain and the United States (1823-1873.)" *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
P. M. 2.30—Address under the Auspices of the W. C. T. U. *Mrs. J. K. Barney.*

P. M. 4.00—Address, "Club Women in Education." *Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe.*
" 8.00—Grand Concert. *Cecilia Epping-hausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra*.

Saturday, August 5.

JAMESTOWN DAY.

A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "Spain and the United States (1873 1899)." *Prof. A. B. Hart.*
P. M. 2.30—Entertainment by a Quartet of Kentucky Mountaineers.
" 3.30—Concert by Swedish Choir of Jamestown, N. Y.
" 8.00—Readings. *Miss Katherine E. Oliver.*

Sunday, August 6.

A. M. 10.00—Bible Study, "Jeremiah: His Times, Message, and Influence." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Sermon. *Dr. W. H. F. Faunce.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Sacred Song Service.

Monday, August 7.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Pilgrim's Progress." *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Religious Affirmations of Science." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*
P. M. 2.30—Musical Entertainment. *South African Boy Choir.*
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "Birds at Chautauqua."
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Pace that Kills." *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.*
P. M. 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Life in the Kentucky Mountains."

Tuesday, August 8.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Heredity, Instinct, and Feeling." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*
P. M. 2.30—Addresses, "The Deaconess Movement." *Bishop W. X. Ninde* and others.
" 4.00—Lecture.
" 8.00—Dramatic Reading, "Cyrano de Bergerac." *Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker.*

Wednesday, August 9.

INSURANCE DAY.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Theologica Germanica." *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Child Study, Methods and Results." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*
P. M. 2.00—Platform Meeting. Welcome to National Association of Fire-Underwriters. Addresses by *Mr. George D. Markham, Mr. Young E. Allison*, and *Mr. C. M. Ransom.*
P. M. 3.15—Grand Concert. *Cecilia Epping-hausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra*.
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "How to Study a Novel." *Mr. L. T. Damon.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Modern Spirit in American Education." *Dr. W. L. Hervey.*
" 8.00—Lecture, "Unseen Realities." *Hon. George R. Wendling.*

Thursday, August 10.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius." *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "Confirmation and other Adolescent Rites of Initiation and Conversion." *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "The Man of Galilee." *Hon. George R. Wendling.*

THE ARCADE.

P. M. 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "Some of Our Later American Poets." *Prof. Richard Jones.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Fad Chasers." *Dr. G. L. Beardsley.*
" 8.00—Readings, Scenes from Garrick's "The Irish Widow." *Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker.*
" 9.30—Illuminated Fleet.

Friday, August 11.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Imitation of Christ." *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The American Character." *Pres. Sylvester Scovel.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Mirabeau." *Hon. George R. Wendling.*
" 4.00—Lecture, "The Tragic Fault in 'Macbeth.'" *Prof. Richard Jones.*
" 8.00—Musical Entertainment. *South African Boy Choir.*
" 9.30—Initiation of C. L. S. C. Class of 1903.

Saturday, August 12.

GRANGE DAY.

A. M. 11.00—Lecture, "America, the Land and the Man." *Pres. Sylvester Scovel.*
P. M. 2.30—Address, "The Nation of America." *Hon. J. P. Dolliver.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "Naval Gunnery in the Spanish-American War." *Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden.*

Sunday, August 13.

A. M. 10.00—Bible Study, "Ezekiel: his Times, Message, and Influence." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Baccalaureate Sermon. *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
" 7.30—Sacred Song Service.
" 9.00—Vigil of Class of '99.

Monday, August 14.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Decalogue: Its Imperishable Worth." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Current above the Fall—Preparation for the Revolution." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture. *Dr. G. A. Smith.*
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "The Chautauqua Circle and Local History." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Richardson's 'Sir Charles Grandison.'" *Miss Susan Hale.*
" 8.00—Grand Concert. McKenzie's "Dream of Jubal." Lines read by *Marion Jean Craig. Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra.*

Tuesday, August 15.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Glory of God; The Significance of the Idea." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Navy in the Revolution." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture. *Dr. G. A. Smith.*
" 8.00—Feast of Lanterns and Promenade Concert.

Wednesday, August 16.

RECOGNITION DAY.

A. M. 11.00—Recognition Day Exercises. Address. *Gov. G. W. Atkinson.*
P. M. 2.00—Conferring of C. L. S. C. Diplomas—Class of '99
" 3.00—Grand Concert. *Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra.*
" 5.00—Lecture, "Historical Ballads." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "The Madonna in Art." *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.*

Thursday, August 17.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Quotations from the Old Testament in the New Testament, or, How to Use the Scriptures." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Human Washington." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 2.30—Reading from his own Writings. *Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.*
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table—"Nature Study at Home."
" 5.00—Lecture. *Dr. George Adam Smith.*
" 8.00—Entertainment, "An Evening of Magic." *Maro.*

Friday, August 18.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Divine Discipline of Israel, or the Spiritual Training of God's Chosen People." *Prof. G. L. Robinson.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Permanent International Tribunal." *Dr. E. E. Hale.*
P. M. 2.00—Annual Exhibition of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education.
" 4.00—Lecture. *Dr. George Adam Smith.*
" 5.00—Lecture, 'Frances Burney's 'Evelina.'" *Miss Susan Hale.*
" 8.00—Readings from his own Writings. *Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.*

Saturday, August 19.

NATIONAL ARMY DAY.

A. M. 10.00—Lecture, "Colonial Literature; The Preacher Princes." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
" 11.00—Patriotic Concert.

SCENE ON THE NORTH SHORE.

P. M. 2.30—Address. *Hon. Theodore Roosevelt*, Governor of the State of New York.
" 8.00—Entertainment, "An Evening of Magic." *Maro.*

Sunday, August 20.

A. M. 11.00—Sermon. *Dr. George Adam Smith.*
P. M. 3.00—Assembly Convocation.
" 5.00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.

P. M. 7.30—Address in the Interest of the American Sabbath. *Rev. I. W. Hathaway.*
" 8.15—Sacred Song Service.
" 9 15—Vigil of the Class of 1900.

A SHADY PATH.

Monday, August 21.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The New Man." *Dr. W. P. Thirkield.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Family." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "With Fiddle and Bow." *Gov. Robert Taylor.*
" 4.00—C. L. S. C. Round Table, "The Study of American Poetry."
" 5.00—Lecture, "Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
P. M. 8.00—Grand Concert. *Cecilia Eppinghausen Bailey*, Prima Donna; *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra.*

Tuesday, August 22.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The Supreme Motive." *Dr. W. P. Thirkield.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Preaching of Jesus Concerning the Rich." *Prof. W. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "Washington Irving and his Contemporaries." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent*
" 5.00—Lecture, "The Deaf and the Sign Language." *Prof. Linnæus Roberts.*
" 8.00—Readings, Dialogues, and Farces. *The Thalian Club.*

Wednesday, August 23.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "Personality Perfected." *Dr. W. P. Thirkield.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Preaching of Jesus Concerning the Care of the Poor." *Prof. F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 2.30—Grand Concert. *Adele Mulford*, Contralto; *Julian Walker*, Basso; *Charles A. Rice*, Tenor; *William H. Sherwood*, Pianist; *Sol Marcosson*, Violinist; *I. V. Flagler*, Organist; *Chorus* and *Orchestra.*
" 4 00—Lecture, "American Oratory: Patrick Henry to Daniel Webster." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
" 8.00—Illustrated Lecture, "On the Bridge with Schley." *Mr. G. E. Graham.*

Thursday, August 24.

A. M. 10.00—Devotional Hour, "The World Vanquished." *Dr. W. P. Thirkield.*
" 11.00—Lecture, "The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Industrial Order." *Prof F. G. Peabody.*
P. M. 2.30—Lecture, "American Humor; Artemus Ward to Mark Twain." *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.*
" 8.00—Readings, Dialogues, and Farces. *The Thalian Club.*

THE CLASSIFIED PROGRAM.

Sermons.

July 2.
July 9. *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.*
July 16. *Dr. J. S. Mackenzie.*
July 23. *Rev. George Hodges.*
July 30. *Bishop Chas. B. Galloway.*
August 6. *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.*
August 13. *Bishop John H. Vincent.*
August 20. *Dr. George Adam Smith.*

Lectures.

AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

American National Expansion. *Prof. F. N. Thorpe.* July 3–7.
1. The American Concept of Government. 2. The Struggle for Sovereignty. 3. The Chautauqua Country in History. 4. The Hundred Years' Migration. 5. Territorial Expansion.

Studies in the Life of Louisiana. *Prof. Alcée Fortier.* July 10–14.
1. French Louisiana. 2. Spanish Louisiana. 3. American Louisiana. 4. The Creoles of Louisiana. 5. Louisiana Folk-Lore.

The Relation of the United States to Foreign Powers. *Prof. A. M. Wheeler.* July 17–22.
1. Great Britain and the Settlement of Boundary Disputes. 2. France and Our Relations during the War of the Revolution. 3. France and Our Relations with Her from the Louisiana Purchase to the Present. 4. Russia and Our Relations to the Russian Empire. 5.

[illegible]

[illegible] *Mr. [illegible]*

[illegible]

The [illegible] *Prof. A. B. Hart* [illegible]

[illegible]

Independence Day Address. *Judge John [illegible]*

The [illegible] and Our Responsibilities in the Orient. *Pres. J. H. Barrows.* July [illegible]

Americanism and the American Spirit. *Dr. J. M. [illegible]* August [illegible]

Naval Heroes of the Spanish-American War. *Lieut. Commdr. L. Carlen.* August 12.

America, the Land and the Man. *Pres. Sylvester Scovel.* August 12.

The Nation of America. *Hon. J. P. Dolliver.* August 12.

National Army Day Address. *Gov. Theodore Roosevelt.* August 13.

Literature.

Studies in English Literature. *Prof. C. T. Winchester.* July 10–14.

1. An Old Castle. 2. The English Lakes and their Poets. 3. A Midsummer Night's Dream. 4. As You Like It.

Literature in its Practical Aspects. *Mr. Walter H. Page.* July 24–28.

A GROUP OF COTTAGES.

The Colonial and Revolutionary Periods. *Dr. E. E. Hale.* August 14–18.

1. The Current Above the Fall. 2. The Navy in the Revolution. 3. Historical Ballads. 4. The Human Washington.

Studies in American Literature. *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.* August 19, 21–24.

1. Colonial Literature: The Preacher Princes. 2. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. 3. Washington Irving and His Contemporaries. 4. American Oratory: Patrick Henry to Daniel Webster. 5. American Humor: Artemus Ward to Mark Twain.

1. The Volume of Literary Production. 2. Some Notable Contemporaneous Work in History and Biography. 3. Some Recent Successful Novels. 4. Essays, Criticism, Political Writing, Social Science. 5. The Machinery of Contemporaneous Literature.

Juliet's Philosophy, The Woman of Long Ago, and The Poet of Patriotism and Progress. *Miss M. E. Ford.* June 28, 29, 30.

The Evolution of the "Idylls of the King." *Prof. Richard Jones.* July 20.

Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison." *Miss Susan Hale* August 14.

PALESTINE AVENUE.

The Tragic Fault in "Macbeth." *Prof. Richard Jones.* August 17.

Frances Burney's "Evelina." *Miss Susan Hale.* August 18.

See also Mr. L. H. Vincent's Course under *American Subjects.*

Musical.

Modern Composers. *Wm. Armstrong.* July 18, 20, 21.
1. American Composers. 2. Unpublished Interviews with Great Composers. 3. British Composers. 4. The Artistic Temperament.

Sociological.

The Social Teachings of Jesus. *Prof. F. G. Peabody.* August 21–24.
1. Jesus Concerning the Family. 2. Jesus Concerning the Rich. 3. Jesus Concerning the Care of the Poor. 4. Jesus Concerning the Industrial Order.

Public Opinion. *Prof. George E. Vincent.* July 3–7.
1. What is the "Public Mind"? 2. The Machinery of Public Opinion. 3. The Psychology of Fashion and Fad. 4. The Theory of Crowds and Mobs. 5. Public Opinion and Democracy.

Christian Socialism. *Rev. George Hodges.* July 24–28.
1. The Social Situation. 2. Christian Socialism. 3. Alms and the Man. 4. The Church's Social Mission. 5. A Social Experiment.

The Race Problem in the South. *Rt. Rev. J. S. Johnston.* July 6.

Work at the Prison Gate. *Mrs. I. L. Slater.* July 8.

History and Progress of the Domestic Science Movement. Comfortable Living on Moderate Incomes. *Miss Anna Barrows.* July 25, 27.

The Liquor Problem. *Pres. John Henry Barrows.* July 29.

Temperance Reform. *Mrs. I. K. Barney.* August 6.

The Permanent International Tribunal. *Dr. E. E. Hale.* August 18.

The American Sabbath Union. *Rev. I. W Hathaway.* August 20.

Pedagogical.

Problems in Child Study. *Pres. G. Stanley Hall.* August 7–10.
1. Religious Affirmations of Science. 2. Heredity, Instinct, and Feeling. 3. Methods and Results. 4. Confirmation and Other Adolescent Rites of Initiation and Conversion.

The Working Together of School and Home. *Prof. W. L. Hervey.* July 12.

The Child and the Church; or, The Needs of the Hour. *Dr. J. R. Street.* July 11.

The Scientific Study of the Home. *Dr. Luther Gulick.* July 17.

How Play Educates the Baby. *Miss Emilie Poulsson.* July 24.

The Bible School from an Educational Point of View. *Dr. George W. Pease.* July 31.

The Modern Spirit in American Education. *Dr. W. L. Hervey.* August 1.

Religious and Biblical.

Biblical Course. *Prof. George Adam Smith* August 13–19.
[Topics to be announced later.]

Vital Optimism. *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.* July 10–14.
1. The Conception of God. 2. The Divine Fatherhood. 3. The Problem of Suffering. 4. The Basis of Optimism. 5. The Immortal Life.

Religious Classics. *Dr. W. H. P. Faunce.* August 7–11.
1. Pilgrim's Progress. 2. The Little Flowers of St. Francis. 3. Theologica Germanica. 4. The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. 5. The Imitation of Christ.

Studies in Hymnology. *Dr. O. C. S. Wallace.* July 17–21.

1. The Beginnings of Hymnody. 2. Hymns and Heresies. 3. Watts and Wesley. 4. German Hymn Writers. 5. American Hymnody.

Comparative Religion. *Pres. John Henry Barrows.* July 24-28.
1. A World Pilgrimage. 2. Christianity and Buddhism. I. 3. Christianity and Buddhism. II. 4. Christianity and Buddhism. III.

Old Testament Subjects. *Prof. G. L. Robinson.* August 14-18.
1. The Decalogue: Its Imperishable Worth, etc. 2. Messianic Prophecy: The Development of the Messianic Idea. 3. The Glory of God: The Significance of the Idea. 4. The Quotations from the Old Testament in the New: or, How to Use Scripture. 5. The Divine Discipline of Israel: or, The Spiritual Training of God's Chosen People.

Personal Religion. *Dr. W. P. Thirkield.* August 21-24.
1. The New Man. 2. The Supreme Motive. 3. Personality Perfected. 4. The World Vanquished.

See also, under Sociology, the courses by *Dean Hodges* and *Prof. Peabody.*

Missionary Addresses and Conferences.

Observations of an Optimist in the Orient. *Bishop Charles B. Galloway.* July 29.

Woman's Missionary Conference: The Holy Spirit in the Work of Missions. July 29.

General Conference: Missions as a Force in Civilization. July 29.

Consecration Service, Missionary Sermon, and Anniversary. July 30.

Woman's Conference: Home Missions. July 31.

General Conference: Medical Missions. July 31.

Woman's Conference: Influence of the Home in Heathen Lands. August 1.

General Conference: Echoes from the Mission Fields. August 1.

Miscellaneous.

Wendell Phillips, the Orator of Emancipation. *Prof. T. C. Trueblood.* July 1.

Seventy Years Young. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* July 10.

Repression: Expression. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* July 21.

The Pace that Kills. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* August 7.

Original Chautauqua Story. *Rev. C. M. Sheldon.* July 13, 14.

The Art of Story-Telling. *Miss Grace Adèle Pierce.* July 18.

Undergraduate Life at Harvard. *Mr. L. T. Damon.* July 18.

The Wandering Jew. *Rabbi Moses J. Gries.* July 15.

Undergraduate Life in The University of Chicago. *Mr. J. W. Linn.* July 20.

A Judicial Estimate of Gladstone. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.* July 31.

Club Women in Education. *Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe.* August 3.

Question Box. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.* August 3.

Fad Chasers. *Dr. G. L. Beardsley.* August 4.

Unseen Realities: The Man of Galilee: Mirabeau. *Hon. G. R. Wendling.* August 9-11.

With Fiddle and Bow. *Hon. Robert Taylor.* August 21.

Readings.

Dramatic Reading. *Prof. S. H. Clark.* July 10, 31.

Readings and Music. *National Association of Elocutionists.* June 28-30.

Dramatic Reading. *Mr. Edward P. Elliott.* July 26, 28.

Readings. *Miss Katherine E. Oliver.* August 3-5.

Readings. *Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.* August 17, 18.

Dramatic Readings. *Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker.* August 8, 10.

Reading. *Miss Marion Jean Craig.* August 14.

Readings, Dialogues, etc. *The Thalian Club.* August 22, 24.

Illustrated Lectures.

Photography Up to Date. *Mr. G. G. Rockwood.* July 1.
1. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado. 2. The Yellowstone Park. 3. The Yosemite Valley. *Miss Mary V. Worstell.* July 4-8.

English Cathedrals. *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.* July 11.

Winter in Florida and the Bahamas. *Dr. Henry R. Sanford.* July 13.

Cuba and Porto Rico. *Dr. Henry R. Sanford.* July 15.

Australia, New Zealand, and the Sea. *William Hinton White.* July 17, 20, 21.

Manila and the Philippines. I., II. *F. R. Roberson.* July 25, 27.

Naval Gunnery in the Spanish-American War. *Lieut. G. L. Carden.* August 12.

The Madonna in Art. *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.* August 16.

On the Bridge with Schley. *Mr. G. E. Graham.* August 23.

Musical.

Organ Recitals. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.* Frequently during the season.

Concerts. June 28, July 5, 8, 12.

Grand Concerts: Chorus, Orchestra, and Soloists. July 14, 19, 22, 26, 29, August 5, 9, 21.

Grand Concert: McKenzie's "Dream of Jubal." Reading of the Lines by *Miss Marion Jean Craig.* August 14.

Open-Air Band Concerts. *Rogers' Band.* Daily except Sundays. July 12-August 23.

Concert. *South African Boy Choir.* August 7, 11.

Pittsburg Ladies' Quartet. *Harry J. Fellows,* Tenor; *Mr. I. V. Flagler*; *Henry B. Vincent.* July 1.

See course on Modern Composers. *William Armstrong.*

Entertainments.

Prize Spelling Match. July 12.

Athletic Exhibition. July 18.

Prize Pronunciation Match. July 24.

Kentucky Mountain Quartet. August 5.

South African Choir. August 7, 11.

Illuminated Fleet. August 9.

Feast of Lanterns and Promenade Concert. August 15.

Two Evenings of Magic. *Maro.* August 17, 19.

Annual Exhibition, Chautauqua School of Physical Education. August 18.

See also Readings.

CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOLS.

FOR people fortunate enough to have a summer vacation the summer school opens the door of boundless opportunities. The ambitious student may shorten his college course or supplement it by the study of kindred subjects, the teacher may fit herself for better or more advanced work in her chosen field or broaden her outlook by entrance upon new paths of learning, the home-keeper may share again the delights of school-life, and one and all may know the upbuilding and heartening which come from association with those of kindred aims and sympathies. All this and more the well-equipped summer school affords, and Chautauqua with its corps of carefully selected instructors, its comprehensive platform addresses, its music, and its all-pervading spirit of endeavor is the summer school *par excellence*.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASS BUILDINGS.

In arranging the work of the Chautauqua schools for the summer of 1899, two new departments have been added to the system, the School of Domestic Science and the School for Parents. The staff of instructors has also been enlarged and includes, in addition to the greater part of last year's faculty: Prof. W. M. Baskervill, of Vanderbilt University; Dr. Luther Gulick, of Springfield, Mass.; President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University; Prof. Paul Monroe, of Teachers' College, Columbia University; Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, of Boston, Mass.; Prof. George W. Pease, of Bible Normal College, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Emilie Poulsson, of Boston, and many other equally successful teachers.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

This department will offer twelve courses ranging from College Entrance English to Browning's "The Ring and the Book" and including courses in Old English, Shakespeare, the Age of Queen Anne, Tennyson, American Literature, Goethe's "Faust" (in English), Rhetoric and English Composition, etc. Professors C. T. Winchester, W. M. Baskervill, and Richard Jones, and Messrs. L. T. Damon and J. W. Linn will conduct the courses.

SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

The work of this school has been so eminently successful in the past that no changes have been made except in the addition of new courses. In addition to the regular class in Beginning German from July 8 to August 18 a second class in Elementary German will be organized July 31, for the benefit of students unable to attend the Assembly before that time. Mrs. Emma S. Ruppin will have charge of it. The other courses in German will be Intermediate German, Advanced German, Children's Class in German, German Lectures, and Scientific German, conducted by Prof. Henry Cohn and Miss Eda Kunz.

The French department will be in charge of Prof. Henri Marion of the United States Naval Academy, assisted by Madame H. Marion and Madame Léonie Brown. The regular courses in Beginning, Intermediate, and Advanced French will be supplemented by a College Preparatory Course of five hours a week, under the personal direction of Professor Marion. A novel and popular feature of this department will be two Paris Exposition Courses of five hours per week under Madame Marion. The first will continue from July 8 to 29, the second from July 31 to August 18.

A class in Elementary Spanish will also be organized by Professor Marion on July 8 and will devote five hours a week to this subject, completing its work August 18.

The German Club and the French Circle have hitherto proven most helpful and entertaining organizations. They will be conducted as formerly in a manner to develop conversational power in these languages.

SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

The Teachers' Advanced Training Courses in Cæsar and Virgil and the Latin Teachers' Conferences, led by Prof. F. J. Miller, of The University

of Chicago, will be the marked features of this school. The other courses will be Beginning Latin, under Professor Miller, and Beginning Greek and the Anabasis, under Prof. W. B. Owen.

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES.

The Formation of the Union, under Prof. Paul Monroe, and Public Opinion, under Prof. George E. Vincent, are the courses to be pursued.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

Prof. William Hoover, of Ohio University, will have charge of the department of Mathematics and will offer courses in Beginning and Advanced Algebra, Plane Geometry, and Trigonometry. Prof. J. H. Montgomery, of Allegheny College, will direct the Preparatory Physics and Physical Laboratory Work.

Chemistry will be taught by Professor Batchelder, of Hamline University, who will give instruction in Systematic Chemistry, and Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis, and arrange for a Teachers' Course in General Chemistry. Instruction in Geology, General Botany, and Structural Botany will be given by Miss Anna A. Schryver, of Michigan State Normal College, and Miss Edna D. Day. Prof. H. L. Osborn, of Hamline University, will give three ten-hour courses in Elementary Zoology, Elementary Biology, and Advanced Biology.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

No Chautauqua school is more popular or more helpful to the teacher than this one. An unusually strong faculty has been secured for the coming summer and many new courses will be offered. President G. Stanley Hall will organize a class to consider Current Educational Problems from July 31–August 12, and a similar class will be conducted by Dr. W. L. Hervey from July 2–28. Dr. Hervey will also have courses in Elementary Psychology, with experiments, and Self-Activity in Education. Lessons in School Management, in Composition, Grammar and Mathematics in the Grades, and in Primary Methods will be given by Miss J. H. Wohlfarth. Prof. Richard Jones will give practical illustrations of the best methods of teaching English, and Prof. Paul Monroe will show how United States History may best be presented. Observational and Physical Geography will be in charge of Miss C. W. Hotchkiss, and instruction in Nature Study and Elementary Science will be given by Misses Schryver, Day, and Osgood, and Professor Sherzer. Three courses in Kindergarten work have been provided for: Methods: Games, etc., under Mrs. M. B. Page; Methods: Handwork and Mother Play under Miss F. E. Newton; and a Kindergarten Preparatory Class under Misses Fairbank and Brown, Mrs. Page, and Dr. Hervey. Mr. S. H. Clark will devote five hours a week to a course in Principles of Reading Aloud and Teaching How to Do It, and there will be two courses in music: Children's Music taught by Miss H. E. Brown and Public School Music taught by Mr. L. S. Leason.

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

The work of this department includes three courses in Sacred Literature given by Prof. O. C. S. Wallace and Prof. George L. Robinson and ten courses in Religious Pedagogy given by Dr. J. R. Street, Prof. George W. Pease, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, and Miss Frances Walkley. The pedagogical section comprises studies in Religious Psychology, General Method and Primary Method, and a Normal Class, Teachers' Bible Class, Boys' and Girls' Class, and Primary Class and Sunday-school.

HOTEL ATHENÆUM.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

No material changes have been made in this department but the faculty which has made it so successful in the past has been retained. Courses in Primary, Intermediate, Advanced, and Analytical Harmony, Vocal Culture, and Interpretation will be given by Mr. Leason, Mr. Harter, Mr. Flagler, Dr. Palmer, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Sherwood, and Mrs. Tobey will conduct two Piano Normal Courses of five lessons each. The usual chorus instruction will be given.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

Provision is made in this school for both those who desire to practice the fine arts and those who wish to understand and appreciate the work of

others. Drawing and Painting, Landscape Sketching, Miniature Painting on Porcelain, China Decorating, and Wood Carving and Clay Modeling are taught. Lectures on Art History and Criticism are delivered by Mr. A. T. Van Laer.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

Mr. S. H. Clark and Mrs. Emily M. Bishop continue at the head of the School of Expression. Mr. Clark offers courses in the Philosophy and Practice of Vocal Expression, Literary and Dramatic Interpretation, and Mental Technique and Practice in Rendering. Mrs. Bishop will give a course in the Philosophy and Technique of Gesture.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

With all its cultivation of the mind Chautauqua does not forget the body. Physical training under the direction of physicians is offered to all classes, children, boys, girls, men, and women. Courses in Medical and Corrective Gymnastics will be open to any who wish to pursue this branch of the science; a normal course and one in Public School Gymnastics will be especially useful to teachers; and athletics will be given due attention. Drs. Anderson, Seaver, Mosher, and Bainbridge, and Messrs. Anderson and Bolin will continue in charge of the work. Mrs. Bishop and Miss King who have been so successful with their lessons in Americanized Delsarte Culture will still direct this branch of the school.

SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

This school has been created in response to a popular demand. It will hold a six weeks' session under the direction of Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, one of the foremost authorities in this important field. Mrs. Norton will be assisted by Dr. Bainbridge, Professor Montgomery, and Miss Schryver. The courses given will comprise Domestic Science, Bacteriology, Physics, and Botany of Food.

A ROW ON THE LAKE.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS.

This is one of the oldest and most indispensable of the Chautauqua schools. Mrs. Ewing will as usual give instruction in Cookery and Housekeeping and will also direct a normal class; Capt. Chas. McIlvaine will give a course in mycology, showing how to discriminate between edible and non-edible toadstools; and classes in Parliamentary Law, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Business Training will be conducted by Messrs. Robert, Bridge, and Wells, respectively.

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

The organization of this school is another evidence of Chautauqua's progressiveness. It will aim to make more definite and practically useful the present wide-spread interest in the problems of child-life. Dr. Gulick, who will be in general charge, has made a special study of certain phases of this subject and, with the aid of a group of mothers, has gathered a mass of intensely interesting material. This will be presented in a concrete, practical way in a series of courses of instruction and conferences, extending through a fortnight, July 17 to 29. Dr. Gulick has a valuable corps of assistants in Dr. Hervey, Miss Paulsson, Miss Newton, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Gulick, and others.

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

CHAUTAUQUA, with her glorious past and the assurance of a future of even greater promise, has been the model for scores of Assemblies scattered all over the United States. These Assemblies are not alone educational centers, employing the best teachers which our schools and colleges can afford, but they are places where a few years days or weeks can be spent in healthful recreation, with Mother Nature as hostess, exercising all her magic arts in the entertainment of her guests. The increasing number of Assemblies each year testifies to the popularity of the movement.

ASHLAND, OREGON. To make every Assembly better than the last is the rule which the Southern Oregon Chautauqua Association has followed during the six years of its existence, and the coming session, July 11 to 22, will be a notable one in progressiveness. Mr. G. F. Billings, the president, has arranged for lectures by Sam Jones, Jahu DeWitt Miller, C. N. Cobern, Frank Beard, and Mrs. W. Henry Games. Other educational and entertaining features are the departments of music, Prof. W. H. Boyer conducting; of elocution and physical culture, Miss Clara Louise Safford in charge, and of art, cooking, and Bible study, the leaders not yet chosen. The C. L. S. C. will have a large place and will be well advertised.

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY. The Jewish Chautauqua Assembly will open on July 14, and will close with Recognition Day, the 31st. The president of the Assembly is Daniel P. Hays, the director Isaac Hassler, and the chancellor Dr. Henry Berkowitz, who will deliver the Recognition Day address and conduct the course in Bible study. Besides this the Assembly will provide a Post-Biblical course under the direction of Prof. R. Gottheil and sessions of the Teachers' Institute, conducted by Miss Ella Jacobs. Some of the leading speakers will be Professor Bamberger, Rev. M. Jastrow, Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, and Mrs. Rebeckah Kohut. The Sunday-school will receive a great deal of attention, while literary, musical, and social entertainments and excursions will give healthful and refreshing enjoyment.

ASSEMBLY PARK, NEW YORK. The Central New York Assembly has an excellent program prepared for this season, which will begin August 8 and end August 27, Recognition Day being the 27th. Improvements have been made on the grounds, and the prospect for a large assemblage is good. Col. L. F. Copeland, J. Bell Neff, Edmund Cooke, Alton Lindsay, and Fannie Crosby will furnish amusement and solid food for thought. A Round Table will be conducted by Elizabeth Snyder Roberts, the W. C. T. U. School of Methods by Mrs. P. A. Adams, and a department of music

THE FLOWER GIRLS ON RECOGNITION DAY.

will be under the leadership of a competent teacher.

MICHIGAN. BAY VIEW, The Bay View Assembly is under the management of competent men, who are preparing a program which will prove an attraction to old and young. The Bay View *Mirror* of recent date gives the list of speakers, corps of teachers, etc. The university opens July 12, and ends August 16, and the Assembly proper is scheduled for July 19 to August 16. A representative of the C. L. S. C. will take that work in charge. The president of the Assembly is Hon. Henry McLoud and the superintendent Horace Hitchcock.

A GROUP OF GYMNASIUM PUPILS.

NEBRASKA. BEATRICE, An attractive program has been prepared for all who visit the Beatrice Chautauqua, which will be in session from June 21 to July 4. Among the speakers will be Prof. N. N. Riddell, Gen. William H. Shafter, Dr. G. W. Hall, and Dr. C. J. Riddell, who has been chosen to deliver the Recognition Day address June 30. The educational departments will be conducted under able management as follows: Bible exposition, Dr. M. N. Parkhurst; Sunday-school Normal, Dr. E. L. Eaton; the C. L. S. C. Round Table, Mrs. L. S. Corey; the W. C. T. U. School of Methods, music, art, elocution, and children's work are to be directed by excellent talent. The C. L. S. C. will hold a prominent place among the clubs, and with the new headquarters just completed the interest will be increased.

OHIO. BETHESDA, The Epworth Park Assembly authorities report new cottages, enlarged auditorium and platform, an improved hotel, and everything preparing for a successful season from start to finish, August 2–16. Recognition Day will be observed August 14, when O. W. Holmes, D. D., and Prof. W. G. Compher will speak. Other lecturers and entertainers for the season are Sam Jones, Col. H. J. W. Ham, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, John R. Clarke, Fred Emerson Brooks, and Edward P. Elliott. Vocal music, kindergarten, Bible exposition, physical culture, and English literature will be taught by experienced instructors, and a boys' club will be organized, together with other attractive clubs for young people. The president, E. C. Morton, and the superintendent, D. C. Osborne, are well fitted for their positions and will do all in their power for the advancement of the Assembly's interests.

COLORADO. BOULDER, The Texas-Colorado Chautauqua is preparing for its second season, July 4—August 14, with all the enthusiasm of a newly-organized institution. The ideal climate of Boulder will permit of countless outdoor attractions, such as lectures in the mountains, concerts, burro excursions, and bicycle runs. The erection this spring of an auditorium, costing $10,000, a large dining-hall, and from sixty to seventy-five other buildings gives evidence of a wide-awake organization. The educational features of the Assembly will be a school and college course, Bible study, art, music, a woman's department, and outdoor lectures on nature. Some of the speakers engaged are Col. W. J. Bryan, Dr. D. S. Jordan, Sam P. Jones, Maj. J. H. Pond, A. E. Winship, and Dr. R. F. Weidner. There will also be a rendition of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by one hundred and twenty-five people dressed in appropriate costumes. The president of the Assembly is Dr. J. L. Long and the superintendent of instruction is C. D. Rice.

IOWA. BURLINGTON, The third season for the Burlington Chautauqua Assembly opens June 27 and closes July 8. A ten days' course of lectures and entertainments will be given in the coliseum by Thomas Dixson, J. C. Dolliver, Robert McIntyre, Sam Jones, and others. The grounds have been greatly improved. The C. L. S. C. will be well represented. Charles E. Shelton is president of the association.

IOWA. CLARINDA, The time for holding the Clarinda Chautauqua is from August 3 to 17. The list of lecturers and entertainers shows the names of Sam Jones, John Temple Graves, Col. George W. Bain, and perhaps Mrs. Ballington Booth will speak. Besides these, two male quartets, for one week each, have been engaged and two moving picture outfits which will furnish entertainment for six nights.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS. Electric lights, pleasant pavilion, wells, seats, etc., give to the grounds of Vermilion County Chautauqua, Lincoln Park, a pleasant aspect with which to welcome the visitors for this year's session. which opens August 4. The entertainments are to be in charge of men like Dr. Talmage, Sam Jones, J. C. Dolliver, and Dr. N. G. Waters. There will also be instruction in music, elocution, and Bible study.

DES MOINES, IOWA. An attractive illustrated pamphlet has been issued by the authorities of the Midland Chautauqua which is to be held July 6–20. The Chautauqua Park has been very much improved and everything is preparing for a successful session. Some of the leading speakers will be Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, E. L. Eaton, Leon H. Vincent, George R. Wendling; the musical talent will include the Marie Decca Opera Company, the Park Sisters' Quartet, Des Moines Symphony Orchestra, with pianist and violinist. Particular attention will be given to the C. L. S. C. through Round Tables and C. L. S. C. councils held alternate days, and an office will be open daily. Dr. Josiah Strong will deliver the address on Recognition Day, and perhaps Bishop Vincent also will be present.

DIXON, ILLINOIS. Rock River Assembly reports this year as a year of improvements. $6,500 has been used in a wise way to accommodate their increased patronage, the chief new building being for the Bible school and called Bible Hall. The session lasts fifteen days, closing August 8. A few of the speakers are T. DeWitt Talmage, J. G. Woolley, Dana C. Johnson, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. J. C. Edson, Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, Bishop J. H. Vincent, Maj. N. S. Boynton, and Sam Jones. The special days are as follows: Auditorium, Fraternity, G. A. R., Congregational, Good Citizenship, Chautauqua, Talmage, and Sam Jones Days. An excellent faculty will conduct the school. Bishop J. H. Vincent will address the Chautauqua graduates Recognition Day and Round Tables will be in charge of experienced C. L. S. C. workers.

EAGLES MERE, PENNSYLVANIA. This will be the fourth year for the Eagles Mere Chautauqua Assembly and it has already passed beyond the experimental stage. A number of beautiful private cottages have been erected this year, and the association has built a $12,000 hotel, or inn. A number of novel and interesting features will be introduced besides the regular lectures and entertainments, which will be in charge of Leon H. Vincent, Frank R. Roberson, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, Fred Emerson Brooks, and many others. There is large opportunity for intellectual development in the departments of pedagogy, kindergarten, elocution and voice culture, fine arts, physical culture, and instrumental music. The C. L. S. C. will

NEWSBOYS OF THE "ASSEMBLY HERALD."

be made interesting and attractive. The dates of opening and closing are July 25 and August 22, and the prospect is excellent for a successful season in this charming spot on the mountain top.

FINDLEY LAKE, NEW YORK. Several new buildings have been erected at Findley Lake, and the auditorium has been enlarged. With a free course in Bible study, first class instructors in music, elocution, voice culture, and photography, and numerous other branches of study the educational program is well provided for. The C. L. S. C. will be given a prominent place, Recognition Day falling on August 18, with Rev. George M. Brown as speaker. The beautiful grove, three steam yachts, and splendid water add to the attractiveness of Lakeside Assembly. The dates are July 29–August 27.

FRYEBURG, MAINE. The Maine Chautauqua Union, including the Fryeburg School of Methods and the Northern Sunday-school Assembly, will be in session from July 27 to August 25. The leading speakers engaged are George E. Graham, Anna Deloney Martin, Hon. W. W. Stetson, R. A. Woods, Prof. F. L. Harvey, Philip Emerson, Prof. A. W. Anthony, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd. Besides the School of Methods for teachers, there will be classes in botany, photography, physical training, chorus singing, and household art.

GLEN ROSE, TEXAS. The second annual encampment of the Glen Rose Assembly, under the auspices of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Synod of Texas, will be held from July 27 to August 6. The prospects for this session are indeed flattering. The grounds, which are half a

mile from the town of Glen Rose, have been cleared and fenced, an artesian well dug, and a tabernacle erected. All phases of church work, scientific and humorous lectures, and biblical studies will take up a portion of the time to be devoted to intellectual improvement. Rev. Ira Landrith, editor of the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, J. M. Hubbert, dean of Cumberland Theological School, and other prominent men will instruct and entertain. The C. L. S. C. will play an important part.

GLEN PARK, COLORADO. The president of the Rocky Mountain Assembly, F. M. Priestley, and the superintendent of instruction, Prof. J. W. Wetgel, have planned a program, attractive and instructive, to be carried out from July 6 to August 22. A Sunday-school Normal will be held on the grounds, under the auspices of the Sunday-school Association and the Assembly, from July 7 to August 4. The Chautauqua work will be presented frequently during the season, July 28 being Recognition Day, and departments of science, kindergarten normal, reading and oratory, and physical culture will be ably conducted. Among the special features will be Bird Day, Y. M. C. A. Day, one evening of cradle and national songs, and one of English literature in tableaux.

GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA. The departments of instruction hold an important position in the program for the Gainesville Association. Instructors have been provided for a Bible normal, kindergarten, normal school work, elocution, physical culture, cooking, English literature, and a school of music equipped with thirty pianos and a pipe-organ. A beautiful auditorium and class-rooms are of special importance, and the season, which will last from June 25 to July 15, promises to be one of the best in the history of the Assembly.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS. Riverside Park, on the Illinois River, is an ideal place to spend ten days in the month of August. The Assembly to be held here is in session from the 3d to the 14th, and every day is provided with royal entertainment. There will be a famous lecturer and full orchestra each day, grand vocal and instrumental concerts eight days, and stereopticon and moving pictures seven nights. August 8 will be devoted to C. L. S. C. work.

LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN. The Epworth League Assembly at Epworth Heights is a popular resort for Leaguers and other people who enjoy a pleasant outing. The camp-meeting, July 14–23, has become an established thing and precedes the regular Assembly, which begins the 24th. The plan adopted last year of leaving the morning hours open will be carried out again this year, the policy being fewer hours and better lectures and entertainments. Mention of S. Parkes Cadman, The Park Sisters, the Thalian Club, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Isabel Garghill Beecher, reader, and Miss Marie Carter, soprano, is enough to insure a wide popularity for the Assembly.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. Long Beach Chautauqua opens July 17 and ends July 28. A first-class array of platform orators and other entertainers will greet Assembly visitors: Frank Beard, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Sam Jones, and Dr. Cobern will speak; an amateur vocal contest with prizes will take place; courses of lectures will be given on science, literature, and art, and the summer school will again be under the direction of Prof. O. P. Phillips.

LONG PINE, NEBRASKA. The Long Pine Chautauqua, one of the oldest Assemblies in Nebraska, has a bright outlook for the coming season, to be held in August. The grounds are being improved and the program provides an intellectual feast in the departments of W. C. T. U. work, Bible study, C. L. S. C. Round Tables, lectures, entertainments, etc. Dr. Fletcher M. Sisson is president and superintendent of instruction.

LAKESIDE, OHIO. Twenty-seven years of Assemblies at Lakeside have made the management well acquainted with the best methods for conducting the exercises of such an organization. The opening this year takes place July 12, and the Assembly closes with Recognition Day in August. A summer school of English and German, camp-meetings, Y. M. C. A. Institute, and an Epworth League Assembly are scheduled for the

A PRIVATE BOAT LANDING.

intellectual feasts. A special effort will be made to secure new members for the C. L. S. C. through Round Tables and Vesper Services.

A CHAUTAUQUA STEAMER.

LANCASTER, OHIO. The advance announcement of Lancaster Assembly shows such a varied and interesting program as would please the most fastidious. The mention of Dr. N. D. Hillis, Neddermeyer's Concert Band, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and the Shepardson Ladies' Quartet will show the character of the treat in store for those who attend the Assembly. There will be a camp-meeting from July 28 to August 6, and from August 6 to 15 will be held the regular Assembly. The department of instruction includes the schools of oratory, physical culture, modern languages, music, kindergarten, Ministerial Institute, and Chautauqua Round Table.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. The Kentucky Chautauqua is under the excellent management of Alexander Pearson and Dr. W. L. Davidson. Their work is shown in the excellent speakers engaged: Dr. George E. Vincent, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. N. D. Hillis, and J. P. Dolliver. The departments of instruction are as follows: Bible study, Dr. M. M. Parkhurst and Dr. Louis Albert Banks; music, Prof. S. B. Smith; elocution and physical training, Frank A. Fox; Sunday-school Normal, Miss Grace E. Wisenall. The C. L. S. C. will be privileged to hear Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis at their graduation, July 5. The session continues from June 27 to July 7.

MADISON, WISCONSIN. The Monona Lake Assembly authorities have engaged the following speakers for the season of 1899, July 18–31: Miss Jane Addams, Bishop C. H. Fowler, John Temple Graves, Thomas Dixon, Ignatius Donnelly, Josiah Strong, Gen. J. B. Gordon, and several others of equal fame. The grounds have been beautified by several new cottages and a dormitory. C.L.S.C. meetings will form an interesting feature of the session. Recognition Day exercises will be celebrated July 26, and everything possible will be done to promote the interest in the work. This is a popular resort, and with the talent engaged for entertainment and instruction the success of the Assembly is assured.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND. The list of improvements made on Mountain Lake Assembly grounds shows an athletic park, golf links, electric lights, a system of sewerage, and a number of new cottages, all of which give evidence of progress, which does great credit to the management. Thirty departments of work will be in charge of instructors who come from the best schools. Daily Round Tables, special lecture courses, and the Recognition Day program, on August 23, Gov. G. W. Atkinson as speaker, will attract all interested in the Chautauqua cause. A few of the speakers will be Russell H. Conwell, Robert McIntyre, Fred Emerson Brooks, and Leon H. Vincent. The Assembly closes August 29.

MOUNT GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA. Pleasure seekers and seekers of instruction will be provided for at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua this summer during the Assembly session from July 4 to August 10. The attractiveness of the place has been increased by a new auditorium and new cottages. The management offer twenty-five educational departments, all in charge of specialists, and a course of lectures and other entertainments which will make the eighth year as popular as any of its previous successful years. August 2 will be observed as Recognition Day. The work of the C. L. S. C. in this section is enlarging and a great rally is expected.

MT. VERNON, OHIO. Ten days could not be spent more profitably than at Lake Hiawatha Park, the home of the Ohio Baptist Assembly, which opens July 18. Four able and experienced Bible instructors will conduct classes, three sessions each day, and the evenings will be given up to popular entertainments, with lectures by Thomas Dixon, A. W. Lanear, and Robert Bourse. A full account of the program is given in an illustrated pamphlet gotten out by the Baptist Young People's Union, the chief movers in the Assembly and its work. The president is Rev. Claude Kelly, Sandusky, Ohio.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE. Space will not permit a description of the entertainments, schools, and all the delightful occasions which form such an important part of the Monteagle Assembly. It is needless to say that this season will be one of wonderful interest. Provision will be made for young and old. Only a few of the features will be: song and piano recitals, a series of educational lectures, readings by members of the School of Expression of Boston, which holds a summer session here, meetings of the Tennessee State Teachers' Association, lectures on plant and animal life, daily concerts, twilight prayers, Bible institute, woman's week, and children's entertainments. Information concerning this very large and popular Assembly can be obtained by applying to W. R. Payne, Nashville.

Tenn. The dates are July 4–August 25. Recognition Day will be August 4, when Dr. A. E. Winship will address the class.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS. From July 11–21 the Connecticut Valley Assembly, Laurel Park, will open its doors to the public. The principal educational departments will be Bible study, Sunday-school, music, art, physical training, and elocution. Besides the educators who have these schools in charge are the speakers, T. De Witt Talmage, Russell H. Conwell, A. A. Willits, Mrs. Clara B. Hoffman, Alton Packard, Miss Pauline Phelps, and others. Dr. Willits will address the class on Recognition Day. A great interest in the Chautauqua cause is to be found in this section of the state.

Tables and concerts will make an interesting feature of the entertainment.

OLCOTT, NEW YORK. Ontario Outing Park Assembly announces the beginning of the session on August 9, and it will continue fifteen days. A park is being fitted up for games and some new cottages are to be seen on the grounds. A Round Table will be in charge of Mrs. C. E. Seberry the first part of the season, and others as well prepared will take it up the last part of the session. The principal features will be excellent lectures and plenty of good music.

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE. Chautauqua-by-the-Sea for Eastern New England is the name of the Assembly held every year at Ocean Park. The time from July 23 to September 1

THE BASEBALL GROUNDS.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY. The Ocean Grove Sunday-school and Chautauqua Assembly is in the hands of Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald and Dr. B. B. Loomis, president and director. The time chosen is July 11–22. July 22 is to be Recognition Day, and Rev. George M. Brown will give the address. For students attractive courses are arranged in New Testament Greek, biblical instruction, Sunday-school diagnosis, and elocution. Rev. Eugene May, Prof. S. T. Ford, and Rev. J. F. Clymer will be found among the speakers. Round

will be given up to pleasure and study. Among the instructors are Prof. A. W. Anthony, Biblical Institute, Miss Sadai Prescott Porter, oratory and physical culture, Miss N. B. Jordan, children's Bible study, and Prof. J. E. Aborn, music. The speakers are Col. L. F. Copeland, Prof. W. G. Ward, C. F. Underhill, Ida Benfey Judd, Edmund Vance Cooke, and others. Rallying Day will be observed as usual, a C. L. S. C. alumni banquet will be given, and Professor Ward will occupy the platform on Recognition Day.

OTTAWA, KANSAS. The lecture platform of Ottawa Assembly at Forest Park will include Prof. H. V. Richards, Frank R. Roberson, John Temple Graves, John G. Woolley, and Alexander Black. The educational work will be presented by Prof. H. B. Roney, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Dean A. H. Wright, Prof. Vernon P. Squires, Dr. J. A. Babbitt, Mrs. L. B. Kellogg, Harriet Montgomery, and Laura Radford. Dr. John P. D. John will address the class on Recognition Day, July 27. A boys' club will be organized and all kinds of athletics encouraged.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA. The advantages of the Pacific Grove Assembly are truthfully set forth in an attractive pamphlet, just issued, which shows the distinguished speakers, the ideal location, and everything else that one might wish to know concerning the place. The principal speakers will be Sam Jones, Frank Beard, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Camden M. Cobern, and John Ivey. The departments of art, cooking, botany, zoology, music, photography, and child study will be conducted in an acceptable manner. Dr. Eli McClish, president of the Assembly, will be the speaker on Recognition Day, July 18. The dates are July 8 and 23.

PETERSBURG, ILLINOIS. The newness of everything in connection with the Cumberland Presbyterian State Chautauqua Assembly gives to the grounds an added attraction. There is a new auditorium, seating five thousand people, besides electric lights, water works, and an office building. The speakers have not all been engaged but the leading orators of the United States are to be present. The superintendent is Hon. Homer J. Tice, and the president Rev. W. G. Archer. August 11–22 are the dates.

PONTIAC, ILLINOIS. The second annual session of the Pontiac Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Riverview Park, July 26 to August 8. The Assembly of last year under the management of A. C. Folsom, superintendent, was an unqualified success and he is again in charge this year. The grounds have been improved and beautified and nine hundred sittings added to the auditorium. The list of lecturers and entertainers include Sam Jones, T. DeWitt Talmage, Robert McIntyre, John G. Woolley, Dr. J. Tracy Edson, Col. G. W. Bain, Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Miss Marie C. Brehm, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Rev. O. W. Stewart, Rev. F. A. Strough, Alton Packard, Professor Richards, Schubert Glee Club, and Slayton Jubilee Singers. The departments of instruction are Normal Bible School, conducted by Dr. E. Eaton; School of Citizenship, James H. Shaw; kindergarten, Miss Emily Chesney; W. C. T. U. School of Methods, Miss Helen L. Hood; cooking school, Miss Sarah W. Landes; physical culture and elocution, Mrs. Mary C. Dixon, chorus drill, Prof. M. S. Calvin. Round Tables will be held daily in the interest of the C. L. S. C. and special attention given to this department. Tuesday, August 1, is Recognition Day, the address to be delivered by Dr. E. L. Eaton.

ROME CITY, INDIANA. An island, occupying fifteen acres in the widest part of Sylvan Lake, is the home of one of the most successful branches of the parent Chautauqua. The location is charming and the constant improvements are making the place more than ever attractive. The Assembly will be held from July 26 to August 17, and a gospel temperance camp-meeting will occupy the time from August 18 to 23. Lectures will be given by Bishop C. H. Fowler, Col. W. J. Bryan, Dr. Phelps Leland, and many others. The departments of instruction are to include elocution, Bible study, music, Palestine and Holy Land study, physical culture, and kindergarten.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK. The Northern Biblical Assembly, formerly known as the Round Lake Assembly, is under the management of Dr. B. B. Loomis, who has prepared a list of lecturers and entertainers containing a large number of excellent people; some of them are: Rev. H. A. Buttz, who will teach the English Bible, Prof. J. C. Van Benschoten, instructor in New Testament Greek; B. B. Loomis will have charge of Biblical Introduction, and Prof. William G. Ward will teach oratory. Concerts will be given by the best musical talent. Recognition Day is August 12.

A GROUP OF BEGINNERS IN THE BICYCLE SCHOOL.

A VIEW DOWN MILLER AVENUE.

REMINGTON, INDIANA. The Fountain Park Assembly held its first session in 1895 and has been gradually working up to the present state of prosperity. A high order of entertainment is provided for the visitors this year, as is shown by the following distinguished men who will be among the speakers: Jahu DeWitt Miller, Rev. Louis Albert Banks, Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, and Rev. L. L. Carpenter. Charles B. Newman will conduct a course in Bible study. The session opens August 5 and will continue fifteen days.

RUSTON, LOUISIANA. The steady and substantial growth of the Louisiana Chautauqua during the seven years of its existence enables the management to invite their friends and the public generally to participate in the enjoyment of a few days or weeks at this beautiful resort. A new railroad skirting the grounds will provide excellent transportation facilities. A large faculty is engaged to conduct the school; for science, Prof. Edgar Taylor; mathematics, Prof. J. W. Nicholson; English, Prof. C. Alphonso Smith; history, Prof. H. E. Chambers, and many other branches are to be taught. For lecturers, such men as Sam Jones, Henry Watterson, Dr. Willits, and Ex-Governor Taylor will attract the public. One of the big days will be July 12, the C. L. S. C. Recognition Day. Judge A. A. Gunby will be the speaker.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK. Nature has lavishly endowed the place where the Silver Lake Assembly is held. An enclosure of more than sixty acres is dotted with commodious public buildings; the Hall of Philosophy, Epworth Hall, the Auditorium, W. C. T. U. and W. F. M. S. buildings, chapel, gymnasium, Hoag Memorial Art Building, railway station, and more than one hundred and thirty cottages and boarding-houses. A daily program will continue twenty-seven days. The camp-meeting will begin July 16, and the Assembly proper will open July 26. More than a dozen departments of instruction are on the program for the summer school. Governor Roosevelt heads the list of platform speakers and some of the others are Lieut.-Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff, Bishop John H. Vincent, Dr. George W. Peck, and Hon. Edwin Brightbill, speaker on Commencement Day. The prospects for the C. L. S. C. seem very good.

SALEM, NEBRASKA. Beginning with August 5, the Salem Inter-State Chautauqua will hold its seventh annual session. The catalogue of the Assembly gives abundant information concerning the work for the season. The prominent speakers to take part are Gen. John B. Gordon, Robert McIntyre, Dr. James Hedley, Col. George W. Bain, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Dr. Eugene May, and the excellent elocutionists, M. Charles T. Grilley and Miss M. Ona Tourtelotte. The principal musical attractions are the famous concert duetists, A. H. Knoll and Marie McNeil, and the sleigh-bell soloist and tumbleronicon artist, W. D. Robertson. The Edison Projectiscope Company will furnish a novelty entertainment. The commencement exercises on August 10 will be in charge of General Gordon and Prof. F. R. Roberson.

SHASTA RETREAT, CALIFORNIA. Rev. Eli McClish and Rev. Thomas Filber have arranged for Mt. Shasta Assembly an excellent program from July 26 to August 1. Dr. Camden M. Cobern, Dr. E. R. Dille, John Ivey, and Miss Kate E. Whitaker are to take part. The C. L. S. C. will be ably represented by Mrs. Dawson. July 28 is Recognition Day and Dr. E. R. Dille the speaker.

SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. This Assembly being just organized last year, the educational part of the work is not divided into departments except that scientific talks will be given. Rev. George M. Brown instructs in Bible study and Round Tables. The days that the Assembly is in session, from July 10–15, will be full of entertainments, such as concerts, readings, illustrated lectures, etc. The graduating exercises of the C. L. S. C. will be held July 14, with Rev. George M. Brown as speaker.

TENNILLE, GEORGIA. The second annual session of the Tennille Chautauqua from June 4 to 10 will present one of the most attractive programs

of any southern Chautauqua. Some of the leading attractions are Wedemeyer's Fifth Regiment Band, giving concerts daily, the Kentucky Colonels' Male Quartet, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Col. George W. Bain, John Temple Graves, Lucian L. Knight, Rev. Alexander W. Bealer, Mr. Charles T. Tyler, Miss Mollie R. Duggan, and the Misses Dollie Rogers and Ada Evelyn Lewis. A large Chautauqua Hall with seating capacity of over 1,200 has been provided.

TALLADEGA, ALABAMA. The Alabama Chautauqua Assembly will open its sixth annual session on July 5, and continue until July 22. A brilliant galaxy of talent will make this a memorable and enjoyable gathering. A cool fortnight in the mountains and a great vacation to the weary worker are here afforded. John Temple Graves, Byron King, Dr. Egerton R. Young, Rosani, the juggler, the Arion Ladies' Quartet, Adrian Plate, the wonder worker, Mohr, the crayon king and ventriloquist, Leftwich, the banjo artist, Kentucky Colonels' Male Quartet, and Fred Truman, the actor, are just a few of the attractions. The college oratorical contest on the 19th, the old-fashioned singing match on the 8th, and the fiddlers' contest on the 15th will draw thousands of people.

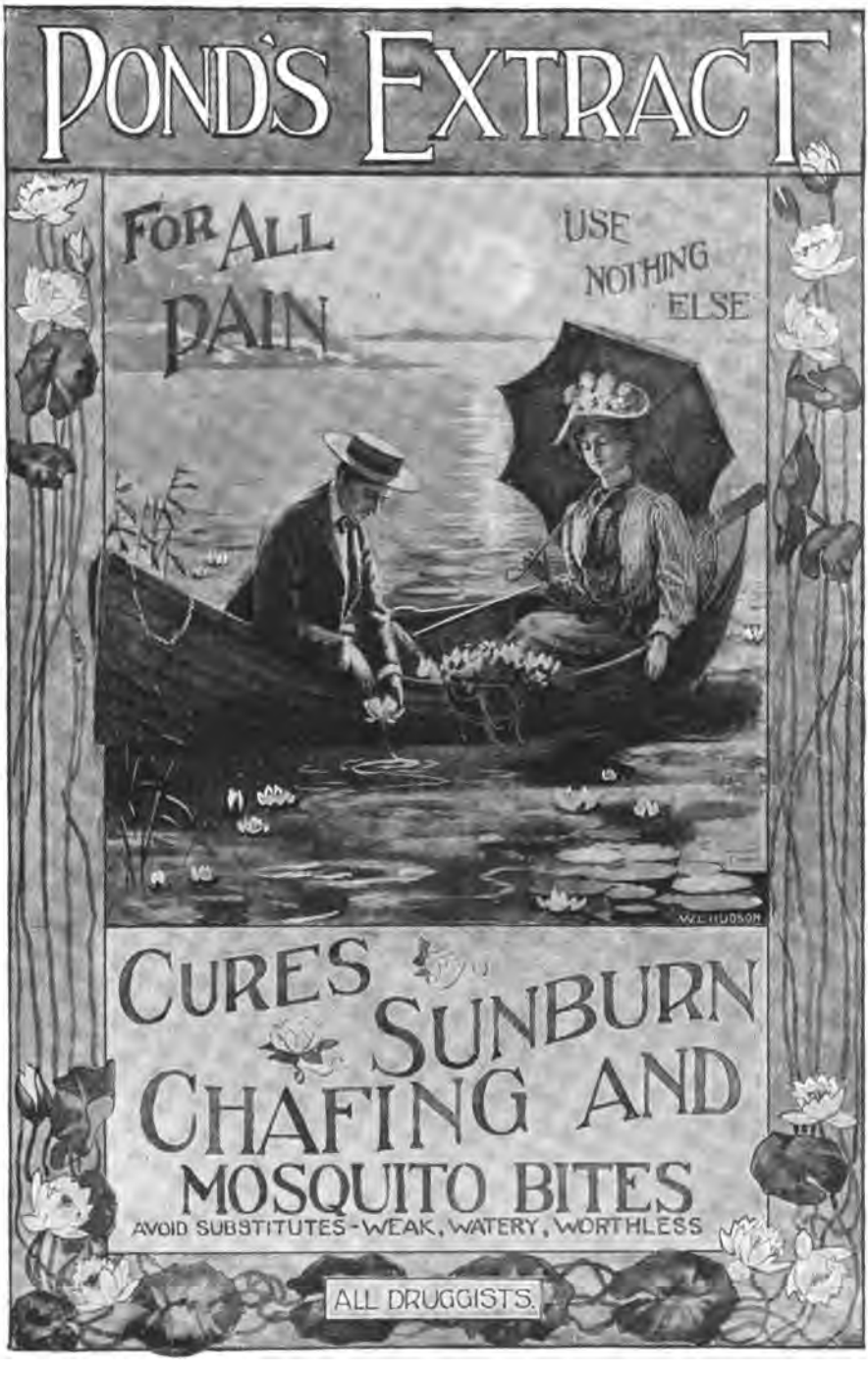
URBANA, ILLINOIS. At Crystal Lake Park the Twin City Chautauqua will hold its fourth session from August 18 to 27. A new public hall and boat-house will greet the visitors this season. A well-chosen list of lectures includes the familiar names of Col. L. F. Copeland, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Rev. O. F. Bartholow, F. R. Roberson, Rev. D. F. Stafford, Ferrer Martyn, Maro, Olaf Krarer, and Miss Vandelia Varnum. Preparations are being made for a great C. L. S. C. rally on August 23, when Rev. George M. Brown is expected to give the address to the graduating class.

WATERLOO, IOWA. A glance at the names of the well-known speakers who are to entertain and instruct the people attending Waterloo Assembly assures to the most fastidious a satisfactory session. The following appear on the list: Dr. W. H. Crawford, Thomas Dixon, Sam Jones, Ignatius Donnelly, Bishop John H. Vincent, who will give the address on Recognition Day, June 20, Emma S. Cranmer, conducting the school of parliamentary law, Isabel Garghill Beacher, reader, Miss Grace Melchor, teacher in physical culture and elocution, and a host of others. The C. L. S. C. is in a flourishing condition in this section and a great many new readers are expected to join the noble work.

A SHADED THOROUGHFARE.

WINFIELD, KANSAS. A large dining-room with modern improvements is an added attraction to the Winfield Assembly, Island Park. Twelve sessions have been held and this is to be one of the best. Dr. Herbert L. Willett will make sacred literature an interesting study, the W. C. T. U. will find an able champion in Mrs. Ella W. Brown, and the C. L. S. C. will be looked after by Mrs. Alma Piatt. Many new circles will be organized and old ones revived. Friday, June 23, will be Recognition Day, and Dr. Willits will speak to the class.

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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DR. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor.
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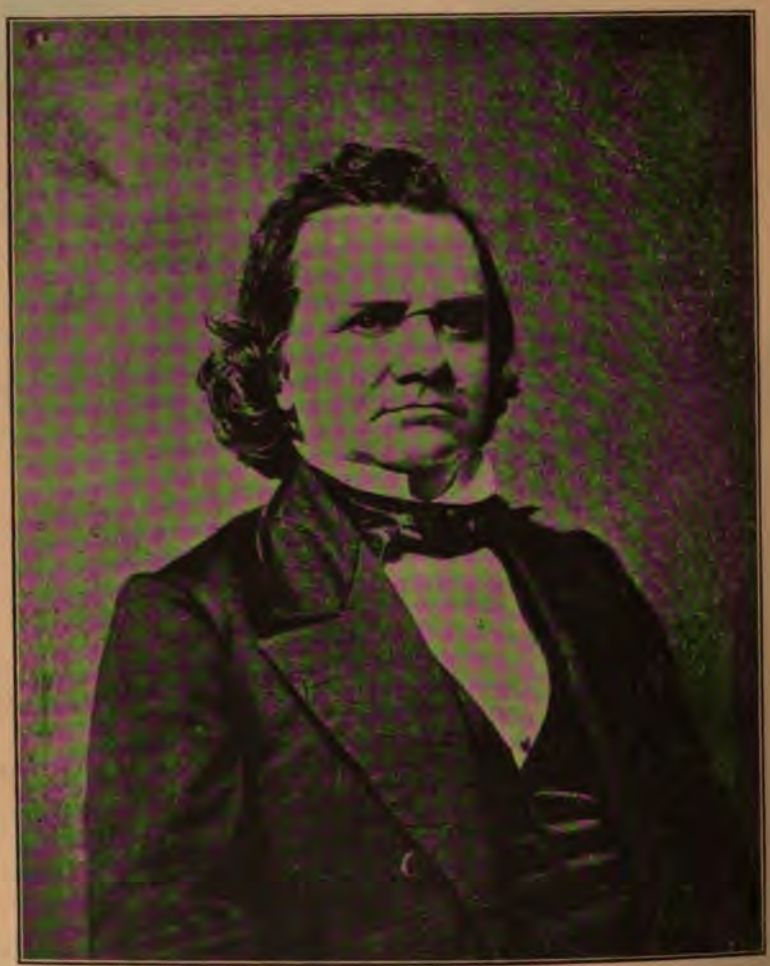

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GRASSE, THE "SWEETEST" TOWN IN THE WORLD.

BY ELEANOR HODGENS.

VIEW OF GRASSE FROM THE GRAND HOTEL.

THERE is an old town in the French Riviera, high up on one of the spurs of the Apennines behind Cannes and ten miles from the sea, which, though in itself dirty and dim, is celebrated throughout the world for two of the sweetest products of nature aided by art—perfumes and candied fruits.

Situated in the balmy, productive land of the South, where flowers and fruits grow with a prodigality unknown to us, Grasse has for many years been quite given up to the industry of converting these into dainties to send over the earth, and from their sales its present inhabitants have grown rich. Tall chimneys of the perfume and fruit fac-

tories spike the rocky old town, which hangs like a bird's nest high above the surrounding country. Far and near between the mountains and sea grow fields and gardens of flowers and orchards laden with fruit.

Looking back from the heights as one ascends, there is not anywhere a more beautiful prospect. Miles of gray-green olive groves and dark Aleppo pines stand out against rocks of burnt limestone, and detaching themselves here and there in groups are clumps of cypresses. The mountains around are pine-clad, and on them rests the brilliant rays of a southern sun. Overhead is a gay blue sky, and far below shimmers and glistens the blue Mediterranean, curving in and out of graceful coast-lines.

A STREET IN GRASSE.

Above in the old town are narrow dark streets, low doorways, stony walls, foundries for coppers and stills with huge chimneys, furnaces for blowing glass bottles and retorts, and shops for the making of packing cases, all crowded in with houses and chapels and people. The streets are in places so steep that the people must ascend steps cut in them to reach their homes. There is but one level street running along the ridge of the hill in the middle of the town and here is a little green common, with trees and a few stone benches. Here a withered crone and a bent old man—two well-known beggars of Grasse—held out their hands to us for alms. In gardens off from the zigzag carriage road peasants were and there burning brush, weeding or g among the flower beds, and women in groups were washing linen in a pool behind one of the perfume factories.

During the season the roads leading up to the town are crowded with peasants drawing wagon-loads of rose petals, violets, jonquils, or jasmine heads, and guiding tiny donkeys whose panniers are overflowing with luscious fruits. The whole air is fragrant and a track of perfume trails after the flower-loads far down the mountain. The blossoms have more freshness and fragrance if plucked while the dew is upon them, and the peasants endeavor to have them delivered into the cool dark cellars of the perfume factories before the sun has touched them.

Especially in the early mornings, there-

fore, are the long flower-laden processions to be seen. Following them at this time through the steep narrow little streets of the town to the door of one of the largest perfume factories of Grasse, we saw the loads of flowers dumped before the low dark doorways, and gently pushed into great heaps in the cool inner rooms. We could literally have buried ourselves there in fragrant flower petals. Imagine a bed as wide as a room of pink rose petals, or of purple violets! Imagine pyramids, as high as haystacks, of spicy jonquils, or of hyacinth blooms, or of the waxen starry flowers of the jasmine! But alas, in one day these same beautiful flowers, converted into a mass of withered and blackened petals, are thrown into the garbage piles in the rear of the factory. They have been "treated" to the first process which wrests from them their perfume, and all their beauty is gone forever.

This first process of perfume-making, called "enfleurage," is a curious one. The flowers are carried as needed to an inner room, where a long table spread with layers of fresh lard, or fat torn from beef, is placed. Long rows of women are seated here whose work it is to stud this grease thickly with the lovely dainty flowers, which quickly give up their sweetness to the coarse prosaic fat.

That grease will draw the perfume from flowers is a secret that has been known to the dwellers of Grasse for two centuries, but it is only lately by the publication of a work on the art of perfumery by Septimus Piesse that the world generally has learned that the best perfumes are not made by distillation alone, but by *enfleurage* (inflowering).

In a few hours after the flowers have breathed their perfume into the fat, they become withered and worthless. They are then removed and replaced by others from the dewy heaps, which are brought in daily from the country, during the flower season, until the mass of fat has become saturated with the essence of a million flowers, and is itself perfume. Each time that a fresh supply of flowers is placed upon it the grease is slashed and serrated with a knife, and thoroughly worked over, so that a new absorbing surface is offered for the perfume. Usually only one variety of flower is placed in

A GARDEN IN GRASSE.

BASKET MAKERS.

the fat at a time, and the lard is held ready to receive it as long as that flower blooms, or until it is thoroughly soaked with essence. The fat is then chopped as fine as suet and placed into an infusion of alcohol, where it is left for several weeks. The perfume is then entirely extracted from the fat, which now becomes odorless, and can if desired be used again to extract odors from other flowers. This, briefly, is the simple process by which Grasse perfumers make the greater number of their essences.

When it was discovered that flowers do not hold their odors in glands, but breathe them forth only while they live, it was the people of this region who first began to devise means to catch fleeting breath, but who was the individual who at last discovered the humble agent that draws the sweets from flowers is not known.

Paradise is a name that might well be applied to this region of flowers. Acres of rosebushes are planted in rows along the fields, or trail over every old stone wall. There is one variety, the muscadine, a half-double pink rose, which is fragrant even to the tips of its long green sprays, and from which is made a perfume so pungent that it will drive away moths. The rose petals, both for being sugared and made into perfume, are gathered by women and children. Farther on millions of violets grow under the shade of gnarled old olive trees. These also are both for perfume and bonbons. The purple blooms are piled in panniers and carried to the waiting donkeys, or carts, by picturesque straw-hatted women who are scarcely less pleasing to the eye than the flowers. As one ascends the hill, jonquil and narcissus beds still holding blooms—though their bloom-time is before the roses—send sweet odors through the air. Overhead among the branches of orange trees the

WOMEN OF GRASSE.

waxen-white blossoms shine out from glossy green leaves, and add an odor too powerfully cloying to be agreeable.

Peasants perch themselves among the branches like so many monkeys and gather the blossoms that are to be made into orange-flower water, or "neroly." After seeing the vast quantity of the flowers grown it was easy to believe enough neroly is made annually to float a ship. The picking of the flowers extends over about a month, and gives employment to hundreds of men, women, and girls among the orange farms. It is said that the sickening perfume from so many orange flowers often causes people to fall from the trees in a state of syncope. It has been estimated that in the Valley of Var, surrounding Grasse, 1,475,000 pounds are grown. As each kilo, or two and a half pounds, will yield one gram of the precious substance, it may be said to constitute a large part of the riches of the district. The city of Cologne alone orders sixty thousand francs worth of neroly yearly, which is employed in the making of "Eau de Cologne." Neroly, which was given this name in honor of the emperor Nero, is not made by *enfleurage*, as are most other perfumes of Grasse, but by distillation. The fragrant flowers are put into a still and covered with water. When the water boils, the attar of roses rises with the steam and is condensed with it in the pipe. It then remains floating in the distilled water, from which it is easily separated.

BEGGARS IN GRASSE.

The foundations for nearly all other essences are jasmine, orange, violet, rose, tuberose, acacia, and jonquils. By combining these and ringing the changes upon their gamut of perfume, nearly all our familiar handkerchief scents are made. For example: An odor resembling sweet pea is gained by mixing jasmine and rose. Hyacinth is made by combining jasmine and tuberose. Violet is often mixed with tuberose to accentuate more strongly the odor of violet.

For certain other flowers the simple *enfleurage* is not considered enough, and there are other processes used. Roses, oranges, olives, and acacias are often treated to what is called "maceration," by which the flowers are infused in warm melted fat or oil for several hours, fresh flowers being added as the spent ones are strained away.

Passing from the rooms where the fat was being studded by innumerable starry flowers, we saw in upper rooms of the dark factory cans and vats of flower petals being treated to this last process. Some of these had been turned into presses from which perfume ran down in little streams. There were also huge churns for the making of pomades. Masses of perfumed fat had been

WASHERWOMEN OF GRASSE.

cut into bits and thrown into these and men in bare feet trod it into a soft paste before the churning process. In outer rooms women carried great cans of the finished pomade, rose-colored, scented, and ready to be put into cans to ship all over the world for the toilet tables of beauties.

Not yet sated with sweets, we turned away from the dark perfume factory into another dark lane, where we came upon a fabric for making candied fruits. Though one of the largest in Grasse, its exterior, like that of the perfume factory, was very poor and mean. But boxes of luscious sugared fruits, displayed on shelves in the humble little windows, told of the dainty industry inside. Most of the fruits known to us, except peaches, are grown in the Var Valley, and they were all represented in the dark interior, which was irradiated by the masses of beautiful fruits everywhere exposed to view. There were oranges, apricots, cherries, pears, pineapples, plums, and with them figs, nespoli, chinois (a dwarf orange), green almonds, chestnuts, violet and rose petals, all glistening with the coat of sugar which preserved them. But in the profusion of jars, racks, and bowls of sweets there was no confusion. Each was in a certain stage of its process, and each had its place.

Led by the odor of boiling sugar, we passed to a large kitchen with a long charcoal range occupying the middle of it. Men were bending over the different fires here and stirring in iron pots small quantities of the preserves. It is important that the fires shall be kept of slow and even temperature, and for this purpose charcoal fires are considered the best. Scattered upon the floors were bags of white sugar in lumps, and the whole air was filled with the sweet smell of "preserving time," reminding one of farmhouse summer kitchens at home. I looked for the bees from the flower-land outside to come flying in the doorway but none came. Perhaps they were too satiated with the millions of sweet blossoms in the sunny fields to care for these "sugar sweets." On every vacant spot around the fire stood bowls of apricots, pears, oranges, figs, and other fruits, as they had been taken from the preserving kettles, awaiting their turns to be put upon the drying racks. These racks, very shallow and made of wood, were placed one above the other and filled with sugared fruits carefully placed side by side to dry.

Outside of a brick court sat a row of aged

women, wrinkled old crones, who were preparing the small chinois and chestnuts for the fire. Peeling the rind from the small oranges, or with sharp knives in their skinny fingers, cutting off the shells from the chestnuts, which had been previously boiled until they were soft, these old women of Grasse formed a striking group against the stone wall. The big brown chestnuts were to be sugared with the fruits—the *marrons glacés* which we know in our French bonbon boxes. From here a long brick-floored passage led into large chambers on both sides. In these chambers were such stores of the sugared fruits that it seemed as if every "sweet tooth" in the world could be supplied from it. Bowls of red, green, and yellow glacéd fruits on shelves reached quite to the ceiling and shone out from the gloom in tempting array. Upstairs in the sunlight was a pretty show-room where fancy boxes and plates of the fruits were for sale at a good round sum—almost as much as might be asked for them in far-off America.

Cloyed at last with the sight of so many of the sweets of life crowded into this one morning among the perfume and fruit factories of Grasse, we turned to the hotel on a ridge above to order a substantial luncheon in which were *no* sweets. But though we omitted sweets for the palate, there were other sweets in this favored spot for both eye and nostril. In the hotel gardens were innumerable flowers we had not noticed elsewhere, and from its terraces opened wider and wider the lovely view of the Riviera below.

Knowing well the most beautiful spots of the Riviera, it was this hotel which Queen Victoria chartered for several successive winters. Close to it along the same terrace lies the sheltered villa of the Baroness Rothschild. Skilled gardeners have made of the gardens of this villa a veritable Eden. Roses in beds trailing on inclined trellises and over marble balustrades are grown here in the choicest variety, and here was propagated and christened that most beautiful rose, the "Baroness de Rothschild," well known to fashionable society in America.

THE RATE OF INTEREST IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

BY ELBERT SMITH.

IN entering upon any discussion of the probable rate of interest during the next twenty years it might be proper and profitable to compare the prevailing rates of to-day with those of twenty years ago.

In 1880, according to the census report for that year, there were outstanding state, territorial, county, city, borough, and school district bonds in this country to the amount of $1,117,585,000. With the single exception of government bonds, which are not included in the above total, these bonds were considered then, as now, the choicest, safest, and most desirable investment securities to be had.

In 1880, of the classes of bonds just enumerated, $23,370,000 drew interest at ten per cent; $49,788,000 drew eight per cent; $242,604,000 drew seven per cent; $516,832,000 drew six per cent; $160,110,000 drew five per cent; and the rather small remnant of the $1,117,000,000 drew interest at rates either unspecified or below five per cent. The average rate of interest on the entire issue of these choice state, county, and municipal bonds was 6.17 per cent. The bonds of the United States government were regarded then, as they are now, as the very highest and safest form of investment to be had in the world, involving absolutely no risk of loss, and the average rate of interest paid by them in 1880 was 4.63 per cent.

In 1890, ten years later, we find, according to the census report, that the total amount of state, county, township, city, and school bonds outstanding was $1,135,000,000, a very slight increase over 1880. The average rate of interest on the whole amount

of all public bonds, except governments, instead of being 6.17 per cent was 5.24 per cent. The average rate of interest on government bonds had fallen from 4.63 per cent in 1880 to 4.08 per cent in 1890. The average rate on state bonds in 1890 was 4.69 per cent, county bonds 5.72 per cent, municipal bonds of places with more than 4,000 population, 5.31 per cent; less than 4,000 population, 5.78 per cent; and school bonds, 5.99 per cent. It will be well to remember that loans to private individuals on mortgage or personal security probably averaged two per cent higher than bonds both in 1880 and 1890. Mr. Charles B. Spahr, in his book on the "Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States," says that the average recorded rate in 1890 on all obligations save bonds was 6¾ per cent. It is safe to say that the rate of interest to private borrowers the country over is to-day at least two per cent higher than the rate on public bonds. If the figures for the census of 1900 were available they would show that the decline in interest rates has been even more rapid during this decade than it was from 1880 to 1890. The average rate of interest to-day on the classes of bonds enumerated must be nearly forty per cent less than in 1880, and twenty-five per cent less than in 1890. Simply as an illustration, the state of New York sold in May, of the present year, $500,000 of bonds at a price which nets the investor slightly more than 2¾ per cent.

Why should interest rates have fallen so sharply from 1880 to 1890?

In 1880 the country was just fairly entered upon a period of marvelous industrial expansion, construction, activity, and confidence. Our resources in all directions were being rapidly exploited. New mines were being opened, large new areas were being brought under cultivation each year, and hundreds of millions were being invested in improvements and wealth-producing properties. The railroad mileage in 1879 was 79,000 miles exclusive of sidetracks, with a capital stock of $2,400,000 and gross annual earnings of $525,000,000. In 1898 the mileage had risen from 79,000 miles to 182,000 miles with a capital stock of five and one half billions of dollars, representing an actual cash outlay for road, equipment, right of way, etc., of nearly if not quite eleven billions of dollars, and making gross earnings of one and one fourth billions of dollars per year. The period of most active construction of new mileage ended about 1890 or 1892.

In all other directions during this period from 1880 to 1890 development proceeded at about the same pace. Cities built pavements and sewers, acquired water works plants, built schoolhouses, and spent vast sums for improvements. Manufacturing enterprises in wood, iron, steel, and textile products sprang up all over this land at a rate simply unprecedented. Yet in spite of this enormous development and the immense demand for working capital the interest rate steadily fell off.

Why was this? Many reasons will occur to readers. I will mention two of the plainest and easiest. Our country has been so thriving, so progressive, so prosperous that the accumulation of capital has gone on more rapidly than opportunities for its profitable use have presented themselves, great and numerous as these opportunities have been. There has been a striking increase of surplus wealth in all civilized countries during the last thirty years, but nowhere has the increase been anything like as rapid as in the United States. We have a larger area of fertile territory than any other country, and crowded Europe has taken all our surplus food crops. The coal, iron, copper, gold, silver, lumber, that we have taken from our hills and valleys in such enormous quantities have added just so much to our permanent wealth, to the amount of our floating or loanable capital. The single article of petroleum, pumped out of the ground, and every barrel of it clear gain, has made a multitude of millionaires. With our energetic population, energetic and vigorous by reason of the mixture of bloods and races, and with these superb natural resources so easily developed we could not help growing rich. The treasure

was fairly thrust upon us. The genius of Aladdin's lamp performed no greater miracle than has taken place among us. Investments in railroads, manufacturing plants, pavements, sewers, water works, schoolhouses, and the rest have not given sufficient vent, and the pressure of surplus unemployed capital has had largely to do with bringing about a decline in interest rates. In no European country has the decline been so marked as in our own.

The second reason that may be mentioned is that the increased ease of transportation and communication has tended to produce uniformity of interest rates throughout the entire world, and therefore a decline in this country to near the general level. I remember while in college of hearing about the inertia of capital, the disinclination of capital to emigrate, to go to a distance for investment. The owners of capital were perfectly ready to accept a much lower rate of interest on the spot than could be obtained on equally sound security at a comparatively short distance away. Thus the British capitalist would readily loan in London at three per cent, when in New York five per cent, in Chicago eight per cent, and in San Francisco twelve per cent, could be obtained with the security precisely as sound and conservative. This inertia, or disinclination to invest at a distance, was due to various causes into which we cannot now go. Better means of transportation and communication, together with improved banking facilities, are rapidly removing this inertia of capital. Swift steamships and railway trains and telephone and telegraph lines are every day making the world smaller. The New York banker instead of regarding Chicago as at the uttermost confines of civilization now considers it merely a suburb not much more distant than Jersey City. He can call up his Chicago agent and talk with him by 'phone when not so very long ago a week or even two weeks were required for a letter to go one way. Now the two cities although a thousand miles apart are practically one in business.

Henry George said eloquently that steam and electricity are not merely transporting goods and carrying messages. They are everywhere changing social and industrial organization. They are everywhere breaking down the barriers that have separated men and are integrating nations into one vast organism through which the same pulses throb and the same nerves tingle. We can surely add that these agencies tend to equalize interest rates and to create an acute financial sympathy throughout the entire world. The European rate of interest has long been from three to four and one half per cent on gilt-edged security, and the tendency for American rates to come down to the same level has been and is irresistible.

Enough of the past, now for the future. How far will the causes which have produced the decline in the last twenty years operate in the next twenty years? The question what will be the rate of interest during the next twenty years was asked in New York recently of a large number of bankers, insurance men, and financiers. A great variety of answers were returned, but there was substantial agreement that interest rates would go considerably lower during the twenty years to come. The rate agreed upon as most likely to prevail was from three to three and one half per cent, with three per cent predicted oftener than three and one half per cent. These men argue that the accumulation of surplus capital which has gone on with such amazing rapidity will continue to go on faster than opportunities come for profitable investment, and that competition for all classes of good bonds and other interest-bearing securities will be sharper. They point out that nearly all great railway systems will, as soon as they legally can, refund their bonded indebtedness with an issue carrying a much lower rate of interest. The Illinois Central, the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, have all refunded their outstanding obligations with three and one half per cent bonds, and all of these bonds are to-day selling at a premium, the New York Central selling as high as 113. It is also pointed out that the savings banks are hold-

ing a very large amount of high interest-bearing bonds that must soon be paid and that very many millions of dollars will have to be reinvested at whatever rate can be obtained.

It might be proper to remark here that much that has been paid as interest has really not been interest at all. The very minimum rate only can be considered as interest pure and simple and all above that minimum rate must be regarded as a premium for the insurance of the safety of the principal. Absolute safety can be reached in no financial transaction, but where the risk of loss is so small that it amounts to nothing in the mind of the lender, as in the case of government bonds, or rock bottom mortgages on business blocks in large and well-established cities, we have instances of interest pure and simple. The difference between interest on good bonds and that exacted from a private borrower on individual security must always be considered as insurance against the extra hazard of loss assumed by the lender. As the country grows older and conditions become more settled this insurance charge will become less.

Personally, the writer does not believe that interest charges on first-class securities can go much lower. We do not take the view that all or even most of our mines are opened up, our railroads all built, that no new directions for the investment of capital will be developed, and that a plethora of money will compel a still further lowering of rates. The minimum has about been reached. The rates in New York to-day are nearly as low as in London, they are as low as the rates in Paris and lower than those in Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. Our capital rather than accept much lower rates at home will seek investment in Europe, the West Indies, South America, the Philippines, Japan, and China. It is really no reason for congratulation that our interest rates should go so very low.

Surely we have not already reached the maturity of national old age. This young, vigorous, and comparatively sparsely settled country has just begun in the grand march of its industrial progress. We can support 500,000,000 people and then be less thickly settled than France. It seems to us that the money required to develop our newly acquired dependencies, and all the vast foreign fields that are being opened to our enterprise, together with that needed to develop further our own country, will keep interest rates up to near the present level for a hundred years. There is always a possibility, though happily growing less, of a war with some strong foreign power, or a general European war, and the consequent financial disturbance which would tend to stiffen rates for many years after its occurrence. Of course we must look for a lowering of rates on good real estate mortgages to keep pace with the rates on bonds. From four and one half to five per cent will undoubtedly be the average ruling rate on farm mortgages in 1919. The present high prices of railroad bonds and consequent low net rate is in a measure speculative and the reaction is already setting in.

When we consider the great trade balances in our favor and that rivers of gold are flowing from abroad into our banks and national treasury, that our manufacturers of steel and textile products are actually underselling English manufacturers in English markets and even on English soil, that millions of New York money is to-day loaned in Europe and subject to call, that crops are abundant and the price of labor and the products of labor improving, considering all these facts, one thing is certain, and that is that the financial supremacy of the world must soon rest with the United States.

SOME FRUITS OF THE REFORMATION.

BY ARTHUR W. KENNEDY.

II.

ANOTHER fruit of the Reformation was personal liberty in religious belief. Until the Reformation came, the Germans were slaves to the Church of Rome as much as the Jews were in bondage to the services of the temple until Christ came. Christ gave men personal liberty from the ceremonial laws under which the Jews had lived for hundreds of years. Luther gave men liberty from the religious customs of Rome. He traveled from place to place, preached, lectured, wrote pamphlets and tracts, and educated the people. He was a free religious lance until freedom came.

What was the pronounced idea presented by Luther to the people that stirred up such a religious commotion and revival? We all admit that men were moved by thought; that his teachings were an appeal to intelligence, and that subsequent religious movements in the world date their new spirit and life from the time of the Reformation. Justification by faith was the idea upon which Luther rested his reform. He found this thought in the great mine of truth and then found its meaning in his own heart. His understanding of it was comprehensive and it has never been corrected to this day.

With the searchlights of science, philosophy, and history and the experience of individuals in the church all directed upon Luther and his work, we look back at him and say that he understood justification by faith. The idea took possession of him and inspired him, until he believed in God and became conscious that God justified him and that this made him God's child. It exalted him above the then human church organization. He saw that as a responsible and accountable being he could stand apart from the world and make the bold declaration that man in his relations to God for time and eternity is justified by faith. Here he planted himself so firmly that nothing moved him. With this one thought he shook the thrones of nations till they have been toppling and falling ever since. The church was convulsed. Multitudes looked for new ground upon which to plant their religious belief and found it in justification by faith. Luther shook the whole world and moved it to think about God, to search for a new meaning in the Scriptures, until today Christian people in all parts of the world are dominated by Luther's interpretation of the Scriptures. Luther was awakened first. He was the first man reformed. In his own soul the fire burned first. He saw the priceless heritage of personal religious liberty, and the idea set him in motion to blaze his way among mankind with this axe of truth. He led men to worship at a new shrine. In a word, Luther led the church back to God. Not only dissenters were influenced, but the Roman Catholic Church, from which he had been cast out, felt the reaction and became better, purer, holier, and more the church of God, because Luther, her son, sounded a note of warning which in a measure she heeded. Melancthon says of Luther's first lectures on the Psalms and the epistles, that after a long and dark night a new day was now seen to dawn on Christian doctrine. Luther adopted his belief before he in the least suspected that it would lead to his separation from the Roman Catholic Church—of that he did not dream. He did not seemingly contemplate a reconstruction of the church.

Luther's new conception of God was a most difficult thing for the human mind to form. It is in our day. Men had recognized God as afar off, not to be found. They had hid themselves in the ritualisms and customs of the church. Luther saw that God loved all men, that he was approachable, and that the man who could believe in him would be justified. This struck

deep into the convictions of man. It aroused their manhood, and caused the individual to assert himself as a free religious being. This was the life and power of the Reformation.

As we look back from where we stand, we can see how liberty has inspired men to overthrow old customs and enact new laws. In the name of liberty constitutions have been born. In the name of liberty the church of God has been inspired to declare her convictions and beliefs. For liberty men have shed their blood and laid down their lives and erected republics. We sometimes think that no battles have been fought, that no victories have been won for personal liberty except in America. But in this we do not think wisely. Look at the wide-spread effects of the Reformation.

John Calvin, a Frenchman, residing in Geneva about the year 1834, wrote and published his religious works, basing them on the idea of man's responsibility to God. The five points of Calvinism were—election, reprobation, redemption, bondage of the will, grace, and final perseverance of the saints. Contradictory as they may seem, most of them were based upon the idea of man's accountability to God. Calvin's nature was harsh and austere, and it led him to dwell upon the justice of God and the total depravity of man. Some German cities accepted Calvin's views. Seven Swiss cantons, Scotland, and the Huguenots in France became his followers.

The idea underlying all of Calvin's preaching was the same thought that Luther presented—justification by faith—with this difference, Calvin lacked the moderation of mind which would allow prejudice to sleep. Luther taught and preached in moderation but with great power. Calvin did not tolerate any but his own views. He was a follower of Luther, but lacked Luther's moderation and worldly wisdom. Calvin was Luther, in theological and ecclesiastical disguise, marching on.

The Reformation impressed Switzerland so deeply that in Geneva the magistrates ·e put up this memorable in- ·h is still to be seen in the town house: "In remembrance of the divine goodness, by which he hath enabled us to shake off the yoke of anti-Christ, to abolish superstition, and to recover our liberty."

Luther's thought penetrated England. To be sure, Wyclif had done some preaching of the Scriptures before the Reformation. He translated the Bible into the vernacular of the people, but no concert of action had become manifest for the spread of his views. The Established Church of England to-day holds the practical idea that man is justified by faith. The Reformation penetrated the whole religious system in England and wrought a complete change. The Presbyterians, Puritans, and dissenters of every sort, in wars and in peace, with the English Bible and religious literature, have led the Church of England to tolerate all men who worship God by faith, whether in the church or on the street. The Salvation Army with drums and tambourines may worship on the streets of towns and cities all over England. Others may resort to their cathedrals with burning candles, counting of beads, and waving of censers. The spirit that was in Martin Luther has, like a fine ether, permeated the Established Church of England.

It is marvelous that in the course of half a century the doctrines of the Reformation gained a permanent footing in Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and England, and that during this time the Church of England was established.

Two classes of people appeared conspicuously at this time—the Puritans and Pilgrims. The Pilgrims were more thoroughly aroused than the Puritans and asserted themselves with more force. They differed from the Puritans in this: The Puritans endeavored to reform the church through the state. They wanted to reform the whole church at once by changes in its laws and forms. The Pilgrims believed that the reform must begin in separate congregations. Their theory was, reform the individual and then the individual will reform the nation. In 1620 a company of these Pilgrims sailed from Delfthaven and in December landed at Plymouth. They brought to this continent and planted in

New England soil the idea of the Reformation—justification by faith. That was the beginning of religious liberty here. More than a hundred years later John Wesley and Whitefield came to this country declaring the same view, making a plea for the same sort of liberty. Wesley taught assurance, sanctification, free will, and free grace, and thus began in this new world a movement directly the opposite of Calvin's movement, in the freedom of its spirit and in the largeness of its comprehension; teaching that all who are justified by faith are saved by God. The Reformation was the basis of Wesley's movement. Thus wave after wave of discussion, wave after wave of spiritual influence swept over the religious world. Though far apart, yet they have a logical connection with each other and with events in the United States of America. In this country the liberty which every man enjoys to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience so long as he preserves good order and the public peace, is a fruit of the Reformation, and American Christians are debtors to Luther and the Reformation for a great deal of the momentum given to the cause of religious liberty.

The Pilgrims came here, the Puritans came, John Wesley and Whitefield came, all the churches that believe in God came, and now the churches in this new world turn around and send men to the older nations of the world to preach justification by faith, and the Scripture is literally fulfilled—a little child shall lead them.

One lesson to be learned from all this is that every great religious reformer was a dissenter—Luther and Melancthon, Calvin, Zwingli, Milton, Bunyan, and John Wesley. In an old church organization men become conservative. This has been the case in all the old churches. But these men broke the bonds that bound them and, becoming free in their religious belief and action, liberated their brethren the world over.

With this triumph of personal religious liberty came another achievement which may be traced directly to the Reformation. A philosophy which would be in harmony with religious liberty and religious life was needed. The personal liberty given men in all parts of Europe by the Reformation reached outside of the church and moved men in fields of science to think for themselves. Thus it was that a new philosophy came into the world, which was to demonstrate the power of the human mind to explain its own existence.

Francis Bacon was called the founder of modern philosophy. He wanted a method of investigation which would lead to actual knowledge. It was his theory that study should be engaged in mastering the secret thoughts of nature and in applying them to use. Rigid and pure observation, aided by experiment to be deduced from careful investigation and comparison of phenomena, was his method. In 1605 he published "The Advancement of Learning" and inaugurated a new era in the history of English literature and science.

Descartes is a name that philosophers adore. To him the Christian church is indebted. He founded all positive knowledge on the basis of self-consciousness. He clearly saw the relation between consciousness and existence, and he expressed it in these words, "I think, therefore I exist." It was a discovery—it was finding the missing link between the soul and body. And this one idea proved the basis of a Christian philosophy which has worked greater changes in metaphysics than the teachings of any modern philosopher. It was in 1641 that this great metaphysical work was published. Theories and speculations gave a great impulse to philosophical inquiry.

Here were philosophers who had been born in the soil of the Reformation. Reared under its fostering influence, they breathed their theories into the life of the church, making a new argument in favor of personal liberty. And who does not believe that the awakening which comes from faith in God enlarges the mind and creates in it desires for knowledge and personal pursuit of such knowledge?

It is equally true that in some such way scientific teaching was reformed. Galileo

taught the theory that the apparent revolution of the heavens is caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis. It was thought that he was a heretic and that he attacked the Scriptures. Seemingly he may have opposed the church, the power at Rome persecuted him, but the type of personal liberty he exercised was two centuries in advance of his times, so that the devotees of the Reformation ultimately came to believe that Galileo was a reformer in the scientific world as Luther was in the Christian world, for he appeared after 1564, and the fact that he was kept under surveillance for the latter part of his life makes him not only a reformer but a martyr to science and the cause of personal liberty in scientific investigation.

The same may be said of Sir Isaac Newton, who, after 1642, became an apostle of personal liberty in the scientific world. He discovered the law of gravity which holds the planets in their orbits and became an illustration of the sublime truth that a free man may think for himself, speak his views, and, like a man with God-given powers and rights, declare his convictions to the world.

These were the beginnings of philosophy and science which were to march with the Reformation to conquer the world of thought, to be helpful to one another, and to make their declarations to men in every part of the world. Man is born free. He may believe in God, may investigate nature, may speak from his own consciousness and assert himself as a creature that has a Divine Father, having not only liberty but independence, so that every man may become a power by reason of the mind that is in him and the awakened religious nature that he enjoys.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

BY FRANK HEYWOOD HODDER.

PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

AFTER the lapse of more than a century historians are for the first time treating our American Revolution with some degree of impartiality. It is perhaps too early to expect them to extend the same impartiality to the struggle that preceded and culminated in our great Civil War. Most of the books about it are the work of participants upon one side or the other, who seek to vindicate themselves. A few attempts have been made to set forth impartially the point of view of each side, but there is still little charity for the men of either side who sympathized in any degree with the other, for the northern men with southern principles or the southern men with northern principles. Both are still summarily disposed of as selfishly seeking their own political advantage at the expense of their own sections.

Of the great leaders during the period preceding the Civil War, no one has fallen great a height as Stephen A. Douglas. No great political reputation has suffered so total an eclipse as his. His name is naturally associated with that of his great opponent. Lincoln's fame, comparatively slight in his own day, has grown steadily brighter and brighter since his death, while Douglas' name, great and powerful during his own life, has dwindled almost to nothingness. "Stephen Arnold Douglas, with the accent on the Arnold," writes Von Holst, the great German authority upon our history, and his judgment has been accepted as final by a large number of American readers. Is it fair, is it just—that is the question.

Let us first briefly review the principal events of Douglas' life. He was born in 1813 at Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont. The death of his father threw the boy upon his own resources. His early years were spent on a farm. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker and worked two years at that trade. After that he spent

four years in study in the old-time academy, first in his native town and later at Canandaigua, New York, the latter part of this time reading law in a local office. According to accounts he was a brilliant student and early developed a talent for public speaking and political controversy. In the summer of 1833, when just past twenty, Douglas decided to seek his fortune in the West. A serious illness at Cleveland nearly exhausted his resources. Leaving Cleveland, he made his way to Jacksonville, Ill., where he arrived with thirty-seven cents in his pocket. Fortunately securing a three months' school at Winchester, sixteen miles distant, he was able to support himself until he could finish his preparation for the bar. Returning to Jacksonville in March of 1834, Douglas was admitted to the practice of law and opened an office, being then not quite twenty-one years of age.

Douglas certainly went up like a rocket, however his reputation may have come down like a stick. Devoting himself to politics, he gained instant prominence as the champion of Jackson and his policy. In less than a year after his admission to the bar he was elected by the legislature states attorney for the first judicial district. In 1835 he was elected to the legislature, and in 1837 he was appointed register of the land office at Springfield. Immediately thereafter Douglas was nominated for Congress, though not yet of the required age. In the election that followed he was defeated in a vote of 36,000 by a majority of only fourteen, on account, it is claimed, of the illegal rejection of ballots because of mistakes in writing his name. In January, 1841, he was appointed secretary of state, and a month later was elected by the legislature a judge of the Supreme Court. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and was reelected in 1844 and 1846. Before taking his seat for a third term in the House, Douglas was chosen United States senator by the legislature, was reelected in 1853, and again in 1859. Thus from February, 1835, until his death in June of 1861, a period of over twenty-six years, Douglas was constantly in public life. Eighteen of these years were spent in Congress, four in the House, and fourteen in the Senate. During the same period Lincoln served three terms in the state legislature and one in Congress.

The issue of internal improvements was an important one at the time that Douglas entered public life. In the West especially it amounted almost to a mania, and the advocacy of extravagant undertakings was an easy way to popular favor. The session of the state legislature of which Douglas was a member adopted an elaborate system of improvements which completely failed and hopelessly involved the state in debt. After the collapse of the state system attention was directed toward Congress. From the time Douglas entered that body an attempt was made to secure a land grant to a private corporation in aid of the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad. A bill for the purpose was introduced at every session and as often failed of passage. Douglas opposed it upon the ground that the land grant ought to be made directly to the state. Soon after his transfer to the Senate, he introduced a bill for that purpose and in spite of strong opposition secured its passage in 1850. Douglas afterward said: "If ever a man passed a bill, I did that one. I did the whole work and was devoted to it for two entire years." This was the first railroad act that bore actual fruit, and it initiated the system of land grants for railroads that prevailed until the Pacific Railway legislation of 1862. Under this act the state of Illinois incorporated the Illinois Central Railroad Company and transferred to it the lands ceded to the state in return for an annual payment of seven per cent of the gross receipts of the company. This has ever since proved an important source of income to the state. The amount paid by the company last year was $625,000, and in all the state has received over sixteen and a half million dollars. If Douglas had done nothing else, this act alone would entitle him to the grateful remembrance of the people of Illinois.

In foreign politics Douglas was aggressively American, or what in modern political phrase would be termed "jingo." He

warmly supported the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the claim to all of Oregon, and at a later day defended attacks upon Cuba and aggressions in Central America. As early as 1848 a campaign caricature represents him as exclaiming, "Young America wants progress. I am for the annexation of Cuba, Canada, Mexico, and Japan." It is unfair to say, as the Whigs did then and Whig historians do now, that territorial expansion was exclusively the result of a desire for extension of slavery. That was undoubtedly a prime motive, but other considerations moved large numbers of people. The same feeling is strong to-day, though slavery has passed away. Now, as then, it is made up of human sympathy for suffering and human greed for national gain. Though we may not approve the mode and the motive of some of our territorial acquisitions, we must admit that our splendid territory and unprecedented national development are the result of the policy of which Douglas was the ardent supporter. We cannot approve the doctrine that evil may be done that good may come, but candor compels us to recognize the fact that good has come.

The acquisition of foreign territory precipitated the controversy over slavery. The first territory acquired by the United States was Louisiana. The status of slavery in that territory was settled in 1820 by the Missouri Compromise. By the terms of the compromise, slavery was prohibited in all of Louisiana north of the parallel of 36°, 30′, except Missouri, and was permitted in Missouri and by implication in that part of the territory south of Missouri. The next acquisition of territory was Texas. In that case the slavery question was settled by an extension of the line of the Missouri Compromise. The Mexican War resulted in another increase of territory, which again raised the question of slavery. Northern men generally desired to prohibit slavery in all of the newly acquired territory and attempted to do so by the Wilmot Proviso. Southern men desired to allow slavery in all territory or at least to divide it by an extension of the Missouri line. The rapid settlement of California and its organization as a free state presented an obstacle to the adoption of the latter policy.

Douglas was chairman of the committee on territories almost from the time that he entered Congress. In that position it became his duty to frame and report the bills for the organization of the new territory. He therefore introduced in the Senate bills for the admission of California and the organization of Utah and New Mexico. These bills provided for the admission of California as a free state and for the organization of Utah and New Mexico without any provision as to slavery, leaving it to the people of each territory to admit or exclude it as they should see fit. Clay now proposed a comprehensive plan for adjusting all the questions relating to slavery that were disturbing the peace of the Union, by a series of measures. Douglas' bills were referred to his committee and by him reported with slight changes to the Senate. These changes were subsequently struck out and the bills were passed in the exact form in which they were originally proposed. Douglas may therefore be properly regarded as the author of all that part of the great Compromise of 1850 that related to the organization of the new territory. It was based upon what he considered the great principle of allowing the people of a territory to regulate their own affairs in their own way. It had the additional advantage of quieting the country by removing the settlement of the slavery question from Congress.

"The issues of all human action are uncertain. No man can undertake to predict positively that even virtue will meet with its full reward in this world; but this much may be said with entire certainty that he who succeeds in marrying his name to a great principle achieves a fame as imperishable as truth itself." With these words in eulogy of Douglas Senator Hunter closed his speech upon the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. What could more strikingly illustrate the fallibility of human judgment. The service which Douglas undoubtedly expected would win for him the highest prize in the gift of the people and a permanent place in the

galaxy of American statesmen has cast the shadow that obscures his reputation. From the time that he entered Congress, Douglas annually introduced bills for the organization of some part of the vast tract of territory between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, which was then known as "the Indian country." The admission of California rendered the organization of this territory both more important and more difficult. It was more important because it was necessary to connect the new state with the remainder of the country; it was more difficult because in California the North gained an extra state. The South was at a loss for a slave state with which to restore the equilibrium. Slavery would not flourish upon the barren soil of Utah and New Mexico. The North would not permit the organization of a slave territory in that part of the Louisiana purchase consecrated to freedom by the Compromise of 1820. The South would not permit the organization of a free territory there, as it would develop into a free state and still further increase the advantage of the North. Still the organization of this territory was an indispensable necessity to the development of the country.

Douglas sought to cut the Gordian knot by applying the principle of the Compromise of 1850, which had apparently brought peace to a distracted people. The act for the organization of Kansas and Nebraska provided in the exact words of the Utah and New Mexico acts that these territories should be admitted into the Union as states, with or without slavery, as their constitutions at the time of their admission should prescribe. Thus Douglas hoped to organize the territories and at the same time maintain the peace of the Union by excluding the question of slavery from Congress. It was an application of the principle that the people of every community have a right to govern themselves—the principle upon which the Revolution was fought and won—the principle which Douglas now christened "popular sovereignty." The idea was not original with him but he made it his own by his championship.

The adoption of the principle of popular sovereignty involved the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and brought down a storm of reproach upon its author. Douglas said that he could ride from Boston to Chicago by the light of his burning effigy by night and in sight of his hanging effigy by day. For the first time in his life he was unable to pacify the mob that greeted him upon his return to Chicago. He was confronted by three principal charges: first, that he had wantonly destroyed the peace that the Compromise of 1850 had brought; second, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was a violation of a solemn compact between the sections and a gross breach of faith; and third, that his object was to secure the support of the South and by means of it win for himself the presidency. Douglas replied that the organization of the territories was a necessity and that the only means of effecting it was to refer the question of slavery to the people of the territories, that the Missouri Compromise was subject to repeal like any other act of Congress, and that the North had violated its letter by resisting the admission of Missouri in 1821 and had repudiated its spirit by refusing to extend the compromise line to the Pacific.

That Douglas expected his measure to win favor in the South was probable, but it was legitimate to create the issue, if he honestly believed it to be right. A man's motive is his secret and is presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty. There is not a particle of evidence to show that Douglas did not himself believe that the application of the principle of popular sovereignty to the territories was for the best interest of the country. It was entirely possible to believe that the experiment would succeed as it had apparently succeeded in 1850. Lincoln and Seward created the issue that "this government could not permanently endure half slave and half free," "that the United States must sooner or later become entirely a slave-holding or entirely a free-labor nation." This issue was not less likely than Douglas' to provoke sectional strife. It

proved to be right and its authors are lauded as statesmen. Douglas proved to be wrong and is denounced as a demagogue.

In the heat of political controversy, each side charges the other with insincerity. A later generation finds that one was right and the other wrong, or more often that each was partly right and partly wrong but that both were equally sincere. Hamilton and Jefferson furnish a good illustration. Each distrusted the other and each believed that the other's influence threatened the very existence of the government. We now see that both were sincere, that in some respects both were mistaken, but that both contributed elements essential to the development of the republic. May not a later generation at least find that Lincoln and Douglas were equally sincere?

The parallel between Webster and Douglas is a striking one. Most men who profoundly influence their times are dominated by single ideas. The key-note of Webster's career from his reply to Hayne to his 7th of March speech was devotion to the constitution and the Union. When he supported the Fugitive Slave Bill, he supported a right that no one ever denied that the constitution guaranteed to the South. He was immediately denounced as a traitor to his section, charged with seeking by corrupt means to secure the presidency, and overwhelmed with abuse that embittered his life and still dims his memory. Only within a few years are historians beginning to see that his course was consistent with his record. Douglas' career was controlled by faith in the right of the people to govern themselves and by devotion to the interests of the West. Both ideas determined his course in the Kansas-Nebraska controversy. If they bore evil fruit, they also bore good fruit. The West would not be what it is to-day had he not opened it to settlement. The act that enabled the South to carry slavery into Kansas enabled the North to save her to freedom. What the result of leaving California permanently severed from the Union would have been cannot be told.

Douglas' course, like Webster's, was consistent with his record. Both men were behind the best thought of their day on the subject of slavery. In the pursuit of certain great purposes they neglected others. That they did so was unfortunate, but it does not condemn them to infamy. Political progress in this country has resulted from the efforts of a succession of statesmen, each striving for particular ends. Washington and Hamilton stood for the establishment of efficient government, Jefferson and Douglas stood for democracy and territorial development, Webster and Clay stood for the constitution and the preservation of the Union, Lincoln and Seward stood for the restriction of slavery by every constitutional means. Let all receive credit for what they did or tried to do. Let us not disparage any.

The Kansas-Nebraska Act was a turning point in the life of Douglas and in the history of the United States. It brought on the Kansas struggle, that issue enabled the Republican party to secure control of the government, and that event precipitated the war. The first stage of the Kansas conflict consisted of the struggle to secure control of the territorial government, the second stage was marked by the attempt to compel the adoption of a pro-slavery constitution. As soon as the administration tried to force upon Kansas a constitution to which the majority of her people were opposed, Douglas courageously revolted. Buchanan warned him that "no Democrat had ever opposed his party without being crushed," but Douglas was undaunted. He had pledged his honor to allow the people of Kansas to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way and he kept his promise. His manly course secured the applause of the Republicans but divided his own party, leaving him at the head of the northern wing.

Douglas' name was coupled with the presidency almost from the beginning of his political career. As early as 1848 he was recommended for that office by the democracy of Illinois. In 1852 the contest lay between Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, and Douglas. Cass, Buchanan, and Marcy were "old war horses," and Douglas was

put forward in opposition to them as the candidate of "Young America." The convention, being unable to agree upon any of the prominent leaders of the party, nominated a "dark horse" in the person of General Pierce. In 1856 the contest narrowed down to Buchanan and Douglas. Buchanan was considered by the politicians the more available candidate, as he had been absent from the country and was therefore not involved in the exciting controversies that had recently taken place. On the sixteenth ballot the vote stood 168 for Buchanan to 122 for Douglas. Buchanan having received a majority, Douglas patriotically withdrew, in order to give him the necessary two-thirds vote and the nomination. The Illinois state campaign of 1858 was the prelude to the national campaign of 1860. Lincoln, nominated by the Republicans to contest Douglas' re-election to the Senate, challenged him to a series of joint debates. Douglas accepted the challenge with reluctance. He was himself the most conspicuous man in public life, while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. He had nothing to gain by meeting Lincoln and everything to lose, while Lincoln had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The contest was the most remarkable one of the kind that has ever taken place. Both sides claimed the victory. The logic of events has given it to Lincoln. Douglas won the immediate prize, while Lincoln two years later secured the Republican nomination for the presidency as the result of his canvass.

Of Douglas' loyalty to the Union there was never any question. During the presidential campaign he boldly told the people of the South that they had no right to secede. At Lincoln's inauguration he occupied a prominent place on the platform near the president. Immediately after the attack on Sumter he called on Lincoln and pledged his support of any measures necessary for the defense of the government. No appeal made in that great crisis was finer than the address he delivered a few days later before the legislature of Illinois.

> Whenever our government is assailed, when hostile armies are marching under rude and odious banners against the government of our country, the shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war. The greater the unanimity the less blood will be shed. The more prompt and energetic the movement, and the more important it is in numbers, the shorter will be the struggle.

In his last public speech, made on the 1st of May in Chicago, Douglas said:

> There are only two sides to this question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots and traitors.

Worn out by the labor and disappointment of the campaign, Douglas sank rapidly under the attacks of an acute disease and died on the 3d of June, 1861, when but little past his forty-eighth year. His last words framed a message to his absent sons. "Tell them," he said, "to obey the laws and to support the constitution of the United States." Everywhere in the North his death was regarded as a national calamity. Had he lived he might have kept his party from wavering in the crisis of the war.

All in all, Douglas must be accorded an important place in our history. In the controversies preceding the Civil War he played a larger part than any other statesman. That he was a politician cannot be denied. Every man who has gained prominence in American politics has done so by dint of able political management. The ideal state of society in which the office seeks the man rather than the man the office has never yet been realized. That he attained the highest rank of statesmanship cannot be claimed. He was too much given to shrew management and sharp parliamentary practice. Winning in person and powerful in debate, he was the idol of friends and the terror of enemies. His ability has never been questioned. His honesty and patriotism have never been disproved. The history of today is too much colored by the partisan invective of yesterday. The generation that has given to Abraham Lincoln, so little appreciated during his life, the full measure of praise that is so justly his due has underrated the honesty, the ability, and the patriotism of Stephen A. Douglas.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK rose next morning in a flutter of good spirits; flung up his window, drank deep of the quick air, broke presently into song, and cut a caper across the floor. How glorious was the morning; how splendid the young warmth of the sun; everything was gay, fresh, beautiful: to be alive, quoth Frank, was very heaven. He felt so happy. That was to be a day of days. It had opened well; how much better was it to end, with Marian back, and the boy, and all things going as they had used! No more gloom, no more loneliness: he was going with open arms to carry Marian back. He would take no denials. She must believe him. He was so penitent; so changed; never again should he suffer a cloud to darken Marian's face. His dear wife Marian! The best woman in the world, Rab had called her; and Rab was right. He knew it now; had known it all along; only—well, he had been careless.

What was that? Suppose, went the voice, Marian refuses to come? Refuses to forgive you? Refuses perhaps to see you again? Absurd, answered Frank. He would take no refusals; he meant carrying all before him with the ardor of husband and lover. Yes, went the voice again; but suppose you bring Marian back only to a life of silence and mistrust? You can make her come; yes. But the deeper the love, so Rab said, you remember, the deeper the wound; would it not be wise, Frank Barry, to give the wound time for the healing? No, you say vehemently. You are determined to go. Then go; and the gods prosper your going. Only, whispered the voice, don't be too sanguine, Frank; think a while, Frank, think a while. All that Rab said last night was God's truth; but his was only the counsel, the doing is yours; see to it, Frank, that the doing be wise.

Immediately Frank began to argue with himself (or, if you like, with that sober voice of his other self), so soon always did he begin to waver; and so, that morning of the day of days, it was with him. One thought led to another, this doubt bred the next; now he was ablaze with hope and enthusiasm, now shivering in their handful of ashes. He said, "In an hour I will go"; then, "Perhaps better wait a little longer"; then, "Maybe it were wise to wait till morning": at last, evening having just come, rose up suddenly, said, "I'm going, Rab, I'm going," and went.

It took him half an hour, so greatly even now did he waver, to go the little distance that lay between home and Marian; it was only with half a heart that he turned at last through the green gate, stepped doubtfully to the dad's door, and knocked.

The mother answered him; drew him in, and broke into tearful welcome.

"Ah, Frank, how glad I am to see you. I knew you would come. I've been expecting you all day. Frank, I dreamed last night that all was well again. I knew you would come." She came quite close and whispered: "They're all in the garden, and the maid is out for the evening. Listen; you can hear the boy's chatter. Shall I say you've come?"

"No. Just let things be, mother. I'll manage," said Frank; the next minute was standing beneath the old pear tree and crying, with hands outstretched: "Here I am, Marian; here I am!" He stooped over her chair and kissed her; then greeted the dad, snatched the boy from his knee, and hugged him to himself. "Ah, my son, my son! Let me look at your bonny face. My own wee man! How I've missed you." The dad rose and moved away. Again Frank turned to Marian. "Ah, Marian, it has been so lonely at home, and cold, and miserable. Like a tomb it has been these days and days." Still holding the child to

himself, he dropped on one knee by his wife's chair. "Marian," said he, "won't you speak to me? Look at me; look at me." Slowly Marian raised her eyes; but there was no gladness in them, none. "And now smile, Marian; do, my dear. And speak, Marian, speak." But Marian neither smiled nor spoke; and, seeing that, Frank's heart grew chill. "What! Not a word?" He looked away; kissed the boy and answered something to his prattle; once more turned and spoke. "Listen, Marian. I've something to say to you, and I must say it. I've come to bring you back. I've come to tell you—"

Then Marian found words.

"Not here; oh, not now. Come," said Marian; then rose and moved toward the house; and after her, over the dad's grass-plot and past the glory of his summer flowers, past the dad himself and the mother too, bending their old backs over imaginary weeds, went Frank with the child in his arms—followed her through the parlor, and up into the little back bedroom which still was known as hers.

Marian crossed, looked down upon the garden and the old folk standing there; shut the window, turned, and stood waiting. Frank closed the door, sat the boy on the bed, kissed him, and gave him a toy.

"There, my son," said he, patting the wee head; "be good for a little while. Papa will soon take you again—soon take you again," repeated Frank; then wheeled quickly and took a step from the bed.

"Marian," said he, "how much longer, I ask you, is all this to continue? Don't you think you have punished me quite enough? Suppose me the greatest of criminals, am I not still your husband and at least worth the trouble of an answer?"

Not a word could Marian say. Frank took another step toward her.

"Great heavens!" cried he, "what has come to you? Do you know what you are doing? Answer me, Marian; you must answer me! Do you know, I say, what you are doing?"

There came a moment or two of silence, broken only by the deep swelling of Frank's breath and the gurgle of the boy over his play; a little while of silence, with Marian standing rigid by the dressing-table, and Frank facing her with clenched hands and blazing eyes. "Do you know?" he repeated; and at the words Marian looked at him.

"Know?" she said huskily and slowly. "Yes, I know." She stopped; drew a breath that was half a sob, and raised a hand to her cheek. "Oh," she said, "I don't know what has come to me. I'm not myself. I can't speak. I feel numbed. The life seems to have gone from me. Frank, Frank," she cried; "let me be! Give me time. I can't, I can't!"

The cry was piteous. Had it come sooner perhaps Frank had heard, and done wisely. But now he was in no mood to understand.

"Give you time? You can't? You mean, you won't," said Frank. "You mean that it is I who have numbed you, and taken the life from you? You mean that still you believe your own imaginings rather than my words, believe me more guilty, far more guilty, than I am?"

"No, no," said Marian. "It's not that."

"Not that. Then, in heaven's name, what?"

"It's this," answered Marian. "I've lost my trust in you, Frank. It's gone, and I can't get it back."

Then Frank remembered what Rab had said; and the remembering, coming like an echo to Marian's words, brought him a glimpse of his better self. He came nearer.

"Yes," said he. "It's that, Marian? Well, and I have come to tell you—to help you get it back. Listen to me, Marian. I've come to bring you home. You must come. I've come to tell you again, and over and over, that, as God's my judge, I've told you the truth. Hear me," said Frank, as she shook her head, "hear me out. I know I've done wrong. I acknowledge it again. I deserve to be punished. I'm willing to be punished. But, Marian, there are other ways than this. You have lost your trust in me, you say. Well, I

know that. But can't I help you to get it back? See: I'll do everything. I'll make all reparation, Marian. You'll find me ever so much better, ever so much. There's nothing I won't do. Only, you must come back with me—now, to-night. I'll take no denials." He laid his hand on her arm. "Come, Marian," said he pleadingly. "All the trust will come back, one day, you know."

"Ah, but will it?" cried Marian at that. "How can it, how can it? It's dead—dead. I'm like stone. I trusted you so entirely. And now—now—"

"Now I've come for you, Marian."

A moment Marian stood there in the gathering dusk, stood looking steadfastly across at the boy, with eyes that never saw him; a moment stood wavering, then shivered and cried:

"If I only knew; if I only were sure! Oh, no, no; not yet! I dare not. Give me time, Frank. Give me time. It will all come right some day. Frank," she went on, as calmly as she might, "it's wiser not. If I went now, we should—should only hate each other. I couldn't be the same to you, nothing the same. No matter how I tried, you must see how I felt, and must dislike me for it. Perhaps hate me. You would do your best at first, but—oh, I know how it would be. And I couldn't help it, try as I might. No, no, Frank! Let me be. Wait a while. It's wisest."

Then said Frank:

"Marian, I believe you hate me now."

"No, no," came back hurriedly; "not that; oh, not that. It's——"

"What?"

"My love for you seems dead, Frank."

"It's the same thing."

"No, no, Frank. Oh, don't say that! Surely you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," said Frank musingly, not as though he pitied Marian, not as though her words had come as a blow which some, in his place, might think worse than mortal; not this or that, but just as one speaks pitying himself in face of an injury. "I understand. A dead trust? Now a dead love? A dead love," he mused, ing bitterly.

"Frank," cried Marian, "be just to me. It isn't dead. No, no; I couldn't think that. But it seems gone. I can't help it. I've tried—oh, how I've tried! Give me time, Frank; just a little longer." From her heart Marian spoke, and with her hands out stepped toward Frank.

It was a supreme moment, a moment of halt and choice at the parting of the ways; this tracking out through the sunshine, that going crookedly for darkness and the wilds. And Frank Barry held it in his unworthy hand, Frank whom the piper had by the heel.

"Time," said he. "Just a little longer? And what then, pray? What of my trust and my love? What of the days I must spend in loneliness, while you strive to get back what you should never have lost? Your love and your trust! Oh, they were easily lost. You were quick to believe ill of me, quicker still to go and leave me. Well, be it so. Have your way. Who cares?"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Marian. "Oh, my God, Frank!"

"Who cares?" Frank went on, with a fine air of indifference. "I don't, not a jot. Three days or three years; it's much the same. Stay, my dear, as long as ever you like."

Marian had drawn back, and stood now by the dressing-table, leaning upon it, her figure rigid, lips tight, and in her eyes the look of one who is stricken.

"Don't give any thought to me at all," Frank continued; "just do your best to enjoy yourself. I'll do that, I assure you. Never mind what people say. I won't. Stay as long as ever you wish; and some day in the dim future, when you think—never mind about the dim future. The present and past are quite enough just now. And don't think I'll come troubling you. I came a day or so ago and you refused to see me——"

"No, no," cried Marian, "I did not. I said then what I say now, that it is better to wait. I said—oh, no matter, no matter," cried Marian. "For God's sake, go, and torture me no more."

"I'm going," said Frank. "And I'll

torture you no more. Believe me, I have no wish to be repulsed a third time. Twice is quite enough."

"It's false, I say." Marian stepped forward. "I never repulsed you; I do not now. Oh, and if I did, how easily, how very easily you accept—" Bitter words were on Marian's tongue, but wisely and in time she stayed them; and staying them resolved to add not another word to this pitiable scene.

"Yes?" Frank questioned. "Please keep on." Marian bit her lip. "Oh, very well. Perhaps you are wise. I think you are."

He turned to the door; and turning, in the dim light of evening, had sight of the boy lying on the bed, feet in air and playing with his hands. A step or two, and Frank was bending over him.

"Ah, my son," he said; "my little man! How can I leave you? How can I do without you?"

There was a step behind him; he looked round, and there stood Marian, a world of pity, and of forgiveness, maybe, shining in her eyes. But Frank never saw it. Quickly he snatched the boy from the bed and held him to himself.

"No," he said, "I won't go without you. You're mine. He's mine, I say," said Frank defiantly, and clutching the boy desperately to his breast looked Marian in the eyes. "You can't keep him. He's mine, I say. Mine!"

Without a word, Marian came close, caught the boy with both hands, and so stood holding him; not fashioning a word, but just meeting Frank's look with eyes in which was now nor pity nor forgiveness, but the burning fierceness of outraged motherhood only; stood there holding the boy and drawing him to her, slowly and relentlessly, while Frank, as if fascinated by the wonder in her eyes, gradually let fall his hands, moved back, turned, and silently went out.

He went down the stairs, sat a minute in the parlor; then stepped out into the garden. Twilight had come. The air was fresh, still, laden with the perfume of flowers. He came to the grass-plot; there had dim sight of the dad and the mother, standing by the old pear tree. Should he speak? he asked himself. He had something to say to the mother; they were anxious, he knew; he might not see them again for long enough. Should he speak? No. How could he, and that scene not yet five minutes old? How could he, and Marian's look still burning in his brain? Ah, that look! Like a tigress over her cubs she had stood, fixing him with eyes of fierce defiance. Defiance? Yes, and hatred. It was all the boy now. Well, so be it. Devil cared.

He turned, crept along the path past the flowers, went through the parlor, and coming to the stair foot paused there on his way to the door. What was Marian doing? he wondered. Had he done right? Was he doing right even then? He had left her without a word. Should he go back, just to say good-by, have a last look at the boy? . . . Hush! Was that a sob? Yes. He must go back! . . . Yet why? She was not sobbing for him; it was over the boy. Ah, the boy, the boy! How could he leave him? What might happen before he saw him again? Oh, it was like the pains of hell!

"Let me go; let me go," cried Frank, within himself. "I'm a fool. No one cares for me now. Good-by," he said, and waved a mock farewell up the stairs; "oh, good-by all. And now," said he, stepping across the threshold; "now for home and duty—and," he added, "the devil knows what."

CHAPTER XIII.

VERY late that night, Frank pushed back his chair from the study table, took up a letter which he had just written, and began reading it. Slowly he read, now weighing a sentence as he looked at the lamp, now repeating a phrase aloud; presently rose and, as he paced to and fro between door and window, declaimed the letter to himself. Listen to Frank:

DEAR MARIAN:

For three hours and more, I have sat patiently and impartially considering the matter that has come between us. Very minutely I have scrutinized my side of the account, leaving nothing unnoticed, whether of good or ill; with equal care have I sur-

veyed your side of the account, and to the best of my poor ability striven to be fair to you, and to see things from your point of view. . . .

I need not go over ancient history. I have no wish to reopen wounds. It is not now my desire to discuss affairs, or to complicate and entangle them further; above all, have I no wish to write bitterly, or complainingly or pleadingly. The time for these things is past. You have said your say; I mine. You have your view of things; I mine. You have decided on a course of action, and are taking it; I also have now decided—not impulsively, you understand, not without patient deliberation—on my course of action, and am going to take it.

You have asked for time in which to regain the trust and love which I, through my misdeeds—misdeeds wilfully distorted and magnified, be it said—have caused you to lose. You prefer to remain with your mother rather than give me the chance to aid you in your quest, rather than to do what some people—not I, remember—might call your duty to child and husband. However, let that pass. All I wish now to say to you is, what I said to you verbally this evening, that you will please me by pleasing yourself, and will do what you consider right in your own way and at your leisure. You are quite free. Far be it from me to dictate or advise. As I said, stay just as long as you like. Do not consider me at all. I am nobody now.

As for me and my course of action, here, briefly, is what I have decided to do. To-morrow, rather to-day, for it is now morning, I propose vacating these rooms and finding myself a humbler abode, in a humbler neighborhood, and at a distance as far from here as may be possible. Where that may be I know not; nor does it greatly matter. But wherever it may be, there I propose to live my life, and do my duty, and think my thoughts. My share in this break-up I shall of course take with me; your share, so far as is possible, I shall send to you; what remains of our home after this spoliation I mean to lock in the study—that is, if Mrs. Smith and myself can agree to terms—there to wait whatever fate and the future may have in store. . . .

I need not say that, at intervals, I shall send you what money you may require for your own needs and those of the boy, leaving you to make what arrangements are necessary between you and your mother. Give her and dad my love, and say that I am sorry to disappoint their hopes and regret my share in the trouble that has come to them. Also say that it will be quite useless to seek me. I am going I know not where, and shall leave no trace behind me. But if at any time you or they have anything of importance to communicate, then a letter addressed here may find me within a reasonable period.

That is all. I leave everything in your hands. The future is with you. Some day, perhaps, your trust in me may come back; and then—well, I daresay I shall then be little less affectionate, and not much more of a sinner, than I am now. Only, I charge you, Marian, as God is your judge, to keep safe my little son. He is mine, mine—mine as much as yours. And some day, whatever happens, surely I will claim him. Your husband,

FRANK BARRY.

Such, omitting here and there some redundancies of detail, was the letter which Frank Barry, that night of the day of days, wrote to Marian his wife, and such the course of action which, as revealed in the letter, he had resolved to take.

He ceased reading, enclosed the letter, and stood it on the mantelpiece. "I'll send it," said he, and stood looking at it. "I'll send it," said he again, sitting before it with pipe and glass. "I'll send it," he repeated at last, rising for bed; "anyhow, here's to the future." He drained his glass. "And now let's sleep on it—the last sleep," he reflected, as he stood undressing, "in the old place for God knows how long. Well, so be it. Good-by to you, Frank Barry," he said, with a nod at the pale face that looked at him from the glass. "Good-by to you, my son."

He slept soundly, rose late; breakfasted, and at once proceeded in his course of action; made satisfactory arrangements with Mrs. Smith; spent the morning in breaking up the home, this part in so many boxes for Marian, that part in a box or two for himself, the rest for untidy disposal in the study; had lunch, and went citywards; came back nearing dusk with two cabs, one for Marian's share, the other for his own; locked the study door, gave Mrs. Smith a parting word; then, by way of Leipsic Road—stopping for a minute at the dad's to consign Marian's letter and boxes to the care of Rose, the servant—of Walworth and Waterloo Bridge, disappeared into the wilds of North London: just stepped into the cab, that evening in early June, went whirling down Leipsic Road, round into Wyndham Road, and so disappeared.

And now, for a while, let Frank Barry tell his own story.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE still exist a number of portly volumes in which are recorded many results of Frank Barry's observation of men and things. These he took pride in, and gave a distinguished standing-place on the second shelf of the study bookcase. In them were set down elaborate sketches of nature, thumb-nail portraits of men who had been met, analyses of character, odd scraps of dialogue, burning phrases snatched from the maw of time, skeletons of plots, ribs of scenes and situations, dry bones of rime and fable; and in one, a clasped volume that held pride of place at head of the battalion, a record, usually under date and place, of Frank's more intimate communings with himself.

This clasped volume he called his Journal. It is an interesting record, written sometimes in a species of cipher, sometimes in shorthand, but for the most part in that crabbed style of penmanship for which Frank as an author was deservedly famous. It covers a number of years, is rank with the odor of chaff and midnight oil, and nowhere, except perhaps in the dark patches of cipher and wastes of stenography, sheds any but the murkiest light on the path of our hero's life. Nowhere, till some hundreds of pages are passed, and then quite suddenly, beyond a new leaf as it were, takes life to itself, shakes off the cloak of mystery, and forthwith runs on as the *Journal Intime* of Frank Barry in exile; a sufficient and accurate account of his doings and thinkings all through the long period of his disappearance, and therefore of necessity entitled to its place in this record.

The leaf seems to have been turned in the day following that of his going. Here is the first entry:

June 7, 1882. Here I am. My hegira is accomplished; a red-letter date fixed in the calendar of my life; a new page turned, a new era begun. Begun? Yes, only begun. What is out there beyond the coming months? Where and what shall I be this day month? Ah! That's the question, Frank, my boy. No matter. Divil cares, as my forefathers said. The boats are burnt, the Rubicon crossed; then up eagles and at them. . . . Yesterday I came. Only yesterday? It seems like an age since I locked the study door. There's the key hanging before me; the key that has locked me out so utterly. Not a trace left behind me. To all inquiries Mrs. Smith must shake her head and answer, "Don't know." I've told her nothing except just this: that at irregular intervals I hope to use the study for a while, and to call for letters. . . . What will Rab say? And the dad, and the mother? And Marian too? Suicide, they'll think, or—an intrigue and elopement. Elopement? Oh, Jupiter! No; Marian won't think that. She'll know. Ah, this will bring her to herself; will let her and them all know that I am human, and have feelings, and can give this for that. . . . Time? She will have lots of time. I've vowed to keep away. *She* must speak now, must beg and implore. Ah, and how soon she'll want me; how soon wish for the old days, and the old home, and the old Frank. And the old home is locked in the study with the old days; and the old Frank is sitting at a narrow table in a first-floor back in Kentish Town! *Tempora mutantur.* . . . I am fairly comfortable. Have two decent rooms, and a glorious outlook on a yard and poultry-run. The landlady seems promising; has two daughters and a piano of course, cooks tolerably and likes soap. The neighborhood is beastly—but yonder is the Heath. Such walks I'll have there, such freedom, such play of soul and brain. Won't I work too! They'll have lots of money. All kind of projects are a-whirl—books, stories, plays, sorrow knows what. And I feel so free, so loose and careless, as some one used to say. Live the bachelor. . . . Only, I do wish I could see the boy. I miss *him*. . . . Good-night, everybody; and my to love all who want it.

Such is the first entry on the new page. The next is shorter.

June 9. Made no entry yesterday; 'cos why, there was nothing to enter. I felt moldy, somehow, and restless, so I went for a walk; did something; went up to town to see some fellows. To-day my head is ach-

ing. To tell the truth, I have not been myself just lately. I'm lonely, and melancholy, and homesick. I can't help it. All day I've had the strongest desire to go back to Camberwell and carry the study by storm. The dear old place! I do wish I were there now, lying back in a chair, my feet on the mantelpiece, my pipe going, Rab talking to Mar—Perish the thought! I must fight this down. I've done right, I know. . . . She doesn't care for me now. She hates me. That look as she pulled the boy from me haunts me still. I'll never, never ask her again. She has treated me shamefully. I'm *not* so bad. If I go to the devil it's her fault. . . . Oh, easy for Rab to talk! What would he have done, I wonder? I'm no angel, but I have feelings like another. . . . To blazes then with melancholy! Where's that pipe?

The next three entries are shorter still.

June 11. In no humor for writing. The blues are on me. Life's a blank. It's my liver—or something. This is a ghastly neighborhood, an infernal concert—chamber of cats and fowls and shrieking engines. Camberwell—ay, Walworth, is Paradise beside it. I wish—no, I wish nothing. Just off for a spin over the Heath.

June 13. Back from town. Had to go. Couldn't work at all. Saw some fellows and had a jolly evening. After all, bachelordom has its advantages—and disadvantages. For instance, I'd like to smash a certain piano at this mortal minute, and if I had my fingers on a certain squaller's throat, I'd—oh, it's infernal! Let me get out!

June 15. I am thinking of moving. This neighborhood doesn't suit me, I'm sure. The air must be bad. I'm all wrong. Life's a desert. Can't eat, can't think, can't sleep, can't work, can't even read. I can't get used to the change. I'm like a blind man groping for he knows not what. This room oppresses me. Oh, for an hour in the old study! I must have it; I must or go mad. And there may be letters.

Again comes a blank day, then the following:

June 17. Went to Camberwell New Road -day evening and had two hours in the old room. They did me good. 'Twas like old times. The books and pictures seemed to welcome me. It was hard to come away. Hands seemed to clutch me back, voices to call me. Mrs. Smith was tearful, wanted us all back so; offered to give the rooms at any price we liked. . . . The dad had called twice, the mother twice, Rab once; all had gone off wondering, it seems, and incredulous. Just as I expected. There were letters, too. One from Rab—short, damnatory, just what the old chap would write; one from the dad—long, ever so long, weighted with tons of counsel and hopes and love and goodness (God bless the dad!); three from the mother—three wailing litanies, yet human too, and not unwise, and not without love for me (God bless the mother!). She says Marian tells her nothing, won't speak, hardly moves, never mentions my name, never refers to what has happened. She cannot understand her, so cold and hard she seems, so little herself. Her health is good, though; and the boy a picture. Bless him! Oh, God bless and keep him! . . . There was a letter from Marian also. Here it is:

Dear Frank—Thank you for the money. It is more than sufficient. I shall be very careful and keep a strict account. Little Frank is well. *Marian.*

There! That's all Marian has to say: there's her answer to my letter! Not a word of protest against my going; not a syllable to say she cared what I did, or what became of me; nothing but just that cold, matter-of-fact note! She doesn't care. She hates me. She's glad to get rid of me. Oh, her love and her trust; how easily they died! Even to her own mother she never speaks of me. And yet—yet, I believe she still does care for me a little. At least, I hope—no! I hope nothing. Don't care. Am resolved not to mention this matter again. I'm going to work—work—work.

Pressure of work now appears to have been severe on Frank for a period. For three days he neglected his journal, for three more made only the most trivial entries. June is nearing its end when we find the following:

June 26. I've been working like a horse; at it night and day, a very slave of the lamp. I've written the following articles and sketches. . . . Yesterday, a brilliant idea came to me as I was lying on the Heath. A beautiful day it was, glorious, heavenly. Nature and I were in perfect sympathy. Said I, within myself: Why does not some Richard Jeffries arise out of London who shall treat of nature from a citizen's point of view? The idea grew, waxed mighty, possessed me. Said I: Here is man, place, opportunity; without more ado, started up and began observation. I succeeded wonderfully. It is astonishing how blind we mortals be. The things I've seen to-day and yesterday! Oh, the wonders, the wondrous wonders of nature! And we die in our ignorance, having never seen! . . . I've just finished the first article. It's good; mighty good.

June 27. Finished second article. Better and better. . . . Work is a great consoler.

June 29. Finished third article. Troublesome, but good. . . . Haven't thought of things for a week. Am getting quite hardened.

June 30. Giving nature articles a rest. Think it better not to be in too great a hurry. I mustn't expect to conquer nature in four days; but I've had a fling at it. . . . Am not in such a humor for work either. Had a bad night. I dreamed I was back home. I have been thinking of things again. . . . Have I done right? Does Marian care for me? Are we ever to be happy together again? Is all this only a nightmare? Surely she wants me back? . . . I can't help it. I'm miserable. Work is no use. I've been deceiving myself. Not think? Good God! I'm always thinking.

July 1. Still miserable. Started a story to-day; worked an hour, and flung the result into the grate. I'm lonesome. I'm wretched. Ah, Marian, Marian, why did you let me go? . . . Yet, I won't give way. No, by heaven!

July 2. All day I've been longing and longing. I do want to see her so. I can't do without her. "*Let no man dream but that I love thee still.*" . . . Surely there must be a letter?

July 3. Have been to Camberwell. There was no letter. No one had called; no one written. . . . No one cares for me. I'm alone, alone! Oh, Marian, Marian! Oh, my little son!

July 4. I couldn't help myself. This evening I've been again. There was no letter. I sat a while in the study; then rushed out. . . . 'Twas dark when I came to the gate. I did so want to see her. Yet I couldn't go in. Something said to me it would be useless; she would only repeat the old things. For half an hour I wandered on the opposite pavement, up and down, up and down, hoping she might come out, might come to the window, might do something. I never saw her. Never saw the boy. Twice I ran across to the gate, twice returned—I dared not go in. I was afraid. . . . Oh, I've been weak, weak. I swear not to go again. I swear it, by heaven! She must speak. She knows how I love her. I did all I could. She has sent me away. I swear not to go again. Let it pass. I must fight this down. I will work. . . . I came back through Walworth. Near Camberwell Gate I met Sarah Butler. Her face was fiendish, as I passed. The devil! She always hated me. It is she who has brought all this upon me. But wait, I'll be even with her yet. Farther on, I met Nan—hanging on Ted's arm. There! I'm glad—of course. She smiled, a womanly smile of triumph, as we passed. How soon she has forgotten! It's always the way. But what do I care? Rab was right. There's only one woman in the world. And she—God help me!

July 5, 6, 7, 8. Hard at work. Have begun a novel; a real novel; a book of life, of truth, of lofty aim. I am drawing on my experience. No cheapness this time, no false sentiment, no hurry, no writing down to critic or public. I feel it is good. I have finished four chapters already. Good!

Now comes another blank in the journal. A week passes without an entry. Apparently Frank was hard at work on his new novel.

July 16. Have just finished reading this

record. Think, I've been here more than a month! More than a month; and in that time what have I not been through? I've suffered passions, tortures of hell. Never man, I believe, has endured more. How I've wrestled and scourged myself. The torments of thought alone have been enough to madden me. . . . And here I am to-day as bad as ever. Just as lonely, as miserable as ever. I don't know what to do. What can I do? Twice I've been for letters in this last week; and still not a word. Great heavens, is a month not long enough? I can't endure it. Work is no good. Thought will out. All last week I toiled mightily; now I'm sick of the thing. What's the good? If I finished the book, 'twould only be misunderstood and slaughtered. Not another word I'll write of it. I'm sick of work, sick of life. No one cares for me. I'm an outcast. If I died here in these wretched rooms who would care? I'd be buried by the parish. And I'm Frank Barry! I'm getting soured, embittered. I feel an old man before my time. Oh, heaven knows that if I've greatly sinned I'm greatly punished!

July 17. I've been thinking much to-day of my father, of what I know myself, and of what Uncle Hugh told me. Is it that I'm following his steps? Is my end to be like his—misery for companion and death waiting in an attic? I wonder. Did he too meet some great misfortune that we know nothing of, then, in despair, loosen the reins and go to the devil? Perhaps. And I? Who knows? Another day or two such as this and yesterday, and anything may happen. And I don't care. Not a straw.

July 18. Sent Marian more money to-day. She *must* write now. What will she say? Ah, great heavens, if she would but say what I want—what I want! . . . This afternoon I made a discovery. My thoughts drove me out. Hard I strode out southwards; after a long while, came to Oxford Street, turned and made for the Marble Arch. In the park, at the usual corner, a crowd had gathered round a demagogue. I was tired; drew closer; rested against the railings, and listlessly gave ear. Suddenly, among the crowd, uprose a mighty voice, a thunderous bellow, a sound as of St. Patrick scattering vermin on Tara's hill: and there before me, in all his might and glory, red face, tattered coat, battered hat and all, stood John Butler—the round peg in the round hole at last! I got as near as I dared, and kept eye and ear open. John was marvelous. Really, he has missed his vocation—or found it. His face shone with the light and fervor of inspiration. His gestures were regal. Never on the stage have I seen the emotions play finer havoc with the human countenance. The thunder of indignation, the flash of scorn, the withering whisper of sarcasm, the supercilious taunt, the enlivening jest: one after another, you had them hot and breathless from that wondrous tongue. Really, the man has gifts. Not to one in a million is given his astonishing talent of speech. I could imagine him—educated, trained—a second Grattan, a greater O'Connell. And there he stood, thumping the democratic tub in Hyde Park, rending the firmament with screed and brogue! Well, he is happy, I I suppose; happier than most. I must see him again. Not now. I'm not in the humor for diversion. I'm waiting for—for something.

July 21. I have been to Camberwell. Here is what I found:

Dear Frank—Thank you for the money. I am most careful, and am keeping a strict account. Yes; it is quite sufficient. The boy is well. *Marian.*

That is all! That is the answer to all my longing, and hoping, and waiting—that! So does she show how she feels for me! . . . Well, it's the end. I'll bear it no more. If I'm to go to the dogs, let me go merrily. Now then, jolly boys all, for a fling and a tear! Devil cares now! Come on, my sons; come on!

What Frank did during the next fortnight we can never fully know. That he let himself go, to use his words, and slid for some whirpool or another of dissipation, seems certain; but how he let himself go, or what whirlpool received his plunge, we do not

know. At all events, the journal is silent for a whole fortnight; then goes on:

August 5. I must pull myself together. This life is killing me. I am a beggar in pocket and reputation. I have kept indoors all evening. *I must not go out.*

August 6. I have vowed to reform. Last night I had determined not to go out: but temptation came, clutched me by the throat, and I went. Miserable, miserable sinner! . . . I have just locked my door and flung the key into the backyard. Hurrah!

August 7. Much better and stronger. I am abashed.

August 8. I dare not look in the glass at my own face. I am abashed.

August 9. I must get away from here. These fellows come and tempt me. I want a change. Where shall I go? . . . Are there any letters waiting for me, I wonder? I'll go to see: and then. . . .

The next entry comes after a break of ten days.

(To be concluded.)

THE OLD NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT IRWIN.

THE story of the growth of transportation facilities from the beginning of our national existence is one illustrative of the progress of civilization on the American continent, and, narrated in detail of personal biography, public action, financial negotiation, mechanical achievement, and engineering skill, the story is one of the most fascinating presented by modern life. As the mind reaches back into the years of more than a century ago it contemplates the solitary trapper bearing his pack of peltries to the settlements along the streams of the valleys and gorges where today rush and roar the locomotive and its lengthy train. Those trappers were the explorers of the routes between the East and the West. In their footprints followed the heavy-ladened pack-horse, along these same routes the white-topped emigrant wagons crept westward, then came the turnpikes with their ponderous conestogas and stage-coaches, the lightning expresses of that early day, and ultimately the iron ways of the railway appeared to complete the subjugation of the wilderness.

The days of the old turnpike were one of the most interesting stages in the development of transportation facilities in this country, and of all the old turnpikes none is so interesting as the old National Road, the only highway for the construction of which funds were ever drawn from the treasury of the United States. Like the great Appian Way of ancient Rome, the National Road was a most important internal improvement. The world has no other road about which so much interest has centered. Military roads have always been factors in the history of nations. But this old pike was an instrument of civilization and development, not of war. It was the channel through which poured the overwhelming tide that followed the star of empire westward and gave to the incipient nation a domain many times larger and greater than the entire parent east of the Appalachian ranges; it first connected the East with the great West and broke down the mountain ranges which served as a natural barrier between these two sections; over it was carried into the West thousands of population and millions of wealth; and more than any other national structure it served to harmonize and strengthen, if not to save, the Union. But now this grand old highway, for the preservation of which Henry Clay brought to bear all his eloquence, hoping thereby to gain the eternal gratitude of his countrymen, is seldom thought of, for no longer is our country a section divided by a single mountain chain. Already the question of intercommunication within our vast domain has been solved, the East has been connected with Europe

through America, and thus for the first time in the history of the world has the course of commerce and travel been diverted into a channel directly opposite from that which it has pursued from the earliest historic times.

When the United States came into existence in the latter part of the last century the country was a narrow settlement between the Appalachian Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. From North Carolina to Lake Erie the attempts to throw the advance armies of industrial conquest over the great barriers to the westward were made. Daniel Boone's followers penetrated Kentucky's dark and bloody ground, Tennessee had been settled, and the tide from the Atlantic slope had broken into the Ohio Valley. The South lost its opportunity when it did not cut a road through the fertile Virginian valleys, into the Holstein Valley of Tennessee. Had the tide of travel been thus diverted it is hard to tell what would have been the growth of Dixie, but it is safe to assume that the history of our country would be different from what we see it now. Luckily for the country and for the whole civilized world, the gateway to the great West was made through a free state.

The history of the moves leading up to the construction of this great highway is filled with interest. If the idea did not originate in the mind of George Washington, it found in him a stanch advocate. The question of internal land and water communication was agitated in this country previous to the opening of the Revolution. As early as 1770 Washington examined the headwaters of the Potomac and those of the streams flowing into the Ohio River with a view to the construction of a canal between them. In 1784 he made a second trip into the western country on the same mission. On this trip he met Albert Gallatin, afterward secretary of the treasury, and the two went over the ground and soon discovered that it would be much more practicable to construct a road than a canal. While the great National Road was not opened until 1820, its birth may be said to have been coexistent with that of our national government. When Washington became president he urged the construction of the road and before his death he saw the matter taken up by Congress.

But it was not until the year 1802 that the project took tangible footing. On the 30th of April in that year a bill admitting Ohio as a state was passed by Congress. One of the provisions of the act was the appropriation of five per cent of all moneys received from the sale of public lands within the state for the purposes of constructing roads and opening up communications between the Ohio River and the navigable waters of the Atlantic. By a subsequent act, however, three of the five per cent were reserved for road-making within the state of Ohio, leaving but two per cent for the construction of the highway over the mountains. On February 19, 1808, President Jefferson sent to Congress a message on the subject, together with the report of commissioners who had been appointed to examine the country and locate a route for the road. Cumberland in the state of Maryland was chosen as the initial point of the road, and it was decided that the old Braddock Road should be followed over the mountains. The line was to cross the Monongahela at Brownsville and to reach the Ohio at Wheeling. For this original survey $30,000 was appropriated. The real work of constructing the old highway was not begun until 1811, and the whole road between Cumberland and Wheeling, a distance of one hundred and thirty-one miles, was not completed until the summer of 1820.

The road was engineered by officers from the War Department of the United States government. Three commissioners appointed by the president were in general charge and they appointed a general superintendent to oversee the work. The contract system was adopted. The contracts were let in sections and these sections were divided up among a number of contractors, to each of whom were awarded several miles of the section. The first section from Cumberland ten miles to the west was begun in April, 1811, and completed in September, 1812. The next section of eleven miles to

Tomlinson's was let in August, 1812, and completed early in 1815. The road from Tomlinson's to Smithfield, a distance of eighteen miles, was begun in August, 1813, and completed in 1817. The delay was occasioned by the scarcity of labor during that period of the war. In September a section extending six and one half miles west of Smithfield was let and this section was completed by 1817, in which year the remaining twenty-two and one half miles to Uniontown were let and the next year the road was completed to Uniontown, sixty-three miles west of Cumberland. Soon after this time the twelve miles of the road between Uniontown and Brownsville were completed and by 1820 the remaining fifty-six miles between Brownsville and Wheeling were finished. The chief engineer in charge of the work was Brigadier-General Gratiot of the United States War Department, and under him were such men as Captains Delefield, Bliss, Hartzell, McKee, Bartlett, Williams, Colquit, and Cass, and Lieutenants Mansfield, Vance, and Pickell, all West Point men. David Shriver was general superintendent of the work of construction, and the road was divided into two sections, each of which had a superintendent. The construction of the road cost about one and three quarter million dollars and when completed it was the most magnificent highway in America and perhaps in the world. It was also a most enduring structure and to this day is in good repair and in many places is just as constructed over fourscore years ago.

The processes of construction of this noted highway are most interesting and in them we see displayed the most progressive road-making ideas of that early day. The road was cut through the forest sixty-six feet wide, and graded to the width of thirty-two feet. The bed of the road was sunk below the natural surface of the ground and layers of stones of different sizes were placed on the graded road-bed. Large stones were placed on the bottom and smaller ones on top. The width of the piked roadway was twenty feet. The depth of the piked road was eighteen inches in the middle and twelve at the sides. One of the requirements of the specifications was that the stones on the bottom of the road-bed should be broken so as to pass through a ring seven inches in diameter and those of the top layer were required to pass through a ring three inches in diameter. This part of the requirements was not closely lived up to, but nevertheless the road was made substantial and made to endure.

From the time of the completion of the road until the steam railway supplanted it as a method of intercommunication the road was the all-important highway between the East and West. East of Cumberland good turnpikes had already been constructed by individual companies. The old National Road soon pushed out through Ohio and Indiana. The objective point was St. Louis in the then newly acquired Louisiana purchase. But that point was never reached by the old National Road. Before it was completed far beyond the western border of Indiana the steam railroad had become the chief agency of travel and transportation and the grand and only National Highway was practically lost amid the primitive prairies of Illinois, so that whereas its rising was favored by the rising, its setting was dispelled beneath the setting sun.

But the bulk of travel over this great highway was over the main road between Cumberland and Wheeling. Before the completion of the highway no one was bold enough to imagine that the road would receive the patronage that it once received. The western country was then growing rapidly. New states were being formed from the territory acquired by the Louisiana purchase. An army moved continually along the great National Highway. Stage and mail-coaches, express riders, express wagon trains, freight trains, droves of cattle, men on foot and horseback filled the road day after day. At times traffic was a continuous succession of teams from sunrise to sunset, and the stream of travel was so great that fast stages found it almost impossible to travel on schedule time. From 1840 to 1850 the road had become of such importance that it was practically a street from Cumberland to Wheeling.

But in 1822 the life of the great highway was threatened. In that year President Monroe vetoed a bill for the establishment of a toll system on the road in order to meet the expenses of keeping up the great highway. He questioned the power of Congress to legislate in favor of toll-roads. In the year 1830 President Jackson adhered to the convictions of Monroe, and vetoed a similar bill in favor of the Maysville branch of the road. These were perilous days for the old National Road, but its preservation was considered so vital to the general welfare of the whole country that such men as Henry Clay, Thomas Corwin, Andrew Stewart, Judge McKennan, and Gen. Henry W. Beesen watched over its welfare in the Houses of Congress, and Albert Gallatin and others defended the old highway in the executive councils of our nation.

Finally a plan was devised whereby the old highway could be made a toll-road. The national government proposed to put the road in good condition on the condition that the several states through which it passed would assume control of that part of the road within their respective limits and erect thereon toll-gates and keep the road in repair. Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia at once accepted the offer and in 1832 the work of repairing the road was begun. Parts had been repaired in 1825, 1827, and 1829. By this time some new road-making ideas prevailed. The Macadam system was then undergoing its infantile processes of development and this system was adopted by the government in repairing the National Road between Cumberland and Wheeling. The instructions issued by the chief engineer for the repair of the road were voluminous. For purposes of repair the road was divided into two divisions embracing twelve sections. The contract system prevailed. It was at first determined to lift the entire pavement of the old road. This, however, was not done except where out of repair. The road-bed was covered with fine stone from six to nine inches in depth, and water tables, catch waters on hills, bridges, culverts, and walls ood condition. West of Cumberland the road was changed for several miles. Instead of crossing Will's Mountain the road was changed so as to run up the valley of Will's Creek. The entire work was completed by the beginning of 1835, and up to this time, when the several states assumed control, the highway east of Wheeling cost the United States nearly $3,500,000. The cost of the road west of this point was about the same amount, which raised the grand aggregate of the cost of the road under national control to nearly $7,500,000. But this represented a highway nearly eight hundred miles in length and an artery traversing seven states of the Union. Directly and indirectly the road paid for itself many times.

As early as 1832 Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia had appointed commissioners to receive the portions of the road within their jurisdiction and the transfer from national to state control was effected by the opening of 1835. Toll-gates were at once erected. Between Cumberland and Wheeling there were six of these gates. The toll for a horse and rider was four cents, one-horse vehicle six cents. The toll on two-horse vehicles was twelve cents, and on four-horse wagons eighteen cents. The other rates in the long table were similar. Wide-wheeled wagons were not taxed so heavily as narrow-wheeled ones. Mails were exempt from toll, and persons going to the mill, to worship, to funerals, militia trainings, elections, schools, or passing from one part of a farm to another enjoyed like privileges.

The National Road did much to shorten the distance between the East and the West. Before its construction it required two weeks to make a journey from Baltimore to the Ohio. The road reduced the time of the trip to less than five days for heavy ladened wagons and to half that time for fast coaches. The cost per hundred weight for the carriage of goods between these points was reduced from eight to three dollars. The freight wagons were run in regular lines and nearly all of the wagoners belonged to one of the several lines. Among the famous lines on the old National Road

were "The National Road Stage Company," "Good Intent," "Stockton," "Landlord," "Pioneer," "Pilot," and "June Bug." In these lines were included thousands of conestogas, stage-coaches, mail-coaches, and other forms of conveyances in vogue in the days when the old pike was in its glory. Often as many as thirty stage-coaches would arrive at one hotel at a time and the stage yards were constantly filled with stage-coaches and conestogas. The mail-coaches ran with great regularity, and the trip from Cumberland to Wheeling was often made in twelve hours. The first mail-coach ever run across the Alleghany Mountains was driven out of Cumberland by William Sheets in 1818. In the days when the excitement was at its height the mail-coach was a most important institution on the old National Road. Their arrival at different points was so regular that the farmers along the way knew the time of day by their passing. The teams of the mail-coaches were changed about every six miles and the drivers urged the animals forward at great speed.

The old stage-coaches were the vehicles mostly used by travelers. The charge of passage between Cumberland and Wheeling was usually eight dollars. Many famous personages traveled over the old National Highway. In 1826 Lafayette traveled over the old road and pronounced it a wonder. Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Polk, Taylor, Filmore, and Pierce all traveled over the road. Gallatin, Corwin, Clay, Cass, and Calhoun were frequently among its travelers. Sam Houston and Davy Crockett also coached over the great highway of our nation, as did a long list of those identified with the affairs of our nation during the early days of the present century. Soldiers, statesmen, lawyers, and politicians all knew of the inestimable boon wrought by the great old highway. The road was to the great Mississippi Valley what the "Overland" mail subsequently was to California, it was the all-important factor in the settlement of that now great section of our country.

Perhaps one of the most interesting institutions in connection with the old road was the conestoga wagon. These wagons were quite clumsy affairs, with broad tread wheels and long arching wagon-beds, and they were covered with white canvas, stretched over broad wooden bows. These wagons were usually drawn by six-horse teams and carried great loads. Three tons were considered a load, but often five tons were hauled. The "Pike Boys," as the old wagoners and coach drivers were called, were a jovial and a reckless, fearless class of men. Even at this day there still live along the line of the old highway many of those who drove teams over it, and these old veterans still preserve many marks of their former fine physique.

One of the most interesting institutions of the old highway was the old tavern. There is not a mile of the old highway between Cumberland and Wheeling but which had one or more of these old taverns, and many of them remain to this day. These old taverns were most comfortable institutions and at them were served delicious viands. All these inns had bars, and whisky was sold at three cents per glass. Each inn was known by its peculiar sign, and, like the signs of London made classic in the *Spectator*, there were green cows and blue stars, red lions couchant and yellow lions rampant. There were animals not classified by Buffon, and owls and fowls that would have puzzled Audubon. There were black ducks, golden swans, and spread eagles. There were Washingtons and Lafayettes, Greenes and Putnams, Indian chiefs and shaggy buffaloes. Some of the taverns were known by the name of the town, some by the name of the county, and many by the name of the host. Around these old taverns of the old National Highway centered the interest and excitement of the neighborhood during the time the road was the highway of travel between the East and the West. About them collected the fiddlers, the songsters, and even the poetasters, braggarts, bullies, and loafers. Many of these old inns can still be seen along the road, having long outlived their usefulness

With the opening of the old road quite a number of industries sprang into existence. Wagon and coach-making became an important trade, blacksmith shops were as numerous along the road as were the taverns. Hundreds of boys and men were required to look after the horses at the stables, and at the toll-gates and in loading and unloading the wagons, as well as for agents for the different lines, many men found employment. The line agents were to the old highway what the station agent is to the modern railroad. They performed practically the same work as these now perform. Each line had its own taverns along the road to stop and the tavern-keepers catered to the interests of the respective lines.

The "Postillion" was an institution which came into existence with the old highway. These were two horses and a driver stationed at the foot of the hills to assist the stages and mail-coaches up the incline. The "Pony Express," later such an important institution in the West, originated on the National Road. Another institution which later became a prominent factor in the West was the highwayman. The old National Road had its bands of robbers, who secured no inconsiderable amount of booty. To avoid these brigands the coaches usually traveled in trains, often as many as thirty being seen in a continuous procession. The mails also suffered.

The life of the old National Road extended over a period of about thirty years and during this time it was the old main thoroughfare between the Atlantic and the Ohio Valley. But the old road has never gone entirely out of use, and to this day it is no inconsiderable artery of travel to those living near to it. The toll system is still in vogue over the greater part of the road and the several states still appoint their road commissioners. The decline of the road began about the year 1850. By this time the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal had become of considerable importance and already the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was under the course of construction. Previous to this time the Monongahela River had been made navigable to Brownsville and in that year the Youghoigheny River was made navigable to West Newton. The course of travel was thus diverted from the western end of the old highway and many of the wagons and coaches were run between Cumberland and West Newton. But eventually the iron ways of the railway knelled out the old pike days and our country entered upon another stage in the evolution of transportation facilities. When the glory of our grand old National Highway faded it left an army to mourn its decline and along its line may still be seen hundreds who helped to make up the activity of its existence.

The Appian Way, the great Roman highway, is invested with much classic and historic interest, but, unlike our great National Road, it did not yield its place to greater lines of progress and improvement. It was designed to gratify the vanity of consuls, pro-consuls, kings and princes, emperors and empires. Our great National Road was designed to meet the wants of a free and progressive people and to aid in building and strengthening a growing republic. The Appian Way had more vitality than the government that built it. It has outlived its country many centuries. The National Road served its purpose grandly, was a complete success, and when it lost its place as a national thoroughfare, the government that made it was all the stronger because it had been made. But the National Road is history. The towns along its route have fallen into decay. The men who made it have joined a caravan greater than any that ever traveled over it in its palmiest days. But it is a most interesting and magnificent ruin, the most replete with human associations of any the world possesses, and its memory will echo and re-echo down the corridors of time until time himself shall be no more.

But this old highway may again become an important factor in travel. The age of electricity now at hand has in store many wonders, and not the least of the projects now under consideration is a project to construct an electric line from Columbus to

Washington over the old road. Already the line has been chartered and it is almost certain that the road will have been completed before the twentieth century is far advanced. It is possible and highly probable that the early days of the dawning century will see reproduced, although under different circumstances, something of the activity which clung around this grand old highway in the earlier days of the present century.

The evolution of road-making ideas wrought during the last half century is just as marvelous as has been the growth of transportation facilities and methods of intercommunication. For the study of the growth of these ideas and the comparison of road-making ideas which prevailed in earlier days with those of this modern day the National Road offers advantages not to be found elsewhere.

THE SOUL'S REFUGE IN GOD.

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man. Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.—*Psalm xxxi. 20.*

THESE are great words surely. They are an expression of David's confidence in God's power and will to hide his people in himself. They are a promise of perfect security in God for the man who fears and trusts in him. He is to be hid from "the pride of men" and from "the strife of tongues." I suppose that by these phrases we may understand the whole of that cruel and disturbing interference of one man's life with another's, which may take such an endless variety of forms. As it troubled David, it took the form of violent opposition, of malignant persecution; but it would limit our Bible far too much if we thought that that was the only form of man's inhumanity to man from which it was promised that man might find refuge in his God.

Our life is peaceable enough; but yet everywhere there is the arrogant presence of the pride of man, and the disturbing tumult of the strife of tongues. The abuse and fault-finding and frivolousness, the foolish quarrelings, this everlasting touching of one life upon another, this putting up of artificial standards and then watching to see how everybody meets them, this continual criticizing and keeping account of another's conduct, all this waste of force and time that comes of the perfectly unmeaning strifes of social ambition, of business rivalry, of foolish sensitiveness, into which we throw all our soul, and which is always tossing about in distress, and trying to drown the soul that we throw into it—from these we need a refuge as strong as David needed from his enemies. Who of us can look back over his life and not feel that in some form or other these words, "the pride of man and the strife of tongues," describe forces which have been disturbing and hindering the peace and growth of his own character and life? Of how much of our best society they seem to be the exact description; of how many heartless houses filled with a poor pretense of social life, David's words tell the whole story. "The pride of man and the strife of tongues," the lack of humility, the lack of love, the lack of peace! To live in such a world and yet to keep a soul in us at all is very hard. We must have something under and beyond such a world to flee to to renew our life, to really recreate ourselves. That security and recreation of our life cannot come except in the source from which our life first came. We must go back to God.

But, before we speak of the refuge which God offers, let us see what man tries to do for himself. There are two different attitudes which almost all men take toward this tendency of the life about us to swallow up and drown our personality. It is strange to see how, long before they come to middle age, almost all men, except the lowest and the highest, all men of strong character who have not reached some re-

ligious conception of their true relations to the world, have either become defiant of the world, setting themselves in obtrusive independence against its claims, or else have tried in some way to withdraw themselves from it and let the world go its way, determined that they will not be sacrificed to its importunate demand. We have all seen both kinds of men. Nay, who of us has not felt in himself the temptation to do both these things at different moments of his life? The impulse to be defiant and the impulse to withdraw ourselves, both come to us in different moods. We will dare the world to its face and tell it to do its worst, for we are not afraid of it with all its wretched prescriptions, and false standards, and endless clatter of gossiping criticism. That is one spirit. We will let the world go its way, and we will go ours. We will live a life of our own outside of the quarrels and contentions of men. That is the other spirit. We know them both, and we know that both are bad. We know that the first makes a man hard and brutal, and the second makes a man selfish and self-conceited.

It is good to see how God comes and offers himself just here to the human soul. We do not see yet how he can help us, but instinctively we are sure that if he really is God he must have some help to give us here. He says, "In the secret of my presence I will hide you."

Thousands of Christians have found the refuge who never asked the question, who simply were drawn into the open door by irresistible attraction; but if we can see how it is that Christianity gives us what we want it will make it more real, and so more useful to us. I think there is a three-fold answer to our question. I think that the release and refuge of Christianity consists in the way it brings the soul first into communion with God, second into consciousness of itself, and third into a just value of the world. Let us look at each of these.

1. We will try first to understand how the soul finds refuge in communion with God. Of all the deep phrases in the Bible, can we find one deeper or more beautiful than this of David in my text, "Thou wilt keep him in the secret of thy presence." The very words are full of peace before we hardly touch them to open their meaning. But their meaning is deeper the more we study it. They mean that when a man is spiritually conscious of the presence of God it secludes and separates him from every other presence. Can we understand that? You go into a room full of people, and the tumult of tongues is all about you. You are bewildered and distracted. In the ordinary language of society, which sometimes hits the truth of its own condition rightly, you "feel lost." You lose yourself in the presence of so many people. They all seem to take hold of you and claim some part of you, whether they speak to you or not. You are lost in the crowd.

But by and by you meet your best friend there; somebody whose life is your life; somebody whom you sincerely love and trust; somebody who thoroughly satisfies you, and, by the contact of his nature, makes your taste and brain and heart and conscience work at their very best. As you draw near to him it seems as if you drew away from all the other people. As he takes hold of you he seems to claim you and they let you go. The worry and vexation of the crowd sink away as he begins to talk with you, and you understand one another. By and by you have forgotten that all those other men are talking around you. You have escaped from the strife of tongues. You are absorbed in him. He has hid you in the secret of his presence.

And now if it is possible, instead of your best friend, for God himself to be with you, so that his presence is real, so that he lets you understand his thoughts and lets you know that he understands yours, so that there is a true sympathy between you and him, if mere vision and hearing are not necessary to the divine company, and as close to you—nay, infinitely closer—than the men who crowd you round, and whose voices are in your ears, the unseen God is truly with you, what then? Can any tumult of those men distress you? Can

their unfairness anger you? You hear them blaming you; you hear them praising you. Does either make a tumult in your soul? They ask you flippant questions; they give you flippant advice. Does either distress you? You are with them, and yet you are alone with him. They parade their foolish vanities before you, and you hardly see them. It is as if a bright fly fluttered its impertinent finery between you and the west when you were looking at a gorgeous sunset. He has blinded you to all besides himself. He has "hid you in the secret of his presence from the pride of men."

When we seek for individual illustrations of what we are describing, I think we understand it perfectly by looking at our Lord's apostles. We cannot picture to ourselves those first disciples living in Christ's presence and yet forever vexed and worried at the foolish things men said about him. But with us modern disciples how different it is. We too believe in Jesus and try to live with him. How is it that a flippant toss of skeptical smartness about him, or a sneer at our folly in making him our Master, lays hold of and stings us so, sends us home anxious, puzzled, and worried? We are not wholly hidden from the strife of tongues. It must be that we are not completely in the secret of his presence.

2. The reason why the talk of people about us, their pride and arrogance, their intrusion upon our life hurts us so, gives us so much pain, and does us so much harm, is the weakness of our own sense of personality. We go about exposed like those unhappy creatures that have no shell, and are soft and open to wounds on every side. Take your ordinary man to whom no clear idea of himself has ever dawned, no notion of something specific that he is to do, something clear and peculiar that he is to be, and is not that poor creature the sort of man whom you see by the hundreds all around us, too plentiful for us to think how pitiable they really are—is not he just the man to be the victim of the strife of tongues? With no strong personal convictions he is always listening anxiously to hear what the crowd says is right, or what society says is manly. He is forever trying to make out in the hubbub of voices who it is that the majority are cheering for. If he hears any of the great voices find fault with what he has done it stabs him like a dagger. If he hears somebody idly laugh at what he calls his creed it throws him off his unstable standing ground and he is floundering in skepticism. His weak, jelly-like life is torn by everything it touches as it drifts. Now the first thing that a Christian faith does for such a man is to emphasize his individuality. A true Christian faith starts with the truth of a personal redemption and leads the man up to personal duties. It takes this poor indistinguishable atom and says to him: "God knows you. To him you are not only one of the race; he knows you separately; he made you separately. His Son died for you, and there is in you that which, in some way which belongs to you alone, can glorify him. What are you doing in this feeble, unconscientious life? Have you never heard of such a thing as responsibility? Get up; repent. Come to God. Get the pattern of your life from him, and then go about your work and be yourself."

If the man is really a Christian he hears that summons, and it is the birth of a true personality, of the real sense of himself in him. It is a revelation. Behind him opens the long vista of God's care, back to the eternity in which God bore in his infinite knowledge the thought of such a life as his. Before him opens the destiny of a soul for which all through eternity its own character must freely decree its life. And then both past and future pour down their light on the present, and he sees what there is for him to be doing right here and now; and when he takes up his work and does it, he can no more be frightened out of it than the man to whom Jesus had given his bed to carry from Bethesda up the street to his own house could have been scared by all the curious gaping of the crowd, and driven back to the dreary place under the porches where he had lain for thirty-eight years.

3. The third element of the freedom which Christianity gave to its servants was

in the value that it taught them to place upon the talk of the world, upon what David calls the "strife of tongues." I think one of the strangest things to a man who has really come to a knowledge and service of the Savior is to look back to his own old life, and see how superficial it appears. He used to be forever passing off-hand opinions about what people all around him did, and used to expect, in his easy way, that those opinions of his would really have some weight with the men upon whose conduct he made his comments. Now he sees how superficial all those judgments were. Now he sees how utterly destitute he was of any of that serious sympathy which is the only thing that can really justify us in forming judgments about one another, or giving one another advice. Nay, he sees more than this: he sees that he really cared very little when he pronounced those opinons in such judicial style, and that the most profoundly foolish thing that any neighbor of his, who had really considered thoughtfully a plan of action, could have done would have been to put his well-considered plan aside because of such cheap and thoughtless criticism as he poured out upon it. Now it seems to me that this sight of the superficialness of our own judgments of others, the way in which we have often pronounced solemn-sounding verdicts which really meant nothing, and uttered cheap ridicule which we should have despised the man if he had minded, gives us very often a startling sense of what a superficial thing this criticism is that comes to us from our brethren of which we make so much and to which we are always trimming our action. It is good for us often to know how superficial, how lightly made, how soon forgotten are the judgments of our brethren which sound so solemn, and which tyrannize over us so. Such a feeling sets us free, and makes us independent. Be sure that you may feel that about any cruel criticism that is hampering you, and may cast it aside and forget it and go your way. The man who made it has probably forgotten it long ago.

is one other thing more helpful than this, and that is the way in which Christianity, by putting us into true relations to our fellow men, saves us from falling into false relations to them. This seems to me to be the principle on which Christianity works for the redemption of society. If I wanted to save a young man from being a mere slave of other people's opinions, trying to win their applause, trying to escape their censure, I should be sure of succeeding if I could make him really go to work for those people's benefit, really desire to do them good, and really desire to avert harm from them. There is no escape from the slavery of other men like that which comes of the intelligent and earnest service of other men. Jesus said, "Call no man your master," and yet he said, "Let him that is chief among you be your servant." And think of it! Who is the man that you have known who most completely served the community he lived in? Was not he the very man who was most independent of the people's whims? Was he not the last man to be softened by their applause, or vexed or frightened by their anger? Think of Paul. Did not his very toil for men's salvation lift him above, and make him indifferent to men's easy praise or blame? And I am sure of this, that any man of you who finds in himself an over-sensitiveness to what people say of him will find no escape from such a painful life so perfect as in setting himself busily to work to help those very people's best good in what way he can. The study of their wants will make him careless of their judgments. A healthy interest in them will crowd out the morbid interest which is always servilely hanging on their opinions.

These are the elements, then, of the Christian's security. These are what Christ's religion does for us all to lift us up above and separate us from the pride of men and the strife of tongues. It does not take us away out of the world, but right here in the world it surrounds us with God's presence, it brings out our own personality, and it teaches us the value of the things we used to fear, so that we can despise them.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHITE HOUSE ENTERTAINING.

BY ETTA RAMSDELL GOODWIN.

WHITE HOUSE entertaining is done according to system. It is a somewhat cut and dried routine with little display of individuality on the part of the different occupants of the Executive Mansion, but it has to be so. No matter how many ideas a person may have on the subject before he or she becomes an inmate of the mansion, actual experience soon brings the knowledge that originality is not desirable; that custom is what decides in questions of state functions; that certain things (almost everything in fact) are done because they always have been done; that by continuation of old methods a president may escape criticism, the faults of the system being laid to the system and not to the president, and that any innovation is looked upon with suspicion and accepted with reluctance.

ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS WAITING TO BE RECEIVED AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The problem before the president and his wife in their characters as host and hostess is in what manner the entertaining may be done in order that the dignity and hospitality of the chief magistrate may properly impress the representatives of foreign cou-

tries, while on the other hand nothing must appear to shock the democratic ideas of the American people. A million people always are ready to criticize the lack of exclusiveness in the atmosphere of the White House; about fifty million always are ready to rage when there is a suspicion of attempt at monarchical splendor on the part of the president. It is considered almost a crime when the members of a White House family presume to be "fashionable." They must drive behind long-tailed horses and be driven by a colored coachman, although all other persons of prominence in Washington put white men on the box-seat and trim, if they do not dock, the tails of their horses. No president has courage enough to brave the storm of abuse he would get from all over the country if the servants in the White House should be put into livery.

In a great measure the president is in the hands of the decorators, the head steward, and other *attachés* of the Executive Mansion, who have grown old in the service and who know how to make matters jog along in the same way administration after administration, and except in such details as, for example, whether or not wine is to be served at state dinners, the advice of the president is not even asked. Every one deplored the truly frightful experiences necessary to be undergone in order to witness a White House reception, but on account of the unwillingness of some of the presidents to undertake any new policy in regard to entertaining and by reason of the *laissez-aller* policy of Congress, which bids fair always to interfere with any plans toward the construction of a new White House, the "crushes" continued and were taken as a matter of course.

COL. THEODORE A. BINGHAM.

It was not until the beginning of this administration, when Col. Theodore A. Bing-

NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ham, U. S. A., became superintendent of public buildings and grounds, an office which carries with it the duty of supervising the state functions at the White House, that any attempt was made to improve the conditions. Colonel Bingham became convinced that the presence of such crowds as frequently have gathered within the walls of the Executive Mansion was attended by grave danger, that the structural condition of the building was not such as to insure it against collapse. The floor of the East Room especially has shown the strain; for years it has had to be "shored up" for every reception, but even with this precaution three or four thousand people cannot be accommodated with safety.

With Congress growing larger every year and with the increase of the resident population of Washington, the list of those entitled to receive invitations to the White House had grown to be so formidable that the time came to do away with the old custom of inviting all the people on this list to all the receptions, and it became necessary for the sake of safety to take means to bar the entrance to the White House to uninvited guests and to limit the number of people entitled to enter on one invitation. Certain congressmen who had been in the habit of bringing whole colonies to each reception felt that their privileges were being interfered with and many Washingtonians who had not scrupled to attend the receptions regularly without any invitation at all received a shock, but only gratitude for the change was felt by reasonable beings.

The season proper does not begin until New Year's Day and little formal entertaining is done by the president and his wife before then unless the presence in town of distinguished visitors, as in the case of President Dole, or the British and Canadian members of the Joint High Commission, makes entertaining an obligation. The office of social secretary does not exist in the conduct of affairs in the White House. The secretary to the president, John Addison Porter, and Colonel Bingham arrange

THE EAST ROOM DECORATED FOR A STATE DINNER.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CONSERVATORY.

the main features of the entertainments; the assistant secretary to the president, O. L. Pruden, makes out the plan for seating guests at the state dinners; the State Department has an influence in issuing the invitations, and questions of precedence usually are referred to Alvey A. Adee, second assistant secretary of state. Beginning with the New Year reception, the social program includes the evening receptions for the Diplomatic Corps, the Judiciary, the Army and Navy, Congress, and the public reception, and the dinners for the cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Supreme Court. In some former administrations there have been afternoon card receptions and a public afternoon reception by the wife of the president, but although Mrs. McKinley has been able to fulfil all the ordinary duties of the mistress of the White House she has been obliged to omit the afternoon affairs.

A slight change has been made in the invitations in this administration. Formerly it was the custom to invite people "To meet the Diplomatic Corps" or the "A and Navy" and when a year ago invitat were sent out which did not name any of people as guests of honor offense taken in some quarters until second thou told the objectors that the president of United States is always the guest of ho even in his own house, that he cannot a function "in honor" of any one. Press has been brought to induce the presiden change still further the form of the inv tion and to substitute for the present fo "The President and Mrs. McKinley requ the honor of your company," the form, am requested by the President to invite to be present, etc.," it being maintai that there is a lack of dignity in the use the personal form by the president.

The subject of entertaining in the pr dent's house cannot be taken up with reference to the unfitness of the Wh House to be the scene of entertaining the scale called for by the present standi of the country. The White House is be tiful, and sentiment is all in favor of ke

IN THE ORCHID HOUSE.

ing it substantially in its present form, but it is ridiculously small. To begin with, there is no cloak-room. Formerly the private dining-room was used on reception nights, but it is too small and now the entrance hall or foyer has to serve as cloak-room. It is the best arrangement possible under the circumstances, but it is unsightly and it only shows how much the president is handicapped in his efforts to entertain decently and in order. By far the worst result, however, of the cramped quarters is the makeshift that has to be resorted to when many guests are to be entertained at a state dinner. The state dining-room, although a handsome apartment, is only large enough to accommodate about forty people. At some of the dinners it is necessary and at most of them it is desirable to entertain as many as seventy guests and gradually it has become the custom to make the Red Corridor serve as a dining-room. It is a hall, nothing more nor less, it has ten doors and no windows, it is full of draughts and so narrow that there is scarcely room space for the waiters to pass behind the chairs of the guests, but it is the best state dining-room of which the White House can boast, and the state dining-room proper is now used as a smoking-room.

Decorating for receptions and dinners is a formidable work, and it is as formidable for one entertainment as for another. There are no "off nights" in White House entertaining. If you ask Henry Pfister, the head gardener, who has been in the work of decorating for state functions for twenty years, upon what occasion the preparations have been most elaborate he will tell you that he cannot answer that question, as the decorations always are just as elaborate as they can be, that the only order the president ever gives in regard to the work is that there may be no discrimination, that the mansion is to be made as beautiful for the public receptions as for the card affairs. President Cleveland's wedding, the President Dole dinner, and the dinner in honor of Prince Albert of Belgium are spoken of as the most beautiful affairs ever given in the White House, but it was because they happened to come when

flowers were unusually plentiful and not because the decorations were any more elaborate than for other functions. The flowers used on the table and in some of the drawing-rooms are raised in the greenhouses attached to the White House, and the palms and flowers used in the East Room are brought from the propagating gardens, of which George H. Brown is superintendent.

The work of decorating begins more than twenty-four hours before the date of the function. Fourteen men are employed. The propagating gardens are nearly a mile from the White House and the conveyance of the delicate and valuable plants to and from the Mansion is a large undertaking, especially in cold weather, when the plants have to be carried in heated vans. The table for one of the large dinners is sixty-four feet long. In the space before the president and Mrs. McKinley, who sit side by side in the center, there is a plat sixteen feet long, usually composed of orchids and ferns. In addition there are smaller plats, nine in number, and sixteen vases filled with roses. Altogether at least twenty dozen orchids and as many roses and five hundred pots of ferns are put into the decoration of this table. The orchids are especially fine and the greenhouse where they are grown is one of the most attractive parts of the establishment. Mr. Brown makes the following statement: "In decorating the East Room about five thousand decorative plants are used, varying in size from the giant palms twenty-five feet high to diminutive ferns in three-inch pots. There are 200 palms, 500 crotons, the latter brilliant as an autumn forest, comprising the finest collection in the United States, 200 pandanas, 400 marandas, 200 dracænas, 1,000 miscellaneous foliage plants, and about 1,000 flowering plants and ferns. At least 1,500 yards of smilax (nearly a mile) are used. For the mantels, window-seats, and mirror decoration it is necessary to furnish 2,000 azalea blooms, 800 carnations, 300

THE HOME OF THE GIANT PALMS.

roses, 300 tulips, 900 hyacinths, 400 lilies of the valley, 200 bouvardia blooms, 100 sprays of asparagus vine, 40 heads of poinsettia, and 200 small ferns." The cost of a state dinner if the flowers were furnished by outside florists would be at least $2,500. It seems that of all the presidents Chester A. Arthur was the one who took most interest in the decorations, and he had something to say about the arrangement of every room and a pleasant word for every workman.

The New Year reception is the most characteristically American entertainment of the season. Every grade of society is represented; the same hands that stretch out to welcome the courtly, low-bowing foreign ambassadors shake the hands of the humble, uncouth, and shy laboring man. The line begins to form outside the White House early in the morning and by eleven o'clock, the hour for beginning the reception, it usually extends on fine days several blocks away. The arrangements practically are the same as for the evening affairs. The cabinet officers, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other prominent officials and their families are admitted into the White House by the south entrance and assemble in the Red Room. By eleven o'clock the Red Corridor and East Room are well filled, and as the bugle from the Marine Band, stationed in the conservatory, sounds the president's call the guards part the crowd in the corridor and the receiving party makes its appearance at the head of the great stairway. The procession is headed by Colonel Bingham and the officers detailed to assist him in making the introductions, and in their uniforms one sees the only touch of militarism. The president and his wife follow. Mrs. McKinley's manner on such occasions is especially gracious and she bows pleasantly to right and left. Next in line are the vice-president and his wife, followed by the cabinet officers and cabinet ladies in the order of precedence. The procession passes through what is known as the "Golden Gate" and into the Blue Room. The gate is closed and the receiving line is formed, the president at the door leading to the Red Room, Mrs. McKinley at his side, seated in a throne-like-chair, and Mrs. Hobart and the cabinet ladies complete the line. The privilege of standing "behind the line" is extended to a number of men and women of prominence. For New Year's Day bright afternoon toilets are worn, while for the evening receptions the most splendid evening gowns and jewels are seen.

Photograph by C. M. Gilbert, Washington, D.C.
MAJ. CHARLES M'CAWLEY.

Colonel Bingham makes the introductions to the president and during the past season he has been assisted by Lieut. J. Curtis Gilmore and Maj. Charles McCawley, the former a young officer in the artillery who served on the staff of General Shafter in the war in Cuba, was breveted major for

TEA-DRINKING IN JAPAN AND CHINA.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

TO take a cup of social tea in China and Japan is not only a pleasure, as it is with us, but a solemn duty born of generations of custom. The requirements of eastern hospitality are so rigid that no guest, howsoever high or low his station, is allowed to leave a house without having partaken of tea and cake. It is considered as great a rudeness to refuse a cup of tea as it would be if the host should neglect to offer it.

This entertainment is as scrupulously carried on among the poorest people as among the higher classes: every tradesman, workingman, messenger, amah, or coolie that goes into a house in Japan is offered tea: all the servants, male or female, employed by the day, are given tea every few hours. If one goes in a *kuruma* or 'ricksha to make calls, the coolies who run with the vehicle are offered refreshments as certainly as the visitor. As soon as they have discharged their fare they make their way to the kitchen, where the house servants set forth tea and cake.

The delicate straw-colored beverage which is drunk in Japan differs very materially from the infusion called tea at home. It is pure Japan tea, delicate of flavor and as stimulating as a glass of champagne. If one does not know its strength—and only those who are accustomed to it do—too much is apt to be taken at first. One lady declared she was willing to take her oath that she did not close her eyes for a week after taking several thimbles-full late at night.

By the old etiquette a Japanese gentleman never entrusted to any servant the making of tea for a guest, nor allowed the fine art of that simple process to be exercised unseen.

So soon as a visitor is seated upon his mat, the servant brings a small tray and sets it before the master of the house—or the mistress if they are modern Japanese. Upon the tray is a diminutive teapot, the handle of which is set at right angles with the spout, another teapot filled with hot water, or one of those damascened iron kettles which are the envy of all beholders, and the requisite number of tiny, handleless cups, which are set in small metal or bamboo trays.

These are used for handing the cups around, but the guest is not expected to take one, although it is much more convenient for the foreigner to do so, as the cups without handles are not easy to manage.

The teapot is heated with hot water before the tea is put in, then hot water, not boiling, is poured over the leaves, and immediately poured off into the cups; more water is poured on and off, but is never allowed to stand on the grounds longer than a minute.

In most houses a kettle of water is always on the *hibachi*, a sort of portable stove resembling a brazier, and this is set before the tea-maker, who watches the bubbles and steam with as much anxiety as if the fate of the whole empire depended upon the water being used at a certain instant. Both men and women make tea so daintily and deftly that it is a perfect delight to watch them.

Shop-keepers and trades-people of all kinds offer their customers tea and cake before they show goods or attempt any sales; that is, all did formerly and many of them do now, still one can see the influence of foreign civilization, which is driving into the dim past many charming customs of a most delightful people. There is one little silk shop in Yokohama where the proprietress and her husband still wear the national garb and cling to their old-time habits and customs, and many good customers do they retain by their delicious, tempting sweets and cheerful Japanese ways.

The *castira*, sponge cake, which is served with the tea is not an original Japanese article, though having been acclimatized something like a century and a half it might safely be considered a product of the country. When the Portuguese invaded Nagasaki in the latter part of the seventeenth century, they brought the art of making sponge cake with them; the gentle Japs improved upon the models given them until now they are said to make the lightest and finest sponge cake in the world.

The natives themselves use neither milk nor sugar in their pale, yellow tea, but when they can get a cup of what they call China tea, which is a great treat, for they prefer it to their own, they use "all the trimmings." One peculiarity to be noticed is that the cup of the house-master is taller and larger than those used by the family or guests; it is often of some particularly rare make of china as well. The best of everything in Japan is given over to the use of the men.

The Banko teapots, with the plainly visible thumbmarks, are much prized by the Japanese, but a tiny teapot of Kaga ware with ten cups—the Japanese dozen or set—is the one most commonly seen. Some of the fine tea-sets cost fabulous prices.

Many of the old families have brass or iron kettles, beautiful and artistic, which they proudly show and declare that they have come down to them by direct inheritance from ancestors who used them six and seven hundred years ago. A story is told of one of the Shoguns, who, being very fond of tea, rather unscrupulously gratified his taste for fine kettles by robbing the pagodas of Buddhist temples of the brass rings that surmounted them, and used the metal thus secured for casting a kettle, which he declared gave "no harsh taste to the water."

Although there is a diversity of opinions among historians regarding the date of the first cup of tea in the Island Empire, it is conceded by the majority that Japan received Buddhism and tea from China early in the eighth century.

Chamberlain relates a pious legend which tells us that the origin of the tea-shrub was on this wise: "Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century, had spent many long years in ceaseless prayer and watchings. At last one night his eyelids, unable to bear the fatigue any longer, closed, and he slept soundly until morning. When the saint woke he was so angry with his lazy eyelids that he cut them off and flung them on the ground. But lo! each lid was suddenly transformed into a tea-plant, the leaves of which he brewed and found that the pale, yellow fluid would keep him awake, so that he might continue his devotions."

The Chinese are as inveterate tea-drinkers as the Japanese, but they use leaves prepared in a different way. In former years and for many, the generally conceived idea was that green and black tea were grown on different plants and in different countries, but that is not the case. The difference is the result of different ways of preparing the leaves, so that it depends merely on the process whether tea appears on the market as green or black.

The fresh-gathered leaves for black tea go through a kind of fermentation to develop aroma and color before reaching the hot drying-pans. Green tea is colored by artificial means just before the last firing, when an infinitesimal amount of Prussian blue and Chinese soap are added. This increases the weight and heightens the color, but the amount is so small that it cannot be at all injurious.

The Chinese keep always a kettle of water boiling over the brazier ready to make tea at a moment's notice, for no visitor ever goes to a house without being offered tea on arriving and departing. They use boiling water and pour it over the dry tea in each cup. Among the better class, a cup shaped like a small bowl is used, with a saucer which is a little less in diameter than the top of the bowl, and is often used for a cover when the tea is making. When the boiling water is poured over the tea, it is covered for the space of two or three minutes, by which time the leaves have unfolded and fallen to the bottom of the cup, leaving the tea clear and deliciously fragrant.

Other cups are without handles and are

one or two sizes larger than the cups of the Japanese. They are of the finest china that can be afforded and are set in silver trays, beautifully wrought.

There are tea houses along the highways where travelers and coolies may refresh themselves; the former probably do not enjoy the tea so much as would be possible if the Chinese were neater in their habits, but the coolies pour their tea into a bowl of rice and with chop-sticks, holding the bowl close to the mouth, poke in the rice and gulp down the tea, when they are ready for another long tramp. Both Chinese and Japanese take food and tea much oftener than Europeans.

In certain rural districts, the traveler may chance upon a coolie who goes from house to house with a whistling kettle, selling hot water for tea. When the servants are notified of his arrival by the sharp, clear whistle, they rush out with all manner of teapots, and for the value of a farthing get hot water for their tea. The kettle is large and has a compartment for fire and a funnel going up through to the top. A copper coin with a hole in the center is so placed in the kettle that when the water is boiling a regular steam whistle is heard.

The Chinese have a variety of teapots, most of them much larger than the toy things of the Japanese, and many of them kept in a basket cozy; the handles or bails are often bamboo or metal, similar to the *do-bin* of the Japanese.

In the northern part of China, the poor people use brick tea; this is made from the last picking, which is the poorest, and from the coarse leaves left after the tea for market has been sorted. They are steamed and softened and then pressed into thin bricks, eight by twelve inches in size, and kept under pressure until hard. When required for use, a piece is knocked off, pulverized, and boiled in the kettle until the water assumes a reddish hue. Salt is then added, and the mass begins to effervesce and turn a darker color; when it is almost black, the requisite quantity of milk is put in and it is then transferred to the teapot; butter, a little vinegar, and pepper are added "to taste," as the cookery books say. I tried a cup of it, but my taste was not sufficiently educated to enjoy it thoroughly, any more than I do the black tea in England infused with boiling milk, as prescribed by the late Sir Andrew Clark. To be deprived of tea, for one who loves it, is hard enough, but to be persuaded that milk flavored with tea will answer quite as well as the fragrant liquor obtained by pouring boiling water over a few well-cured bohea leaves, is harder still.

Scented tea is a favorite with many of the Chinese. This is made by mixing jasmine or orange blossoms with the tea for twenty-four hours, after which it is sifted and separated and then packed. The stranger in China finds it difficult, if not impossible, to buy the best tea. So little of the first quality or picking is obtained that the Chinese keep it all for themselves; it is very expensive, frequently selling for $20 and sometimes for $40 a pound.

GATHERING GULLS' EGGS IN KUNITZ.

BY GEORG KRAUSE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

"WE will expect you on May 2d, and will take you with us to the island at 6:30 o'clock the next morning." So closed the pleasing order of Lieutenant Zurock, owner of the magnificent Gull Lake with its island known throughout the boundaries of the kingdom. At last my long-cherished wish to visit the laughing gull in the greatest breeding-place in Germany, and to be able to study its habits, was to be fulfilled.

I immediately fell to making preparation for the journey, and at noon of the 1st of May I left my beloved Hirschberg, in com-

pany with the well-known landscape artist, Rehnert. The weather, yesterday cloudy and rainy, had cleared up and brought a truly ideal May day. But my artistic companion appeared to have little thought for all the beauties of nature and complained of the dust, heat, and especially of his hunger. We passed, not too swiftly, through Merzdorf, Goldberg, and the valley of the Katzbach, and finally we left the train at Liegnitz, with two cameras, their standards and the plates, and began to hunt for a conveyance to take us to Kunitz. But we saw only some empty wagons and a policeman who, shrugging his shoulders, gave us to understand that droskies and like vehicles could not be had on such a delightful day, and that we could walk to Kunitz in an hour and a quarter. At this joyful communication I noticed a mild despair in the honest face of my companion, for already it was a quarter before four and yet some pictures should be taken by the splendid afternoon sun. But we must not linger, the dinner must be deferred until six o'clock, and we must march on resignedly. In all haste I loaded two youths with the cameras and apparatus, and soon we found ourselves on the road to Kunitz in a veritable sea of flowers. The heat was pleasantly lessened by a fresh breeze, the song of the larks was above all, and in short the weather was created for traveling.

Immediately after leaving the city the first gulls greeted us, slowly ranging the fields in search of prey, with their "krrriah." They came soaring above us in great flocks, the nearer we came to our destination. It was an enchanting sight, to see the stately white birds rising and falling in graceful curves above the fresh green of the fields, or the dark soil. High above in the blue ether four storks without a stroke of the wings drew their gigantic spirals, slowly vanishing from sight.

Soon the short four-cornered church tower arose in the midst of the friendly Kunitz, and when the deep blue lake rolled away before us from the streets of the village, all fatigue was forgotten. On account of the stiff breeze the waves were quite respectably high, and with their overlapping crowns of foam they raced upon the beach, making veritable breakers. Far beyond lay the Gull Island, my long-wished-for goal. From time to time could be heard an indistinct tumult, a confusion of voices, and at the same time great clouds of tiny white specks could be seen rising and circling about, and added to this there was the delicious clear air, the pleasant village spreading out in the great half circle, and last, but not least, the hospitable inn.

The disciple of Daguerre was at last reveling in the more material delights, and soon appeared, newly strengthened, with the satisfied mien of one perfectly happy. In his opinion it had become too late for photographing purposes, so we prepared ourselves for a walk down by the lake to make observations, each according to his desires. What passed in the soul of my friend was withheld from my sight, for he had soon gained such an advantage over me that at times he was entirely invisible. So it was permitted me to let nature weave her influence about me in peace.

Before returning to my observations I will insert a few remarks concerning the topography. The Kunitz Lake has a water surface of more than 450 Prussian acres, a very respectable basin. The form of the lake can best be described as resembling the profile of a man from the Northeast with a long nose. In the region of the right corner of the mouth, then, would lie the Gull Island. This is about four times as long as it is wide and measures only five and one fourth acres. The village encloses in a wide bow the west side of the lake, on the east and south tall poplars border the shore, while on the north the eye can range over a great surface of water and find only a small resting-place on the flat shore beyond. In this most northerly place, the point of the nose of the profile, is the only outlet of the lake. There are no inlets. The greatest depth is about thirty feet.

So I sauntered along my way alone. Curious figures bobbed around before me, dark straight necks with peculiar crested

heads. There were the crested grebes, which would vanish quickly into the waves, only to emerge again, after a moment, at a distance of about 150 feet. The graceful little head with its pointed beak shining in the light of the setting sun was turned this way and that, keeping a sharp lookout, the long body of the bird at my approach being plunged deep under the water; thus a "crowned diver," as the natives call him, emerged now here, now there, but always unexpected. And here, nodding their heads gracefully, several pairs of water-fowls roved about near on the shore. In contrast to the crested grebe, these birds were extremely familiar, and floated around me in circles. Different kinds of wild birds rose before me, the thrush trilled out his evening song with a full voice, and with a whirring but easy flight, troops of the pretty shore-runners flew over the water. The sun was almost down, but yet there was a confused din on and above the island. I at length joined my companion on the south side of the lake, and taking the street leading along the bank, we arrived at the village again after a two hours' walk.

The shadows of night were coming on, but still solitary gulls hovered over the dark water looking for booty. The remainder of the evening was passed in listening to the stories of the proprietor, and early we sought our comfortable room. While the peaceful breathing of my fellow traveler soon indicated the sleep of the just, I was not to find rest. Loud laughter and the sound of voices came from the room below, then from time to time the town clock struck; I began to recapitulate the impressions of the day and to imagine those of the morrow. I found myself to-day an ornithologist in a regular bird paradise, and to-morrow, by the break of day, I would be an oölogist in a kind of Utopia. I became more and more wakeful. Below everything had been silent for a long time, then a short, sharp bird's trill under my window, the first morning greeting of a red-tail, at three o'clock. A wavering glimmer of the dawn broke into the room. A half hour later the first cry of the gull penetrated through the air, and now I arose quickly from my bed. No cloud could be seen in the pale heavens, but there was a sharp wind and the lake raised up powerful whitecaps. I waked my friend out of his sweet dreams, yet neither threats nor my most charming pet names could convince him of the necessity of rising. In my difficulty I opened all the windows and the sharp, strong sea air worked wonders. Clear and plain the wind carried the morning concert of the gulls to us. After some time it began to grow red in the east, the orb of day, a shining red oval, appeared in all its majesty before us over the waters and soon cast its rays over the landscape in fiery tints.

We prepared ourselves for the departure for the boats, tossing below at the park gate, which were to take us to the island. Exactly at 6:30 o'clock the worthy proprietor and his wife greeted us and began the preparations for shipping all the necessary requisites for gathering eggs. Thick sacks with straw, great round transport baskets, and smaller baskets were soon taken on board. We left the shore with our small flotilla, which was moved by two persons who turned the paddle-wheels. When we had gone about 1,500 feet there arose suddenly from the island a great white cloud of birds, circling here and there, in a din of many thousand voices. Now for the first time I was in a position to estimate the vast multitude whose white bodies whirled through the air like snow-flakes. Newspaper accounts speak of 10,000, but I agree with the proprietor that there might be as many pairs.

A great number soon alighted near the banks of the island, upon the side lying opposite to us, covering the surface of the water as with a white cloth. We landed, and with the first step on the island I almost trampled on some eggs; for to my surprise, every place as far as the eye could see, among the grasses, lay those gulls' eggs, designed in beautiful green, brown, or blue. I had not expected to see such a large number of nests, pressed together in the very smallest space. Cau-

tiously walking right and left, I now gave myself up to looking at such abundant material for my oölogical purposes, now here, now there placing in my basket what appeared valuable to me. But the gatherers went quickly to work. First they went around the island, along on the bank, and then back and forth in rows. By this perfectly organized egg-hunting it would be impossible to overlook any of the nests. In a few moments the baskets, which would hold about a hundred eggs each, were filled to the top. These were then exchanged for new empty ones, while the full ones were taken to the counting place.

In the meantime the wife of the proprietor, sitting in the shade of a tree on a rustic chair, was overseeing the skilful packing and counting of the eggs. Already several of the large, round shipping baskets were filled, but yet the smaller ones were dragged back, filled to the brim. The cry of the gulls had abated somewhat, for the greater part were tossing out on the waves; but the rest, probably the males, hung at a considerable height above our heads, in order to reconnoiter the grounds, calling out a mild "keck" that, coming from the thousand throats in their different tones, made a really agreeable concert.

We noticed this fact about these birds that they seemed to know all about the business, and they only watched to see if we would not soon be ready to go.

After a short two hours (for the search could not last longer because the gulls would lose their eggs and let them drop in the water) the last baskets were brought in. This hunt showed the considerable number of 3,180 eggs, and this only a moderate result, as the proprietor assured me. Shortly before the departure a man went around the island looking for the nests in the rushes, where the white eggs of the crested grebe were buried. A soup-ladle, fastened to a long pole, served for getting these eggs. With our frail burden we left the island at about eight o'clock. The two hours had sped on wings. A flock of wild geese whirled above in great circles and showed their purpose of alighting. At times we admired the long white lines formed by the bodies of the gulls skimming along on the water. On the island it became more lively every moment the farther away we got, and soon a thick cloud of birds stood over it, the din of the voices becoming continually more intense. In twelve minutes we had reached the village, assisted by a fresh breeze, and now followed the unloading by the proprietor and his wife. At the end came the breakfast, with fresh gulls' eggs which we had collected ourselves.

The whole year's profit on gulls' eggs averaged about $1,200. The export trade rests in the hands of a wholesale merchant of Liegnitz. He sends chiefly to Würtemberg, Baden, and Bavaria, and indeed these dainties are sent as far as France. And if we think further of what incalculable benefit the gulls are to the whole country round, by ridding the fields of worms, slugs, and grubs, we can call this colony a blessing.

Only too soon came the hour for departure, and, with hearty thanks for the pleasant hours, we left the hospitable house, and by noon the steam horse carried us back again to our mountains.

ON THE DIVIDE.

BY LOUISE WASSON.

WINTER, and night in Arizona. Overhead, an arch of sky, vividly blue, and a silver sickle whetting its edge on a shadow; beneath, a broad *mesa*, crossed by white roads that gleam in the moonlight, and dotted by sentinel cacti that loom weirdly in grotesque shapes; in the distance, loose-running ranges of the Sierra Madre; and midway, the foothills that long ago escaped the grim keep of the mountains, and now, like a pack of truants, huddle to and overtop each other to catch a glimpse of civilization in embryo—in other words, the small town of mongrel growth now drowsing off the effects of a boom in the valley below.

On the night of which we write the town of T——, with its square, adobe houses, its dusty highways, its old missions and barren plazas, had been thrown into a fever of excitement by the occurrence of an event tragic and unusual. To trace the sequence we must go back in our story some years.

To the south, on the road to the mission of San Xavier, was a settlement of peaceful Indians—the Papagoes—who lived, in fact still live, for the tribe is not extinct, in constant and friendly intercourse with their white neighbors.

Near this settlement—a picturesque jumble of *jacals* and *tepees*—lived a pioneer miner whose *sobriquet* was Dandy Dick—perhaps by way of irony, for he scoffed at the impediments of conventional dress, as was evidenced in his top-boots, buckskin breeches, and overgarment of bearskin, half blouse, half coat, which hung on his huge frame loosely and after a fashion of its own.

He had breathed the breath of the free thing from every height the territory knew; he had followed the Colorado from its cloud-kissed source in the Wind River chain of the Rockies to its fall through the Gulf of California; his venturesome foot had scaled the mighty chasms of the Grand Cañon to depths that broke the hardiest records, that he might catch a sight of the silver thread tossing from its reel of rocks below; he had chased the fleet antelope over the sunny plains; and been scorched and lashed by the breath and sands of the Yuma; and then, one day, called a halt in the village of the Papagoes, not to stay, but to deposit a curious bundle that he had picked up—and picked up grudgingly—near the Maricopa Divide.

It was an Indian baby. He had struggled with the temptation to let it lie and wail out its frail life on the open plains, then journeyed with it to the nearest settlement to acquit himself of the enforced guardianship. To his dismay the squaws would none of it. It passed from hand to hand; some even refused to touch it.

However, he had fulfilled his duty, and, mounting his scrubby little broncho, strong-limbed and restive, shot across the valley to bid at a "spec" in mining shares. At nightfall he returned to his camp. What was his astonishment to find, in full possession, a snugly-wrapped bundle from which peered two beady, black eyes, blinking in the light of a brush fire.

He rubbed his eyes—the glare of the desert plays havoc with a man's sight—then took from his pocket a mammoth square, mopped face and brow vigorously, and again stared across the fire. There, without doubt, was the old tattered blanket, and small square head, with its deep-set points of light.

Dick jerked his hat to the back of his head, planted himself before the unwelcome guest, hands on hips, and his great boots set wide to furnish adequate base for his overpowering consternation. Then, explosively, under his breath, he swore. The beady eyes blinked in appreciative silence. Some grim sense of humor in the situation

struck the man. He sat down on the earth, his legs crossed, his long, muscular arms clasping his knees, and gave vent to an expressive grunt.

"Humph, when I went on that trail to the Colorado I didn't *ex*actly cac'late to become a man of fam'ly."

The eyes across the fire drooped under the implied rebuke, then opened wide, and said as plainly as eyes could say, or so Dick thought, "Now what are you going to do about it?" that he was moved to tartness.

"Well, ye imp'dent young mummy, I'm goin' ter give yer kin down thar"—a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the Papagoes—"another chance at ye, and if they still refuse to reckernize ye, back ye go to the Divide."

Was it Dick's fancy, or some instinct of pity that made the glittering black orbs under the old rag of wool look misty and appealing?

He tethered his pony near for the night, and made with its blanket a rude but easy bed for the soon sleeping papoose.

The next morning at dawn he pulled together the corners of the old Navajo in which the outcast was tied, and, stealing in the direction of the Papago huts, deposited it near the opening of one of the *jacals*, chuckling to himself over this settlement of the situation; then on toward T——, where he spent the day among old comrades, matching tales of adventure, not the least interesting of which was Dick's latest exploit.

Toward evening, having replenished his outfit with needful stores, he turned his steed in the direction of a road at right angles with the San Xavier. He knew of a restful spot along the hidden bed of the river, where a tiny spring welled; there he would pitch his camp.

A stray shot on the way provided his breakfast. A sturdy burro walked staidly ahead, bearing the wonderful and curious burden of equipment. Not a trace of the mischief inherent in his species was visible in the shaggy-coated animal; his long ears hung limply; his dejection of manner and weariness of gait bespoke the burden of housekeeping greater than he could bear.

When master and beast came to a halt he submitted to the unloading with patient dignity. Only once did he evince any low tendencies to emotion, and that was when a pick and spade, following pots, pans, two long poles, rolls of blankets, and various other addenda to the ground, relieved his hindquarters of an undue pressure to the square inch. Then, perpetrating a header to the fore, and a sudden and unexpected elevation in the rear, he struck out vigorously at the broncho luxuriously nibbling grass—a forcible protest against this unequal division of the laborer and his hire.

As for Dick, his simple meal over, and the residue of ash knocked from his last pipe, he threw himself down, but not to sleep.

The night wind came with a sighing breath through the feathery mesquite, lifting the hair from his brow, almost caressingly he vaguely thought; the clear call of the night-bird was musical and low; and the spring trickled its cool waters soothingly over the sides of the jar set there to sweeten, drip, drip, into the basin below; but the lullaby of the night failed, for once, to banish wakefulness. With an impatient sigh he sat upright.

Suddenly his quick ear caught a sound. What was that crawling stealthily toward him? He reached for his gun. It was a woman's figure; he let the weapon drop. Cautiously, with cat-like tread, she approached and crouched behind a clump of brush.

With a bound he was on his feet and into the heart of the tough-branched growth. A shadow glided by; he sprang after it, but clutched only the flying end of a tattered *rebosa*. The wearer had writhed from the detaining grasp and fled.

Involuntarily he moved back in the direction of his gun. In so doing he stumbled over something at his feet. Stooping, his hand came in contact with a shallow, woven basket; then with a soft cheek and shock of sleek hair. The mystery was explained. Freshening into a blaze the dying embers

of his fire, he once again looked his *protégé* of the plains in the face.

There was a change there that appealed to the helpfulness of the man. The lips were colorless and drawn down at the corners in a weary, perplexed way; the nose was pinched, and the small features bore traces of recent weeping. The tiny brown fists were making misguided but frantic efforts to reach the puckered mouth. It was the "one touch of nature," and a revelation to the well-fed being standing over it.

Dick glanced helplessly from his breakfast, swinging airily in the breeze, to a weather-beaten canteen and stock of dry biscuit. At this moment he espied in the corner of the basket an *olla*—one of the earthen vessels so commonly used by the Indians. The mother-heart of the squaw had spoken in that one act. The starving baby was fed.

And so the weeks glided into months, the months into years, still keeping the strangely-assorted pair together. The Papagoes, finding their protest effectual, became helpful in assisting the youngster to thrive. Time revealed their aversion to the alien as a charge. It was of the fierce and hated tribe of Apache. Dick pitched together a rude structure of saplings and adobe, and there founded a novel domestic establishment, whose household furniture, in the beginning, was a gun and an Indian papoose.

"I'll call ye Babo," said Dick one day, reflectively eying the outcast scion of the tribe of Apache as he wriggled his yellow body in the dust outside the cabin door. He was making voracious efforts to reach his foster-mother—a benign-looking goat—sunning herself to sleep by the roadside.

"I'll call ye Babo. Mebbe the giant peak'll stand yer sponsor, bein' next o' kin, so ter speak. I'll help ye to grow, but he'll sense yer thinkin', I calc'late, a heap sight better'n a valley-bred."

So Babo he was called—Baboquivara—or *Mister* Quivara when Dick played at social functions, and drank to the health of the hoary godfather cresting the western

This toast was a stately ceremony, and perpetuated through many anniversaries. Before quaffing, Dick always stood, removed his slouched *sombrero* with one hand, and with the other, which grasped the time-mellowed canteen, included in a comprehensive sweep Babo, himself, and the lofty peak guarding the "weird fastnesses of the Papagueria." "Yer health and long life, *Mister* Quivara, with me." And as the fiery *mescal* disappeared, the majestic silhouette of centuries seemed to smile and beckon to its myrmidon of dawns under cover of the East.

As Babo's nature developed, he showed himself imperious and passionate; not always truthful; often quarrelsome with the Papagoes and half-breeds, but capable of fidelity and affection. His love for his preserver grew into an absorbing, jealous devotion that later produced unlooked-for fruit; and to him he never lied; argument on the question of but one right and wrong, irrespective of the individual, he met briefly and oracularly.

"Get bit," slouching off leisurely with an impudent swing of the hips—hands in pockets—and ejecting the unpalatable flavor of such reasoning in a little hiss, spaced by his broad white teeth.

When the boy had roamed out some sixteen summers near the village of the Papagoes, fate turned a page of Dick's early history for his comrades to read. It was the old tragedy of two men—brothers—and the one woman. Both had loved her, but the pain must be for one. That one went West. The other two married. After years, again the paths of these three converged in a little mining district of the Santa Ritas.

There was an explosion, a cave-in at the Gulch, and the sun set for the last time on a score of faces turned up to the sky. Among the number were the two for whom Dick had suffered. Their child fell to his care; the smiling face scarred, and both eyes closed on the bright world forever. He regarded the child—his "little owl," as he called him—with worshiping veneration.

"It's allus night ter him, and he c'n

sense mor'n other folks, losin' no time nor 'casion, so ter speak."

And it was a wonderful sight to see the small figure skip along the road with the alertness of perfect vision, shaking the hot dust from his brown legs and feet, carrying one arm well extended before him and raised to the level of his sunburned head.

Every afternoon, the same short journey was taken past the collection of Indian huts from which the smoke curled for the evening meal. At a certain point where the roads diverged, he would halt in the shade made by a clump of scrubby Spanish-oak, his silence emphasized by a continuous, expectant motion of the lids over the sightless eyes. Dick returned home sometimes by the mountain-road, sometimes by the San Xavier.

And now, Dick first noticed Babo's jealousy. He had brought them each a trifling gift from the town. For the Indian, an ornament, bright with color and tinsel; for the child, a toy engine with a tiny bell.

Babo looked appraisingly from one to the other.

"Me take en-jine," quietly appropriating it.

"No, Sachem," retorted Dick playfully, "this rag sots off your complexion," throwing with a dexterous twist the gaily colored scarf about the bronze neck.

"Ez a cravat, it's powerful becomin'," and the boy was a picturesque figure as he stood there, "but suit yer fancy; them Papago maidens hes a weakness for millinery hats, and straw shows which a-way the wind blows"—a sly twinkle of the eye pointing his little joke at Babo's expense.

The red blood surged under the copper-colored skin, as, with a passionate movement, the boy flung off the bright trimming.

"Me take en-jine," he doggedly repeated, again removing the toy from the small knee near him.

The child's lip quivered. Rising, he took a few steps forward, with that significant outstretching of the arm. Then with a little catch in his voice, "Ye kin have it, Babo"—a pause—"Mebbe ye'll len' it ter me sometimes." With a pathetic attempt at cheerfulness he seated himself on a log outside the cabin door, and resignedly folded his small hands.

Dick watched the scene, his passion growing with every breath. He saw in it not one instance, but a series of small oppressions. With a stride he cleared the space between them, and grasping the young tyrant by the shoulder, shook him in his powerful hold. He had never struck the boy in all his free, careless life, and never before had Babo faced such wrath in those kind eyes.

"This is what ye've been doin', is it? This is how ye've tended the camp when I've been trailin', ye sneakin', ongrateful cub of a cayote!"—a term of special opprobrium to the Indian. "More o' this, an' ye'll wish ye'd been left on the Divide."

With these words the angry man picked up the despised gift, and rent the soft fabric in twain, casting the pieces from him as he strode into the cabin.

With a low cry Babo stretched out both hands.

"Me leave and never come back," in a shrill, high voice.

A moment of irresolution—lowering looks in the direction of the child, standing with white face, helpless and amazed; then, with one bound, he cleared the spring and disappeared among the trees along the river.

Meanwhile, indoors, Dick's wrath was muttering itself out in mixed metaphor.

"Let him cool his heels on the plain. Put a beggar on horseback, an' ye know whar he'll ride. Guess *he'll* take a header 'fore he gits thar though, an' be mighty quick to turn tail an' pint this a-way when his merc'ry drops."

But the next day, and the next, passed away; and then a week, and then two; and still no sign of return.

Dick grew seriously distressed. His affection for the lad was genuine; and he began to think regretfully of the many tramps he had taken with Babo as his sole companion, and to magnify every small service the boy had rendered. He still felt sure, however, that the runaway would relent after he had sulked off his fit of spleen.

Each morning, when he threw open the

door to the crisp, light air, he looked forth expectantly. But the opalescent glory of the dawn flushed into noon; and the noon waned to a shadow; and the night fell down, and still but two—the man and the child—took note of these changes, and of the familiar sounds about the house near the village of the Papagoes.

The waters of the spring no longer babbled forth joyously, coquetting with rift of rock and fall of grass, but welled languorously, like a hope deferred; the leaves of the cotton-wood no longer clapped their hands together, but, with hushed voices, murmured a secret that whitened the cheek of the bark; the baying of the hounds from the Indian huts no longer leaped forth like a glad welcome on the night air, but echoed down the valley wailingly, like a thing in pain.

A month went by, and then, one evening, the "little owl" went forth to meet Dick, whom, since Babo's desertion, he had been in the habit of accompanying on his trips to T——. On this day, an unusually cold one for that latitude and time of year, Dick had deemed it wiser to leave him at the cabin, snug with furs and the ruddy fire of mesquite roots glowing on the rude hearth.

Jacquita, from the huts, would look in; her two half-breeds, merry-hearted vagabonds, kept loneliness at bay, till near the time of the master's home-coming; then off, with a mimic war-whoop, for the huts.

Dick delayed. The child watched and waited—then grew restless. At last, he opened the door. Just a run to where the cross-roads met—and off he started, following the lead of his uplifted arm. He reached the joining of the roads where stood the old tree, his oasis in the long stretch of sun-hot road on many a summer day. Now the wind swept through the mountain-gaps, chilling the slight figure watching there. The afternoon sunlight slanted through the leaves, and lay like a bar of gold at the feet of the child; a rabbit scurried across his path, scattering the dry lumps of earth against the small toes digging into the soil. This and the fluttering lids were the only signs of restlessness.

A few moments, when, through the dusk, came the low trill of a mocking-bird—out of season.

That was not Dick's call. He bounded to his feet, a rush of color flooding the pale cheeks, his lips slightly apart, his limbs quivering. The fluttering lids grew quiet and lay tensely drawn across the unseeing eyes. Not a sound of motion in anything around but that whisper that trembled eagerly over the smiling mouth.

"Babo—Babo"—and all was still.

The day had lost its gold; and the shadows creeping toward the uplands looked like hooded monks driven from sanctuary.

But look at the child; what change has come over him? The young body sways from side to side, and an expression of terror locks the delicate features grown white and drawn under the influence of some unseen power. By what sense is the knowledge of impending danger borne in upon him? He stands spellbound, straining every nerve in one direction; that sensitive, upturned palm shielding, repelling the evil he cannot gauge.

Nearer—nearer—then a piercing shriek. "Babo; Ba—," stifled to a moaning sigh, like the dying cadence of a string under a ruthless hand.

The night and the wind crouched in the valley shudderingly.

Dick was like one distraught.

Belated in the town, he had hurried eagerly but without anxiety to his little roof-tree. It was empty. The fire had sunk to a bed of red coals; the stillness of the place alarmed him. Pushing open an inner door, he took in at a glance the small room into which it led. Its low white-washed ceiling; its roughly finished walls, made gay with colored prints and hung with trophies of the hunt; the quaintly shaped *ollas*, some highly glazed, shining from their adobe shelves; and the assortment of odd-looking and beautiful Indian baskets arranged in fantastic heaps under the long strings of red pepper festooned above them. One of the kind made to hold water, from

the roots and fiber of trees, poised its urn-like shape on a low stand at the head of the bed. A stiff-looking Pueblo god raised its woody arms from a rudely hewn niche, and still bore evidence of Babo's prankish spirit in the squaw-cap set rakishly on one side of its head. A great Navajo blanket was spread upon the ground, which, beaten to the compactness of granite, would have chilled the tender feet.

Dick saw it all in much less time than it takes to write it. The blow was sudden and, man of action though he was, had momentarily stunned him. Dropping into a chair, one of the child's toys came under his eyes. He picked it up, a dilapidated, grotesque looking object, one of the "rag figures"—a cazique or chief—made by the Aztec tribes. Of a hard wax, and closely covered with dark cloth in imitation of skin, it was decorated with wampum and feathers, much awry from repeated sham battles. Over one eye a long gash lent a sinister expression to the tawny features. Dick stared as if fascinated; then leaped to his feet with the snap of a spring, hurling his chair from under him back against the wall.

Leering up from the hands that held it, the image had acted like an electric shock upon the man's brain. In a flash he had pieced it out. The late depredations of a few lawless Apaches—one of whom had been thrashed by a miner—a rumor of Babo's association with them; his occasional outbreaks of revengeful jealousy. A last hurried, but thorough search about the cabin, and he mounted his stanch little pony, whose size belied its strength and powers of endurance, and was flying along the road that led to T——.

There was a rally at the store of "all supplies." Rough hands closed in sympathy around that one grasping the bridle of the broncho. The fiery little pony tossed his head and champed his bit, tugging for a loose rein. But he must bide his rider's time. Then there would be work, and enough.

A dramatic scene, heightened by the prolonged, mournful signal of the incoming train. The men with eager, purposeful faces, pale bronze in the moonlight; the knots of women talking in excited undertones in the doorways; the groups of Chinamen, impassive as any pictured fate, slouching on the edge of the throng; and that central figure, grimly unfolding his plan of search and vengeance. Of rescue, he had little hope, knowing well the vindictive spirit of the Apaches.

Babo was of that race; and he groaned aloud as he thought of the lad under the influence of that blood. He had often watched it working in him, yielding grudgingly to the power of his love for his preserver.

At this moment, a man came up, panting and breathless— "Take me with ye, Dick. The White Kid's loose, an' that means the devil. I'd like to thrash him again! Him an' that sneak, Babo, 's been skulkin' roun' here for no good, I c'n tell ye. Take me with ye, pard."

"No, Ned, no"; with a hearty grip of the hand. "You've got Mary an' the girl. Me an' Picket's booked for this job," wheeling his pony sharply.

"We'll go back to the cross-roads for a trace. If Babo's in it"—scowling blackly —"I calc'late whar to find him." A significant jerk of his head toward the *mesa*. Both the ponies shot down the road.

The junction reached, the men searched for evidence. Everything was quiet and peaceful in the moonlight—no sign of a struggle anywhere. They were turning away, disappointed, when a rag fluttering in the branches of a juniper bush caught the eye of the marshal. He examined it closely.

"This may, or may not be evidence, Dick." And he held up to the man's hot eyes a fragment of the scarf he had brought to the Indian.

With the recollection of that last scene stinging his memory, Dick told the marshal of that day and of his worst fears now. Beyond the *mesa*, among the foothills, was a deserted hovel—half *jacal*, half tepee—lonely, and secluded; a resort of lawless spirits. This became the objective point of the men. Both dismounted, tightened

girths, and then took a short cut across the valley.

Meanwhile, at the "supply store" the men had divided into squads and scattered. Not a man but longed to get a shot at the blood-thirsty Apache, White Kid, known as the craftiest dare-devil in the territory. Half a dozen miners, acting on the hint thrown out by Dick as he galloped off, crossed the track and crept across the *mesa*, scanning the stretches of open country from their places of concealment in the brush.

Dick's knowledge of the Indian helped him to a shrewd conjecture. He knew him to be wily, but opposed to continuous effort; and believed that he would make a halt, if burdened with the child, before starting for the mountains.

When still some distance from the hut, they dismounted, turned their ponies loose, and stealthily approached the lonely spot. Crawling on hands and knees where the brush was low, they at last came within range of the crazy-looking *jacal*, that, in the whiteness of the moonlight, made a black spot on the side of the hill.

A dark figure crouched within the hut. His face was pressed against the rotten saplings already giving way on one side of the ruin. Suddenly, he fell, with his ear to the ground, a malignant smile on his features.

"Heap slow," he grunted. "Come, but heap slow." He was waiting for some one.

Meanwhile, the squad of miners in the brush were also nearing the *jacal*, when, on the other side, and still some distance from it, they espied a figure, creeping cautiously toward it, hugging the earth as if fearful of discovery, then lost in the shadow. As one man, they whispered, "Babo."

Suddenly another shape glided by the crumbling heap; not from the doorway, but, snake-like, through a hole in the rear, and out into the mesquite. The holder of the *jacal* was taking alarm. He could not understand the mysterious warnings borne to him by the earth. He must reconnoiter.

Dragging himself along, his ear close to the ground, that acted like a sounding-board trained sense, he finally came to a halt. Raising his lithe body, he saw something that, with all his stolidity, forced from him a grunt of satisfaction and devilish triumph; for there, only partially concealed by the undergrowth, was Dick, making his way cautiously toward the *jacal*. The Indian, unknowingly, had crept by him and the marshal—the latter in ambush in case of sudden assault.

Both men, ignorant of the change in position, were now between the Apache and the den, though only Dick was visible.

The miners in the brush were making their way steadily, stealthily. They were under cover, with a clear view of that black spot against the hill. They held their breath as they saw Dick emerge from the chapparal into the broad moonlight. What had become of that figure on the far side of the *jacal*?

Every man raised his gun to his shoulder, ready for action.

"Don't make a mistake, pards; the marshal's round that a-way somewhar," whispered one of the older men.

"That's Picket, that is, holdin' close to that stump. Dick come from that direction hisself," responded one in an assured tone. "But, look! What's he doin'?"—excitedly.

"Lord! that ain't Picket," exclaimed the first speaker under his breath.

A pause, during which the men strained their eyes to penetrate the blackness of the thicket.

"Shoot me if that warn't an Injun." But the figure had crouched back into the shadow as Dick disappeared in the clump of mesquite.

The men were in an agony of suspense, uncertain how to act, when, suddenly, the climax came.

As Dick again crept cautiously from the screening undergrowth, again that figure rose to its knees, and the barrel of a rifle gleamed in the moonlight. At the same moment, from the corner of the *jacal*, came the sharp click of a trigger.

Both Dick and the marshal heard that; but before Dick could swing his gun to his shoulder, there was a glare of powder, and a triple report rattled among the hills.

It was the action of a moment. The marshal's bullet had done its work; the Apache's, intended for Dick, flew wide of the mark.

Before Picket had time to wonder who had fired that third shot, the cool nerve of the man, inured as he was to surprise and danger, was put to a severe test.

A writhing body leaped from the brush not ten paces from him, and fell, face downward, clutching the winter grass; while in the shadow of the hut lay that other figure —the "third shot"—the victim of Picket's sure aim—one hand griping at his breast, and breathing laboredly.

With a bound, the marshal was at Dick's side.

"Are you hurt, old fellow?"

"No" came the answer heavily; "Who did it?" his gaze changing from the hut to the dead Apache.

"What's the matter with you, Dick? Who did what?"

But, without a word, Dick strode in the direction of the *jacal.*

There, on the ground, an anguish of pain in his eyes, lay Babo. Dick fell on his knees beside him.

The men in the brush had rushed out at the sound of firing, and after one look at the dead Apache, gathered about that figure lying in the shadow of the hut.

"I—did it," came in broken gasps from the lips of the Indian lad. "I—saved—yer—life. Ye won't—send—me—back—ter—the Divide now—will ye?"

Somehow, the pleading eyes brought back that night—years ago—by his camp-fire; and the faint whisper seemed an echo of a voice that had spoken then.

"Here, Dick, hearten him up a bit, man," in a husky voice from one of the miners; and a flask of whisky was placed to the boy's lips.

After a few moments he revived somewhat, and wanted to speak.

"I—seen—the other—one"—alluding to the marshal—"pull—the bead—on me; but ye—picked me—up—on—the Divide."

"Babo—Babo—boy," groaned Dick, "forgive me for doubtin' ye, lad."

A fleeting smile passed over the drawn features.

"I won't—lie—ter—ye—but"—a long pause—"the little un's—safe—now." And he had fainted. Never a scene on the *mesa* more pathetic than this.

Propping the boy up against his shoulder, his arms holding him in an easy position, Dick waited for some sign of consciousness.

With heads uncovered, the men hung back, pained and remorseful.

Here was an Indian—but one of God's creatures after all—erring but repentant, paying his debt of love and gratitude with his life; deliberately choosing death to save the man who had befriended him.

It seemed for a while that Babo's eyes had opened for the last time on the familiar scene; but once again the lids fluttered, and a look of supreme content settled on his features as he realized whose arms were around him.

He gained sufficient strength to tell in his own way, brokenly, and at long intervals, the story of his absence.

Much of the truth Dick had to guess. Of how he had come under the influence of the Apache, who had played on his jealousy and incited him to revenge; of how they had planned to abduct the "little owl"; of that scene at the cross-roads; and how the child had seemed to divine his presence.

It all came out. The torture of remorse before the deed was accomplished; his struggle to devise some way of escape before the Apache should arrive; the little one's shrill cry and benumbing terror under that cruel hand; and how, at this perilous moment, Babo's agony of mind had acted as a spur to his ingenious wit. His whole nature had undergone a revulsion of feeling. *He had killed the ancestor in him.*

With a wonderful power of mimicry, and the unconscious art of the ventriloquist, he had imitated Dick's call and the shrill neigh of the mustang so closely that the White Kid, startled from his purpose, had loosened his hold on the child.

A coward at heart, he was yet unwilling to yield without one more effort at possession. What an instrument of torture for his

enemies here within his reach. Pressing close upon Babo, his evil eyes gleaming with baffled fury, his hot breath scorching the lad's face, he hissed. "*You*—bring him—the hut"; and vanished.

After bearing the child safely to the cabin, Babo had gone to meet the Apache, leaving the bit of scarf on the juniper bush as a token to Dick.

It was all told in the homely speech of his rearing, and sat quaintly on the Indian lips. His strength was fast failing, and his mind wandered. He seemed to catch a breath of the spring-time. He babbled of the cabin and the trickling water, and of birds nesting in the cotton-wood.

The stars gleamed above that white lower radiance that hung over the *mesa*, that silvered the fern-like mesquite, and rested on the bowed heads around the dying boy. The sickle was whetting its edge on the shadow—the shadow of the world and death. The night and the mountains communed together silently, awfully.

Suddenly, Babo raised his right hand, his left still grasping at something in his bosom, his eyes fixed on the distant line of mountains, a flash of the old playful smile on his lips; and said clearly and distinctly, "Yer health—an' long life—"

Then his head drooped until his lips rested on Dick's hand.

He had passed beyond the Divide; and the Baboquivara, with the deep shadows about its base, seemed kneeling to the Soul of the Universe—that God that was "before the mountains were brought forth."

With a heavy sob, Dick pillowed the lifeless head. When they opened the blood-stained shirt, there—closely enfolded in the long brown fingers—was a shred of gay-colored scarf.

NEW ZEALAND CITIES AND GOVERNMENT.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

THE steamship and the submarine cable have knit together the remotest nations of the globe. A quarter of a century ago New Zealand was a shadowy region in the nether world; to-day, if the optimistic prophecies of Froude have not been realized, we know at least that it nurtures a civilization essentially democratic which promises future prosperity.

Free from the droughts that are a continual menace to Australia, with abundant rains the year round, crossed by a network of pure perennial streams, with its unparalleled climate, the fertile portions of New Zealand are a veritable land of plenty. The climate of the North Island is sub-tropical, and figs, oranges, and lemons ripen in the open air; frost and snow are unknown. Canterbury Plain in the Middle Island is one of the richest wheat-growing regions in the world, and the yield of cereals, potatoes, and grass in the southern, or Otago district, is equally abundant. It is no exaggeration to say that in all the essentials of true civilization, the purity of their municipal government, the painstaking and thorough manner in which public work has been undertaken and carried out, the towns and cities of New Zealand are far in advance of those of equal age, wealth, and population in the United States. It should be borne in mind that New Zealand has never been burdened with a penal colony; it was settled from the first by the better class of English, most of whom had been well born and well educated. They carried with them into the new country, where they proposed to make a home, not only for themselves, but for generations of descendants, the true Anglo-Saxon love of justice, reverence for law, patience, and perseverance. With this hereditary tendency they have developed a breadth of mind and a courage which has inspired them to undertake political and economic experiments that would not have been practicable in the older and more conventional government to which they are still allied.

All the chief cities of New Zealand except Christchurch are built upon steep hills overlooking the sea. Auckland, the metropolis, stands upon a lofty promontory, below which stretches one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, studded with islands, separated by broad winding channels through which the tides ebb and recede like swelling rivers. It has a population of over 51,000, with excellent tram-cars and omnibus lines and ferries, which connect it with the populated islands of the bay. The police in their dignity, their quiet courtesy, and even to their uniform are a counterpart of the constabulary of Great Britain. The city is well paved with wooden blocks—the almost imperishable eucalyptus laid upon a solid bed of concrete, with stone sidewalk; it is well lighted with electricity, and has an excellent telephone system, with an abundant supply of pure water. There are several beautiful parks, and the Domain, a public recreation ground —an important accessory to all colonial cities—which is set apart for picnics, cricket, and tennis matches. Just beyond the city is Mt. Eden, an extinct crater from whose summit may be counted five other craters, none of which have been active within the memory of man; along their slopes and at their base are well-kept farms, green paddocks, and snug villas embowered in foliage. From this point, too, the Tasman Sea is visible, its waters separated from Hauraki Gulf, to the east, by an isthmus less than a quarter of a mile in width. But for this narrow barrier, ships from Australia might dock at Auckland and thus save a voyage of two hundred miles around North Cape among the countless rocks and reefs that are scattered along the precipitous coast-line. A canal will doubtless be constructed before many years, when the shipping interests develop sufficiently to justify the expenditure the undertaking would involve.

Both the exterior and interior of Mt. Eden are now covered with short velvety grass, and from the rim to the narrow converging base is a depth of three hundred feet, the bottom of the crater being strewn with loose fragments of lava. A few years ago an enterprising evangelist from London held services within the crater, taking his position in the bottom and ranging his audience in tiers around the widening walls above him. Wellington, the capital, has a population of 34,000, and unlike other New Zealand cities, it is largely built of wood, its government offices comprising what is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. Here also are the Parliament Building and Government House.

Dunedin, as its name would imply, is essentially Scotch; it resembles Edinburgh in the beauty and solidity of its architecture, both private residences and public buildings having been constructed of stone. Christchurch, which is the only city in the colony built upon level ground, with long, comparatively straight streets, looks out upon the rich and beautiful Canterbury Plain—a stretch of seventy miles, bounded by remote and lofty mountain ranges. Christchurch is distinctively English, the surrounding fields enclosed in neatly clipped hedges, the pretty, gabled houses with their blossoming gardens, the Avon—the only stream flowing with a slow current, bridged and bordered by planes and willows, recalling the towns of Devon and Surrey. The spire of the cathedral, which is always pointed out to tourists, was partially destroyed by the great earthquake of 1888.

Lyttelton, an adjacent village, is in reality a suburb of Christchurch, with which it is connected by a short railway line running through a tunnel, one mile in length, under a steep headland which slopes to the water's edge. The line, in the convenient English fashion, terminates at the quay, passengers stepping into the railway carriages as they quit the ship.

Napier is the beautiful town on Hawke Bay, a great grazing district, boasting fine sheep ranges, or "stations," as they are called in Australia, hundreds of acres in extent, and is especially noted for the intelligence and wealth of its people. The entrance into Napier by coach from the north is across a spit three miles long and less than an eighth of a mile in width, connected with the mainland by an odd,

circular bridge which at that point spans an inlet of the bay. Beyond the bridge is a steep ascent, the noble Shakespeare Road, which is solidly macadamized, the grounds of the private residence on either hand being picturesquely terraced, diversified by beautiful gardens and hedges of geraniums and fuchsias. From the highest point, where the road descends into the town, there is an unbroken sweep of sea to the sky-line, the long surges rolling in and breaking along the shore, the blue Atlantic stretching away to the coast of South America without so much as an island intervening. Along this beach is a sea-wall several miles in extent, with a paved promenade, supplied with comfortable seats and lighted with electricity. On warm December evenings—the antipodean heated term—it is crowded with pedestrians.

While Napier is much smaller and less attractive architecturally than Auckland, Christchurch, or Dunedin, it is a prosperous and cheerful town, with excellent shops, good public buildings, and—a feature upon which the English insist the world over—clean, well-paved streets and solid stone sidewalks. Its hotels too are excellent, clean and comfortable, the cooking and service being far superior to anything that could be had at the same cost in the United States. The Maoris, degenerate survivors of the brave aboriginals, may be seen in great numbers in the streets of Napier, coming into the town from the small farms which they own in that region, to visit, gossip, and shop. Men of the younger generation are no longer tattooed, but the women have been less ready to renounce the custom, clinging to it with the conservatism that seems innate in their sex the world over. The fact that they tattooed the chin and upper lip only, a modest pattern in purplish parallel lines—far less disfiguring than the ornate, arabesque patterns adopted by the men—may account for their willingness to adhere to the old fashion. At any rate, clad in nondescript garments and queer hats, they sit in contented rows along the curbstones chatting with animation, each smoking with unction a short brierwood pipe.

New Zealand has a system of board, or standard schools modeled after those of Great Britain, but in which certain American innovations have been introduced. Boys and girls are taught together in the lower standards, or grades, but there are separate secondary and high schools. Teachers receive very small salaries and there is not the provision for normal training which in the United States is now considered imperative, and female teachers in the lower standards, at the time I visited the Auckland schools in 1894, seemed far too young for the duties they had undertaken; several were mere slips of girls, in short skirts, their hair still worn in girlish braids. There was also too little attention paid to attractiveness and cheerfulness about the grounds and schoolrooms, which is so important a factor in the education of children in this country. I found, however, great and growing interest in these very questions, and it was evident that improvement would be made as rapidly as it could be accomplished.

Education is compulsory and tuition is free in the lower standards; tuition is charged in the high schools, but there is an admirable system of scholarships, free tuition, and a sum of money granted boys and girls alike who rank first in their classes. This is a powerful incentive to diligence and regular attendance on one hand, and, on the other, the fees paid by pupils aid very materially in supporting the high schools.

Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin each has its university, to which young men and women are admitted on absolutely equal footing, where degrees are conferred on both alike, and where co-education exists not only theoretically but practically. The instructors in these great colonial institutions, with probably not a single exception, are graduates of the universities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, men and women of the highest professional skill and intellectual attainments.

In addition to its schools and universities each New Zealand city has its complete and beautifully appointed museum, where not only the native flora and fauna may be

studied but that of a large portion of the globe. The Auckland museum is distinguished for its valuable collection of native wood-carving, a war canoe of jet black wood, seventy feet in length, decorated with feathers and disks of mother pearls, its massive prow some ten feet in height, being the chiefest of its treasures. It accommodated one hundred men who rowed kneeling upon a temporary platform that could be removed, and in such canoes it is said that voyages of hundreds of leagues were successfully undertaken. Dunedin has an especially valuable collection of native birds and fishes, skeletons of giant moas, now extinct, with specimens of eggs, all preserved with the greatest care and mounted with the utmost skill. There are with the musuems fine public libraries where articles of historical value have been also preserved. It is a strong commentary upon the law-abiding character of the people that the doors of the museums are opened at the appointed hour and they are then left apparently to take care of themselves; there were also surprisingly few custodians in charge of the libraries, and in the reference department people who wished to read at the tables selected a book from the shelves without the aid of an assistant and returned it when they had finished. It rarely happens that anything is injured or carried away. Auckland has a very good art gallery, as well as its well-stocked library, and there is also a collection at Christchurch which indicates taste and cultivation that may one day add a worthy and characteristic contribution to modern art.

Public baths and well-equipped hospitals are maintained, both by the larger cities and the smaller towns, the latter with a corps of trained nurses in attendance and every modern facility for the treatment of patients. The insane and all others who are in any way a public charge are humanely cared for.

Railway and telegraph lines are owned by the government, and as the entire population does not exceed 700,000, their construction, largely with borrowed capital, has entailed a burdensome debt upon the people. The lines are narrow gauge, and a modification of the Italian carriage is used, a narrow corridor or passage running along one side, from which the compartments are entered, and screened by high wire fenders along the outer edge. Passengers may stand in this corridor and study the flying landscape virtually in the open air, the only drawback being the clouds of impalpable dust, like wood ashes, from the pumice which ballasts the road-bed. The carriages and engines are built in the government shops at Wellington. There are first and second-class carriages only, the latter little patronized by English or foreign travelers, and left almost exclusively to the Maoris, who travel with an unconscionable number of bandboxes and bundles, who eat and sleep a great deal, and smoke between times.

New Zealand has a profound admiration for all things American, except our political machine and our labor conflicts, although the colony can hardly claim immunity from either evil. The people are under the delusion that their railways are perfect reproductions of our own, which they in no way resemble. At most of the stations a good substantial meal may be had, with soup, a joint, vegetables, a tart, and tea; the more economical travel with well-stocked luncheon baskets, buying their tea at the stopping places, as is the custom in Great Britain, returning the spoon, cup, and saucer before the bell rings which announces the departure of the train. The railway lines have been solidly built, bridges and viaducts made to endure, the mountainous character of the country necessitating repeated tunneling, which has proved an enormous addition to the cost per mile.

There are sanguine theorists who advocate government control of railways as a means of securing better service and checking what they term "corporate greed and lawlessness." Whatever results may have been effected by government supervision under the more autocratic governments of Germany and Russia, no apparent reform has been accomplished in the more democratic Australasian colonies. Not only is

railway travel exorbitantly expensive, both in New Zealand and Australia, but, in both countries, government control of the lines has proved to be a prolific source of political corruption. In the elections of 1893 it was openly charged, upon the floor of the legislature, that places had been made for union men who were to render a substantial return, in the way of votes and influence, for value received; an investigation was followed by a discussion as fiery and excited as any that have ever ruffled the tranquillity of an American Congress. There is no established church, either in New Zealand or Australia, and the constitution—modeled after that of the United States—prohibits the extension of state aid to any sectarian organization. Grants of land were formerly given as endowment to favored religious bodies, but with the growth of liberal education this has been discontinued. New Zealand, like other Australasian colonies, is almost wholly self-governing and to such an extent that Froude's implied charge that the home government would be glad if they were wholly independent seems sufficiently reasonable. Perhaps it would be well to modify this statement by the assertion that it was certainly justified when it was first promulgated, the recent tendency to imperialism having somewhat changed the attitude of the colonies toward the mother country.

The governor only is selected by the home office in Downing Street, but should he prove incompetent or unpopular, he would probably be recalled. The office will be elective within another decade, the people selecting the governor as all other public officials are chosen, from residents of the colonies.

The present governor is the Earl of Ranfurly, who was appointed in 1897; his salary is £5,000 per annum, and his suite consists of a secretary, Capt. Dudley Alexander, an assistant secretary, Hon. A. E. Hill-Trevor, and an aide-de-camp, Lieut. Harry D. O. Ward. He has two residences, Government House in Auckland, the former capital, and another handsome house in Wellington, which has been mentioned. In the event of the death or incapacity of the governor, the chief justice is empowered to act in his stead until a successor may be appointed, a crisis that may be sensibly shortened now that there is cable communication with England; but which, prior to that time, might exist for a month, waiting the dispatch and arrival of the mails by steamer —a matter of ten weeks or longer. The governor is both the head of the civil government and commander-in-chief of the army, if a handful of militia can be dignified by such a term. No English garrisons are maintained anywhere in Australasia, the military defenses consisting of volunteers and militia who are rarely seen except in holiday parades and upon royal birthdays; there are numbers of children in New Zealand who have never seen a soldier in uniform. The colony owns three torpedo boats, which can be utilized in case of emergency, but relies upon England for other naval defense, shrewdly reasoning that it is more economical, in the end, than to build, equip, and support a navy of its own.

The governor is aided by a ministry and a legislative council which the chief executive appoints and who hold office for seven years. This council in 1896 consisted of forty-seven members and is supplemented by a House of Representatives, whose members are elected for a term of three years. Prior to 1891 members of the council, which is in reality the higher legislative body, corresponding in some degree to the Senate of the United States, remained in office for life. The law was then amended, those elected under the old law, however, being permitted to retain their seats. Parliament may be dissolved by the governor, which may follow upon disagreement over a proposed measure or policy as in the British Parliament, in which event another general election must be held. The Maoris are represented by four members in the legislature, but these native representatives are regarded with some suspicion by those of their own race who have steadfastly resisted the advance of the English: it is said that they have the esteem of their white associates, however, and are useful and trustworthy members.

In 1893 universal suffrage was legalized after a long contest, in which the late Sir George Gray took a very active part, notwithstanding his advanced age, strenuously and enthusiastically advocating the enfranchisement of the women of the colony. The experiment has been an unqualified success and is now heartily indorsed even by men who from conscientious motives formerly opposed it. The women themselves, from the first, regarded their political privilege as a sacred duty. All classes and conditions qualified and voted. Over eighty per cent of those upon the rolls cast their ballot at the first election following their enfranchisement, and this in face of the difficulty of reaching the polling places in thinly-settled districts, and the reluctance of the more conservative to undertake a task with which they were not familiar. The more important results of universal suffrage, thus far, have been the selection of better men as candidates and an immediate and decided purification of election methods. Sir Robert Stout, the former premier, and perhaps the ablest man in Australasia, considers that aside from all considerations of justice, the reform has been most salutary in all its workings.

But, while women vote at all elections, the qualifications for both sexes being the same, although they may be appointed to the legislative council, they cannot be elected to the legislature. Having secured the ballot, and thus being able to influence and even dictate their representative, they have made little effort to secure office. The Franchise Leagues that were organized prior to the adoption of universal suffrage have been merged into what were called Political Education Leagues, and these are devoted to thorough and serious study of important economic and political questions. There is no doubt that when the women of New Zealand signify their desire to qualify as candidates for the legislature, they will be permitted to do so.

The governor is the presiding officer of the executive council, which consists of the premier, Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, who also fills the posts of colonial treasurer, postmaster-general, superintendent of the electric telegraph, the department of trade and customs, labor and native affairs, at a salary of £1,000 per annum; Hon. J. McKenzie, minister of lands, agriculture, and forests and minister in charge of advances to settlers; Hon. A. J. Cadman, minister of railways and mines; Hon. J. Carroll, commissioner of stamp duties, acting colonial secretary representing the native race (Maori); Hon. W. C. Walker, minister of immigration, education, hospitals, and public aid; Hon. W. Hall-Jones, minister of public works, marine, and in charge of the government printing-office; Hon. T. Thompson, minister of justice, defense, industries, and commerce; Sir James Prendergast, chief justice, with three associates, a controller and auditor, and a government commissioner of life insurance, which is under exclusive government control. The heads of departments, those holding portfolios, receive £800 per annum, the chief justice £1,700, his associates, £1,500, and the controller and auditor-general £1,000. The department of labor has supervision over all matters coming within its jurisdiction, differences between the employer and employees, which are referred to boards of arbitration of its appointing.

For the most part there has been an effort to treat the Maoris with fairness, the compensation for right of way through their lands for government railroads, highways, and telegraph lines being fixed by a board of appraisement composed of an equal number of natives and English. The only very important authority withheld by the home office is the right to make treaties with foreign powers, and this, apparently, has never been desired until some time ago, when the colony expressed its willingness, either seriously or in jest, to supervise the complicated affairs of Samoa. Many laws are in operation which it is still impossible to legalize throughout Great Britain; among them, marriage with a deceased wife's sister, over which the House of Lords has wrangled for years, is valid everywhere, the queen cordially approving the law toward which her friendliness is well known. The divorce

laws are much more liberal than those of England, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness, cruelty and desertion being of themselves sufficient grounds for a *decree nisi*. The property laws, especially those affecting the interests of women, are also more in accord with modern ideas of justice than those which still hold throughout the United Kingdom. An effort has been made to prevent the abuses growing out of absenteeism, landowners being obliged to occupy their estates, and absence for a term of years invalidating the title. The premier and the members of his cabinet are *ex-officio* members of the legislature, and as such are entitled to vote and participate in debate.

With all our theories of freedom and equality, personality and abuse are somewhat more common in colonial controversies than in the general assemblies of the United States. But while there may be injudicious latitude in this direction, New Zealand has set us an example in another which we might follow with profit. No man is eligible to the legislature who is not a citizen, who is a bankrupt, or compounds with his creditors during his candidacy, who is a public defaulter, who is or has been convicted of felony. Were this rule applied to our state legislatures, and even to the choice of representatives in Congress, there would be a good many vacant seats. Voting is compulsory; the man who stays away from the polls from any preventable cause is very properly regarded an enemy to the state and is disfranchised.

The government is aided by a press as dignified and able as that of England, after which it is manifestly patterned. A wholesome libel law which, while granting sufficient freedom for the full discussion of all general questions, restrains the vicious and malignant, and keeps the columns of the newspaper free from matter which should be properly restricted to the police records. The leaders are well written, with a literary finish that would do credit to the best London dailies. The cablegrams only are open to criticism, especially those relating to American affairs transmitted via London, where they are evidently subjected to vigorous and amazing editing. But with the increase of mail service in the Pacific, direct communication with the United States by submarine telegraph, this difficulty will be obviated; and the bond between the colony and this country, already very close, will be doubly strengthened; New Zealand will find in the United States not only a powerful neighbor but a helpful friend.

THE WASTE OF BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

SURELY there is no face so familiar to all the inhabitants of the earth as that of the moon; and it is always the same face, with scarcely a "shadow of turning." Clouds in the earth's atmosphere sometimes hide the moon from our view, but never is a feature obscured by cloud nor mist pertaining to itself. All these depend for their existence on atmosphere; and man has not yet been able to discover any such gaseous covering on the front of the moon, nor about its periphery.

When a star or planet, or even the sun itself, passes out of view below our horizon it changes color and loses brilliancy long before its final eclipse; but when even the brightest of the stars passes behind the moon its luster remains undimmed until the moment of disappearance behind the visible edge of the orb. Other more complicated tests yield the same result.

Some astronomers hold that the moon may yet have a thin envelope of exceedingly attenuated air, the remains of what it possessed in its early prime; others say that if the moon has any atmosphere breathable by mammalia like those of our earth, it exists only in deep cavities in the rocks, where also all the water must long since have retired.

The most careful inspection of the surface of the moon by the most powerful telescopes has furnished only confirmations of the impression of barrenness and desolation gained by the naked eye. Bare rocks, burning hot from the sun's rays in the moon's month-long day, are chilled below zero, without frostiness, from its equally long nights, chains of barren mountains, numerously cleft, with dead craters in all directions, and long streaks radiating from the higher peaks—isolated monarchs of the land—make a scene well fitted to depress any reflective mind not possessed by the love of research and delighting in any discovery however trivial or ugly.

In short, our moon furnishes a nightly object-lesson of a worn-out world. Yet at an earlier period the substance of this satellite was a part of the same mass from which the earth was formed, if we accept the view which has been held, with little variation, by astronomers for seventy-five years, ever since the "Systéme du Monde" of Laplace became known. But our earth has an ample atmosphere, though now less dense than in the carboniferous era; and why should not the moon, when it went off on a tangent from the earth—like a globule flung from a ball of plastic clay swiftly turning on the potter's wheel—have taken with it a due portion of the vast gaseous sea? Undoubtedly it did; but, being a much smaller body than the earth, its stages have passed more rapidly; and in this natural progression have disappeared its stocks of air and water, in the same way that the breathable atmosphere of the earth is now going every moment.

Ebelmen, a noted French chemist, states that a layer of orthoclase (a variety of the common mineral feldspar) one meter in depth, extending over one fortieth part of the earth's surface, would, in its decomposition to mere soil, absorb the whole amount of carbon dioxide (1 carbon, 2 oxygen) now in the atmosphere. This gas forms 4.64 parts to free oxygen 2,376 parts (by weight) in every square meter of our atmosphere from the surface of the earth upward. As the other essential constituent of air, nitrogen, is inert and merely a diluent, without other effect in respiration, it need not be considered here. Though carbon dioxide (commonly known as carbonic acid gas) is noxious to animal life, it is harmless in the present naturally existing proportions just given. The carbon is essential to plant life, as oxygen is to human life; the two elements being separated by growing vegetation.

Further, the hornblendic rocks are seldom without several hundredths of iron in the form of ferrous oxide, which is peroxidized in the process of decay of the hornblende. The conversion of 21,357 kilograms (1 kilogram = 2.206 lbs.) of ferrous oxide, forming 23,750 kilograms of ferric oxide, would consume the whole of the 2,373 kilograms of oxygen contained in the present atmosphere within the limits previously given.

Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, an eminent American geologist, accepts these statements of the French chemist, and adds: "If we suppose the existence over the whole earth of 1,000 meters of sediments derived from the decay of crystalline rocks and containing only one per cent of ferric oxide thus formed, this amount would equal 25,000 kilograms for each square meter of surface [and upwards], requiring for its production from ferrous oxide the absorption of a quantity of oxygen more than equal to that now contained in our atmosphere." Again he says: "A stratum of carbonate of lime of specific gravity 2.7, covering the earth with a thickness of 8.69 meters—or one of dolomite of specific gravity 2.85, and 7.58 meters thick—would contain an amount of carbon dioxide equal in weight to the present atmosphere."

Vast formations of limestone and dolomite of "many hundred meters in thickness throughout all geological periods," says Dr. Hunt, "will, it is believed, justify the conclusion that the carbonates of the earth's crust are equal to a continuous layer of limestone eighty-six meters in thickness, and probably more than double this amount. From this it would follow that the earth contains, fixed in the form of carbonates,

a quantity of carbon dioxide which, if liberated in a gaseous form, would be equal in weight to one hundred if not two hundred atmospheres like the present."*

The changes in the rocks constituting the earth's solid mass are still going on, continuously reducing the quantity of free oxygen in the atmosphere, and tending to render the air unequal to the sustentation of human life in full vigor.

When animal life began upon the globe there followed a very considerable increase in the consumption of oxygen, and the number of consumers was constantly multiplying. The average volume of air breathed in at each breath by a mature human being is about thirty cubic inches, but four times as much is possible by effort. An adult at rest breathes about 686,000 cubic inches of air in the course of twenty-four hours; a laborer at full work will breathe more than double that quantity. For every volume of air inspired about four and one half per cent of oxygen is abstracted, and a smaller quantity of carbonic acid gas is given out with the expired air. According to Andral and Gavarret, every adult exhales, on an average, some twenty-two liters (about one and three fourths pints) of carbon dioxide per hour; so that a man breathing in a confined space three meters long, two meters high, and two wide, would in twenty-four hours transform the whole of the air in this enclosure into an atmosphere having exactly the composition of that exhaled from the lungs. In Paris hospitals 100 cubic meters per hour are provided for each patient. When, therefore, we consider the vast number of living beings who are thus consuming oxygen, we may apprehend how rapidly the changes in the earth's gaseous envelope are going on.

All the foregoing phenomena are natural, and were in operation before man's advent upon the earth; the intelligent addition to creation has, since he learned the use of fire and began to practice the material arts, added his own methods for the destruction of the wholesome, life-giving atmosphere.

The consumption of oxygen at man's instance, and the vitiation of the air by substances given off in the process, are enormous. The number of fires maintained for cooking and warmth are probably in excess of the number of families of the earth; while the burning of buildings, fields, and forests add incalculably to the amount. About 67,200 cubic feet of carbon dioxide are given off by the burning of every ton of coal; the proportion of oxygen in this gaseous product, together with another proportion that is absorbed by the solid materials left by this process of rapid oxidation, being abstracted from the atmosphere. Since 405,480 tons of coal, on an average, are burnt daily in England (the quantity being much larger in winter), the air of that country receives daily about 24,728,256,000 cubic feet of the poisonous gas.* We should add to these figures about five times the quantity for the rest of the world.

These calculations are likely—not improperly—to give the reader a shock, since they show, though incompletely, and in one department, the vastness of the processes which are slowly rendering the earth unsuitable for human habitation. Yet it has also been shown by preceding calculations that the stock of stored oxygen is ample, but that it is in forms unadapted to sustain animal life.

Growing vegetation is a constant purifier of the atmosphere by absorbing its carbonic acid gas (carbon dioxide); and it is also the only considerable source known that supplies free oxygen for the gaseous envelope of the earth. Experiments in France have shown that one hectare (a little over two acres) of forest each year exhausts the atmosphere of 5,596 cubic meters of carbon dioxide, while it returns to the air nearly as much (or 5,594 cubic meters) of oxygen. A field of oats also was found to return about as much oxygen as it absorbs of carbon dioxide. Similar experiments (some in which leaf-surface was carefully measured)

* "The Chemical and Geological Relations of the Atmosphere," by T. Sterry Hunt, in *American Journal of Science*, May, 1880 (Vol. XIX.).

* "The Atmosphere in Relation to Human Life and Health," by Francis A. R. Russell, Vice-President of the Royal Meteorological Society, Fellow of the Sanitary Institute, Member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain: Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections.

in England and other countries are corroborative of these figures.*

It appears therefore that man has the constitution of the atmosphere to some extent within his own control—to render it unfit to sustain life by his perversion of essential elements by rapid oxidation in his fires, and by diminishing the source of oxygen supply in the reduction of its vegetable growths. The forests, which man may culture or cut off, also contribute to the volume of the water power, by preserving those primary natural reservoirs, the swamps at the heads of the small streams which feed the ponds from which flow the rivers. As the forests fall, therefore, so much the more will fires work mischief in the air.

It is difficult to learn whether waterfall or wind was first used for local power. After a long period of neglect, the windmill is again coming into use very numerously, for purposes in which only a small degree of power is required. The improved forms and devices which modern skill has provided overcome in a large degree the deficiencies of this kind of power. One of these, the inconstancy of the wind, is largely offset by using the surplus power for the storage of water, to be used for driving the machinery in hours or days when the wind has a fit of indolence.

Tide-power has been used for many centuries in all countries having a seashore and the skill to construct machinery. Some of the most profitable mills are driven by the tide, in its ebb and flow. A few of these are quite large. There is no other kind of natural power so constant and reliable. All that is necessary is a cove or any form of basin, however irregular, in the seashore, across the narrow entrance of which a dam may be constructed. Gates suspended at the top that open inward only afford free passage for the incoming tide, by which the basin is rapidly filled. The inflow affords some power, but this is chiefly obtained from the outflow. The turn of the tide closes the gates; and very soon there is sufficient fall to operate turbines set at grades adapted to the varying height of water outside of the enclosure.

Within a few years inventors have been considering the practicability of translating the wave-motion and the incessant tossing of the sea into a controllable power that may be directed so as to operate machinery. The whistling buoy—somewhat familiar in many harbors—is the first and simplest form of this kind of apparatus. It consists of a buoy of nearly the form of the ordinary bell-buoy (that is, pear-shaped, with the stem down), and, like all others, is anchored to the bottom of the sea. The apparatus is within the buoy, and is so arranged that the movement of the latter compresses the air in a chamber to a certain pressure, when a vent opens, and the imprisoned excess escapes through a whistle.

An improvement on this is a buoy which operates a fog-horn in the harbor of Bilbao, in Spain, where it has been subjected to severe tests and been found entirely satisfactory. This machine is operated entirely by the vertical movement of the water.

In case of a working service apparatus, the upper portion of the buoy is covered by a wrought-iron, cone-shaped top, which is water-proof; and the gearing is adjusted to determine accurately the nature of the blast of the horn.

The foregoing wave-motion machines complete their work within the limits of the buoy itself; but experiments have, within a few years, been made with wave-power or sea-motion apparatus from which the power is conveyed to machinery on shore. One such was put in operation a few years ago by a manufacturing company at Coronado Beach, California, and utilized to run an electric light plant.

Another power-producer is liquid air, the latest wonder of the world. It is merely air compressed to the last degree, which becomes gaseous again, slowly or rapidly, according to the temperature applied. It is during this process of recovering its natural form that it will do work. There is said to be no loss of breathable atmosphere in the entire operations of compression and expansion. The inventor of the apparatus at

* "Air and Life," by Henry de Varigny, M.D., Sc.D., Member of the Société de Biologie, Demonstrator in the Institute of Comparative Pathology in the Paris Museum of Natural History.

present chiefly used in the production of the article states that he requires nothing more than the atmosphere and a mere flow of water, his machine doing the rest. Having a few gallons of liquid air to start his engine with, he claims to produce ten gallons of liquid air by the use of only three gallons of it in the boiler.

In order to give an understanding of the matter, it should be explained that the process by which this substance is produced consists in successively compressing a portion of the atmosphere which has been pumped into the receiver, the apparatus being cooled by a constant flow of cold water. The form of apparatus at first used in this country for air liquefaction consists of a set of compression pumps arranged in three series. The air having been pumped into the first receiver, the power is applied in each by a short piston. These pistons are plunged in succession by the rotary movement of a cam. All the cylinders are of steel, the last having walls five inches thick, banded, hooped, and clamped, to withstand the great pressure.

The heat generated at the first compression is sufficient to broil a steak, and would quickly destroy the apparatus were not the heat conveyed away instantly by the running water. Just as the cam is turning so as to release the piston, the compressed air contained in that cylinder is forced out by valves of peculiar form through a condensing coil into the chamber of a second pump. About this coil flows a stream of cold water, absorbing and bearing away the developed heat, and greatly reducing the amount of pressure remaining to be overcome. From this chamber the air, after a second crushing, passes through another coil, similarly cooled, to cylinder number three, where it receives its final beating, being subjected to the great pressure of 2,500 to 3,000 pounds to the square inch. From this last cylinder the subject of all this crushing passes out, not as an invisible gas, but trickling down through the final coil, and pouring out in a visible stream, like water, into the vats prepared for its storage. In later methods less power is used in compression, but more cooling; the latter being effected by spraying jets of compressed air from more advanced cylinders and, at last, from the liquid-air tank into the incoming volume. There are other experimental methods, as in the use of ammonia or of carbonic acid for primary cooling.

An engine to be operated by this substance need not be much different from a steam engine, and like that, must have its escape-valve. Through this a current of air will continually flow, as the average temperature of the atmosphere is as much a furnace to liquid air as a common fire is to water. From its exceedingly low boiling-point (312 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit), liquid air, at ordinary temperatures of the atmosphere, is in constant ebullition. A portion of the excess of liquid air produced above the quantity used in the boiler of the engine which drives the great fly-wheel, slowly expands to gas (common air), serving to cool the tank and the apparatus—being the most effective refrigerator known that has an adaptation to human use.

It is certainly to be hoped that the enlightened world will soon become more prudent in its action in matters affecting the balance of the elements upon which its life, health, and prosperity depend; that all unnecessary pollution of the atmosphere and consumption of its life-sustaining principle will be avoided; and that the forests, which conserve our water-power and restore oxygen to the atmosphere, will receive that careful protection and nurture which their importance demands.

The present generation, indeed, might not, at ordinarily habitable altitudes, suffer to any material extent from the deterioration of the element in which we "live, move, and have our being"; but those persons who have any degree of the philanthropy which cares for the condition of their remote descendants, cannot feel themselves justified in the diminution in any manner of insect-eating birds, in causing unnecessary conflagrations, nor in the destruction of forests which provide us with the breath of life.

THE GROWTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAME.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

I.

WHO is the greatest man known to history? This question has been variously answered in times past—Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Sir Isaac Newton, and George Washington being praised as the greatest. Leaving aside biblical characters, for the founders of our common spiritual civilization—Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul—occupy a place apart, one feels sure in awarding the place of supreme honor among moderns to William Shakespeare. It may be doubted whether the world will see a greater for centuries to come.

Shakespeare's fame has steadily grown during the last three hundred years, and he is now king of poets. His poems are read and his plays acted nearly everywhere in the civilized world. Painters and musicians have done much to popularize him, and a host of critics and commentators have contributed to the mass of Shakespeare literature. The recognition of his intellectual greatness is due in large measure to actors, who have made his best dramatic creations familiar to the theater-going public.

Not suddenly did the Bard of Avon spring into this proud preeminence. Among his contemporaries he was a successful playwright and a great writer, like Ben Jonson or Fletcher. He was a companion of the remarkable men who met at the Mermaid Tavern, admired and envied, but certainly not held in higher estimation than were some of the other celebrities of his time. Though not so much heard of now, Sir Walter Raleigh was the most commanding figure of the age, the man who is the best all-round representative of the Elizabethan period.

While the genius of Shakespeare was to some extent appreciated in his day, his worth as a poet was not prized as we prize it. Among his associates he had an extraordinary reputation for the wit and brilliancy of his conversation. To them he was "brave Shakespeare," "gentle Shakespeare," etc. Men who knew him intimately spoke of his honesty, his politeness, and especially of his humor—traits that distinguish his writings. During his active career, after coming to London in 1585, he played many parts—a sonneteer and writer of occasional poems, as well as a dramatic artist, actor, stage-manager, and proprietor of theaters. Londoners must have been impressed by the unusual spectacle of a shrewd business man who was also a poet.

The Baconians would have us believe that Shakespeare gained no special prominence in his day. They make light of his remarkable success in adapting and producing dramas that drew crowds, without the elaborate scenery of the modern play-house. Even Emerson goes far astray when he asserts a "unique fact in literary history, the unsurprised reception of Shakespeare; the reception proved by his making his fortune, and the apathy proved by the absence of all contemporary panegyric."

The publication of Shakespeare's sonnets and miscellaneous poems, and the frequent representations on the stage of his masterpieces, called forth in his lifetime a multitude of comments. The industry of Ingleby and others has gathered more than three hundred references to Shakespeare in the writings of his contemporaries—Edmund Spenser, Richard Carew, Francis Meres, Ben Jonson, William Drummond of Hawthornden, John Webster, and others—and in the works of seventeenth-century writers. Many of the allusions are trivial, referring incidentally to Shakespeare's personal qualities, or mentioning some of his plays or poems. A number of his lines and phrases are quoted or imitated, and his best-known characters are named. There is abundant panegyric, although the praises are unsuitable—to use Mrs. Browning's expression.

They call him "honey-tongued Shakespeare" and speak of his "fine filed phrases." There was no judicial summing-up of his merits, for it was the pre-critical age. In an indirect way the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists paid tribute to his superiority as a playwright. His influence is manifest on the dramatic art of the times. In the construction of dramas they followed his leadership. Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, and Webster were apt learners of his methods of working, for some of them collaborated with him in the production of several of the plays that are attributed to Shakespeare—"Macbeth," "Henry VIII.," etc.

After Shakespeare retired to his native town about 1610, he lived the life of a well-to-do, respected citizen. Having made a fortune out of his plays, he did not further trouble himself about their fate. Indifferent to literary fame, he apparently made no effort to collect his dramatic works and to publish them in an authorized edition. Evidently he did not look upon himself as the greatest of Elizabethan authors. Others, however, were aware of the surpassing excellency of his dramas as literary productions, and a few years after his death the first folio edition appeared.

Sixteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed separately before his death, and sold for sixpence each. Some of these quartos (as they were called) reached several editions. Published without the author's cooperation, they were necessarily imperfect; the acting versions furnished by the manager of Shakespeare's theater contained many errors due to careless transcriptions. Besides the quartos, the "First Folio" of 1623 contained twenty hitherto unprinted plays ("Pericles" being omitted). Only a small edition of this folio was issued, and not many copies are in existence. The price was a pound a copy. The remaining copies bring fabulous sums now.

Two obscure players, John Heminge and Henrie Condell, who likely had been connected with Shakespeare's theater, collected and preserved manuscript copies of his plays. The first edition (1623) had a slow sale. Only a few readers cared then for his wonderful plays. Milton, surprised at this lack of appreciation, refers to the volume in his "Epitaph on Shakespeare" as "the unvalued book." A second edition was issued in 1632.

Meanwhile a change had come over the spirit of the English people, due to the circulation of the King James translation of the Bible. Men became more serious, and play-going was frowned upon. Theaters were closed, and it fared ill with dramatists and their works for many a year in England. So during the Puritan revolution Shakespeare sank into undeserved neglect.

With the return of the Stuarts to power, the spirit of gaiety asserted itself and performances on the stage again became popular. To Sir William Davenant belongs the credit of reviving an interest in Shakespeare's works, which were again presented in English theaters but in a somewhat different dress. Taste had changed and it was thought necessary to revise and correct Shakespeare. Rymer and other Restoration critics considered him too wild and rude. Dryden, though professing an ardent admiration for Shakespeare, tried his hand at improving some of the plays that had mightily pleased Elizabethan audiences. Others pruned away the bard's "excrescences" and made his works acceptable to a more refined age. The publication of the third folio edition (1663–64) increased his fame. Otway thus praised him in 1680:

> Our Shakespeare wrote too in an age as blest,
> The happiest poet of his time, and best.

Yet at the close of the seventeenth century Shakespeare's supremacy among English poets was not generally recognized. Few, if any, suspected "that the genius of Shakespeare was unique."

The eighteenth century brought forth many editions of Shakespeare, edited by scholars and famous men of letters: Rowe's, in 1709; Pope's, 1725; Theobald's, 1733; Hanmer's, 1744; Warburton's, 1747; Johnson's, 1765; Capell's, 1768; Steevens', 1773; and Malone's, 1790. Of these perhaps the best are the editions of Theobald, Capell, Steevens, and Malone, who corrected numberless errors in the earlier texts,

and did much toward clearing up the meaning of doubtful passages. Painstaking scholarship, though not always brilliant, served to smooth the way to a better understanding and keener appreciation of the great dramatist. Less expensive editions were needed, however, to bring his works within the reach of the common people.

Among men of culture Shakespeare students and admirers were becoming more and more numerous, and yet there were dissenting voices. The chorus of praise was not unanimous. French canons of poetic art now prevailed, and the writers of the classical period criticized "glorious Will" for his frequent disregard of the unities of time and place. They also pointed out the blunders in his history and geography. His verse was too rough and his style inelegant. His sentiments seemed to them extravagant, and his passion too vehement. Something more regular and less sublime would have pleased them better.

It is not strange that men of the Georgian era, with their critical cast of mind, did not realize Shakespeare's greatness. His exuberance, his overflowing mirth, and magnificent diction were beyond them. The England of Drake and Sidney was far different from that of Pope and Johnson. The spirit of the one was adventurous and stirring; of the other, mercenary and artificial. Dowden well characterizes Shakespeare's period: "In the closing years of the sixteenth century the life of England ran high. . . . Men were in a temper to think human life, with its action and its passions, a very important and interesting thing. . . . The art which suited the temper of their imagination was the drama." The men who lived in the unromantic age of Walpole could not feel as the Elizabethans did.

The calm and philosophic Hume fairly expressed the opinion of the less enthusiastic, more prosaic class of readers of his day, who had not enough imagination to soar to Shakespeare's heights:

> A great and fertile genius he certainly possessed, and one enriched equally with a tragic and comic vein; but he ought to be cited as a proof, how dangerous it is to rely on these advantages alone for attaining an excellence in the finer arts. And there may even remain suspicion that we overrate, if possible, the greatness of his genius; in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic on account of their being disproportioned and misshapen. . . . The English theater has ever since taken a strong tincture of Shakespeare's spirit and character; and thence it has proceeded that the nation has undergone from its neighbors the reproach of barbarism, from which its valuable productions in some other parts of learning would otherwise have exempted it.

In the nineteenth century there has been a host of workers in the fields of textual and esthetic criticism of Shakespeare's plays, as well as of matters relating to his life and times. With extraordinary energy and devotion they have applied themselves to pretty nearly all of the possible phases and problems of Shakespeare study. In England, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Furnivall, Dowden, Moulton, Lee, and others have produced a large body of interpretative comment on the plays and sonnets. While in America, Lowell, Ruggles, Corson, Morgan, Snider, Wendell, and others have made notable contributions to the ever-growing literature on the subject.

The unreserved homage paid to Shakespeare's genius is seen in the vast number of editions of his works published in the present century. Some of them may be named: Harness' edition, 8 vols., 1825; Singer's, 10 vols., 1826; Knight's, 8 vols., 1838–43; Colliers', 8 vols., 1841–44; Halliwell's, 15 vols., 1853–61; Dyce's, 9 vols., 1857; White's, 12 vols., 1857–65; Clark and Wright's, 9 vols., 1863–66; Staunton's, 3 vols., 1868–70; Rolfe's, 40 vols., 1871–96; Hudson's, 20 vols., 1881; Marshall's, 8 vols., 1888–90; Gollancz', 38 vols., 1894–96. Of one-volume editions the best are the Globe, the Leopold, and the Oxford. Furness' Variorum edition (1871—) is a monumental work.

Much as the critics have done to swell the tide of Shakespeare's reputation, it is probably true that actors have done more to increase his fame. Ever since the Restoration in 1660 the player's art has been a determining factor of the highest importance

in keeping his name and writings before the public. The operas of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Verdi, Gounod, and other composers have also drawn attention to the works of Shakespeare on which they were founded. No doubt there is much truth in Henry Irving's statement: "Only the theater can realize to us in a life-like way what Shakespeare was to his own time." Of course every actor's Shakespeare is something different from the real Shakespeare, yet every conscientious attempt to interpret him makes his creations better known.

The Shakespeare revival in the reign of Charles II. was due to the superlative worth of his productions. As acting plays they were better than the works of his contemporaries. He is the only one of the Elizabethan playwrights who has kept the boards. Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" and other fine dramas, by his contemporaries, are now dead to the stage, or seldom performed. Vain would be the efforts of any theatrical manager to arouse permanent interest in them. Jonson's tribute in 1623 was singularly just: "He was not of an age, but for all time." Great as are the dramatists of other lands, they cannot compete with Shakespeare. The masterly quality of his genius made Hamlet, Lear, and Rosalind immortal, while Prometheus and Antigone are known only to the scholar.

Richard Burbage, the most illustrious figure on the stage of Shakespeare's day, is now not much more than a name. History affords us fuller information concerning the actors of the Restoration period. Thomas Betterton was the most eminent of seventeenth-century actors in Shakespearian characters. He was ably seconded by his talented wife, the first woman to take female parts (about 1660). Mrs. Betterton became famous in such rôles as Ophelia, Juliet, and Lady Macbeth. In 1681 he essayed the rôle of King Lear, with Mrs. Barry as Cordelia, in Nahum Tate's version of the tragedy.

Betterton's worthy successor, Barton Booth, did not succeed so well as Lear, though he excelled as Othello. His distinguished rival, Robert Wilks, was almost as great in Hamlet as Betterton. Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Seymour were well-known Cordelias of the period. Charles Macklin, the first great interpreter of Shylock, strove after accuracy in costumes and other scenic details. Other actors of the eighteenth century had crude notions about the appropriateness of stage setting.

The most celebrated name in the dramatic annals of England is David Garrick, who, when a young man, playing Richard III. (in 1741), took the town by storm, crowding a London theater nightly by his wonderful performances. No other actor, according to Sidney Lee, "has won an equally exalted reputation in so vast and varied a repertory of Shakespearian rôles." He had excellent support in such capable actresses as Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard. Says Dowden: "In September, 1769, he assisted at a jubilee held in honor of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. The Garrick fever had resulted in a Shakespeare fever." After Macbeth, Lear was considered his highest achievement.

An actor almost as great as Garrick in Shakespearian rôles was John Philip Kemble (1757–1823). With a remarkable cast he played Lear in 1788 at Drury Lane, making an extraordinary impression. His sister, Mrs. Siddons, who played with him in many notable performances, is the queen of the English stage. She was the greatest member of the Kemble dynasty. No other tragic actress has approached her in the part of Lady Macbeth. Her younger brother Charles was also a star in Shakespearian characters. "Her niece, Fanny Kemble, daughter of Charles, and her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, were also distinguished members of the family, though the latter won most fame, especially in this country, as a reader." Other conspicuous actors of the eighteenth century are Spranger Barry, John Henderson, and John Palmer.

Scant space can be allowed to the long line of actors of the nineteenth century—J. B. Booth, Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, G. F. Cooke, Robert Bensley, W. C. Macready, Samuel Phelps, John Emery, C. A.

Calvert, Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, and others, whose admirable impersonations of Shakespearian rôles have maintained the best traditions of the British drama. Scarcely less renowned are the gifted actresses, Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Jordan, Isabel Glyn, Helen Faucit, Ellen Terry, and other ladies who have graced the English stage.

America has good reason to be proud of its many actors and actresses who have successfully undertaken nearly all of the chief rôles in Shakespeare's plays. First and foremost of our leading tragedians is Edwin Forrest, whose Lear, Othello, and Coriolanus were superb impersonations. For many years Edwin Booth was the glory of the American stage; his Hamlet and Iago have probably never been surpassed. His honored associate, Lawrence Barrett, played Cassius and Shylock with a finished art that compelled admiration. John McCulloch, whose brilliant career was blighted by madness, succeeded best in Lear and other tragic rôles. While not a great tragedian, Thomas Keene won a high place in the estimation of the public for his robust Richard III. and Macbeth. The popular comedian, W. E. Burton, was a favorite in such parts as Falstaff and Bottom. Mansfield and other theatrical stars have gained prominence in Shakespearian parts.

First among our actresses should be named Charlotte Cushman, called "America's greatest tragedienne," whose rendition of Lady Macbeth recalled the triumphs of the incomparable Siddons. Janauschek, Mrs. Davenport, Genevieve Ward, and other actresses of note have succeeded well in this difficult character. The versatile and charming Modjeska is an ideal Ophelia and a dignified Queen Katharine. Adelaide Neilson has been called "the most beautiful and realistic Juliet the world has seen." Mary Anderson began her remarkable career as Juliet and afterward made as great a hit by her vivacious representation of Perdita. Other actresses who have delighted American audiences are Ada Rehan as Rosalind, also Margaret Mather, Julia Marlowe, and Miss Arthur as Juliets.

There have been famous interpreters of Shakespeare in other lands: Ducis, Sully, Stendahl, Bernhardt, Rhea, and Hading, in France; Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Duse, in Italy; Fleck, Schroeder, Iffland, Devrient, Seidelmann, Possart, Behrens, and Vogt, in Germany. Among the Ophelias, Juliets, and Portias of the German stage are Sophie Schroeder, Wolf, and Stich. The performances of the Meininger Company deserve high praise for accuracy in the minutest details of every representation and for conscientious striving after artistic completeness, without heightening or slurring of the parts. Some twenty-eight of Shakespeare's dramas are acting plays in Germany.

CHINESE CORPORATIONS.

BY MAURICE COURANT.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

IT is customary in China for all business houses dealing in the same specialty to form an association that I shall call a corporation. I reserve the right of indicating some exceptions to this rule. These corporations, which appear to date back at least three centuries, are difficult to study. Diverse in type, and formed by their interests alone, without the state having either given them rules or authorized them, they exist by force of custom and live conformably to their traditions, although some of them, I have been told, have written regulations and perhaps archives; they find it inadvisable to communicate either of these to the public. He who is curious to obtain an idea of these bodies is thus compelled to disentangle their principles from the examples of their action which come in small number to his knowledge. Without being ignorant of the insufficiency of such a process, I am going

to confine myself to giving examples and from them drawing conclusions which will necessarily be a little vague and general.

The corporation fixes the minimum selling price for each commodity and watches by secret agents to see that no house is content with a lower price. It thus checks the effect of rivalry and prevents that depreciation of merchandise so injurious to the whole corporation. The public is the sole sufferer from the existence of the minimum, but it does not seem to perceive it, and the government does not interfere except in the case of grains; it fixes a maximum price for these and sells the grain from its granaries when necessary. It is also the corporation of banks and moneylenders which decides the rate of interest to be paid or received and the nature of the guarantees or of the moneys to be accepted; in a word, it fixes the general rules for transactions and defends the common interests of all its members. If one of them is engaged in a lawsuit the general interest of the corporation sustains him with its credit and its funds.

As they defend their interests the corporations also watch over the actions of their members. They oppose frauds which would injure the good name of the association; the workers of pure silver will not permit one of their number to sell alloyed jewelry, even when the fact is known to the purchaser. Some corporations watch over the regular payment of duties and by this earn favor with the treasury. Others go still farther and, in order to better maintain the stability of their houses, forbid all fictitious sales and purchases. Most of the operations of our stock exchange and many commercial operations which seem to us altogether simple would not be tolerated. A few years ago the use of time sales was introduced into the silver market of Peking; a censor who saw in this a form of gambling gave notice of the fact and these operations were forbidden by the government. This was a very rare example of official intervention. It is as a result of the same concern for its welfare that the corporation of bankers looks after the notes issued by its members. Every banker, every money-changer even, is at liberty to issue notes, and the precautions demanded by the law, not being taken seriously, remain of doubtful value. In order to stop exaggerated issues, the corporations have a single means which is infallible; if a house allows itself to become involved and risks compromising the good name and sometimes also the capital of the other members, an order is given, all its notes are thrown upon the public at the same time, and the imprudent bank does not delay to suspend payment and disappear.

The corporation further maintains its reputation and its good relations with public powers by expenses for display or for charity. Each winter it pays a certain sum for the opening of the kitchens where a pudding of rice or millet is distributed to the poor people of Peking. In case of famine or inundation the subscriptions of the corporations are not delayed, a fact which does not prevent leading members from contributing largely in their own names. In the same way a corporation of several of them united will offer a banner, with a laudatory inscription, or a parasol of honor to a mandarin whose administration has been appreciated. They take part in the repairing of the route along which an imperial *cortège* is to pass, they have banners carried in processions and popular religious ceremonies.

A special cult, if not one of the reasons for being, is at least one of the bonds of the corporation. Each corporation has its patron; for one it is the god of riches, for another the god of war, for others a spirit of more limited power, such as Lou Pan, the marvelous mechanic of the time of Confucius, now the patron of carpenters. Adored in each shop by all the masters and clerks, the protecting genius has fêtes celebrated by the whole corporation at fixed dates.

The calendar thus punctuated by the special fête days of the corporations is still more so by the great popular fêtes, where the general cult and the cult of the merchants have their places marked side by

side; these are the fêtes of the renewing of the year, of the fifth day of the fifth month and the fifteenth day of the eighth month. The twelfth month in particular is the period of great commercial activity. The thirtieth day of the twelfth month, the last day of the year, everything is finished, the shops close, and for four or five days no place can be found to buy even the most common provisions. Small trade is resumed first, but the great houses prolong their vacations until about the fifteenth.

In order to maintain order between the members of the corporation, people of the same trade, unceasingly in business relations, the syndics must have a power of arbitration; in order to carry on the work of the corporation itself there must be a common cash-box. This double conclusion comes necessarily from all the facts which have been reported to me; but these are questions altogether interior, belonging to the merchants themselves, which do not come to the knowledge of the public. I have been able to obtain upon these two points very clear but little detailed affirmations. The chiefs of the corporation intervene, I have been told, in the litigations of the members and check dishonest movements that one might attempt against another. Have they a real judicial authority? I do not think so; they must rather act as intermediaries, as is frequently done in China. As to the treasury, it is supplied by assessments and fines; it may also contract loans, for the salt merchants of Tien-Tsin are still held for the interest upon different debts contracted by the corporation in the last century.

It is natural that at these two points, as at many others, one should find great differences among corporations. They have been formed at different epochs, independently of each other, and there is therefore no agreement between them except upon essential lines. Having indicated general principles I am now going to note some details of organization with some exceptions to the common rule. The minimum price fixed by the assembly is not equally imperative in all corporations; thus, with the fur merchants the price is not binding upon the members. In almost all branches of commerce all the houses take part in the corporation upon a footing of apparent equality; doubtless the large banks exercise authority over the money-changers, but there is no dissimilarity of business or of situation. In the tea trades it is otherwise; in Peking there are two or three importing houses owned by the families Fang and Oou from Ngan-Hui. They alone fix the price, determine the value of weights, and manage the corporation. This is a special situation and one which has nothing analogous even in the importations of other southern products, such as silk and rice. If trade, comprising in that word the business of book-dealers and apothecaries, is almost independent of official action, the slaughter houses must be authorized by the government.

The money-lending banks also have need of an official authorization. They pay duty upon their operations to the local authorities and are classed in three categories according to the importance of their business. The intervention of the administration may be explained in this case by various considerations. The money-lending banks of the first class receive on deposit from the local authorities a sum, varying from $2,000 to $10,000, upon which they pay interest. By increasing their capital and permitting them to extend their business, the administration, always paternal in its language and in its acts, thinks it does a philanthropic work and aids the population. The money-lending bank has nothing of the character of a lender who thinks only of despoiling his victims; it is an institution of credit to which not only the poor Chinamen, but those of the middle class, constantly have recourse. Peking has twenty such banks, founded by the court in the eighteenth century, which charge reduced interest; it has a great many others belonging to individuals. Such institutions are founded throughout the empire and there is no village which does not have one or two. They have been of the greatest service to the Chinese people. They are

necessary to its life, and this explains why the administration, departing from its custom, watches over and favors them. The corporation remains its own mistress, save at the two or three points indicated.

On the other hand, China has for the use of large and small capitalists numerous establishments of credit which approach more nearly to ours; they may be grouped in three principal classes, money-changing shops, banks, and draft banks. These last are found especially in Peking, where they were founded some ten years ago by men of Chan Si, the province where the army of Chinese bankers is mainly recruited; they have for their one industry the trade in drafts for all China and for some of its dependencies. They have not the monopoly of this business, since several large general banks and the most important merchants carry on the same operations, but they have regularized this branch of banking, have extended it to a great number of localities, and have almost completely repressed the transportation of silver bullion in China proper. Their large volume of business permits them to bring into their transactions great breadth of vision and to treat their clients with magnificence. The money-changers, in a limited circle of operations, carry on a more varied business. For changing silver they charge in general two per cent. They issue notes, without any supervision, as I have said, and lend at two per cent per month, in normal times, the reserve which ought to guarantee these notes, making thus a double profit but exposing themselves to the danger of not being able to redeem at sight; for this reason it is a good thing not to keep bank bills too long. In the country a house customarily accepts only its own notes; in Peking some well-known signatures are received everywhere, after being examined by an expert, who affixes his seal to the bill declared good, receives a recompense for each verification, and is pecuniarily responsible for his errors. The banks also make loans guaranteed by the deposit of land-titles, upon which they often take only one or one and a half per cent per month. One per cent is the customary rate for government loans, though in times of crises the rate rises as high as ten per cent per month. Finally, the banks receive deposits, paying generally one per cent interest, sell drafts, and speculate upon the price of silver.

The great banks by accepting or refusing the notes of a house rule in the corporation and have in their hands the fate of the market. The four Hengs, bankers in Peking, in the amount of their reserve, the solidity of their credit, and the number of their branch houses, have no equals, at least in Northern China. All the operations of the exchange are carried on in the silver market, which is held each day in the southwest part of the Chinese city, in the open street, near a Taoist temple; the meeting takes place in the early morning; in summer everything is finished by six o'clock. The values to be sold, notes or drafts, silver or gold, are displayed upon the ground, all the operations being real. Each of the houses of Peking is represented; no one remains away for fear he would be thought to have taken flight. As soon as the price is fixed some telegraph to their correspondents in the province, others release a pigeon which goes to carry the news to the principal house in the Tartar city. Besides, the couriers of the corporation, seven or eight in number, spread the information among the money-changers and bankers. Everything takes place in perfect freedom without state oversight, without duty upon the transactions, without any other demand than the interdiction of fictitious sales. The grain market is likewise almost exclusively the domain of the corporation of grain merchants; the state does not interfere except in case of famine in the region.

In addition to the merchant's corporations there exist also corporations of artisans; the embroiderers, tanners, and carpenters have theirs. The carriers and boatmen, who until the opening of the railroad had a monopoly of the transportation between Peking and the province, although not forming a regular association, came together at the inns and made rules, from which they departed little, for the price to be asked and

the charges to be made per beast or per vehicle. The barbers at Peking no longer have a corporation but they form a society which unites each year for a sacrifice and a banquet. The chair-bearers have no syndicate at Peking, but at Tien-Tsin, on the French concession, they have an association which maintains prices with jealous care and does not permit any member to be employed out of his turn.

Certain merchants carrying on regular commerce have not formed an association; for example, the dealers in fowls, potteries, and porcelains at Peking. On the contrary, if the peasants who come to sell their vegetables traffic individually as well as they can, when they take their fruits to market they accept an organization whose origin has been forgotten. Each year upon the appearance of each kind of fruit the *king ki* of the market, in agreement with the merchants, fixes the maximum price for the whole season; the *king ki* also preserves order in the market. The office of *king ki* is the property of the one who exercises it; he bought it of his predecessor and he will sell it to his successor by private contract; this is an accepted situation which no one contests. Sometimes the monopoly of the corporation is complicated with a question of provincialism. The Chinaman holds every man born in another district and especially every one born in another province as a stranger; on the contrary, those who are of the same origin always stand by each other. It has thus happened that certain businesses have been monopolized by the people of a province; most of the bankers originate in Chan Si, all the great tea merchants come from Ngan Hui.

Associations are formed even by the coolies who handle the merchandise upon the quays of the open ports, a wretched floating population, often divided into groups, each of which reserves for itself a portion of the quay. Associations are even formed by beggars, and the corporations these form are perhaps not the least curious nor the least powerful.

These details show in what variety of forms the corporations bring about the same result, the organization of work; they show also how far they extend beyond commerce, how much they are mingled in the life of the population, and how powerful are the tendencies which have produced and maintain them. The Chinaman is essentially sociable; birth puts him in a family closely united, acting alone, and of which he is only a fragment; the ground that he possesses makes him a member of a rural commune; immigration throws him into an association of compatriots born in the same province, often in the same district; the imprint with which apprenticeship marks him makes him a member of a class, and if he is a proprietor, of a corporation, not a man living by himself and for himself. He has not the habit of independence nor the idea of it. Isolated he only half lives; a powerful affinity solders him to his fellow men; endowed with more passivity than energy, he lives, he thinks in groups. Therefore the authority of the corporation, far from being foreign to the merchant, is a need for him; and as a consequence of this universal consent, the corporation has the right, implicitly admitted, of requiring obedience of its members, and of constraining those who might be refractory about entering its circle.

The corporation by its complex attributes takes the place of our syndical associations, of our chambers of commerce, of our commercial tribunals. Its jurisdiction, though not official nor obligatory, has no less power and extent when there is a question of regulating a difference, of watching over a liquidation, or directing a division of assets in proportion to the debts. It is very rare that its arbitration is not accepted, for the justice of the mandarins is very expensive and like the written law has a penal character; one does not have recourse to it except for lack of any other means. Thus the corporation assures the discharge of several services relative to commerce which in Europe are confided to the state or watched over by it. The state, thus freed from all special care with regard to commerce, ought not, it would seem, to demand any special imposts, and, in fact, it demands very little.

Aside from light license fees and obligations which are almost voluntary, the state and the mandarins ask nothing of the merchants; formerly there existed special vexatory imposts against the merchant class, but for many centuries they have been suppressed.

The merchants openly resist authority when it shows exaggerated demands and when their rights or security are violated, and it is also not infrequent that their action, going beyond reasonable limits, encroaches upon the rights of the state. The closing of the shops, the suspension of all commercial life, the strike, is the great resource of the corporations against the mandarins, as boycotting is the infallible means against undisciplined members.

If we study daily life we will see the most simple workmen as well as the most important business houses in declared conflict with the laws and that without any one gainsaying them. It is said that the night watchmen, those humble servitors who make their rounds about habitations and shops on the watch for fire and robbers, pay the latter a portion of their wages in order to prevent their attempts. The money-lenders become intermediaries between the robber and the proprietor if the latter desires to recover the object stolen from him. There also exist companies which for a certain per cent assure the arrival of money at its destination. In certain retired localities, rare in China but numerous in Mongolia and other dependencies, there are neither banks nor important merchants; for lack of ability to send drafts, a person is compelled to send silver, with great risk from robbers. The insurance companies of which I speak give the band of robbers a certain per cent upon their operations. They deliver to the person insured a sign of recognition, a little flag, which the conductor of the convoy carries and which makes known to the brigands that they are to demand nothing, and give an escort of a few resolute men to defend the convoy against unorganized robbers. With these precautions the money arrives at its destination and in case of loss the company reimburses. The mandarins as well as individuals have recourse to this insurance; the state does not make use of it and its convoys are often pillaged. Thus it is admitted that the police are insufficient, and the authority ineffective, that the merchants must maintain order, and that to do it they come to an understanding with other industrialists, the robbers.

One recognizes here not the manifestation of a different conception of the state, but a sign of the perversion of every notion of state and society; the people and the officers openly treat with robbers, enemies of organized society. Such facts do not come from the organization of the merchant class of which we have spoken, they come from the insufficiency of the state itself, from the insufficiency of the mandarins who direct it and have for centuries been its incarnation. It may be asked, then, if, the mandarins having proved themselves wanting, there is any social organism capable of replacing this ancient class; the brief study that we have just finished permits us to reply that there is perhaps one such class. The merchant class, younger than that of the mandarins, has mingled more than it in practical life; it knows better how to adapt itself to the conditions of daily life; it is accustomed to practical life, and possesses stability and organic unity. How would it face the demands of the new situation that I suppose? It is not possible to solve this problem, but it is permissible at least to state it, and it is useful to make known some elements of the solution, especially at this hour when the disorganization of the Chinese state seems at hand and when Europe may be called upon to weigh more or less directly upon the destinies of China.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.

In the Philippines. No important change in the military situation took place during the month. The assassination of General Luna early in June had no apparent influence upon operations, but the rainy season emboldened the Filipinos and increased the difficulties of the Americans. Aguinaldo concentrated his forces north of Manila, and on June 16 a desperate attack was made upon the Americans under General McArthur at San Fernando. After three hours' fighting the Filipinos were driven back with heavy loss. The advance of General Lawton, in Cavité province (Aguinaldo's home district), was checked at the Zapote River on June 13 by a large force of insurgents, and one of the severest encounters of the war took place. The result was the routing of the enemy and the capture of the insurgent position by the Americans.

In the meantime the replacement of volunteer by regular regiments went on, and early in July the Pennsylvania troops and various western regiments sailed for home to receive their well-earned discharges. About the same time President McKinley decided, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of General Otis that 30,000 men were enough for his purpose, to exercise the power given him by Congress and raise twelve regiments of volunteers for service in the Philippines. These regiments were to be organized into four brigades and required 564 officers and 16,536 men. Two of the regiments were to be organized by General Otis in Manila. In order to obtain competent officers for the ten regiments to be raised in this country the president decided that the colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors were to be chosen from the officers of the regular army and the company officers were to be men who had served in the war with Spain.

The peace commissioners at Manila accomplished little toward the cessation of hostilities, especially as the last Filipino delegates gave strong indications of being spies; but they were able to obtain data of value to the administration. President Schurman made a tour of the southern islands of the archipelago and reported a satisfactory condition of affairs there. He predicted that there would be little trouble in bringing these islands under American rule. Other members of the commission assisted in the setting up of civil governments in several captured Filipino villages. On the anniversary of the destruction of Cervera's squadron public schools were opened in the city of Manila and about 5,000 children began a course of instruction under American supervision. One hour a day will be devoted to the study of English in these schools.

MAJ.-GEN. ARTHUR M'ARTHUR.

Affairs in Cuba. The payment of the Cuban soldiers proceeded without serious interruption, though a revision of the pay-lists was found necessary. In June Gen. Leonard Wood, who has done so much toward changing Santiago de Cuba from a pest hole to a healthy city, paid a

visit to the United States. In an interview he stated that the city and province of Santiago are quiet and contented with American rule. "All the Santiago Cubans want," he said, "is work and a chance to educate their children. The great cry among them is for more schools." It is to be deplored that the very time of General Wood's visit was marked by an outbreak of yellow fever among the American soldiers quartered in the old Spanish barracks at Santiago. Radical measures for the eradication of the disease were at once adopted and it was hoped that an epidemic would be avoided. A few cases of yellow fever developed in Havana about the same time.

Dreyfus in France. The event of the month in France was the return of Captain Dreyfus to that country. Although it was known that he was on his way on board the steamer *Sfax*, the exact time and place of his landing were kept a secret, and the world awoke on July 1st to learn that he was safely in prison at Rennes, having reached there the night before. As a natural result of his mental and bodily suffering for five years, he had aged and grown reticent, but the early reports of his loss of mind and embitterment of spirit were not confirmed. His wife and counsel have visited him daily since his arrival. His trial by court-martial is said to be fixed for July 31. It looks at last as if justice were to triumph in France. The cabinet formed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, on June 22, received a slender majority in the Chamber of Deputies and has shown itself able to cope with the situation. Although composed of heterogeneous elements and not liable to remain long in power after the Dreyfus trial, it has given evidence that the trial will be a fair one and that no interference with justice will be tolerated.

England and the Transvaal. The conflict which for a time seemed imminent between Great Britain and the Boer Republic was postponed if not averted by a concession made by the latter government early in July. A bill adopted by the lower house of the Volksraad grants the franchise to all persons who are naturalized at the time of the passage of the act or have resided in the country five years, and provides for the

MAJ.-GEN. HENRY W. LAWTON.

future enfranchisement of newcomers after seven years' residence, naturalization being optional. Children of aliens born in the Transvaal will be granted the suffrage upon reaching the age of twenty-one years. Whether or not this concession will be regarded as adequate by the British government remains to be seen. Hon. W. P. Schreiner, prime minister of Cape Colony, expressed the opinion that the act was sufficient and should insure a peaceful settlement of the controversy. This statement, coming from a man whose loyalty to Great Britain has been one of his marked characteristics, gives emphasis to the belief that the Transvaal would have at least the moral support of Cape Colony in case of war with England. Both Great Britain and the Transvaal, while seeking to promote a peaceful solution, have not neglected to prepare for the other alternative. Supplies of arms and ammunition have been hurried to South Africa by both countries, and while the Transvaal has sought to strengthen the

bond between itself and adjacent Dutch states, England is said to have endeavored to obtain permission to take troops through Portuguese territory in case of war.

The Samoan Difficulty.

The feeling in this country that the United States was perhaps in the wrong regarding the Samoan dispute was not confirmed by the tripartite commission. On the contrary, the commission sustained the decision of Chief Justice Chambers that Malietoa Tanu was the rightful king. Immediately after this declaration, Malietoa resigned his kingship on condition that the monarchy be abolished. The commission accepted his resignation and declared the monarchy at an end in a proclamation issued June 10, from which we quote the following:

Whereas, the great powers of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States of America, for the purpose of restoring tranquillity in the islands of Samoa and establishing a provisional government therein, have invested the High Commission with supreme power and authority; and, whereas, the decision of the chief justice declaring Malietoa Tanu Mafile to be the king is considered by the High Commission as valid and binding; and, whereas, the said Malietoa Tanu Mafile has voluntarily tendered to the High Commission his resignation as king, and the same has been duly accepted; and, whereas, the High Commission has decided to abolish the office of king in Samoa; now, therefore,

Notice is hereby given that during the stay of the High Commission in Samoa, unless orders to the contrary are issued, all the official duties of the king and his councillors will be performed by the three consuls of the great powers, a majority of whom are authorized to act in all cases where by the treaty of Berlin unanimity of action is not required. The chief justice will continue to exercise the duties of his office.

The followers of Malietoa Tanu and Mataafa surrendered about four thousand rifles to the commission. It was believed that the natives would peaceably accept the commission's decision.

Strikes.

The steady advance in prices has made workmen uneasy, notwithstanding the increase of wages in many industries, and strikes have been numerous. The trouble at Carterville, Ill., over the employment of imported negro miners, which culminated the last week in June in the killing of a non-union man and his wife by the strikers and the burning of the strikers' homes by the non-union men, was checked by the appearance of two companies of militia upon the scene and an injunction restraining all persons from interfering with the employment of miners. Sixteen hundred miners in the employ of the Lehigh Coal Company at Wilkes-Barre, who went on strike because the company ordered safety lamps to be used in mines where gas is liable to be encountered, yielded to the demand. The strike of street railway men at Wheeling, W. Va., was compromised June 29; the men agreed to take eighteen cents an hour and a day of eleven hours in place of twenty cents an hour for a day of nine hours, for which they had contended. Previous to the strike they had received sixteen cents an hour. The street-car employees of what is popularly known as the Big Consolidated lines

BRIG.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD.

of Cleveland, Ohio, after being on strike two weeks agreed to resume work on June 23. The company agreed to take back as

many of its old employees as were needed, *i. e.*, about eighty per cent, and give the preference to former employees when engaging new men, but reserved the right to contract with the men individually and not collectively. The recognition of the union had been the point at issue. This strike was one of the most disorderly on record, even women and girls joining in the attack upon cars in charge of non-union men. The mayor of London, Ont., summarily stopped rioting in the street-car strike in that city by reading the riot act and ordering out the militia July 8.

Suffrage Legislation in Belgium. The volcano of strife between the Clericals and anti-Clericals for political supremacy in Belgium had another eruption in the last days of June, when disorder and violence in the Chamber of Deputies brought legislation to a standstill, and street riots in the principal cities resulted in many injuries and much loss of life. The cause of the trouble was the attempt of the Clericals to entrench themselves in power by the passage of a new suffrage bill. In 1893, after much agitation, manhood suffrage was granted in Belgium, but its advantages were partially annulled by a curious provision which gave the right of a second or even a third vote to possessors of certain property and educational qualifications. At the last elections the Clericals came into power through the failure of the Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists to agree upon a candidate, but their future supremacy was threatened by an agreement of the anti-Clerical parties that in future they would, at the second balloting, vote for that one of their candidates who received the greatest number of votes in the first balloting. (Belgium, like France, permits a second ballot when the first one fails to result in an election.) This agreement led the Clericals to introduce into the Chamber of Deputies a new suffrage bill, which provided for minority representation in the six cities returning more than three deputies apiece, *i.e.*, in the places where the Clericals are in the minority; but made no provision for such representation in districts where the Clericals have a majority. The bill would also have abolished the second balloting. Violent opposition to this measure was offered by the Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists, and early in July Premier van den Peereboom was compelled to agree to the appointment of a commission to examine the various projects of reform which had been tabled. This was the practical withdrawal of the bill and scored a victory for the anti-Clericals, but at latest accounts the commission had reached no agreement.

CAPT. ALFRED DREYFUS.

The Texas Floods. The flood which visited Texas during the first two weeks of July was the most destructive the state has ever known. The region affected was that bordering upon the Brazos, Guadalupe, and Colorado Rivers, particularly the first of these. Twenty counties were more or less submerged, thousands of people were driven from their homes, and from forty to one hundred lives were lost. The loss to the cotton crop alone is estimated at $5,000,000, the loss to other crops, houses, fencing, stock, and bridges at $2,500,000,

and the loss to railroads at $1,000,000, making a total of $8,500,000. The amount of suffering was necessarily great, although relief was promptly furnished. The citizens of Texas responded magnificently to Governor Sayer's call for aid, and subscriptions from the North were quickly given. Twenty thousand government rations were placed at the governor's disposal, and the government boats at Galveston assisted in the work of rescue. The cause of the flood was an unusual rain-fall over the section tributary to the rivers mentioned. These rivers are ordinarily shallow, sluggish streams, obstructed by sand-bars at their mouths and without banks sufficient to enclose an extra volume of water. The worst feature of the situation is that there is nothing to prevent frequent recurrences of the calamity.

Reunion of Rough Riders. The last week of June witnessed an enthusiastic reunion of the Rough Riders at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Their beloved chief, Governor Roosevelt, joined them on the anniversary of the battle of Las Quasimas and was given an ovation of which any man might be proud. A gold medal bearing the words "San Juan," "Las Quasimas," "Santiago" was presented him by the citizens of New Mexico, who vied with the troopers in doing him honor. Governor Roosevelt's address at the reunion exercises had throughout the ring of patriotism and sturdy honesty which characterizes the man. Such utterances as the paragraph given below are worthy of more than passing consideration.

In our political and social life alike, in order to permanently succeed, we must base our conduct on the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. We must put in practice those homely virtues for the lack of which no intellectual brilliancy, no material prosperity, can ever atone. It is a good thing for a nation to be rich, but it is a better thing for a nation to be the mother of men who possess the qualities of honesty, of courage, and of common sense. We have many great problems ahead of us, we Americans, as we stride along the road to national greatness—problems of home administration and problems that affect our dealings with the outside world. We cannot solve them if we approach them in the spirit of levity or vainglorious boastfulness—still less if we approach them in a spirit of timidity, and, least of all, if, in dealing with them, we do not insist upon honesty and righteousness, upon that uprightness of character which is the keystone in the arch of true national greatness. The problems that rise from year to year differ widely and must be met in widely different ways, and not one of them can be properly solved unless we approach it with resolute fearlessness and with a sincere purpose to do justice to all men, exacting it from others, and exacting it no less from ourselves.

The National Holiday. This year's Fourth of July celebration was perhaps the most enthusiastic and certainly the most widely extended that the United States has ever known. Not alone "from Maine to California" but from Puerto Rico to Manila the Stars and Stripes were greeted by loyal citizens on American soil, and the American colonies scattered throughout Europe joined in the celebration with increased zeal, proud that their country has

PAUL KRÜGER.
President of the Boer Republic.

at last won the recognition abroad that she deserves. The Cubans entered thoroughly into the spirit of the day; the principal residences of Havana were decorated and cries of "Vivan los Americanos" mingled with the reports of firecrackers and pistols; at

BARTLETT TRIPP.

The United States' Commissioner to Samoa.

C. N. E. ELIOT.

England's Commissioner to Samoa.

Matanzas 5,000 Cubans called upon and congratulated General Wilson and cheered for the United States. The kindly feeling of the British people toward us was evidenced by their hearty participation in the American demonstrations in London and other cities, and by the marching of Canadian troops in the parade at Rochester, N. Y.

Naturally the third of July came in for a share of the noise and holiday-making. This was especially the case in the navy; the North Atlantic Squadron, stationed at Newport, R. I., celebrated with almost as much burning of powder as was required to sink Cervera's fleet the year before, and no men had ever better earned their holiday.

The International Council of Women. The quinquennial session of the International Council of Women met in Westminster Town Hall, London, June 26, and closed July 4. The International Council is composed of delegates from national councils the world over, who meet to discuss subjects of interest to all women, thus broadening their views and increasing their efficiency as club women. Some of the more important questions considered at the recent meeting were International Arbitration, Woman Suffrage, Foods, the Training of Children, and Prisons and Reformatories. Among the American women in attendance at the council were Mrs. Humphreys Gaffney, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Mrs. Maria Purdy Peck, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, Mrs. Felix Adler, Miss Sadie American, Mrs. Susa Young Gates, and Rev. Ida Hultin. The gathering proved not only instructive, but delightful socially, as the delegates were entertained by the Countess of Aberdeen and other prominent English women, and the leading delegates were presented to the queen. Mrs. May Wright Sewall was elected president of the council, to succeed Lady Aberdeen. Mrs. Sewall is a prominent club woman, a resident of Indianapolis, Ind.

Christian Endeavorers in Convention. The gathering of Christian Endeavorers at Detroit, early in July, was in some respects an unusual convention of that stirring organization. The proximity to Canada brought a large number of Canadian delegates and made international good-will a marked feature of the meetings. The holding of an enthusiastic peace meeting and the exchange of telegrams with the Ameri-

can commissioners at The Hague was also a departure from the ordinary. The regular sessions of the convention were most helpful and inspiring. Among the noted speakers present were Dr. John Henry Barrows, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, Bishop John H. Vincent, Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, Prof. R. G. Moulton, and Dr. David McAllister. The report of the general secretary, Mr. John Willis Baer, showed that during the eighteen years of its history the society had attained a growth of 55,813 societies and 3,350,000, members. Christian Endeavor societies are now found in every country in the world. Australia had two delegates at the convention.

College Athletic Contests. The encounters during the year between Harvard and Yale in the field of athletics have been watched with interest by more than the alumni and students of these institutions. The final struggle came July 1, when Harvard defeated Yale at baseball by a large score. This was the tenth time during the year that Yale had suffered a decisive defeat at Harvard's hands. In football, in the dual track and field games, in fencing, shooting, whist, tennis, and debate Harvard showed herself superior to her ancient rival.

Another contest in which the college world was interested was the four-mile boat race over the Hudson, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on June 27. The colleges represented were the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Wisconsin, Cornell, and Columbia, and the result of the race was unexpected. Pennsylvania won over Wisconsin by a bare half length, while Cornell came in three and a half lengths behind Wisconsin, and Columbia brought up the rear. Cornell had been regarded as the probable winner because of her former aquatic triumphs, and both Wisconsin's good work and Columbia's poor showing were subjects of comment.

Russia's Purchases in the United States. The war with Spain seems to have convinced Russia that the United States is a good place to buy war supplies. Besides the warships ordered of the builders of the *Oregon* before the war had fairly closed, she has, according to the *New York Commercial*, decided to expend $20,000,000 in the purchase of ordnance from United States firms. And this is in addition to an order given the Carnegie Steel Company, on June 23, for 180,000 tons of steel rails, the largest order for steel ever given. The rails are to be delivered within the next twenty-six months and are to be used in constructing

FREIHERR SPECK VON STERNBERG.
Germany's Commissioner to Samoa.

roads in Siberia and China. This amount of rails would build about 1,300 miles of road.

Bishop John P. Newman. One of the prominent figures in American Methodism passed away on July 5, when Bishop John Philip Newman died at his summer home in Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Bishop Newman was essentially a self-made man. His early education ended with a brief course in Cazenovia Seminary and he entered the Oneida Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church without further training in 1848. By his natural powers of oratory and his untiring industry, he advanced himself to the most important places

in the gift of the church. In 1864 he was sent to New Orleans to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church there, and after his return became pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington, D. C. Here was formed that friendship with General Grant which was henceforth one of Dr. Newman's most cherished possessions. At the end of his first term at the Metropolitan Church, General Grant appointed him inspector of consulates. In this capacity he traveled abroad and brought back data so valuable to the government that the cavilers at his appointment were silenced. This tour led to the production of his book "Thrones of Babylon and Ninevah." An earlier journey abroad had given rise to the work "From Dan to Beersheba." In 1878 Dr. Newman became pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City, and next supplied the pulpit of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church of New York for several years. Notwithstanding this defection from the Methodist Episcopal Church, the General Conference in 1888 elected him a bishop. His work in that capacity was eminently successful.

Robert Bonner. The death of Robert Bonner, which occurred on July 6, removes another of the men who built up the great newspapers of the land. Mr. Bonner began newspaper work at the bottom, when he was employed as "devil" in the *Hartford Courant* office in 1839, and rose step by step. When on the *Evening Mirror* of New York he beat the record for rapid type-setting, by setting 25,500 ems of solid type in twenty hours and twenty-eight minutes. In connection with his work as printer he took up journalism and became a regular correspondent of various papers. It was his skill in arranging displays which won him a position on the *Merchants' Ledger*, a small business paper which Bonner soon purchased and converted into the *New York Ledger*. In developing this paper and making it one of the foremost weeklies of the land, Mr. Bonner gained a fortune for himself and did an immense service to journalism. He determined to make the *Ledger* a family newspaper and paid Fanny Fern $1,000 for a ten-column story, which appeared side by side with the market reports. The practice of obtaining the best possible material was continued, and at one time or another Edward Everett, Dickens, Tennyson, Bryant, Prentice, Greeley, Bennett, Raymond, Willis, Morris, Saxe, Abbott, Tyng, Hopkins, Bishop Clark, Dr. John Hall, Alice Cary, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Sigourney were contributors to the *Ledger*. This method of conducting a paper, with the enormous advertising which Mr. Bonner did, was expensive; but it built up a circulation of 500,000 copies and made a fortune for its owner; and all that without catering to the grosser public tastes or printing any advertisements. Mr. Bonner was a man of great force and strength of character, vigorous public spirit, and strong interest in public affairs. His fondness for fast horses is well known. Many of the kings and queens of the turf were owned by him at some time in their careers, but while in his possession they never trotted for money.

Other Deaths. Among other prominent persons whom death has overtaken within the month are Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, at Washington, June 30; Maj.-Gen. H. G. Wright, at Washington, July 2; Prof. William Garden Blaikie, the distinguished Scottish biblical scholar, at North Berwick, Scotland, July 9; the Grand-Duke George, brother of the czar and heir to the Russian throne, at Abbas Touman in the Caucasus, July 10; and Cardinal Teodolfo Mertel, first dean of the Sacred College and vice chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, at Rome, July 11.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

From Sea to Sea.

According to the author's brief preface, we are indebted to certain unscrupulous publishers, "not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files," for the publication in book form of Rudyard Kipling's letters of travel as they originally appeared between 1887 and 1889, in the two India papers which he then served. The series from which the collection* is named was written during a trip to the United States, including brief visits in Burma, the Malay Peninsula, China, and Japan. Naturally the young reporter's impressions of things American interest us most, and in a zigzag journey from San Francisco to Elmira, N. Y., he furnishes them freely, displaying a cocksureness and prejudice typically English. But harsh and sweeping statements can be forgiven to youth, and in face of such humility as the young writer displays in the account of his visit to "Mark Twain," with which the articles abruptly end. Of the earlier portion of his journey Kipling writes very entertainingly, displaying the interest not only of the well-educated traveler, alert for new experiences, but of the thoughtful citizen, the practical business man, and the student of human nature. Of the shorter collections, based on travel in India, "Among the Railway Folk" is of especial interest for its suggestion of relationship with the famous locomotive story, ".007." Indeed, if these pages were not in themselves most pleasant reading, they would be worth perusal to discover the material and become acquainted with the diction and style which in later years have been elaborated and perfected in story and poem to bring delight to a world of readers and fame to their creator.

Books for Young People.

The name of "Margaret Sidney" is a talisman to the childish heart, bringing visions of delightful people and places and things, none the less real because confined between the lids of a book or the covers of a magazine. The child that has not followed the fortunes of the "Five Little Peppers" in the Little Brown House and in later more fortunate but hardly happier days has our commiseration. Those who have will revel in the latest volume in the series, "The Stories Polly Pepper Told."† Many a dismal day was happily bridged over for the smaller Peppers and many a disagreeable duty rewarded by these delightful products of the unselfish Polly's active brain. Many mothers who lack her imagination will be glad to draw from this charming volume for their children's pleasure.

Equally entertaining but quite different in character is "A Little Maid of Concord Town,"* by the same author, who has been a resident of this town of revolutionary fame for a number of years. How its inhabitants chafed under the British yoke of oppression, how the sentiment of independence grew, how at last active measures were taken, how the first shot of the War for Independence came to be fired—all this and much more that is set down with less detail and interest in our histories is told from the standpoint of the "little maid" and her young friends, who made the cartridges for the first skirmish and were as hot-headed rebels as their fathers and brothers. It is an exciting tale, yet true to history, and gives a faithful picture of home-life in colonial days.

New England boys and girls have a stanch friend in Sophie Swett, who writes of them with as much sympathy and skill as Miss Wilkins and Miss Alice Brown devote to their grown-up relations. In "Bilberry Boys and Girls,"† a collection of stories gathered from the young people's magazines, where they have appeared from time to time, the New England qualities which have brought so many of her natives to fame or fortune are plainly discernible in her children. The daily tasks and simple pleasures of their straitened young lives serve only to enlarge their imagination and increase their courage, and the reader is not surprised at the triumphs that often crown their endeavors.

The author of "Marjory and Her Neighbors"‡ calls it "the story of three girls and a boy and the good times they had at both houses." These good times include all the delights to be found in the country during the fall and winter when kind parents are thoughtful of their children's pleasures. The comfort Marjory received from her little neighbors can be appreciated only by a lonely child, with an invalid mother, no playmates, and few playthings. The volume is prettily bound and illustrated.

The late Harold Frederic contributed to juvenile literature a bright collection of stories in "The De-

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*From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. Two vols. 460+400 pp. $2.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

†The Stories Polly Pepper Told. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott and Etheldred B. Barry. 469 pp. $1.50. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

*A Little Maid of Concord Town. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 405 pp. $1.50.——†Bilberry Boys and Girls. By Sophie Swett. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. 326 pp. $1.25.——‡Marjory and Her Neighbors. By Louise E. Catlin. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. 388 pp. $1.50. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

serter and Other Stories."* The first two deal with incidents in our own Civil War, the remainder have the Wars of the Roses as a setting. They are of unusually high order, full of action, skilfully written, and of engrossing interest. The volume is very attractively bound, with a picture cover, and the illustrations are excellent.

Truth is the text of a recent book by "Pansy," entitled "As in a Mirror."† The heroine is its embodiment, discountenancing alike the falsehood and the white lie, so convenient in modern society. Her sweet, helpful nature, aided by the force of circumstances, gradually brings those around her to adopt the same high plane, and even the hero, an author of fame and a typical society man, who, disguised as a tramp to study the labor problem, enters her home to become the hired man, and to learn to love her, does not resent her scorn of the deception he has practiced, having recognized the power of a life devoted to truth and determined to make her principles his own. In spite of its improbability, the book teaches a helpful and much-needed lesson.

In "Yesterday Framed in To-day"‡ the same author ingeniously transfers the incidents of Christ's earthly ministry to the present day, accepting its civilization but ignoring its knowledge of the New Testament and all its consequences. The result is startling but effective, and the reader cannot help wondering, as the author intended he should, whether, if Christ should have come in this later day, he would have been another Philip Nelson, early to recognize the divinity of the Man followed by the rabble and willing to sacrifice all earthly ambitions and hopes to learn his teaching, or whether as a second Felix Masters he would use his influence and intellect to accomplish his ruin. The book certainly gives food for serious thought.

We doubt if there is to be found a more popular writer among boys than G. A. Henty, whose volumes now number over fifty. In his choice of historical subjects he shows cleverness, always selecting a period that yields exciting incidents as a setting for a story of adventure and daring, ever dear to the boyish heart. In "Both Sides the Border"‖ he has admirably depicted the spirit and action of the border wars between England and Scotland, as well as the graver encounters of the king's arms, and he draws the stirring, romantic life of the English boy of the early fifteenth century in vivid, fascinating colors.

There seems to be among story writers for children a growing desire to instruct them in the history of their country, which is certainly praiseworthy. It seems only natural to find among this number the name of Hezekiah Butterworth, a list of whose books alone reveals their instructive nature. In "The Pilot of the Mayflower"* we detect the same charming pen that traced the "Zigzag Journeys," making as real and interesting the incidents of that famous voyage as it has the delights of foreign lands. Mr. Butterworth has admirably reproduced the *personnel* of the little company, making us acquainted with the foibles and peculiarities of those men and women whose names we have held in awe, knowing their great courage and faith. Of the wearisome, perilous journey and the first bitter, death-dealing winter we have a vivid picture, and realize the little colony's need of the "Good cheer" of the hearty old Scotch pilot.

A lively, wide-awake story, with a moral implied and so not disagreeable, is "Success Against Odds,"† by William O. Stoddard. Owing to his ability to swim and manage boats the young hero succeeds in rescuing a party of six girls from drowning, from which circumstance dates his steady advancement from pinching poverty and drudgery to a successful career on the bench. While perhaps real life offers few counterparts to this biography, such sterling qualities as this young man possessed never go wholly unrewarded. The illustrations by B. West Clinedinst are spirited and the whole make-up of the volume attractive.

Biography.

Noteworthy among recent biographies is "The Life of Henry Drummond,"‡ by Dr. George Adam Smith, of the Free Church College, Glasgow. We doubt if any man in recent years so prominently before the public as Professor Drummond, was so little known as he. Dr. Smith, who was his intimate friend, was chosen by the family to reveal his life so far as the recollections of his associates and his papers, letters, and journals extend, but there are portions of his work on which none of these give much information, such was the modesty that characterized him. The biography will be a revelation even to the greatest admirers of Professor Drummond, and to those who never felt his personal magnetism it will be a powerful influence, one of a multitude which emanated from the life of this marvelous man. Dr. Smith found in his task a great privilege, and the readers

* The Deserter and Other Stories. By Harold Frederic. With illustrations by Merrill, Sandham, Gilbert Gaul, and George Foster Barnes. 401 pp. $1.25.—† As in a Mirror. By Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"). Illustrated. 362 pp. $1.50.—‡ Yesterday Framed in To-day. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Illustrated. 356 pp. $1.50. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

‖ Both Sides the Border. By G. A. Henty. With twelve illustrations by Ralph Peacock. 378 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Pilot of the Mayflower. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. 248 pp. $1.50.—† Success Against Odds, or, How a Boy Made His Way. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. 273 pp. $1.50. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ The Life of Henry Drummond. By George Adam Smith. With portrait. 541 pp. $3.00. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

of his sympathetic, masterly volume can but feel that he has devoted to it his highest qualifications as scholar and friend.

Five volumes of brief biographies of prominent Americans are the first of a series entitled "The Beacon Biographies,"* which, the publishers announce, are intended to "give, in the form of a collection of biographies at once readable, practical, and convenient, a vivid and comprehensive survey of all the important aspects of American life and thought." The authors, as well as the subjects, of the series are well chosen, including men and women of well-known literary ability and critical judgment. The little books are uniformly and quaintly bound in blue and gold, and excellent autograph engravings furnish the frontispieces.

Next to Gladstone, probably the life of no English statesman of this generation possesses more interest than attaches to the checkered career of Charles Stewart Parnell,† great in its triumphs and bitter in its downfall. "A marvelous man, a terrible fall," was Gladstone's verdict, and Mr. O'Brien's biography fully supports it. He gives a full account of Parnell's public career, but we imagine it is the well-portrayed human side of the man so generally considered cold and callous that will most interest the average reader. A fine engraving of Parnell and drawing of his Irish home, "Avondale," accompany the text.

The life of General Count Enrico Della Rocca, as recounted in "The Autobiography of a Veteran," ‡ was rich in human interests, public activities, and martial triumphs. A close companion and confidant of Victor Emanuel II. from his youth to the formation of Young Italy, what he relates of the great leaders and events of that interesting period in Italy's history bears the stamp of truth. Though written when almost ninety, these memoirs are clear, full, and vivacious, and reveal the charming simplicity and modesty of a very remarkable man.

A second edition of Sir Frederick Pollock's work on Spinoza ‖ notes an increase in the literature regarding the philosopher since it was first published, in 1880. The volume is as well adapted to the beginner as to the special student in philosophy. A careful exposition of Spinoza's *credo* follows a complete history of his remarkable life, and the whole work evidences profound knowledge and painstaking care on the part of its scholarly author.

In the life of Ulysses S. Grant,* by Hamlin Garland, two things contribute to our pleasure in its authorship: his ability to write literature, and his veneration—perhaps even worship—of his subject. That a good literary style is not deemed necessary to a biography many volumes prove, but that it adds charm and interest to the best of material, the reader of this life will admit. That his hero possessed faults and weaknesses Mr. Garland candidly confesses, stating them simply and leaving the reader to form his own judgments. With such honest treatment, who could deny, if he would, all the praise the great man receives in these pages? The material for this work has been collected by Mr. Garland at first hand, is well illustrated, and the result is a model history of a life and character of which every American is proud.

Essays and Criticism.

Under the title "Heart of Man"† George Edward Woodberry has collected four essays "to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding roots in a common soil, 'deep in the general heart of men.'" They are very unlike in subject, the first being a monograph on Taormina, in Sicily, introducing a sketch of its eventful history, the second "A New Defense of Poetry," the third a scholarly paper on "Democracy," and fourth "The Ride," perhaps the most interesting, in its searchings into the inner life and thought of man. Those who take pleasure in studying and pondering the deep things of life will find a rich treat in Mr. Woodberry's book.

One forgets the sordidness of the workaday world and sees only the dignity of life and work in reading Hamilton Wright Mabie's charming "Essays on Work and Culture."‡ His plea for the "complete man" is well timed, and one is led to believe not only in its possibility but in the duty of every man to keep that ideal in view. Mr. Mabie's thoughtful chapters are full of food for all lovers of right living and high thinking.

To the happy custom of taking vacations and the unselfishness of the men and women who reproduce them in type for less fortunate people we owe some of our most charming literature. Mr. Bradford Torrey has recently contributed to this collection a volume of "observations in nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge," which are all the more

*The Beacon Biographies: Phillips Brooks, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe 120 pp.; J. R. Lowell, by Edward E. Hale, Jr. 128 pp.; David G. Farragut, by James Barnes. 132 pp.; Daniel Webster, by Norman Hapgood. 119 pp.; Robert E. Lee, by W. P. Trent. 135 pp. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 75 cents each. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

†The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell. By R. Barry O'Brien. Two vols. 378+394 pp. $3.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

‡The Autobiography of a Veteran, 1807–1893. By General Count Enrico Della Rocca. Translated from the Italian and edited by Janet Ross. 299 pp. $2.50.——‖ Spinoza: His Life and Philosophy. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. 426 pp. $3.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character. By Hamlin Garland. 524 pp. $2.50. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

†Heart of Man. By George Edward Woodberry. 329 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡Essays on Work and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. 247 pp. $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

delightful because, although the work of a bird-lover, the birds and flowers and people and things receive such impartial recognition. Certainly the reader is richer both in knowledge and inspiration for Mr. Torrey's vacation rambles in the "World of Green Hills"* in North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia.

Five descriptive and historical essays by Sidney Lanier are collected into a neat volume under the title of the first, "Retrospects and Prospects,"† a youthful composition, indefinite in subject but with the stamp of the poet-musician on every page. The other essays are an interesting paper on San Antonio, Texas, a memorial address delivered in his native city, Macon, Ga., in 1870, a monograph on "The New South," in which statistics are cited with the zest of a political economist, and "Sketches of India," so realistic in tone that it is difficult to believe that encyclopedias and fancy were his only guides. While Lanier will be longest remembered as a poet, his prose work contains merits and beauties that deserve recognition.

Among recent contributions to the study of literature "Contemporary French Novelists,"‡ by René Doumic, will hold an important place. Keen in his analysis, just in his characterizations, simple and clear in style, no better critic could have been chosen to represent the twelve greatest writers of modern French fiction, among whom we note Feuillet, Zola, Daudet, Bourget, Maupassant, Loti, and Rod. The work of translating has been excellently done and full-page portraits accompany each subject.

William Cranston Lawton has added to the literature on our six great New England poets—Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes—a collection of articles originally used as University Extension lectures.‖ While brief and general in character, they are comprehensive and of unusual merit and interest. Mr. Lawton is master of a charming style and he shows himself on familiar and congenial ground in these articles. The table of "Parallel Lives" is unique in interest and value.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Meyer, F. B., B. A. Blessed are Ye, Talks on the Beatitudes. 75 cts.

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* A World of Green Hills. By Bradford Torrey. 285 pp. $1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

† Retrospects and Prospects. By Sidney Lanier. 228 pp. $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ Contemporary French Novelists. By René Doumic. Authorized translation by Mary D. Frost. 402 pp. $2.00. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

‖ The New England Poets. By William Cranston Lawton. 265 pp. 75 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ROSE WINDOW, SYMBOLIZING WOMAN'S WORK IN THE ARTS.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 6.

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HOW AN AMERICAN STAINED GLASS WINDOW IS MADE.*

BY CHARLES ROLLINSON LAMB.

INTERIOR OF A STAINED GLASS STUDIO.

THAT American stained glass windows are, at their best, beautiful works of art is a fact recognized by the laity as well as the profession; that as examples of the richest and most effective color they are without precedent is admitted by connoisseurs.

It is only within a few years that these statements could be made with truth; but since the first experiments of Mr. John La Farge for his work in Trinity Church, Boston, the development of a distinctly national school has made rapid strides,

* We are indebted to Messrs. J. & R. Lamb, of New York, for their courtesy in supplying the series of illustrations of important examples of stained glass work that they have recently completed, with views of their art studios.

A STAINED GLASS STUDIO, SHOWING MEN CUTTING GLASS.

until, at the present time, American glass is recognized by our foreign contemporaries as one of the distinct developments of American art — the French government decorating Mr. La Farge in recognition of his efforts in this direction.

The beauty of the finished window, when seen in position, can be appreciated by every one; the method by which such beauty is secured is, however, realized by few.

From the first suggestion of the designer, when he formulates the ideas to be embodied in the window, to the final erection of the work in its frame in the wall of the edifice, there are many steps to be taken, which must follow one after the other in natural order and sequence, each being carefully considered in its relations to the others, so that the development of the work will be along harmonious lines, ultimately leading to a satisfactory result in a consistent creation.

What are these various steps?

Say we desire to secure in glass the embodiment of some idea of a subject for a particular position. With such an idea in mind, and a knowledge of the size of the opening to be filled, the designer makes his preliminary sketch, in black and white, of the general composition, showing the arrangement of the figures, the architecture, landscape, and other accessories, as well as including the ornamentation, symbolism, inscriptions. A color scheme is then suggested by rough "color blots,"

FIGURE IN ROSE WINDOW, CUT AND WAXED ON EASEL, READY FOR ARTIST'S CRITICISM.

different arrangements being tried until the one most suitable is arrived at. Then, following these drawings in black and white and the color blot, the more accurate water color design, in which both form and color are combined, is made.

If this meets with approval it is carried out on a larger scale with more accurate detail, special studies being made from the models for the pose of the figures, for the character of the heads, hands, feet, etc., and also from nature of the different parts of the accessories, such as flowers, trees, and architectural detail. From these studies the full-sized cartoon is drawn, which, being of the accurate size of the window, shows the effect in "black and white" of the composition. This cartoon is the basis for the technical drawings which follow, the chief of which are those for "leading" and "cutting."

The "leading drawing" shows the leads which are needed to hold the various pieces of glass in place. These leads are like the letter H turned sideways (⌶), the center bar of the H acting as the division between the two pieces of glass, while the ends of the letter secure the edges of the glass. All sides being finally held by the edges of the leads, the joints are then secured, thus making the window a solid unit.

The "cutting drawing" represents the various pieces of glass that make up the window and is separated into its variously shaped parts by a special knife with double blades, parallel to each other; these blades are just far enough apart to cut the paper patterns, so as to leave the thickness for the center of the lead between the pieces of glass. When one considers the thousands of pieces which go to make up an American stained glass window, one realizes that care is necessary to have the patterns fit accurately.

The next step is to have all the various patterns for the window attached by wax to a large glass easel. The lines between the

Designed by Ella Condie Lamb.

MEMORIAL WINDOW, THE MADONNA.

Designed by Frederick Stymetz Lamb.

INTERIOR OF A STAINED GLASS STUDIO, SHOWING LARGE WINDOW, "THE CREATION," ON EASEL.

patterns cut away by the double-bladed knife are then blacked in on this easel, so as to give the effect of the lead line when in position. This easel is set against a large window opening, and draped with black cloth, so as to shut out the direct light, except as it comes through the paper patterns.

The window has now arrived at that point in the process of execution when the color scheme must be considered in the glass itself. The cutter, under guidance of the artist-designer, selects various sheets of glass for the various parts of the window. The patterns are removed, one at a time, placed on the pieces of glass selected and outlined by a diamond, by which means the glass is cut exactly to the shape of the pattern. Each piece of glass, as cut, is waxed on to the easel in the position of the pattern removed and so on throughout the entire number of pieces.

The artist meanwhile watches the result carefully. He and the cutter change and modify piece after piece, if it is found that the correct color tone has not been secured in the first cutting.

According to the scheme of the window, whether it is to be light or dark, delicate or rich, the decision is made as to whether glass of only a single thickness is sufficient, or whether "plating" is to be used to reinforce, deepen, and strengthen the color scheme.

What is plating? It is the superposition of one sheet of glass over another so that there are two thicknesses (or more) at special points in the window. In complicated work the plating will be over the entire design. This is distinctly an original feature of the American school of glass; and when it is considered that the window is seen by the light coming through it and not, as in the case of a painting, by the light which falls upon it, the importance of this new departure will be understood, for with plating a combination of two or more colors can be given, and thus greater variety in tone may be obtained; for example, a rich purple may be the product of a strong red plated over blue, or a beautiful green may be produced from a combination of blue and orange.

In no other class of decorative work is it so essential for the artist to keep in absolute touch with the progress of the execution. It is while the window is in the hands of the cutter that those wonderful combinations of color are obtained which the American glass, through its gorgeously beautiful quality, can give the designer. According to the time and attention given at this period of the work will the window be an artistic success or not. The illustration on page 517 shows the figure of "Embroidery" as cut and fastened to the easel, ready for the artist's criticism. This is one of the three figures of the large Rose Window personifying "Woman's Work in the Arts," as erected in the Woman's Building at the Nashville Exposition, and to be finally set in its permanent location in the Woman's Building at Memphis, Tenn. This illustration shows the glass as cut, but not leaded, the black spots being the bits of wax which temporarily affix the glass to the large glass easel.

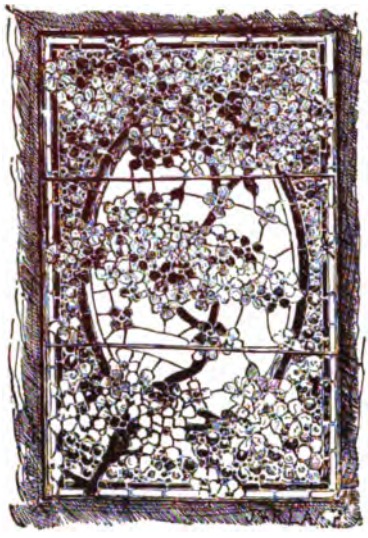
After the cutting is complete and the window on the easel has received its final criticism, it then passes to the hands of the "leader." The leading drawing is placed upon a great table, and tacked in place. The glass is removed, piece by piece, from the easel and laid in position on the leading drawing. The leads, which have been freshly made for the day's work, are then fitted around each piece, and the joints soldered together, thus making the entire window one complete unit.

The leads themselves are a feature essential in the execution of the window and they are to be carefully considered by the designer. In this matter the American artist has made another original departure in using leads of various thicknesses, from the finest "string" lead up to the widest "flat" lead, ranging in thickness from an eighth of an inch to one and a half inches. These varying widths are, when used judiciously by the artist, a great aid in giving emphasis to his design, by delicate treatment in some parts, and by the use of strong lines in other portions.

Again by means of diminishing leads (that is, leads wider at one end than at the other), great variety can be given to the line, thus reproducing something of the effect of the designer's brush or crayon.

FRAGMENT OF "THE CREATION."

Another point about the leading of an American window is shown in the lead lines of the plated parts. It is possible to



Designed by the Author.

LEADED LIGHT OF DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS.

have a glaze of a large piece of transparent color over an intricate passage of other brilliant colors. The leads which hold the rich plating to the back part become (by being seen through the over-glaze) subsidiary and take their subordinate place in the window. But here again it is necessary for the artist to watch the work on the tables, and to see that the leads are carefully inserted so as to give the maximum force to the composition.

From the leading table to the "cementer" is the next step. The window is cemented with special water-proof cements, filling up any slight gaps between the leads and the glass; when this is done, the window is practically a single piece, a unit, ready to be tied, by copper wires soldered to the leads, to the iron bars, which stiffen the sash, and to be thus fastened in position with iron ventilators if any are to be used. Then when this is done and the sash placed in position, in the building, the window is completed. We have purposely left to the last the question of "painting," which, in American windows is used for those parts also which colored glass cannot supply, that is for the flesh—the faces, hands, and feet; for it is to be remembered that, in a true American window, the effect is mainly secured by having every piece of glass of individual color, which is secured when the glass is made, and not by adding enamel painting afterward. The great difficulty with such enamel painting is that it disturbs the brilliancy of the surface of the glass, and a mat or opaque effect is obtained, instead of the brilliant, translucent quality desired.

The treatment of the flesh has been the greatest difficulty to artists because of the fact that every other part of the window being in translucent color, it is essential to have the same translucent quality in the flesh, and yet give the modeling necessary to form and character in the features and detail in the other flesh portions. Many attempts have been made to solve the difficulty, some more successful than others.

Designed by Ella Condie Lamb.

MEMORIAL WINDOW, "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

In all cases, the flesh has to be painted in enamel color and fired in special kilns, while in the painting, consideration must be given to the surrounding color of the window, so as to secure the proper tone to each piece of flesh in relation to the other parts of the window.

The Messrs. Lamb have in recent years, through a long series of experiments in flesh painting, succeeded in combining the accuracy of characterization so essential in religious art with the translucency requisite to keep the flesh portions in harmony with the balance of the window. This success has been secured by a system of overplating the flesh as well as the other portions of the window, by painting on the sheets of glass that form the face of the window, also on those that form the plating, the darker shadows. The more vigorous accents are painted on the latter, that is on the sheets at the back of the window, while the more delicate flesh tones are painted on those at the front. When these delicate tones are superimposed on the stronger shadows, which show through them, the result is a combination of strength and softness unattainable by other processes.

An article on "How an American Stained Glass Window is Made" does not necessarily include an account of the making of the material. Still credit should be given to those few glass-makers who have succeeded in producing, from year to year, an ever-increasing wealth of beautifully colored material from which the artist can make his selection. But the difference between glass-making and window-making is as that between the manufacture of pigments and the artist's painting of a picture.

The existing confusion in the use of such terms as "glass-stainer," "worker in stained glass," and the like, comes down to us from those early days when the artist actually made his material himself. It should be generally known that these primitive conditions no longer hold good, and that much as we may admire the beauty of the glass, the artistic use of it by the designer is the main thing to be considered. What should we think of a painter who should lay more emphasis upon the grinding of his pigments than upon the composition of his picture? It is the writer's desire to give proper recognition to that corps of artists who have by their work in glass added so greatly to the artistic reputation of the country. We have made no attempt to sketch the history of the art. Glass was known from the earliest times, but it was not until the great revival of architecture which produced the twelfth century Gothic cathedrals that it was used for important picture windows. The growth in France, and later of Gothic architecture in England led to a corresponding development of window-designing; and the glorious ancient work, as that at Chartres and Beauvaix in France, and York Minster in England, constitutes of us a precious inheritance which we should study and appreciate, yet it is not too bold a statement to make that to-day the American art of stained glass is a distinct advance upon the antique.

At the present time, the best examples of American stained glass rank not merely higher than contemporary work of England and on the Continent, but higher also, in important respects, than the best ancient examples. The modern American artist in glass is, in most, a worthy successor of his twelfth-century prototype, while the European practitioner often reminds one of Leonardo's saying: "He is a bad pupil who does not outdo his master."

THE GROWTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAME.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

II.

SHAKESPEARE had no international reputation to speak of for more than a hundred years after his death. In the seventeenth century a few Frenchmen had heard of him, having seen several of his plays in London. Voltaire, however, when living in England (1726–29), made a serious attempt to study the dramas; he found much to admire, as well as to criticize, in the poet whom he looked upon almost as "a barbarian." French translations of separate plays appeared in 1745-48, but no complete version was issued until that by Le Tourneur was published in 1776–83. In the nineteenth century several French writers have given Shakespeare's complete works a Gallic dress in prose and verse: Laroche, 1838–39; Michel, 1839–40; Hugo, 1859–62; Montégut, 1868. The sonnets were translated by Lafont, Copin, and Mme. Armand. Hugo's version is by far the best. The others succeeded fairly, considering the difficulty of the task, for French is not a tongue particularly adapted to poetical expression. Indeed, the resources of the translator in any of the Romance languages are inadequate to convey the music of Shakespeare's speech and the nobility of his thought. The bloom and perfume of his verse perish in the process. The French critics, in this century at least, have made amends for lack of appreciation in the past. Guizot, Lacroix, Barante, Mézières, and Taine have given a decided impulse to the study of his works among the educated classes of France.

In Spain Shakespeare has long been esteemed so highly as to be placed above their own much-lauded dramatist, Calderon. The romantic elements in such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "Merchant of Venice" strongly appeal to the passionate southern heart. In 1795 a translation of "Hamlet" was published in Madrid, by a noted literary man styling himself Celenio (L. F. Moratin). In 1825 three more translations appeared: "Romeo and Juliet," by D. Solis; "Coriolanus," by J. G. Malo; and "Othello," by F. L. Retes. The complete works of Shakespeare were translated by Rojas and Hermanas (1872–77). The best translation of the plays is that by Clark (1870). Other translators are Macpherson, Pelayo, and Prieto. In Portugal King Luiz I. showed his admiration for Shakespeare by translating "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Richard III." Other plays have been translated by Silva, Lamarao, and Freitas.

In Italy Shakespeare homage is probably carried as far as it is in Germany. The Italian translation (in verse) by Leoni was published in 1819–22, and that by Rusconi (in prose) in 1831. A notable work is the illustrated edition of Shakespeare, translated by Carcano, in twelve volumes (1875–82). Numerous versions of favorite dramas, by Santi, Pasqualigo, and others, have been printed. The sonnets were translated by Olivieri and Mme. Michelli.

In general, it may be said that the southern peoples do not succeed so well in translating Shakespeare as the northern, the spirit of the Latin races being so different from that of the Teutonic. Something of Shakespeare is lost in the effort to give the equivalent of his English in the Romance languages. This is due to the differences in national characteristics as well as to linguistic difficulties. An exception to the rule is found in the original home of the drama. The brilliant and learned Demetrius Bikelas has displayed consummate ability in preserving not only the sense but the beauty of the original in his masterly translations into modern Greek of the six plays: "Othello," "King Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet" (published in 1876); "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Merchant of Venice"

(1882). In no other tongue, except German, are there metrical renderings of Shakespeare so faithful and felicitous.

In Germany Shakespeare is a name to conjure with as much as it is in England. His influence on the intellectual life of the Teutons is beyond all comparison greater than that of any other writer. Though not entirely unknown in Germany in the seventeenth century, for it is claimed that strolling bands of English players gave occasional representations of his plays there during Shakespeare's lifetime or not long afterward, he was certainly not appreciated until German scholars began in earnest the work of translation and criticism about the middle of the eighteenth century. To Lessing belongs the credit of recognizing his sovereign position among dramatists, ancient and modern. Goethe, Schiller, and Schlegel went so far in their worship of Shakespeare, that he has been a controlling factor in the traditions of the German stage ever since. The prose translation of Shakespeare's works by Wieland (1762–76) was a rather poor affair; and that by Eschenburg (1775–82), while tolerably correct, was far from being satisfactory. Much better versions were those of Meyer (1824–34) and Benda (1825–26). The scholarly Voss, though matchless as a translator of Homer, failed with Shakespeare. Meanwhile A. W. Schlegel, assisted by other hands, produced the "splendid and really classical translation" known as Schlegel and Tieck's Shakespeare (1797–1833). Schlegel's half of the work has been described as "only second to the original itself; for it re-echoes the soul of the poet's language, as no translation has ever done before, in any tongue in the world."* Böttger, Döring, Freiligrath, and others deemed it a worthy ambition to turn out new versions of Shakespeare, some of them admirable. Of late years Bodenstedt has been regarded as the best translator in the field. It is said that his "work was so masterful and of such even excellence that his Shakespeare has become the German standard." In the army of acute and erudite commentators of the bard, Gervinus, Delius, Ulrici, Kreyssig, and Elze rank among the best.

In Scandinavian countries Shakespeare has been a mighty intellectual force; there seems to be a special affinity in the Norse mind for his virile and daring genius. A Danish translation, by Boye, appeared in 1777, and the tragedy of the melancholy Prince of Denmark has attracted many a scholar since in northern lands. The dramas of Shakespeare were translated into Danish by Foersom and Wulff (1807–18); and later by Lembcke (1877). Separate plays were translated by various Norse scholars: "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Oehlenschläger (1816); "Macbeth," by Hauge (1855); "Cymbeline," by Martensen (1871); "King Lear," by Osterberg (1892), etc. One of the most valuable studies of the life and writings of the master is that of George Brandes.

In far-off Iceland, too, Shakespeare is read in Jochumsson's versions of "Macbeth" (1874), "Hamlet" (1878), "Othello," (1882), and "Romeo and Juliet" (1887); and Thorsteinsson's translation of "King Lear" (1878).

A Swedish translation of the dramas, by Hagberg, Sandström, Dahlgren, and others, was published in 1879. Versions of single plays, by Balagner and others, have been issued from time to time; also of "Lucrece," by Lindgren, and of the sonnets, by Nyblom. A dozen of Shakespeare's plays have been turned into Finnish by Paul Cajander (1875–94). Not only are Shakespeare's masterpieces admired in the North; the beautiful settings of his songs by Scandinavian composers are also favorites.

For a century or more the Netherlanders have read Shakespeare in their own tongue, a translation of his complete works by Brunius and others appearing in Amsterdam (1778–82). Later versions were undertaken by Burgersdijk (1884–96) and A. S. Kok. Other Dutch scholars who have translated Shakespeare are Timme, Moulin, Opzoomer, and Disselhoff. A Friesic translation of "Merchant of Venice," by Posthumus, appeared in 1829.

Translations of Shakespeare's works have

*Thimm, "Shakespeariana," p. 54.

been made into nearly all of the Slavonic group of languages. In Russia he was known and admired almost as early as in Germany. A Russian version of "Romeo and Juliet" appeared in 1772, and one of "Julius Cæsar" in 1786. Translations of "King Lear" and "Merchant of Venice," by Basil Iakimoff, were published in 1833. A collection of eighteen plays, translated by Kempera, appeared in 1841–50. Ketscher's prose translation of all the plays was published 1862–79. The best known translation of Shakespeare into Russian is that projected by Gerbel and Nekrassow, including the sonnets and minor poems as well as the dramas, issued in parts (1865–68) done by a dozen scholars—Weinberg, Satin, Kroneberg, etc.

Other countries of Europe owe an immense debt to the English dramatist, whose masterpieces are popular as acting plays in Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, and elsewhere. A number of his works were translated about 1842 by Kefalinski and Dykalp. An illustrated edition of his dramatic works (complete), translated by Paszkowski, Ulricha, and St. Kozmiana, was published 1875–77. Another Polish translation, by Ostrowski, Lange, and others, appeared in 1895–96. Mention should be made also of Salkinson's Hebrew versions of "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar," which circulate among the Jews of Warsaw.

The complete works of Shakespeare, translated by Dobrentei, appeared in 1824. Other Hungarian versions of single plays have been published: "Julius Cæsar," by Vörösmarty (1839); "Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado about Nothing," by Sigmund Acs (1866); "Midsummer Night's Dream," by J. Arany (1880), etc. Two collected editions of Shakespeare's dramas have appeared in Bohemia: one the work of several hands—Doucha, Maly, Kolár, and others (1856–83); the other by Kabelik (1885). Shakespeare has been translated into Wendish by Arany and others; and of late years several versions of favorite plays have appeared in Servia, Croatia, Wallachia, and Roumania. Translations of the plays may be expected in the future from Carp, Ghica, Stern, Kostie, and other linguists of the lands in Southeastern Europe.

What may be called Shakespeare's conquest of Asia has been in progress during the last two decades. Strange as it may seem, oriental nations have at last yielded to his spell. He has gained some foothold in Armenia and numerous representations of the leading plays have been given in the chief cities of India. More than half of his dramas have been translated into Sanskrit, Marathi, Tamil, and other Indian languages, by native scholars. It would be hard to say in what consists his fascination for the dreamy, speculative intellect of the Hindu. It is announced that a Chinese version is under way. Hereafter the East will furnish an ever-increasing amount of Shakespeariana.

Thus gradually Shakespeare has come to occupy a unique position. Of all the great names of modern times his is the foremost. His is indeed a world-wide empire and a measureless devotion. While it is true that actors, critics, and translators have done most to bring him universal recognition, it should be remembered that an army of teachers, lecturers, and readers have done much to make him "the pride, the monarch of mankind."

THE UNVEILING OF THE FATHER.

WE are not to suppose that faith in Christ began with a clear and definite conception of his divinity. On the contrary, it is evident from the whole gospel record that the idea that Christ was divine gradually developed and unfolded in the minds of those who knew and loved and trusted him. The idea of an incarnation was foreign to the Hebrew mind. There was no race in the world that held so strongly to the thought that God was solitary, unsearchable, and incommunicable. They believed that even his true name could not be pronounced by human lips, and that it

was impossible for human eyes really to behold his glory. And the very strength of this ancestral faith of theirs, standing as it must have done directly in the way of belief in an incarnation, is an evidence of the tremendous power and unquestionable reality of the experience which forced the disciples, by slow degrees, to believe firmly and unhesitatingly in the divinity of Christ.

The process by which this result was accomplished lies open to our thought in the New Testament. It was the impression made upon the disciples by Christ's own manifestation of himself, his character, his actions, and his words, evidently consistent and unique, which led them at last to see in him the object of divine faith and worship. He was not a mere man. That was evident and undeniable. He was higher than men; holier than men; he possessed an excellence and a power which made them feel in his presence that he was more than they were. What then was he? There were but two directions in which their faith could move. The alternative was sharply set before the disciples on that memorable day at Cæsarea Philippi, when Christ asked them first, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" and then, "But whom say ye that I am?" There were but two lines open to them. One was the line of popular superstition, which led them back into the past to see in Christ only the ghost of John the Baptist, or Elias, or one of the prophets come to life again. The other was the new line of Christian faith which led them forward to see in Jesus "the Christ, the Son of the living God."

New? Of course it was new! It had to be new in order to fit the facts, which were such as had never been seen before. And just because it was so new it had to unfold itself by degrees to the fulness of conscious apprehension of all that it involved.

It is evident that the disciples did not know at first what was meant by the Christhood, the Messiahship, the fulfilment of all ancient prophecy and sacred ritual in Jesus. But they learned the lesson as they kept company with him. They heard him speak with an authority which none of the prophets had ever claimed. Recognizing a divine inspiration in the Old Testament Scriptures, he distinctly set himself above them as the bringer of a new and better revelation. He accomplished, interpreted, and revised them. "Ye have heard how it hath been said by them of old time"—by whom? By the lawgivers and prophets and psalmists whom Christ recognized as his own forerunners and foretellers. "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you."

Suppose that this were all; suppose that the Sermon on the Mount were the whole of the New Testament, what should we behold in it? Not merely the amazing revelation of a morality more pure and perfect than any other the human heart has conceived, proceeding from the lips of an unlearned Nazarene peasant of the first century, but the absolutely overwhelming sight of a believing Hebrew placing himself above the rule of his own faith, a humble teacher asserting supreme authority over all human conduct, a moral reformer discarding all other foundations, and saying, "Every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock." Nine and forty times, in the brief and fragmentary record of the discourses of Jesus, recurs this solemn phrase with which he authenticates the truth: *Verily I say unto you.* And every time that the disciples heard it they must have gotten a new idea of what it meant to be the Christ.

Think also of the significance which the favorite Messianic title used by Jesus to describe himself must have had to their minds. He called himself "the Son of man." Why? Was it because he was merely human? If that was all, surely it would not need to be asserted and emphasized again and again. Imagine any other man, the highest and the holiest, insisting upon the reality of his human life, dwelling upon it, repeating the assertion of it over and over. But this title was, in fact, the claim to a peculiar and supreme relation to the human race. Christ was not *a* son of man, but *the* Son of man, one who,

in the luminous words of Irenæus, *recapitulavit in se ipso longam hominum expositionem.** And as such he assumed on earth and in his prevision of heaven a position which no mere man could rightly take. "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats."

Consider what this implied. It was a declaration that Jesus expected, and was willing, to take into his own hands the task of discriminating between the good and the bad in the unsearchable confusions and complexities of the human heart, and of determining, without hesitation, without misgiving, without redress, the final destinies of the untold myriads of men; "an office," it has been well said, "involving such spiritual insight, such discernment of the thoughts and intents of the heart of each one of the millions at his feet, such awful, unshared supremacy in the moral world, that the imagination recoils in sheer agony from the task of seriously contemplating the assumption of these duties by any created intelligence." When the disciples heard their Master declare that he would fulfil this office of Judge of the World, they must have begun to feel what it meant to be the Christ.

Nor do I suppose that they realized at first the full intention of that second phrase in which their view of Jesus was expressed. *The Son of the living God*—that also was an idea to be gradually apprehended and unfolded. And think what light must have fallen upon it from the conduct of Jesus as they followed him from day to day. The more closely they knew him, the more deeply they felt his sinless purity and sovereign virtue. There was a certainty, an independence, a freedom from all effort and from all restraint in his goodness, such as no other good man has ever shown. He had the deepest knowledge of the evil of sin, yet no shadow or stain of it fell upon his own soul. He was on terms of closest intimacy—an intimacy such as no saint ever dared to assume—with God. He conversed with the Father in a friendship which was utterly without fear or regret or misgiving.

Now when the disciples saw this, it must have put them upon deep thoughts, and the guidance to these thoughts was given by Christ's own words about himself. He put himself side by side with the divine activity. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The Jews who heard him say this sought to kill him, because he had not only broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God. And if the Jews thought this, what did his own disciples think? He claimed a divine origin and mission: "I came forth from the Father"; "My Father sent me." He claimed a divine knowledge and fellowship: "No man knoweth the Father save the Son"; "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee." He claimed to unveil the Father's being in himself: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. I am in the Father and the Father in me."

To what conclusion must such conduct and such words as these lead the disciples in their interpretation of the true meaning of the title "the Son of God"? A conclusion which Jesus himself, if he was as wise and good as all men admit, must inevitably have foreseen. A conclusion which he himself, if he had been only a holy man, better than his disciples but of the same nature, would certainly have guarded against and prevented at any cost. A conclusion which is expressed in the attitude of Thomas, kneeling at the feet of Christ and crying, "My Lord and my God." A conclusion which is finally and definitively embodied in the action of the apostles going out into the world to disciple all nations, and to baptize them "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

There cannot be any question as to the

* Irenæus, *Adv. Hær.*, iii. 18. 1: "He summed up in himself the long unfolding of humanity." The Syriac version of this passage is equally beautiful and significant: "He *commenced afresh* the long line of men."

state of mind which this action implied. It was the deep conviction, not necessarily reasoned out and formulated, but lying at the very root of conduct, that Jesus Christ the Son was the unveiling of his Father God, and that the Holy Spirit who came upon the disciples was the Spirit of the Father and the Son. The part which the resurrection played in the clarifying and confirming of this conviction was important. But we must not misunderstand the meaning of the resurrection. It was not in any sense a new and different revelation of God, imagined or actually received. Whatever the form in which Jesus appeared to the disciples during the forty days that followed his death, he was recognized as the same Jesus; and the one effect of his appearance was simply to confirm and deepen the truth of what he had said and done while he was with them. And with this confirmation the truth took shape and substance as an active and enduring power in human faith and life and worship.

There is no more room for doubt that the early Christians saw in Christ a personal unveiling of God, than that the friends and followers of Abraham Lincoln regarded him as a good and loyal American citizen of the white race. And even if we could find no direct and definite statement of either of these views, the evidence that men held them could be clearly and certainly read in the facts of history.

Divine honors were paid to Christ in the primitive church. The first common prayer of the disciples, when they were assembled to choose an apostle in the place of the traitor Judas, was addressed to Christ. The Christians were distinguished both from the Jews and from the heathen as those who called upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The dying martyr Stephen showed what was meant by this phrase in his prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Saul of Tarsus, when he was convinced by that strange experience on the road to Damascus that Jesus was not an impostor, but the Christ, at once addressed him in prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And Ananias, who received Saul into the church, asked guidance and direction from the same Lord. Peter baptized the multitudes on the day of Pentecost in the name of Jesus Christ. John wrote of prayer to the Son of God as a familiar ground of confidence in Christian experience. The apostolic benediction was: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." The whole current of adoration and devotion in the New Testament leads up naturally and without surprise to the magnificent words of St. Paul, in which he speaks of "Christ, who is over all, God blessed forever."

It should be frankly recognized that the first Christians assigned a certain subordination to the Son in relation to the Father; but it must be admitted with equal candor that this subordination was not in any sense a separation, and that it really implied and involved a unity between them which made it possible and natural and inevitable for the disciples to pay an adoration to the Son with the Father, which, if it had been offered to, or claimed by, the greatest and best of the apostles, would have been instantly repudiated by the whole church as not only absurd but radically blasphemous.

It is an easy matter to trace the worship of Christ in the later development of Christianity. There are two sources of evidence: the Christian hymns and liturgies; the heathen attacks and the apologies which they evoked. The earliest hymns of the Greek Church celebrate the praise of the Lord Jesus. Syriac poetry, through its great poet, Ephrem Syrus, takes up the same strain of adoration to the Son of God, and its undying music may still be heard among the mountains of Armenia, where the unspeakable Turk is exterminating a whole race for loyalty to the name of Christ. Latin hymnody, from its earliest origin in translations from the Greek through its splendid unfolding, repeats the same burden. In every land and language, in German, in French, in English, the most precious and potent melodies of the church are fragrant with the name of Christ.

The early liturgies bear the same testi-

mony to the preeminence of the Lord Jesus in the doxologies and supplications of Christian faith. There is not in the world to-day a single great liturgy, Greek, Roman, Armenian, French, German, Scotch, or English, which does not contain ascriptions of divine glory, and petitions for divine grace, addressed to Jesus Christ.

Heathen writers of very early date assure us that this was the practice of Christians from the beginning. The younger Pliny reported to the Emperor Trajan that the people called Christians were accustomed to assemble before daybreak and "sing a hymn of praise responsively to Christ, as it were to God." In the public trials that followed there was never any denial of this statement. It was admitted alike by those who apostatized under the pressure of persecution and by those who remained faithful to the name of Christ.

In all the apologies for the Christian religion which were put forth during the persecutions under Hadrian, and his successors Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, there was no attempt to refute the universal charge that the Christians worshiped Christ. As if to confirm this evidence by one of those indications which are all the more significant because they are so slight and so clearly unpremeditated, there still exists a rude caricature, scratched by some careless hand upon the walls of the Palatine Palace in Rome not later than the beginning of the third century, representing a human figure with an ass' head hanging upon a cross, while a man stands before it in the attitude of worship. Underneath is this ill-spelled inscription—

"Alexamenos adore his God."

Thus the songs and prayers of believers, the accusations of persecutors, the sneers of skeptics, and the coarse jests of mockers all join in proving beyond a doubt that the primitive Christians paid divine honor to the Lord Jesus.

The early church saw the Divine Being beaming with a new radiance, she saw the wide landscape of human duty and destiny illuminated and transfigured, she saw a new heaven and a new earth, when she saw in Christ all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling bodily. And it was in the strength and enthusiasm of this vision that she concentrated all her moral and intellectual energies on the one point of keeping that window open, and maintaining against direct assault and secret dissolution the real and personal Deity of Christ.

I am careful to put the statement in this form because I believe that it alone corresponds with the facts, and because it is only by getting our minds into this position that we can hope to understand the course, the meaning, and the force of Christian doctrine. The early Christians looked at God through Christ: they did not look at Christ through a preconceived idea and a logical definition of God. The true development of theology, to put the matter plainly, was not abstract, it was personal and practical. The doctrine of the Trinity came into being to meet an imperious necessity. That necessity was the defense of the actual worship of Christ, the actual trust in Christ as the Unveiler of the Father, which already existed at the heart of Christianity. It was recognized instinctively that the loss of this trust, the silencing of this worship, meant the death of Christianity by heart-failure. Every speculation which threatened this result, every theory of human nature or of divine nature which seemed to separate the personality of Christ from the personality of God, was regarded by the church as dangerous and hostile. Every attempted statement of theological dogma which appeared to obscure or to imperil the reality and the eternal validity of the unveiling of the Father in the Son, was resented, and a counter statement of theological dogma was framed to meet it. This was the intellectual conflict of Christianity in the first centuries: a struggle for life centering about the actual Deity of Christ.—*Henry van Dyke, D.D., LL.D., in "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," published by The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.*

THE TEA INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH.

BY JANE A. STEWART.

ONE of the sidelights on the problem of southern industries and a development which is attracting general interest is the current effort in South Carolina looking to the domestication of the tea-plant. Recent reports from this notable experimental area seem to dissipate doubts which have long been held, that owing to inseparable adverse conditions, tea-growing could not be profitably and satisfactorily conducted in the South.

It is about fifteen years since the federal government through the United States commissioner of agriculture, William G. Le Duc, introduced tea-plants on an experimental farm near Summerville, S. C. Various causes, including the retirement from office of the commissioner, whose great interest in the matter caused the inception of the work; the death of Mr. John Jackson, the experienced manager of the gardens; the long range under which the work had to be conducted; and finally the declaration of Commissioner George B. Loring that "the climatic conditions were not favorable for it" combined to bring about the total abandonment by the federal government of the tea gardens which it had established at great expense.

An intelligent gentleman of scientific education and philanthropic tendencies, with a large allowance of perseverance and with means to gratify his agricultural hobbies, felt that the government experiment had not been pushed as it should have been. He had great hopes that the difficulties might be overcome. Possessed with this idea he undertook extensive experimentation on his own account. It is as the result of his studious investigations and scientific methods that a practical demonstration has been made which gives good ground for the hope that tea culture for commercial purposes may become a practical and profitable industry for the cotton-growing section of the United States. Dr. Charles Shepard, of Summerville, S. C., will consequently not only make possible through his energy, courage, and determination, the establishment of a new industry for the South but has in fact begun the solution of the labor problem there by opening the door to a wide and comparatively easy outdoor employment for dwellers in a tropical climate. The Agricultural Department under Secretary Wilson is manifesting a renewal of interest, and Congress appropriated $5,000 for the prosecution of the work at its closing session.

The most promising feature of Dr. Shepard's conclusions is that they come as the culmination of long and careful experiments with all sorts of tea, of soils and situations, of original methods of cultivation, and of proper application of processes of manufacture.

The two great obstacles to tea-growing in America which have caused doubt of ultimate success have been climatic and economic. It appears that the less healthy the climate seems to be for human beings the better apparently it suits the requirements of tea. A hot, damp climate is the natural one: that is, a tropical sun and a heavy rainfall. The temperature, it has been claimed by Asiatic authorities, must never be lower than 40° F. and a rainfall of from 80 to 100 inches annually has been considered essential. Assam, a province in Northeast British India, where the tea-plant is indigenous, possesses the advantage and distinction of having the heaviest rainfall in the world. There in the jungles of the Brahmapootra River, in a hot, steaming atmosphere where frost is a stranger, shaded by lofty sub-tropical forests, the wild tea-plants become trees reaching a height of twenty-five feet or more, clothed with large, lustrous green leaves, measuring nine inches in length and four inches in

width. But this Assam tea-plant when under cultivation for a leaf-crop must be restrained in its tendency to immensity and is only permitted to attain a maximum height of five feet. The cultivated tea-plant everywhere is supposed to be the descendant of the Assamese bush, which when transplanted to the cooler climates of Japan and China becomes stunted in growth and the foliage assumes the small, dull-colored, lancet-form characteristic of the Chinese variety. The two—the Assamese and Chinese—represent the most divergent types of *Camellia Thea*, though there are many intermediate sorts which have resulted from their hybridization or are the outcome of climatic and other influences upon them. In South Carolina, where the tea-plant has been growing in a desultory fashion for nearly a century, the yearly rainfall is about fifty-six inches and a temperature as low as 10° below freezing point may be expected in winter. The chief hope of climatic adaptation, consequently, has lain in the fact that the tea-plant, though originally from a sub-tropical climate, has been able to endure very considerable cold and even brief periods of ice, though at the expense of depreciation in the quantity of leaf-product. Moreover, it has been demonstrated that the annual rainfall need not exceed sixty inches where the average temperature is less than 70° F., especially if the greater part of the yearly precipitation occurs in the growing season. This is true of Japan, China, the high altitudes of Ceylon, and some districts of India, where altogether the greater part of the world's tea is produced.

The problem of tea domestication in the United States has involved the elaboration of a scientific scheme of cultivation to offset any climatic disadvantages in producing a hardy variety of tea which at the same time would retain its commercial value and utility; and in overcoming economic difficulties. The oriental planter has, of course, the great advantage in the market, owing to the cheap labor procurable in the Orient. At the lowest estimate, it costs about six times more to pick one pound of tea in South Carolina than the prices paid for the same service in Asia. This, it is evident, is the most serious economic consideration that presents itself to the tea-grower in America.

It has long been the opinion of Dr. Shepard, as a chemist and horticulturist, that more careful cultivation and preparation as a result of a sustained local experiment might reverse the generally entertained opinion that, as an industry, tea-growing in this country must always prove a failure. He was fully convinced that especial care and attention could compel the remunerative cultivation of tea outside of its natural zone as well as tobacco and many other crops. To this end he set apart fifty acres of his diversified estate of seven hundred acres called Pinehurst, not far from the scene of the initial government experiment, and famed for its ornamental park, its horticultural beauty, and its finely cultivated collection of rare tropical trees, flowers, and shrubs.

The basic lines of his experiment were laid on the assumption that natural disadvantages in some directions may be counterbalanced by stimulation through other means; and on the determination to produce only the finest and best quality of tea which would bring the highest market price —teas such as never leave the Orient, because they cannot bear transportation to this country.

A system of soil treatment was first devised. To compensate for the scarcity and unequal distribution of rainfall a rich soil is the great desideratum, for tea flourishes best in the mold soil of valleys. The analysis of the best Indian tea soils, it appears, shows a great deficiency of lime, an absence of sulphuric acid, the constant presence of manganese, a large amount of nitrogen, as also considerable quantities of potash and magnesia micas. In China, Japan, and Java, the presence of iron in the soil is said to contribute greatly to the high quality of tea. Pinehurst experiments have been conducted on sandy, clayey, and bottom lands; on level ground, hillsides, and drained ponds, reaching the conclusion that level lands, thoroughly drained, porous to as great a depth as possible, and free from acidity,

will produce the best results. For their treatment Dr. Shepard devised a plan of thorough underdraining, to be followed by deep plowing, stirring up and pulverizing with carefully preserved stable compost and the commercial fertilizers, which are rich in soluble potash and available nitrogen, with a modicum of soluble phosphates; and a careful system of surface cultivation by which the evaporation of moisture is minimized. The gain thus made is equal to fifteen inches of rainfall. The good effect is further enhanced by planting between the tea-bushes cowpeas, whose roots penetrate the soil and dying not only leave valuable food for the tea but render the earth much more porous and capable of retaining moisture during dry seasons.

Dr. Shepard's experimentation has included not only Assamese seed, but also that from Darjeeling Kangra, Kumaon, Ceylon, Formosa, China, and Japan. The best seed, it seems, comes from groves reserved especially for the purpose and not subject to the ordinary pruning and leaf-picking. The National Department of Agriculture, under both Secretaries Rusk and Wilson, has aided in the securing of consignments of tea seed from far Asia. The Department of State has issued orders to its consuls at the tea-ports to obtain these samples. The most promising variety was brought from Darjeeling, an elevation of 3,000 feet, the aim being to produce hardiness with an abundance of good-sized, delicate leaves. Seeds, as soon as received, are at once sown in beds of light fibrous soil and shaded from the direct sun. In a few months the young sprouts are large enough to be transplanted.

The growing tea-plant is an exceedingly attractive one. It has bright, smooth evergreen leaves and a white flower an inch or more broad, resembling greatly its relative, the *Camellia Japonica*, to whose order and genus it belongs. The blossom is divided into three or four cells, which eventually form into the large, oily seed. As it grows the plant throws out from its branches tender, bright shoots. On examination these are found to consist of a tiny, tender, unexpanded leaf-bud at the end of the shoot (the so-called Pekoe tip or flowery Pekoe); an almost equally tender, small leaf follows on the stem (the Orange Pekoe), and then one slightly larger and firmer (the Pekoe). The bud and the first two delicate leaves, technically called "two and a bud," are usually taken in plucking for Pekoe tea. Following them come two yet larger and more mature leaves (the first and second Souchong), and the twig often has two more still. Each sending forth of these tender, young shoots constitutes a "flush."

Owing to the nature of the crop desired, cultivation of the tea-plant is all directed toward the production of successive flushes. The constant removal of young leaves during the summer has a tendency to weaken the plant. Pruning consequently becomes a question of primary importance. After a long study of various methods, some of which have proved disastrous, a system was evolved at Pinehurst by which pruning is directed to the gradual extension of the breadth of the plant rather than its height, and thus to conserve strength in the branches, so that their power to produce enables them promptly to put forth new shoots after each plucking.

It is interesting to note the favorable production at Pinehurst as compared with the several tea countries. The average yearly production per bush in Japan does not exceed one ounce; in China it is from one to two ounces; in India and Ceylon from three to five ounces. At Pinehurst the "Rose garden" of Assam-hybrid plants gave last year five ounces to the bush, and two other gardens of the estate, planted with Darjeeling, promise even greater results. It is this encouraging productiveness under Dr. Shepard's scientific cultivation and pruning which affords good ground for the belief that commercial tea may be grown profitably in the United States. Last year 1,200 pounds of green leaf (300 pounds of prepared tea) were produced in the "Rose garden" at Pinehurst, not quite an acre in extent, and just nine years old. With the exception of 1897, when a drought occurred, each year the output from this

garden has increased almost one hundred per cent.

The tea industry in the South promises to afford not only a vent for pent-up capital, but also an outlet for the idle host of colored laborers. Leaf-plucking is an employment especially fitted for women and children, requiring, however, the patient teaching of the art and constant supervision until the laborers become sufficiently expert to pick only leaves of proper age. At Pinehurst the colored children are doing the picking very satisfactorily, and earn from thirty to fifty cents a day. Dr. Shepard has solved the problem of labor in part by providing a free school for his pickers, thus establishing a mutual benefit arrangement by which the children get an education and a chance to earn money, and he has a force from which to draw his pickers as required. If this plan obtains the tea industry is likely to do a great service in making better citizens in a section of the country where the population seems to be increasing more rapidly than the means of sustenance and employment. The gardens are picked every ten days, and it takes three days for the twenty children to make the rounds.

Pinehurst black tea is manufactured by the usual processes: withering, followed by rolling or other manipulation by which the leaves are preserved; oxidation (formerly thought to be a species of fermentation), whereby the oily cells in the leaf are broken and their contents rendered easily extractable by hot water; and firing or drying. Machines have been successfully substituted for about all manual operations in the manufacture of black tea. The preparation of green tea still involves much labor.

The following table shows the actual cost of the several operations in the growth, picking, and curing of the crop of 1898 in the Pinehurst "Rose garden," and also the estimated expense for the same rate of production on a larger scale.

	Cost per pound.	Estimated reduction.
Pruning	3c.	2c.
Manuring	3c.	2c.
Cultivation	1½c.	1c.
Leaf picking	14c.	8c.
Factory work	6c.	3c.
	27½c.	16c.

Other expenses, as cost of superintendence and fixed charges for the entire outlay in the establishment of gardens and their maintenance, till they are self-supporting, bring the total cost of Pinehurst tea, on the reduced basis, to twenty-five cents per pound.

The placing of a duty of ten cents a pound on tea by Senator Tillman in the last tariff act somewhat improved the economic outlook for the prospective American tea-planter. A duty of twenty cents a pound it is claimed would more than compensate for the difference in the cost of labor on the middling and lower grades of tea. Free-trade Great Britain imposes a duty of eight cents per pound on the tea from her colonies and they furnish almost all her great consumption, which has reached almost a million pounds daily. The continental European countries place on tea duties from twenty to forty cents. Russia, which proverbially enjoys the best tea, charges the highest rate. The United States, last year, imported 71,957,715 pounds of tea, paying for it at an average price of fourteen cents a pound, $10,054,283. When the tea industry in the South has developed far enough, it is anticipated that the national legislature will give it ample protection.

One feature in the cultivation of tea to which attention is called and which has particular interest for the planter is that the season for gathering lasts six months. Thus a tea crop is independent of the weather of any one or two months and less an object of solicitude. Another point is that returns may be expected after the space of two years, which is more than can be looked for in an orange grove or a peach orchard. The best Japanese tea comes, it is said, from bushes that are two hundred years old.

The cost of establishing a tea garden necessarily involves a considerable expenditure, yet not more than for any other permanent crop. The cost of raising and setting out seedlings varies from $25 to $50 an acre. A factory need not cost more than $1,000, including machinery. As the in-

dustry grows, the extensive tea estates will doubtless erect factories sufficient to handle the output of their own gardens and that of lesser gardens in the vicinity. The modern trend of industry by centralization and combination may bring a cheapening of processes.

As has been well said, tea cultivation is a special business and will require special study. The would-be tea-grower must become thoroughly conversant with the science and practice of the whole culture as adapted to this country, from the sowing of the seed to the manufactured leaf.

SOME FRUITS OF THE REFORMATION.

BY ARTHUR W. KENNEDY.

III.

WE now come to the consideration of political liberty, which we regard as one fruit of the Reformation that, in one form or another, has come to all civilized nations. Luther's first aim was not a change in the political condition of the people; his teachings were all directed at abuses in the church and changes in theology, but as the church and state were so wedded and interlocked, how could it be otherwise than that when Luther struck the blow that gave men religious liberty it gave them political liberty also? When church and state fell apart each institution required reconstruction on new foundations, and in a large measure a new superstructure on each foundation had to be erected. If a man had liberty to think for himself in religion, he was now just as free to think for himself as a citizen in the state.

Luther may not have anticipated such a result as this politically, for he was not a politician. He did not presume to serve as a statesman, and yet he did in the state what he, apparently, had no thought of doing, namely: he commenced a political reformation that has through the centuries run almost parallel with the religious reformation, and the political fruits are not the least among the great blessings that Luther's Reformation has conferred upon the world. How did he bring about this political reformation? This question we will try to answer.

The princes in Germany were growing jealous because the people's money was going to Rome in payment for indulgences. This affected taxation, it affected the German treasury, and caused a good deal of irritation between the German princes and the power at Rome. Luther had studied this question closely. He did not believe that any man could grant an indulgence for money, or for any other cause, legitimately or honestly; hence he revolted and published a pamphlet on the ecclesiastical system then in operation, which was addressed to the nobility of the German nation. Four thousand copies were sold in a short time. In this pamphlet he stated his cause after this fashion: Why should $123,000 (for indulgences) be sent every year from Germany to Rome? That was taxation, the temporal power at Rome taxing the religious and political power in Germany. Again, he raised the cry, "Germany for the Germans," just as we hear the tocsin sounded in these days, "America for Americans." And why? Because the church power at Rome sought to control the civil and church government in Germany. Luther believed that "Germany for the Germans" was a legitimate demand. Third, he asked for a married clergy, and lastly he pled for a national system of education as the foundation of a better order of things.

These were all political questions, but they were mixed up at one time with the church, at another time with the civil power.

Luther broke the spell by his appeal to the people when he burned the pope's bull at Wittenberg in the presence of a large congregation. He also gathered together all the Roman law books he could find, and burned them in the same fire that consumed the pope's bull. This signified that Ger-

many should not be governed by a Roman power. It was an uprising for political freedom.

In time, the taxes for the indulgences were stopped; Luther made a nun his wife; "Germany for the Germans" became a triumphant song; and a national system of education for the foundation of a better order of things has existed in Germany for many years.

In the separation from Rome it is interesting to study the races as they took sides for or against the papal authority. Nations of German origin, such as Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, England, Scotland, and the Netherlands, followed Luther's standard and separated from Rome; wherever Germanic speech prevailed, the papal authority was defied and a new power asserted itself. It was the political influence of a common origin and a common language. The nations which remained loyal to the holy father through this fermentation and division were Spain, France, and Italy. They had long formed a part of the old Roman Empire and were Roman in their languages and customs.

How shall we account for the progress in Germany? By simply turning to Luther and his pamphlet addressed to the nobility of the German nation and issued in 1520.

The logic which connects such facts in history is unerring and it simply shows how the world improves under the benign teachings of the truth. If a wrong exists, let the truth be uttered against that wrong. Do not worry lest the truth shall die, for that cannot be. The time will come when the truth will break out again, though it may be a long time after its utterance; it will at last burn its way and flame its own path to victory.

Here, then, was political liberty taught by the leaders of the Reformation; and the German Empire to-day has a marvelous harvest of the political fruits of that Reformation, showing that political freedom is a plant which has sometimes a slow and at other times a rapid growth, but which brings its fruitage to the garners of a loyal people.

At another time we see the idea of political liberty breaking out in England. It was in the days of Oliver Cromwell, a general in the army, who had fought Charles I., and subdued him and his hosts. Cromwell's idea of liberty was this: "No man shall be called in question for differences of opinion, so long as he does not disturb the peace of the kingdom." This was toleration, but it meant as much to the people then as liberty means to us to-day. It was an outgrowth of Luther's idea. Cromwell was a Christian man who accepted the fundamental doctrine that Luther taught—"Justification by faith." He trusted God and fought his battles in God's name. Cromwell valued liberty chiefly because, as he said, "It gives full play for the righteousness and moral worth of men." He further asserted, "If I should meet the king in battle, I would shoot him as soon as any other man." If there was one thing for which Cromwell and his soldiers fought and bled, it was for political liberty. Cromwell's political liberty was not so comprehensive as ours, but it was as dear to him as our type of liberty is to us.

Oliver Cromwell on April 19, 1653, with his troopers entered Parliament and dissolved the body; because he and Parliament could no longer agree concerning legislation, and to put an end to the old order of things, he thus resorted to revolution. He had voted to behead Charles I., king of England, and that had been done. Parliament was now abolished, and all political power seemed to be vested in the hands of Cromwell.

Cromwell and his council issued one hundred and forty summonses to as many honest men selected from different parts of the nation to act as a Parliament in the emergency. Here is one of the singular facts in history. This extraordinary assembly—a revolutionary Parliament—met on the Fourth of July. They were sincere and honest men who made heroic efforts at national reformation; they did not effect this end but the new Parliament was a link in the chain that was being forged, and an evidence of a successful revolution. It was a bold and daring step for the cause of po-

litical liberty. The fact that it met on the Fourth of July, 1653, is significant to us as Americans.

In the march of liberty Cromwell was to rule under a constitution. This was settled in 1654, when Parliament established the first constitutional government ever known on the face of the earth. The constitution became the instrument of government, the guarantee of political liberty.

The thing that abides out of this wreck of political fortunes in Cromwell's time, as a boon for loyal men in every nation, is the fact that this constitution was adopted. It made the constitution of the United States possible, and it made possible a constitutional form of government in every one of the forty-five states in this Union, besides hundreds of other constitutions in different nations in the world. With its fundamental principle of personal political liberty we may trace it directly to the Reformation under Luther, when, with his pamphlet addressed to the nobility of the German nation, he broke the political spell that bound his countrymen. Cromwell's constitution was not the charter of liberty that ours is, but the idea of political liberty was expanding the minds of men. It was marching on to American soil and to greater victories.

The glory of the fullest political liberty any people had ever known was reserved for the people of the United States. Luther commenced the Reformation; Cromwell continued it; but political liberty was to receive its highest indorsement in another revolution. When the colonies were converted into a government it was a revolutionary government—a revolt against Great Britain—and that, too, against the very government which Cromwell had conquered for a day, and in which he had raised up the standard of liberty. Only for a time, however, was his banner borne aloft. When Cromwell died, the spirit and life of his movement seemed to pass away with him.

But here on the Fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was adopted by unanimous vote of all the colonial delegates present, and was signed by seventy-five men, it was proclaimed to the people of England and the world that "all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," that among these are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." On this foundation of principles our forefathers built a superstructure and named it the United States of America, giving to liberty a new birth in a new world, kindling a fire where it could not be extinguished—forming a new government on virgin soil, with political liberty as one of its cardinal doctrines. It was a ripe fruit of the Reformation. It fell into the hands of true men. They adopted Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States, which have protected it. In wars on the field of battle, they defeated the enemies of our country and kept floating the flag of the free, and in all our conflicts in legislative halls and on fields of battle for more than a hundred years this fruit of Luther's Reformation has been one of the choicest blessings that has come to America. And it is the glory of our American commonwealth to-day.

Is it not strange that as we look back we see religious and political liberty, presented to the world by Luther, in a revolt against the temporal power of Rome as exercised in the state? When we see this same type of liberty in another struggle, it is in a revolution in the Parliament of England, victorious for a time. Its third struggle was in another revolution in this country. When one thinks how the advocates of liberty from the days of the Reformation till now have been heretics and dissenters and revolutionists, and that this priceless blessing has come to the world by individuals standing apart from their fellows, acting in organized revolution, is it not the mystery of mysteries that the richest blessings in our heritage come to us in the most irregular and unaccountable ways?

But let us not for one moment suppose that Luther was the author of the Reformation, or that he bestowed these gifts of the Bible and religious and political liberty upon mankind. We must go back fourteen centuries and more beyond Luther, and we will

find a man of quiet demeanor, but powerful thought, teaching a woman at a well in Samaria. He taught as never man taught, and there he said to an audience of one woman, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." That was the declaration of independence and of liberty which Jesus Christ gave to all the world. Upon that the people in all generations could rest, hoping for liberty. While Luther's work was a revival, an awakening, a reformation, the world's new birth to liberty was in the words of Jesus Christ at the well. That utterance changed all systems of religion, all customs and methods of worship, and insured the liberty of mankind for all time.

Thus we recognize Luther's work and his Reformation and the fruits that have come to us from it; but as we go back farther in history we see rising above Luther, and directing him and his followers, the great Master and Lord of all, who has given to us the teaching and brought to us the fruits of that teaching in the religious and political liberty which we so much enjoy.

TEMPTATION.

BY J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

EVIL'S prime minister! There is no wile
Escapes thy mastery. If one stroke fail
Thou hast another ready to assail
The mortal to be given to thy guile.
Perchance thou grantest rest a little while,
That pride may rust a weakness in his mail.
Then when thy weapon finds the spot most frail,
Why do we other victims sneer or smile?

Blind that we are! and will we never see
Each thinks his own small struggle is the chief?
This usurer cries "Villain" at the thief;
This lecher cannot think why drunkards be,
And thou, temptation, knowest each belief,
And all this weakness is a strength to thee.

BULGARIAN CITIES.

BY CELIA R. LADD.

ON entering a Bulgarian city the traveler is impressed with the disorder, the confusion, the babel of tongues, the want of all harmony in architecture and dress. On the streets and in the market places, men of various nationalities, widely differing in manners and bearing, salute each other in divers languages. It is as if some congress of nations had called together representatives from all countries; or some miraculous resurrection had brought to life men and women of past ages to mingle with those of the present. The devotees of fashion clad in the latest Parisian style brush against veiled women in loose-flowing robes, who in imagination might easily be associated with Leah and Rachel.

In strange contrast too is the ancient with modern architecture. In some open streets are new houses with mansard roofs and open windows, bright with blooming

flowers; but for the most part the old Turkish style still prevails: walled harems whose doors open into dark passage-ways. In the European quarter are spacious stores, whose polite clerks are eager to show the merchandise on their well-filled shelves. Within a short distance are the bazaars, with their rows of booths, each so small that the goods are in reach of the salesman sitting on the floor. The minarets of Mohammedan mosques rise above the domes of eastern churches. A synagogue of the Jews is on one corner and a Protestant chapel on another.

A VIEW OF PHILIPPOPOLIS.

An artist pictures the general face of a country by sketching features from different points. Let us select two of the leading cities of Bulgaria: Philippopolis, overlooking the plain watered by the Maritza, and Rustchuck on the Danube. From a few pen pictures of their most prominent features, with occasional glimpses of neighboring towns, let us portray as accurately as possible the lives and surroundings of their inhabitants. To the north and west of Constantinople, two days distant by rail, there are three high hills in the center of a wide, level plain. Crowning these hills, sloping down their sides and spreading out on the plain to the banks of the river, is the city of Philippopolis, named for its founder, "Philip of Macedon." We can well imagine that two thousand years ago there were the same dark streets, shut in by high mud walls, and that two thousand years ago the people wore the same oriental costumes we see to-day. There are many comfortable homes of well-to-do men on the level ground near the parks and markets, but as a rule the dwellings of the wealthier classes are on the hills. Climbing one of the winding streets leading to these secluded houses, we find it is not, strictly speaking, a street but rather a dark alley. The houses built upon and jutting over the walls almost exclude the light. Neighbors sitting in opposite windows can easily shake hands across the way.

On and up we wind in the darkness, hearing only the dull echo of our own footfalls as we pick our way over the rough pavement or mount the stone stairs. We see no signs of domestic life; except now and then as a servant girl opens the door to admit the "sockajee" (water-carrier), leading his pony laden with heavy skin bags; or as the face of an indolent beauty peers curiously at us from behind the curtains as she lolls on the divan in the upper window. One could scarcely believe that behind these walls were hidden beautiful homes, but when in response to our knock a gate is opened, we see a courtyard flooded with sunlight and gay with luxuriant flowers. Tubs of flaming oleanders and scarlet geraniums stand on the clean-swept pavement. Vines cover the sides of the house enclosing the court, and shade the open piazzas.

The street winds this way and that as if it had been built around the overhanging houses. Patches of sunlight glimmering through the darkness indicate that we are coming to the end of the tunnel. We pass through an arch to a more open thoroughfare, where the houses are three or four stories high, showing rows of windows with latticed and diamond-shaped frames. The farther we go the more quaint and picturesque is the style of building. The foundations are in precisely the state they were left by nature's upheaval, the houses being built at all angles of the rocks. A tall edifice on the summit looks like a watch tower, and the path to the next neighbor's is down a steep street. A tree, striking its roots deep among the stones, shades a squarely built chamber on the wall, whose jutting windows look out on the roof of the one directly under and in front of it. The high steeple opposite alone would point out the enclosed church were it not for women bowing and crossing themselves as they pass it.

Once at the summit, a grand view is before us; below are the rice fields, and through a blue haze the tops of the Balkans are dimly outlined against the blue sky. Directly under our eyes are the cottages of the workingmen, their tiled roofs sloping down the hill like an inclined plane, while here and there a tall stork stands in her brush nest on the chimney-top. From the heights we can clearly see the white-washed

A CORNER IN PHILIPPOPOLIS.

A BULGARIAN OVEN.

houses, the little plots enclosed by stick fences, the rows of green growing vegetables, the strings of red peppers and ears of yellow corn hanging from the eaves, the women weeding in the garden or washing at the door, the men mending their fishing nets under the shadow of the grape vines, and at evening the whole family seated in the porch enjoying their supper of bread and cheese—a striking picture of "high and low life" in close proximity. Who shall say they are not as happy as the owners of the palaces who look down upon them from the rocks above?

The great mosque at the foot of the hills is the center of trade and traffic. It is of immense size and is said centuries ago to have been a Christian church. Here are rows of carriages, their drivers looking for a job, and "hamals" (porters), with their ropes ready to carry burdens to any part of the city. In the basement of the mosque are open arches, where cobblers sit mending shoes and tinkers ply their trades. The fruit market is really a sight, grapes of all sizes and colors, and cherries, red, yellow, and black, from the forests of Dermendra, a village a few miles away. The streets opening from this point are lined with small stores, each selling one kind of goods. The shelves of one are filled with Turkish calicoes of gaudy patterns. In another are displayed silks and wools for embroidery, one boasts artificial flowers, and still another cheap jewelry. In a prominent corner sits the shrewd, sharp-faced money-changer. The glass walls of the case he so carefully guards disclose bank notes and piles of gold and silver coin. A few moments' walk brings us to the great covered bazaar, where dozens of individual stalls under one roof remind us of the nests of a community of sociable swallows. Here, each in their place, are European dress goods, shoes, gloves, ribbons, and laces. In the oriental department are things rich and rare, unique embroideries, silk shawls, and Persian rugs.

If we desire entertainment we shall find inns and inns. In those patterned after the European plan, the cooking may be quite satisfactory, chops, steaks, good bread, and coffee served with the vegetables and fruits of the season. The rooms are furnished with the conventional iron bedsteads, washstands, graniteware pitchers and ewers, but the standard of cleanliness is below that essential to comfort. There are inns that are a compromise between those already mentioned and the native khans, and lastly the khans themselves, which offer shelter to those

SPINNING FROM A DISTAFF.

A BISHOP OF THE BULGARIAN CHURCH.

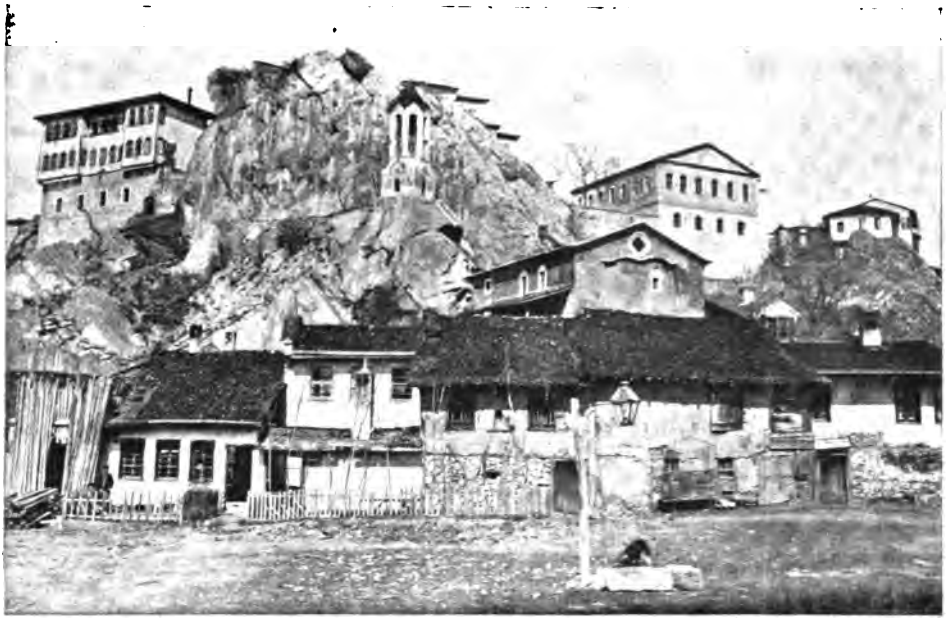
desiring the cheapest entertainment. They are largely patronized by travelers in carriages, who bring their own food and bedding, and by foot-men who are not afraid to sleep on earthen floors or stone pavements.

A merchant carrier, in charge of a vehicle laden with heavy boxes, prefers to sleep in his wagon in the court as custodian of his goods. He is perfectly comfortable as he eats his black bread and cucumber, sitting on the curbstone; his sleep will be sound and refreshing, in spite of the neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys, and the angry shouting and quarreling of servants and stable boys. Neither will the fumes of vile tobacco or the drunken brawls of a party of lewd fellows of the baser sort disturb his dreams in the least.

Following the labyrinth of streets, we come to a ward of the city on the outskirts, where artisans or small traders find rent adapted to their means. They live almost like villagers and the women sit on the ground outside the gates, knitting and talking. Their bright scarlet jackets and gowns of blue or purple give an idea of native costumes. From this quarter the way to the open fields lies past heaps of refuse and acres of Turkish graves. The wayside well whose high roof invites us to rest under its friendly shelter may resemble Jacob's, for its size promises water both for flocks and herds. Beyond the city limits is the Boon-ar-jeek, or hill fountain. Graded down from its slope and furnished with seats, it is a favorite resort on festivals and holidays. Following the pleasure party come the venders of ices, sweetmeats, and colored drinks. Open carriages are constantly passing on the driveway. The Turkish driver, perched high on the front seat of a phaeton, is brilliant in red fez and braided coat; his passengers are two stylishly dressed Bulgarian girls, accompanied by their chaperone. In the next turn-out a white-capped nurse is surrounded by her charges. Greek women, elegantly attired in heavy satin dresses and bright silk headgear, sit stiffly as the carriage jolts over the rough stones. The party on the hillside make an attractive picture as they sit feasting and drinking, regaled by the lively strains of the bands or bagpipes. The rocks echo the sounds of music and laughter till the shadows fall and the lights twinkle from their homes on the hills.

One hundred miles to the north stands another city of red roofs and gray walls. The general style of architecture shows that the builders were from the same races as

BULGARIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.



PORTION OF PHILIPPOPOLIS, SHOWING BELL TOWER, FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

the founders of the city already described. The crosses crowning the churches and the glistening white minarets rising from the mosques prove them worshipers at the same shrines. Rustchuck, the largest city in northern Bulgaria, is connected with Vienna by a line of Austrian steamers which touch at her wharves twice or thrice a week during the months when the Danube is navigable, and by rail with Varna, a port on the Black Sea. There is, therefore, a large market for the shipping of wheat and by this means an extensive traffic is carried on with the surrounding villages. The passengers from the steamers must thread their way between long rows of buffalo carts laden with wheat, wood, or vegetables. A motley throng is collected at the landing. Crowds of peasants in sheep-skin clothing, their baggage in bundles on their backs, wait to take deck passage to some point up country where they can find work, while their wives and children till their fields in their absence. Idlers and peddlers of small wares try to catch a penny. As we pass from the wharf to the center of the city, we note a more open, a more European style. The streets are wider, and we hear German instead of Greek. There are beer gardens and open-air restaurants, where hilarious guests are making merry around their little tables. The best dwelling houses with open balconies have evidently taken their pattern from Vienna instead of Constantinople. Unlike Philippopolis in some particulars, the general effect is the same, somewhat modified by German and Austrian influence.

But it is not the modern European quarter in which we are most interested, neither the stores with cheap goods from Austrian cities or the houses with their gilding and imported furniture. We will rather turn our attention to the native customs and manner of living. Much of interest may be seen in the streets where the artisans are plying their trades, each in his own shop, without exception sitting cross-legged on the floor. The fronts are all open and the three enclosed sides form a background. Here is a man cleaning cotton by snapping it with a string, while at his side is a snowy pile already prepared with which his partner is stuffing mattresses. Their next neighbor, the tailor, is making coarse jackets and fur-lined coats. The shelves behind him are piled high with garments for sale. On the pavement in front his servant is fanning the charcoal in a large, hollow flat-iron,

When the coals have turned from black to red and the foul gas has escaped it will be ready for use in pressing seams. The flaming colors of Turkish prints, green, red, and yellow, next attract our attention. From these fabrics the thin young man bending over his work is making quilted garments, coats and waists for women's wear. The shoes and slippers are a curiosity, with pointed toes and tinsel trimmings. From the hatter, whose blocks stand on the sidewalk, to the shoemaker, moistening and pounding his leather, all seem industrious and thrifty. The general air of cleanliness and well-swept streets show that we are in a respectable quarter.

If we enter the cross streets a few blocks away, where these industrious workmen dine, we may not retain our favorable impressions. Pungent odors greet us from stores of garlic and dried fish. On the sidewalk in front of the cook-shop are open braziers of coals. Over one a man is broiling fish on a gridiron. Another is roasting strongly-seasoned sausage in the same manner. The passer-by purchases a bit of fish or meat, which he eats on the spot as a relish for the bread brought in his belt. Hawkers cry their wares in shrill tones. The man with the board on his head screams "Hot cakes." The man with the scales in his hand offers an *oke* (nearly three pounds) of beautiful grapes for a *grosh*. Flitches of dried meat and tubs of dirty cheese are exposed for sale at the doors of small shops. Past the noise and vile odors we come to the end of the alley. On an opposite corner a huge oven sends out its hot breath. With a long-handled wooden shovel the baker is taking from its depths white rolls (*semites*) and loaves of white and black bread, which he deftly tosses on the counter. Servant girls come clattering over the stones in their wooden clogs, bringing provision for baking. One balances on her head a board filled with loaves, others bring joints of meat, pastry, or even squash, and strings of green peppers for roasting.

Twice a week the market is held in a

MARKET DAY IN A BULGARIAN TOWN.

large open square. The arrangements are the most primitive possible. Men and women stand beside their own property, or sit on pieces of rug laid on the bare ground, in sunshine and in storm alike unprotected even by an awning. The dress of the peasant women is alike as to material. They are all clad in homespun cloth; but each village has its fashion in the cut of garments and manner of dressing the hair. Their love of ornament shows itself in the bright marigolds and nasturtiums with which they decorate their hair and the cheap glass jewelry on their necks and arms. Their faces are cheerful, for market day is their holiday. They may have risen long before dawn and trudged miles carrying their heavy burdens, but even this is relaxation from the sober round of guiding the oxen in the plowed fields near their mud cottages. Glancing at their stock in trade as they turn it out in heaps, we see that this woman has a dozen green and a dozen red peppers, a few cucumbers or string beans. As her shrewd companion unties a bag, a timid hare eyes us pitifully. A basket of mushrooms, a few bunches of herbs for flavoring soups, a pair of fowls, or a dozen of eggs find a ready sale. The women chat with each other and look eager and expectant as they watch the buyers moving about. In intervals of traffic they rattle their knitting needles briskly or draw the thread from their distaves while they sell these trifles from their gardens and poultry yards. The bulk of the area is filled with large piles of vegetables and farm produce, brought either in carts or on the backs of donkeys. The rich colors blend as if arranged by an artist. Russet potatoes and golden melons, pale green cabbages and red tomatoes, dark purple egg-plants and silver-skinned onions, and always and everywhere bunches of shining red peppers.

Prices are disputed in such loud, angry tones that one unused to their customs might expect the excitement to end in violence, but at the conclusion the buyer and seller shake hands in the most suave way.

MOSQUE IN THE CITY OF SOPHIA.

The required number of melons or cabbages is counted out. The face of the villager beams with delight as he jingles the small coin in his dirty purse. Hours pass. The servant girls hurry away lest the well-filled baskets should arrive too late for dinner and slowly the throng disperses. The sun is hot and the women are glad to rise from their cramped position on the ground and prepare for the tramp home, some gleefully swing their empty sacks from their yokes, others less fortunate again take up a large part of their burden. All that is left of the stacks of vegetables is loaded up and carried, as a last resort, to the stalls of dealers, who buy at their own prices.

In the cross streets, connecting the main thoroughfares, are nooks an artist might covet, tumble-down huts, a bath-house, its

BULGARIAN HOUSE FRONTS, SHOWING PECULIAR ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES.

roof covered with moss, and a ruinous old mosque, where the roots of rank-growing shrubs push apart the stones of the threshold. In a warm drowsy afternoon, the sounds of the city seem far off. The roar and din of the market, the rattle of wheels on the cobble-stones, the voices of criers calling the hour of prayer, all come to us in deep muffled tones. At the sound of our footsteps the blind beggar, sitting on his ragged rug against the crumbling ivy-covered wall, holds up his little wooden bowl and chants his request in a doleful sing-song. A decrepit old woman shuffles slowly along to a fountain broken and choked with weeds. The slow trickling stream will fill her jug if she waits patiently. Time is nothing to her, and as she sits on the stones, her hands clasping her knees, she seems exactly adapted to her environments. The drip, drip of the water, and the soft mournful notes of the doves, who are always at home in such quarters, increase the soporific effect.

Hasty glimpses seldom reveal the real character either of individuals or nations. A reporter touching at Rustchuck describes it as "a town of mud huts." A traveler sailing down the Danube in a pleasure boat may speak of the Bulgarians as "somber and uninteresting, seldom seen to smile and never to laugh." As an open door in a dark wall reveals the bright courtyard, with sparkling fountains and singing birds, or as through the portals of some dull old church float clouds of incense and sounds of sweet melodies, so if we touch the secret springs in the lives of this people we shall not find them void of interest. If we carefully study their homes and churches, their streets and market-places, we shall linger and come again. Would you find life as it is in these cities, gray with the dust of ages? Do not tarry outside but "inquire within."

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH IN BUSINESS.

BY C. W. WHITNEY.

ONE must have certain qualifications for business and tact for doing things, skill in disposing of work, an affable manner for getting along with people, grasp of mind in comprehending details, quickness in deciding what shall or shall not be done—in a word, a faculty for business is a great possession. Without this one will find it best to consider seriously whether he is not destined to play a very humble part in the affairs of the world. If that be destiny, then it will require character to continue contentedly in the subordinate sphere.

The power to act a part is given to every person, but what degree of power can only be determined by active service. The quality of the power will become known to its possessor after being tested in various ways. If a definite line of action is laid it will not be long till by the exercise of one's faculties not only the actor but others interested will discover the business value of the service. It may be set down as a rule that unless one can do something that is worth the doing no value will attach to his labor. He must show that his life-work at a task will produce something that has a market value, or else he is a drone; and the possible value of that service is immense if there is such outcome to the individual's faculties that he may become indispensable at a given point in business life.

That there is a difference in the natural qualities of people is evident in every community. The set with which a young person associates will furnish various demonstrations. It may be seen in all sorts of social conditions, in the school, in a family of children, in a church, and wherever people are engaged in the activities of life. Harriet Beecher Stowe had the most valuable qualities as an author of any one in the Beecher family. Tecumseh Sherman was powerful as a general and John Sherman as a statesman in the Sherman family. To discover one's natural endowments of both mind and body is the first step to be taken in making preparation for a business or any other kind of a career. One should restrain his thoughts and turn them in upon himself where he may make the most profitable analysis and investigation of the forces with which nature has endowed him, and for whose cultivation and control he is responsible. One may study himself in other members of the family. A son may have the gentle disposition of his mother and the mechanical turn of mind which characterizes his father. Here are two cues which, if followed by close questioning and careful investigation, will greatly aid in determining what is the child's chief natural endowment; but it should be remembered that this is only an indication, not a conclusion, and it should be used as such.

Young people are liable to overlook the significance of the human body and the blood relation of that body to parents and other kindred; they fail to read lines laid in other human forms that are ingrained in their own and thus lose sight of themselves as they pass their own mirror. Another view is the value of the various members of the body and the prime importance of their development by proper care so that physical health may be a chief enjoyment of the life. A phase of business life which always attracts human sympathy is that the loss of an arm or leg, an eye gone, or the hearing impaired, operates greatly against the unfortunate person in doing business. When any kind of a physical misfortune damages the body so that it cannot perform its functions in the busy world around us, then we may see by contrast how nature has favored all her children who have healthy bodies.

There is a commercial value attached to nearly every bodily organ, as may be noticed when we read an accident insurance policy,

where for injury done to a man's foot or hand or any other member he may receive fifty dollars more or less a week to compensate him for the loss of its power to work. The following interesting statistics have been collated by an engineering journal from the tables of a German miners' insurance company:

If a man loses both hands he is registered as entailing a 100 per cent loss. In other words, he has been deprived of the ability to earn a livelihood. The loss of the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent, while the loss of the left hand leaves him with only 60 to 70 per cent of his original earning capacity. The thumb is taken as playing a part equal to 20 to 30 as a bread-winner; the first finger of the right hand is put at 14 to 18 per cent, that of the left hand at from 8 to 13.5 per cent, and the middle finger of either hand is worth from 10 to 16 per cent. The value of the third finger is put down as from 7 to 9 per cent, while that of the little finger is estimated at 9 to 12 per cent.

I have questioned ten people of experience and excellent judgment on the following point: What does it cost to raise a boy or girl from the time of birth until he is twelve years of age? The answers varied. Some put it as high as five hundred dollars per year, one said six hundred, another said two hundred, most of them wrote three hundred, and this figure was the average. Thus the raising of a boy or girl till twelve years of age would cost in round figures $3,600. If we estimate all the services rendered by a mother, the suffering, anxiety, sleepless nights, and days of toil, together with the fact that her son or daughter is her other self, and therefore is beyond and above any and all price, we cannot approximate in the remotest degree the value a young person may attach to his or her physical being. The most pathetic story that can be told is a father's and mother's reminiscences of one's childhood, while developing from inability to utter a word to the state where words are spoken, then thoughts expressed; or from helpless infancy, lying in utter idleness, to the first step and activities, which create both joy and pain in a parent's heart.

No person can estimate the value of his body. If we read constitutional and civil law in all civilized countries we see how sacred is human life. If we consult history we observe how slavery has been abolished in all lands, and though there was slavery in Israel in the ancient days, the civilization of our modern times is beyond theirs, as is shown by nations in the value they place upon human life in the market of the world. A man's body has no money-eyed value, yet it is his stock in trade, so much capital inherited from his parents and the Maker of the world, with which he may begin the battle of life. This is such a common gift that we esteem it lightly at times, treat it indifferently, and often neglect to give it that wise and prudent care which it requires for its proper growth and training, to fit it for the highest possible uses as we go into the strife and competition of the teeming thousands around us.

The devices employed for the development of the human body are numerous and worthy of study. Nature has endowed it with taste, power of mastication, digestion, assimilation, sleep, rest in sleep, growth in action, and all the subtle chemistry of a living machine, giving it the advantage over beasts, fishes, and the fowls, over the fruits of the trees, and vegetables of the earth. In a word, nature yields her revenues to your human life, she serves you, you are her master; she has made preparation for the human body during its short life-time of thirty-five years, more or less. Beyond these common natural gifts each man must make himself; he must learn for himself, and act for himself, make such use of the intricate body given him that it will reach a high degree of excellency in the work of life. To take wise care of the body in the use of air and water and food and raiment, so that no damage comes to it, but health and growth, which increase its power for usefulness, and place it at the command of the soul living within it, that is the first step toward gaining a living for one's self and any that may be dependent upon one.

THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

CHAPTER XV.

A BLANK page now comes in the journal; then, in bold characters, *Ryfield, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland;* and below:

August 19. Here I am. Think of it. A fortnight ago, had any one told me I should be sitting, this day of grace, in the old armchair, in the old parlor, with Uncle Hugh poring over his Bible beyond the lamp, I should have thought him mad. Like a flash the notion came. I wanted a change; it was necessary to give up those rooms and get away from those fellows; suddenly, as I sat pondering, I had a vision of this peaceful room, the odor of peat came to me, I saw the eternal stars winking above the clustering hills; at once I decided; next day I started; here I am.

I've been here four days. Uncle was really glad to see me. I thought he would never let go my hand. Sally wept. James the herd talked blarney by the yard. Uncle is much the same, in fact quite the same. He looks not an hour older than when I last saw him; is still as vigorous, healthy, dogmatic, matter-of-fact, shrewd, forcible as ever. It is a good season, and good-humor is his. We have had many talks together, and arguments; doubtless shall have many more. He says marriage has made an old man of me; made me dull, solemn, inert. I know that. He often shakes me, and drags me forth to the haymaking. Sally and he are stuffing me as for the Christmas markets. He has cross-examined me fully regarding my marriage. Of course I have told no secrets. "I told you so," would come so pat; besides, this is my affair. He cannot understand why I have not brought Marian and the boy. I can. He says he has an idea that Marian is a true woman, a better woman than I deserve. That is in the old vein. Perhaps she is. Perhaps if he knew all he might say differently. Of the boy he is always talking. *There*, you may be sure, he has a ready listener. He is glad I am not the last of the Barrys; it would be terrible, he says, did the line die out in one so worthless. That also is in the old vein. He says he means to keep his eye on the boy; wants to do for him, as he puts it. Already we have discussed his career; he wants to see him an engineer, or a good workman of some kind; I talk in favor of an intellectual career, starting from a good school up through Oxford. So we are crossing swords at once. His scorn of brain-workers, your authors and scholars in particular, is mighty as of yore; and, of course, poor Frank his nephew always adorns the tale. No matter. The old man is genuine. I admire him. He loves me and mine. He means to see London, the stinkpot, as he calls it, before he dies; and all of us are due here without fail next year. Next year? What lies yonder in next year? . . . The stay here will do me good. I feel better already. Had I not run away from myself (and others) I must surely have made meat for the dogs. . . . How is the boy, I wonder? Oh, little Frank, my son! . . . . How is Marian, too? Surely, she loves me still. My heart has gone out to her these last few days. Why does she not write and say—write and say?

August 21. I am ever so much improved in mind and body. Uncle constantly uses me as a testimonial to the virtues of the Ryfield air. Another week or so will set me firmly on my feet. He wants me to write for Marian and the boy. I shake my head in answer, and he looks curious. He has marked out two calves as the boy's own; these are to grow up, and their selling value invested for his future use. He urges me to start a fund for his education. I am doing so. . . . I sent Marian money some days ago. No answer yet. I believe if she writes, and not disappointingly, I'll give her

banked the money in the boy's name. She adds that she and the boy are well. The note is perhaps a little less cold than former ones—but pooh! What matter? I have given up expecting. I am strangely calm and indifferent. I seem to be outliving the delights of emotion. There is growing stronger within me, day by day, the old bachelor instinct. Freedom has for me, every day, a more alluring face. Certainly I have no desire just now to precipitate matters. Let things slide, say I; take things easily, Frank, my boy, and as they come, and don't look at life through colored glasses. Strange that this feeling should come to me. Strange that I don't want even to see the boy. Why, this evening I returned by way of Leipsic Road and strolled past a certain house without a tremor. No desire at all to rush over and carry the door by storm. Why is it? . . . I spent an hour with some fellows in town on my way home. They want to have me member of some club or another; just a cozy place where one may talk and smoke. Journalists and authors go there. Think I'll join. 'Twould kill time in the long evenings. . . . Good-night, father.

September 12. Working very hard. The novel grows. I've given friend John his place in it. My portrait is to the life. Saw him again to-day. He says Ted is considering things. Nan approves strongly. . . . Think of it! I've been an exile now for more than three months. Three months? It is longer than at one time seemed possible. But what a wizard is time. He changes us, so that we know it not, out of all knowing. And I am greatly changed. I can't help wondering at myself. The hysterical tumults I once had; and now the unthinking calm! Such is life, my father.

September 13. Went to a literary dinner last evening. Enjoyed it. Have a *head* to-day, though. I can see clearly that for men to get on they must show themselves. I made heaps of friends last night; big men, men I should have known long ago. That's the worst of married life; it buries you.

September 15. Had lunch to-day with a great critic. I think we got on well together. He may be useful some day. The novel drags slightly; think I'll give it a rest. Just off for an hour to the club.

September 17. To-day being Sunday, I went out to hear friend John's democratic sermon. It was immense. The amount of atheism, Jacobitism, radicalism, ruffianism, and all the rest he has managed to soak up from Walworth pewter pots is amazing; and there stood the fools agape while he squeezed himself upon them! . . . After a while, who should come up but Ted and Nan. It was a funny meeting. Ted was awkward at first; Nan blushed charmingly, but held herself well. They had come to thank me, said they, for what I had done for them. *They?* said I; then it was true that affairs had prospered? "Aw, yes," said Ted, looking at his boots, "we've come to an understandin' at last." "At last," repeated I, looking at Nan. "Yes," said she, and met my eyes fearlessly; "at last, Mr. Barry." I laughed and changed the subject. They are a well-matched pair. God bless them, as their compatriots do say. They proffered their thanks without stint. I received them with a wave of my hand; and looking again at Nan, asked myself for what had I not to thank her? For a great deal, it seemed to me. Still, I make no reproach. I am chief sinner against myself. Nan was simply the instrument of my friend the piper. She looked very charming, I thought. Does she love Ted? Does she love him as somebody once taught her to love? I can answer with confidence. . . . Let that all go. I'm a hardened, dusty old fossil now. Just before they went, said Nan: "You're often in these parts, Mr. Barry?" "Yes," said I. "Have ye flitted from Camberwell, then?" she asked, and looked keenly at me. "As butterflies flit," answered I with a laugh. But she looked dubious. . . . A while ago Nan could have helped me; a while ago I should have welcomed her help; now it only occurs to me. I am indifferent. Why is it? Has the frost of cynicism set in? Or is it only the reaction? . . . Must end

now. Just off to a fellow's diggings. Smoke, talk, grog; cards, maybe, after twelve. Such is life nowadays.

September 25. The entries in this journal grow sparse, I notice. I have little to enter, and less time than of yore. Somehow, I'm always out of evenings. Life goes with me now. Old Omar, or somebody, was right: the sapients make of the world only an inn where they tarry for a while. And a mighty cozy inn, too, when the lamps are ablaze. Eh, father mine? What are you thinking up there, so silent and calm?

September 28. How is it the old days seem so remote? I look back on three months ago as through the large end of a telescope. Time seems to have raised a mound upon them. I wonder how Marian is feeling? Is the small end of *her* glass toward me also? . . . Ah, when that day comes, if ever it comes now, won't she find me changed indeed! She has had the time she wanted with a vengeance. Now *my* love seems dead.

September 29. Mrs. Smith informed me to-day, during one of my infrequent visits to the old place, that only yesterday a young lady had called, asking to see me or Marian. Was it Nan? I know of no one else. What could Nan want? Oh, something about Ted's affair, no doubt. . . . There was another letter from the mother, another wail about the dad and his affairs. Confound the dad! . . . I put away some money to-day for the boy. Bless his heart! How is he? I feel I want to see him. I must see him. . . . Just off to supper, etc. I *have* been going it lately. Fortunately, my luck lasts.

October 1. I've made up my mind to see the boy, regardless of consequences. Why should Marian have him always? He's mine—mine as much as hers. I'll go and *drag* him away.

October 2. Weak again; weak again. I got as far as the Elephant and Castle; there halted and turned. I knew it was useless. There would have been another scene, more bitterness, tears, reproaches; sure defeat for me in the end. I remember that tigress-look. I was afraid (there's honest confession for you); and I turned. Besides, what could I do with the boy? He is much better with Marian; oh, much better than with his reprobate of a father. Never mind; it will be all the same in fifty years; won't it, father mine? . . . Let me see. Is there anything afoot to-night? Yes, of course. That billiard handicap at the club.

October 5. I must really put on the brake. I can't afford such luxurious apartments in this mine inn. In black and white I hereby make solemn declaration, (1) to keep from cards; (2) to strangle the serpent that biteth; (3) to visit the club not more than twice a week.

October 7. Am keeping my vows strictly. Temptation comes, though. The evenings here are long and dreary. I miss many things. I have a craving. After all, is it wise completely to choke one's pleasurable instincts? Does not the novelist, also, of all men, need experience?

October 10. Candidly I make confession. I can't keep those vows. *Cui bono?* Who is it says that the wise man does not resist temptation, he yields? Knowing fellow that! Wasn't he, father? Ah, you smile and are silent!

October 16. Terrible bad luck. I lost last night—I'm afraid to reckon how much. *This must not go on.* Why, I haven't a pound to send to Marian. Shameful, oh shameful, Frank Barry! Next thing I'll be stealing from the boy's fund. Never—never!

October 18. Have changed my apartments again. Am now vegetating in one room in Bedford Street. It's nearer the seat of war. Can't write any more. I can hear the boys tramping up the stairs. Heavens, the life I'm leading!

October 22. To-day, I went again to hear friend John. There, once more, I found Nan and Ted. All is settled. Ted gets Inishrath. They are to be married soon; inside a month hope to be established in the old place. John and Sarah remain in East Street. I gave them my blessing and best wishes, and promised to see them first

time I came to Ireland. So ends the second act of their little drama. . . . As I came away, Nan followed me and asked for a word. Willingly I gave ear, as we stood among the dead leaves under the trees. "It's this," she said falteringly; "it's about yourself. What ails ye? I don't like to see ye. What's the matter?" Nothing was the matter, I answered. It was only a passing derangement of the system due to the change of season. "Aw, don't tell me," said Nan. "It's not that. It's your thoughts. I can see it." She faced me. "Why have ye left Camberwell?" she said. "Why are ye wandering about here so often? Why aren't ye at home?" I shrugged my shoulders. "Ah," said I, perhaps bitterly, "that's a master question, Nan. Home!" I stopped, saying there was no need to go into these things. "But there is," she cried; "there is. Oh, I know, I know; I ought to have guessed sooner. I was blind. It's because of me." She laid her hand on my arm, and looked imploringly at me. "Aw," she said, "let me do something. Ye must. I'll die if I don't. I must. Aw, surely I can do something?" Her eyes were sweet; a great light of beauty and goodness was on her face. "Nothing, Nan," I answered. "But surely I can?" she kept on. "I know what mother said. I didn't know always, but—oh, she told lies. Mr. Barry, for God's sake, let me say what I want to say? Do. For God's sake, do!" "It's too late, Nan," I answered. "Besides, I've said everything myself." She drew back. "Aw," she mourned. "Is it so bad as that? My God!" "Yes, Nan, it's as bad as that." She paused a moment, deep in thought; then looked at me again. "Let me try," she said; "give me a chance. I can do no harm. I may—" "It were useless, Nan," I interrupted. "Best let things be." She turned on me fiercely. "But I must," she cried; "I must! I couldn't rest. The thought would haunt me to my grave. I'll never leave London till I speak. I swear I won't. Aw, tell me, tell me." "Tell you what, Nan?" "Where she is," she answered. "I've tried to find her, but—" "'Twas you, then, who called one day?" I asked. "Yes. Aw, yes. Tell me," she said again. "Aw, for heaven's sake, do." She was not to be resisted. Besides, I knew how she was thinking. Nan was ever noble. I told her. She burst into tears. A lump came to my throat. I turned away. It was a while before I could speak. "'Twill all be of no avail, Nan," I said. "You can say nothing she doesn't know." "Can't I?" she answered, smiling through her tears. "Aw, can't I? Wait and see. Maybe she doesn't know ye as well as I know ye; maybe there's things I know she'd like to know; maybe—but wait and see," she repeated. "Then it's not about yourself, Nan, you want to speak?" I ventured. "Wait and see," was all she would say. . . . So we parted, perhaps never more to meet again. Who knows? My noble Nan! My sweet girl! Two good women at least, I have known—let that go. What matters what I have known? I'm only an outcast now, a poor, battered, homeless dog with a bad name; a dog going to the devil as fast as his imps can take him, going as his father went before him. . . . And Nan pitied me! And Nan is going to see her, going to tell Marian what she thinks of me! . . . It's too late, Nan! It's too late, Marian! I don't care a snap of my fingers. I'm going to the dogs. I'm paying the piper. I'm my father's son. . . . Easy, Frank; think of the boy. Ah, the boy!

October 29. I shall go no more to Hyde Park. I must not see Nan again. I shall not go to Camberwell again. I must watch that Rab does not see me. I am cut off; I am unknown. I want to see no one. I care for no one. What have I written? *I am my father's son.* Yes, I am! I glory in the heritage. . . . Oh, it's too late, Nan! It's too late, Marian!

November 4. I've no money. I owe—How much? Devil knows, and devil cares. Pooh! To blazes with thought, and care, and reputation. Life's only a shadow. Then snatch it, Frank. Be merry, old boy. Come; down with your pen and out. Damn work—damn the piper—damn everything!

November 6. Such a wreck I am. . . . Great God! what is the end of this to be?

November 15. I'm my father's son! I'm my father's son!

That is the last entry which Frank Barry made in his *Journal Intime.* Three days after it was written Rab Lindsay found him.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was in the Strand, not far from Wellington Street, that Rab found Frank. For a yard or two he trod at his heels, eying him narrowly the while; then stepped up and gripped his shoulder. Frank started, stopped, turned.

"Ah," he said. "It's you." His eyes met Rab's, slid past them, found the pavement. He shifted a step, trying to escape from Rab's clutch, looked this way toward the shops and that across the street; at last looked at Rab again. "Well?" said he.

"I have something to say to you," said Rab. "You're coming with me."

"No," said Frank. He groped in his empty watch-pocket. "I've an appointment at five."

"Your appointment is with me." Rab twisted Frank round and hooked an arm in his. "Come."

"I'm not coming," said Frank testily; "I'll see you to the devil first."

"Come," said Rab, stepping from the curb; and Frank went.

The two crossed the Strand, turned up Wellington Street, went along Endell Street, across Oxford Street; in a while stopped at the door of a tall house which stands back in an obscure corner of Bloomsbury. Arm in arm they had walked all the way and without exchanging a word.

Rab opened the door; led Frank upstairs, and into a room opening on the second floor landing. A fire was burning; the blinds were drawn; on the table stood a tea tray and a reading-lamp; everywhere, on shelves, chairs, tables, the mantelpiece, the floor, was a litter of books and papers and trumpery.

Rab turned up the lamp, pushed an easy chair toward the fire, took Frank's hat—he had no overcoat—and waved him to sit down.

"You'll have tea?" said he, with his hand on the bell. "Yes? That's right." He gave an order to the maid; then stirred the fire, slowly straightened himself, turned his back to the blaze, and stood looking at the lamp. His face was grave; his eyes sorrowful; he looked worn and tired, had the air of one just come from the graveside of a dear friend, come too with words on his tongue which he could not utter.

Frank had seated himself on the edge of his chair; and now sat leaning toward the fire, elbows on knees, hands hanging limp, his head and shoulders drooping. He was pale and haggard, sharp of face and meager; his eyes were bright, with blue patches beneath them; he looked nipped, shabby, debauched; now he shot a furtive glance about the room, now stole a quick look at Rab, now coughed harshly behind his hand. Had Rab's humor been less gloomy just then, he might, seeing him, have pictured the dogs howling greedily outside in the gloom.

Presently he sat upright, laid a hand on each knee, and looked at Rab.

"So you've caught me at last," he broke out. "You've made your capture. How long, may I ask, have you been playing spy on me?" Rab looked at him, but answered nothing. "D'you hear me?" he went on irritably. "Can't you speak? How long have you been spying on me, I say?"

"I've been looking for you for some days, Frank."

"Indeed? And what business is it of yours, Lindsay, I'd like to know? What right have you to pry into my affairs? For two straws I'd—What do you want?" cried Frank. "Why have you brought me here?"

"I've something very important to tell you, Frank; something you must know. But wait a while," said Rab, as the maid came in with tea. "Let's have something to eat first. Come, Barry. There's meat here; and hot toast, I see; and eggs. Come, Frank."

"I want nothing," came back. "Eat? My God, I can't eat! The word sickens me. No, no. It's no use, I tell you."

Frank shivered, coughed, laid his face in his hands; suddenly twisted round. "If you've a drop of—" He paused, flushed; then held out his hand. "Give me some tea, then. Thank you, Lindsay." He drank a cup. "More, please; and just a crumb of toast. Thank you. . . . And now may I smoke? Don't hurry, please," said Frank, pulling out pipe and pouch. "Don't hurry for me."

Rab ate a little and drank some tea; pulled a chair to the fire, lit his pipe, and limb by limb sat down.

"It's cold this evening," said he in a while; and again, "Ay, it's cold"; then, at last, without turning his head, "It's just this, Frank. I want to tell you that you must come back."

Frank had been lying back in his chair, legs crossed, cheek in hand, his eyes roaming here and there; now he bent toward the fire with a quick sprawling movement.

"Ha!" he said. "I thought so. I knew it. Is there anything else you want to say?" he asked after a pause.

"That's the chief thing, Frank; the others—well, belong to it."

"Then save your breath to cool your porridge," cried Frank, his face flushed, his eyes blazing. "I won't hear you. I want to know nothing. I want to hear nothing. Not a word—not a word—not a word," cried Frank, and pointed at Rab. "It's too late, I tell you. I don't belong to you any more. You're no friend of mine now. It's all over. Back—back!" he cried, jumping to his feet. "Never! Not if my life depended on the going. Keep away," he shouted, as Rab rose and came toward him. "Keep back, or I'll strike you!"

But Rab came on, came quite close, and laid a hand on either shoulder.

"Frank," he pleaded. "Ah, Frank, old man!"

"It's no good, I tell you," cried Frank. "I won't hear you. I'll never go back."

"But listen to me; only that."

"You can tell me nothing—nothing I want to know. I don't care, not a damn!"

"Only listen to me, Frank."

"I've heard enough. Let me go." Fiercely Frank clutched at Rab's wrists and strove to twist away. "Let me go," he shouted.

"Ah, Frank; Frank, my son. Man, if you only knew." Rab stooped, and still with his hands on Frank's shoulders, looked him in the eyes. "Man, if you only knew," he repeated. He dropped his hands, turned away; looked again at Frank. "It is she who asked me," he said. Frank stood staring at him. "She has written often." Frank kept silent. "She has searched for you everywhere." Frank stood still. "She asks me to tell you," Rab went on slowly, "that you must come back."

A breath or two longer Frank waited; then turned to his chair, sat down, and began fumbling for his pouch.

"Thanks, Lindsay," he said with a nod. "It's good of you. Just say, please, that you've told me." He lit his pipe, leaned back, and crossed his legs. "Smoke?" he said, holding out his pouch.

Rab turned from him, strode to the window, and back.

"That's all you have to say?" he asked, pausing before Frank. "You've come to this?"

"I've come to this," Frank echoed. "You seem surprised?" he went on, eying Rab through a cloud of smoke. "You expected better things of me, perhaps?" Frank shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I ought to be flattered. But I'm not; not one bit, Lindsay. As a matter of fact, I don't seem to care what you think or don't think. Yes, I've come to this," he went on. "I'm a fine spectacle, am I not? You never thought, in the old days, that one night you'd be standing there in your respectability, looking down upon the battered outcast that sits here in your chair? No; I suppose you didn't. You thought, no doubt, I'd live a decent citizen and die a decent Christian, a parson at my elbow and a prayer on my lips. And here I am, a prodigal and a pariah—a friend of publicans and sinners—a child of the devil. Look at me; look well at me! Don't think I care. Not a straw I care. I glory in what I am! I haven't a penny of my own;

all I care for in the world is as much brandy as—"

Rab raised his hands.

"Hush," he cried. "Frank, Frank, you don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I?" came back. "I'm thankful to you, Lindsay. But I do know, and I want to tell you; and I want you to hear me and look at me, and then to go back and tell her who sent me to this what you've seen and what I've come to. Tell her everything. Spare not a word. Tell her I never think of her. Say I hate her as she—"

Again came Rab's protest.

"Frank, Frank! My God, if you only knew!"

"Know?" Frank went on, his voice now shrill and excited. "If I only knew? As if I didn't know; didn't expect this. A thousand times I've said to myself: Ah, wait, wait! Some day she'll want me, and then my turn will come. It has come! It's here! Go back and tell her that now my love is dead, that I never think of her, that I'll never see her face again, that—"

"Frank Barry," cried Rab, "I charge you, before God, to say no more!"

"But I will say it," shouted Frank and rushed to his feet; "I'll say what I like. You've brought your message; then take my answer. She drove me to it; she drove me, I say. Oh, I remember your heroics. It's easy to advise—mighty easy. I was to go in sackcloth and ashes and go on my knees. . . . But I went; and she asked me for time—said she hated me. Yes, she did, Lindsay. I say she did, as plainly as woman ever said it. . . . Well, I've given her time. Yes, I've given all she asked—and more; and more?" Frank raised his hands and cried as in an ecstasy of triumph. "Now, it's my turn—mine! Back? I'll never go back! She may search the world for me; she may write forever; she may send messages till eternity, and I'll only laugh as I laugh now. Now she wants me, now she writes—writes? Where's her letters?" asked Frank, fixing Rab with a cunning eye.

"At home, Frank—waiting for you at home."

"Home? Oh, yes. Home! Lord, what a world it is! . . . Well, they may wait there. I don't want to see them—Yes, I do. Ah, they'll make pleasant reading. I'll remember, when I see them, all the little notes I've had, notes so full of love and sweetness, so short and simple, so wifely and tender—"

Rab took another turn across the room; stood a moment with his face to the blind; turned and faced Frank once more.

"Barry," said he, "I ask you again to say no more. It's pitiful; it's pitiful. No," said Rab, raising his voice against Frank's; "say no more. Don't make matters worse. You don't understand. You don't know what you're saying. You're fighting your better self. I don't believe you; I can't. . . Ah, I know how you've felt; I know what makes you speak like that. There have been faults and blunders. You were weak—and she was proud." Rab was speaking brokenly, as if to himself. "You wanted leading—she wanted persuasion. It would have been better to have come back to you and tried for the best. . . . But what matter now? All that is nothing. Ah, Frank Barry, the foolish things you've said this night, the things you'll be sorry for all your life. Man, you've no choice. You must come back. Listen, Frank. Everything is forgiven. Everything is explained. There won't be a question, not a word—Wait, wait. Let me speak."

"It's no use," cried Frank. "It's too late. I'll never go!"

"You're coming back," Rab went on. "You must come. Frank, she has something to tell you, something I can't tell you."

"She may keep it," cried Frank. "I'll never go!"

"Only for an hour," pleaded Rab; "just to hear what she has to say?"

"Not for one minute."

"Remember the old days, Frank; remember your vows. Think of all the blessings she brought you; think of all she has suffered for you."

Frank stood frowning at Rab.

"Blessings!" he cried. "What blessings? Tell me one she hasn't blotted out over and

over in these last five months. And her sufferings? Hers! And what of mine—of mine—of mine?" cried Frank, shooting forth his hands. "My God, if you only knew, Lindsay!"

"I know," said Rab.

"Know? You don't know anything. Ah, I could tell you things. . . . And you talk of sufferings!" said Frank. "And you talk of blessings! Tell me one that—"

"There was the boy," said Rab quietly.

Frank's hands fell. He stepped back.

"Ah," said he softly; then slowly sat down, leaned his cheek on his hand, and fixed his eyes on the fire. "Ah, yes," he said; and at the words, Rab hid his eyes for a moment, then turned down the lamp and sank into his chair.

"There's something I want to tell you, Barry," Rab began in a minute or two; "something about myself. I've never spoken of it before; I wouldn't speak now only I think the telling may help you a little. You remember," Rab went on after a pause, "asking me in the old days to give some account of myself. You used to say I was a mystery and to joke me about my ways and my habits. Well, I never denied anything. I couldn't. But I couldn't speak either. It was—I couldn't. . . .

"There isn't much to tell you; and it's an old story, and not very cheerful. It began a long time ago, soon after I came to London." Again Rab paused; in the dim light Frank sat looking fixedly at him. "You—you never knew I was married?" Rab went on hurriedly; then, quick on the heels of Frank's exclamation: "Yes; it happened more than twenty years ago. She was a London girl—ah, never mind that now." Rab was finding it hard to speak. Mechanically he pulled out his pouch, bent toward the fire, and began filling his pipe.

"We were very happy at first," he said in a while. "We were poor, but we had health and hope. There was one child, a boy. We called him Rab. He was a fine lad. I was fond of him." Again Rab paused; again went on haltingly.

"I don't know how it began. Maybe it was temptation; maybe she inherited it; but—but the thing came. She took to drink. I did my best with her—my very best. And she tried; ay, she tried hard; but 'twas no use. She got hopeless. She lost her love for me. She became pitiful to see. It was terrible at home. And then—then she took to worse than drink. She shamed me. I couldn't bear it. I turned her away. Ah, it was terrible; but what could I do? There was the boy to consider; and I was hard; my heart was hard. . . . So I turned her away—and forgot her—and set up the lad as an idol in my heart. I worshiped him. I lived for him. He was my God. . . And one day God smote me for my sin—and he died. . . ."

Rab sat hunched upon his chair, one arm lying across his knee, the other hanging limp by his side, his head bowed in an agony of humiliation. Then said Frank: "Poor old Rab; poor old man"; and at once Rab resumed.

"It's a sin," he said, "to set up these idols in our hearts. It's a sin against God. He punishes us always. And I was punished. He died and I was left alone. It nearly broke my heart. It made me hard, desperate. I raved against God and man. It seemed so cruel. My child—my boy! . . . For months I lay in darkness: then, one day, light came and I saw my sin; saw too what was required of me. I saw for what I was punished, all of it. I had been merciless, selfish; unforgiving and proud. I saw it all; and at once I seemed to change. I don't know how it was; all I know is that I changed, got more patient with worries and troubles, found it easier to bear with people and forgive them—No matter about that now. It's nothing to boast of. . . . And then, one day, I found her and brought her back. Ah, she was weak and hopeless. But I did my best. I found things easier to bear. I did my best. It wasn't much, and it wasn't for long. . . . She died two years ago."

Rab ceased, sat a minute looking at the fire; then went on filling his pipe.

"Poor old man," murmured Frank, "poor old Rab." He leaned across the arm of his

chair. "Lindsay, you'll forgive me for those old jokes, won't you? I didn't know."

"There's nothing to forgive, Barry."

"But why didn't you tell me? Give me a hint even?"

"It was impossible. The worst had happened when I came to know you; then I dared not speak. Afterward I could not. Frank," said Rab turning, "I don't know why I've told you this, except that something compelled me, and I thought it might help you—now and afterward—and let you see how well I can sympathize with you. Ah, I know, lad, what you've been through, and I feel for you. I don't want you to tell me anything. But, Frank, lad, this must be the end of it. You've punished yourself enough. You must start again. There's duty before you." Rab leaned toward Frank. "There's work to do, lad. No shrinking now. Frank, the dad's evil day has come; he leaves before Christmas. It's quite true. You'll hardly know him. Everything came at once—everything. Ah, Frank, lad, you have much to hear." Just a moment Rab hid his eyes. "So you see what's before you. He'll have nothing, or next to nothing; henceforth the mother and he are in your hands. Frank, you see, don't you?"

"I see," answered Frank. "Poor old dad! And—this of course troubled him, this and everything?"

"Yes; this—and everything."

A while Frank sat thinking; then:

"They'll be glad to see me?"

"It will be like new life, Frank."

Another while Frank sat thinking; then:

"And—and Marian? You're sure, Rab; quite sure?"

"Sure! Frank, death is not surer."

Yet another while Frank sat silent; then:

"I'll come, Rab," said he rising. "Tell them I'll come."

Rab rose also; crossed and took Frank by the shoulders.

"I knew it," said he. "But it's now, Frank," he added; "to-night."

"To-night? Now! Oh, I can't. Like this?"

"Yes. Frank, if you knew how much she wants to see you, how much—" Rab paused; hurriedly continued, "You mustn't waste a night." He took Frank's arm. "Come, old man. Why, it's going home, Frank—only that!"

Frank stood staring at the floor, a finger on his lip and his brows puckered; stood pale and irresolute, with the devil of his shame pushing this way and Rab's strong hand pulling that; at last, his face brightening suddenly, he raised his eyes.

"I'm ready," said he; then put out his hand. "Lindsay, can you forget all that—all *that*?" As if indicating the past, Frank threw a half-glance backward over his shoulder. "Can you, Lindsay? And can you forgive? Eh, Rab?"

And for answer, Rab gripped Frank's hand and met his eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was nearing seven o'clock when they started for Camberwell. The night was chill, gloomy; the pavements were foul and slippery; there was no sky, no stars; like ghosts wandering forlorn through dreary passages in some unspeakable hell, sped the figures of the passers-by.

Though he was well muffled, and wrapped warm in Rab's overcoat, Frank, stepping quick into the raw air, shivered and started coughing. It was distressing to hear him. Time and again he had to stop, fighting for breath. "Oh," he would say with a gasp, "this will kill me."

"How long have you been like that?" asked Rab in a while. "Only a week or so? Well, you've got something that's a week too old. Here," said Rab, turning along the Strand, "let's go and have a bit to eat."

A cutlet and his share of a bottle of wine worked wonders with Frank; stopped his cough, brought color and life to his cheeks; presently sent him stepping firmly and buoyantly—for they had decided to go on foot—along the pavement, and over the dreary length of Waterloo Bridge. And Rab, striding silently beside him, was glad at the change; glad as it was possible for mortal man with Rab's thoughts inside his cloak

just then to be. "It's bad enough," he said to himself; "but not too bad. Thank the good God I've found him in time."

At first, Frank said little; but once they had crossed the river and were come to the glories of Waterloo Road, his tongue loosened and he fell to questioning Rab about the dad. How was the old man? How was he taking the blow? How had the blow come?

"Surely it was the last thing in the world," said Frank, "I expected to happen. A man like that, slaving his faithfulest for the wages of a boy! Surely, it's cruel."

"Yes, it's cruel," answered Rab; "but so is the end of most things. And surely, of all men living, cruelty comes hardest to him. He expected so little, gave so much; asked nothing but to keep his delusions to the end. Even now he hopes, sits yonder below the pear tree, telling himself that it's all a dream. But it isn't. The dear old man! There's no hope at all. I've been to see. They said simply, those men of sawdust, that his place was wanted; they were sorry, but so it was."

"Poor old dad," said Frank. "It will kill him, Rab. It must be like tearing out his heart. But wait! Oh, I'll work. I'll make amends for all I've cost him. I'll let them all see. . . . Eh, Rab? What do you think?"

"I think with you, Frank. And I hope—" Rab paused. He dared not hope much. Frank's resolves were worthy; but what of Frank himself? Had he learned his lesson? Had he strength to face all that was before him? Rab hoped so. He prayed so. But who could tell? "I think with you, Frank," he said. "And I hope for the best."

"Good," cried Frank. "I'm so glad. Ah, it's well to feel like this. Rab, Rab, I've been in hell these last few weeks. Ah, what I've suffered! But now. . . ."

Like that Frank talked, and strode along, full of hope, full of contrition, finding his old self, bit by bit, at every step; after a while he changed his tone and began talking of Marian.

How was she? he asked. Ah, he wanted to see her so. All that of a while ago had been only talk. Down in his heart, always and very greatly he had loved Marian. Five months ago, the leaving her, the keeping from her, had been terrible. Only a word he had wanted to bring him flying to her. But she had sent none. "Why was it, Rab? Why, long ago, did she not send?"

"Perhaps she was waiting for you to come, Frank."

"Ah, maybe so. But I had vowed that she should send. And she did not. Then I grew bitter, indifferent; then the devil seemed to clutch me. . . . but always, Rab, even at my shamefulest, always I was thinking of Marian, of her and the boy. I fought against the thought. I wouldn't admit to myself that I cared a straw. But I did. Rab," said Frank, halting for a step, "you believe that, don't you? You know it?"

"I believe it, Frank. I know it."

"And she? Does she, Rab, believe it?"

"It's for her to tell you, Frank."

"Yes, yes. Ah, she will believe me," cried Frank, and once more turned his face, his shining face, for home and Marian. "I'll make her," said he, speeding through the mirk along Walworth's dreary pavements. "Come along, Rab; come along. . . . But you're sure, Rab?" he asked, stopping again. "Tell me. You're quite sure she wants me as much as—? You're sure, Rab?"

"I'm certain, Frank. Oh, man, man, don't you know it!"

"Yes; I know. And you say she has written, and has been looking herself for me? Then—then—" Frank pondered a moment. "Tell me, Rab. Why should the change come now? Why did she not write four weeks ago, five weeks ago?"

"Oh, ask her, Frank," cried Rab. "How should I know? Wait, Frank," pleaded Rab, as one pleads with a child. "It's only a little longer."

"Only a little longer," repeated Frank. "Yes; we're getting nearer. How often I've trod these shining sidewalks. Ah, the squalor, Rab; the horrible gloom! Look at the people, Rab: look at the shops—" He paused; stopped; just across the way was East Street. East Street? Down there lived

the Butlers, lived Sarah, and John, and Nan. Nan? Was Nan living there now? And—and—turning, he took Rab's arm; walked a yard or two; then, "Rab," said he, "just one word more. Has any one—a girl—been to see Marian within this last month?"

"Yes, Frank."

"And Marian saw her?"

"Yes, Frank."

"And then Marian wrote?"

"Frank—Oh, man, man," cried Rab, "why ask me these things? How should I know?" He laid a hand on Frank's arm. "Be patient, lad; be patient. The wife will tell you—tell everything. What I know of Nan Butler is not very much; but—"

"Finish, Rab; just that."

"She might be Marian's sister," said Rab, and said no more.

They skirted the whirlpool of the Gate; left behind them all the turmoil, the gloom of Walworth, and entered the confines of Camberwell; and now, home and Marian being almost in sight, did Frank's blood quicken and his tongue run free. Let them hurry. He was so glad. Think of the past miserable weeks, think of two hours ago even; and now he was coming back, coming home! Soon he should see them; soon have Marian in his arms, and the boy on his knee. Let Rab come along. Ah, he was so glad! How could he help it? It was like sighting heaven from the portals of purgatory.

"Come, Rab; come," said Frank, taking Rab's arm. "Man, the boy will be in bed if we don't hurry! See; here's Wyndham Road. We're almost there; oh, come along! Why are you dallying so? I want wings. If you only knew how I want to see him! For five months I haven't set eyes on him, five long months. All I had was a photograph, that and my thoughts. And how I've thought! Rab, as God 's above me, I believe thinking of him kept me from damnation. . . . What's the matter, Rab? What is it, old man?"

"It's—nothing; it's nothing." Rab paused. "Frank," he went on, "I've something—" Again Rab paused. "Frank, you remember what I said about setting up an idol in your heart. It's wrong, Frank; it's a sin; you'll be punished for it some day."

"I don't care," cried Frank. "I can't help the future. It's now; it's now! He is my idol. I want him. I want him. I want to feel him, to hold him—Let me go," cried Frank, shaking off Rab's hand. "I'm not going to hear you. I don't care. I don't care. See; here's the Road. . . . No; I won't listen. Come along! . . . Then stay there; I'm off."

They were now in Leipsic Road. No one was near. Heavy hung the November gloom on road and pavement. Frank started running. Rab followed, calling, "Frank, Frank—wait, lad, wait—Frank, lad, just a word"; then getting no heed, ceased running and stood panting on the pavement, his hands clenched on his breast and his voice going, "Ah, my God! . . . I couldn't; I couldn't. . . . Ah, lad, lad!"

But Frank ran on; came to the green gate; rushed in and knocked hard on the door. How long they were! He knocked again, panting the while and fighting a burst of coughing. Hark. Yes. At last!

"Why, dad, my son! How are you, dad! I'm back. I'm back!" He caught the dad's hand and wrung it. "But where's Marian? And the mother? And the boy? Oh, I know; I know!" Not a chance did he give the dad, standing shrunken there in his pensioner's broadcloth, to speak; not a second look did he give at the dad's haggard old face. Like a flash he was along the passage, calling, "Marian, Marian!" like a flash was through the doorway and into the little parlor, arms out, voice crying and calling, "Marian, Marian! Here I am!"

Across the room, Marian, all in black, was coming, a flush on her face, joy shining in the pity and sorrow of her eyes. Just risen from her chair by the fire, stood the mother, in black also and big with tears. And on the table, in black-edged envelopes, were cards, bearding the emblem of a dove and the name of the boy.

(The end.)

A JAPANESE LEGEND OF THE STARS.

BY ADELAIDE MARION.

ONE of the greatest days in the calendar of old Japan is the seventh of July, or the seventh day of the seventh month. On this day the shepherd-boy star and the spinning-maiden star cross the Milky Way to meet each other. They are the stars Capricornus and Lyra, about whom the story runs as follows:

On the banks of the Silver River of Heaven, which we call the Milky Way, there lived a beautiful maiden, who was the daughter of King Sun. Her name was Shokujo. She did not care for playing with other little girls and, thinking nothing of vain display, she wore only the very simplest dresses. She was most industrious, weaving day and night together by blending the roseate hues of morning with the silvery shades of twilight.

The Sun King noticed the serious disposition of his daughter and tried in many ways to make her more cheerful. At last he decided to choose a husband for her. The youth whom the king had chosen for his daughter was Kingin, a shepherd boy, who guarded his flocks on the banks of the Silver River of Heaven. The king hoped that he would teach his daughter to smile and chatter like other girls.

Kingin succeeded only too well. The spinning maiden became merry and lively, and utterly forsook her loom and needle. The roseate hues of morning were left to take care of themselves, while the silvery tints of evening hung like ragged edges on the shades of night. The Sun King was very much offended at the behavior of his daughter, and, thinking the shepherd boy was to blame, he determined to separate them. He ordered the husband to cross to the other side of the Silver River of Heaven and told him that hereafter he should see his daughter only once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month.

The Sun King called together myriads of doves, which made a bridge, and supported on their wings the shepherd boy crossed over the River of Heaven, whereupon the doves immediately flew away. The weeping wife and loving husband stood for a while gazing at each other wistfully from afar, then they separated; one to search for another flock of sheep to lead and the other to ply her shuttle during the long hours of the day with diligent toil. Thus passed the hours away, and the Sun King again rejoiced in his daughter's industry. But when night came, and all the lamps of heaven were lighted, the lovers would stand beside the banks of the river and gaze longingly at each other, waiting for the seventh night of the seventh month.

At last the time for the meeting of the star lovers drew near. Only one fear possessed the loving wife. What if it should rain, for the River of Heaven is filled to the brim and one extra drop of rain would cause a flood and sweep away even the bird-bridge! But the seventh night of the seventh month came, and not a raindrop fell. The doves flew together in myriads, making a pathway for the tiny feet of the little lady. Trembling with joy, and with a heart fluttering more than the bridge of wings beneath her feet, she crossed the Silver River of Heaven and met her happy shepherd boy. This she does every year, save on the sad occasions when it rains. For this reason the Japanese always hope for clear weather on the seventh night of the seventh month.

If you look at the sky in the month of July you will see the constellation of Capricornus, the goat (the shepherd boy), on one side of the Milky Way, and Lyra, the harp (the shepherd maiden), on the other side. Between the two constellations is the Milky Way and stretched across it the constellation Aquila, the eagle, which takes the place of the bridge of doves.

THE MODERN POSTER.

BY NED ARDEN FLOOD.

DIRECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS.

THE modern poster has long demanded recognition. This it has received since it was inevitable, the more because it was deserved. What it is in reality the poster itself proclaims. One might as well try to compass infinity as to attempt its definition in precise terms or to seek out all the reasons for its existence. It is sufficient that it is here, everywhere and almost literally making itself heard..

Occupying the windows of our shops, the walls of our streets and roads, and appealing everywhere to the eye, the poster has doubtless seemed commonplace and ordinary, for it has the advantage of position which compels observation whether we will or not. That it receives but passing notice, is commonly examined with reluctance if only for the moment, or fails to excite more than temporary curiosity is due in large measure to its seeming effrontery, oftentimes its vulgarity, not infrequently its lack of charm, and more generally its omnipresence, which bequeaths to it a commonplace character.

Designed by Jan de Waarot.

DUTCH BOOK POSTER.

The modern poster is both pictorial and decorative. It has inspired much of a literature in its own behalf, supplied a new field for the cultivated collector, and engaged the more or less serious attention of large numbers of persons as it has been displayed on the hoarding and in exhibitions. It readily commands the services of many of the best, most reputable, and successful artists in the world and employs the most highly developed process of mechanical reproduction.

The poster of today has a history which much of achievement has dignified, and quite as well the prospect of a future which is likely to be as useful as it is certain to be chromatic. In the field of art it represents and emphasizes an advance over previous conditions; it stands for a phase of artistic development of ample proportions. It has economic importance in that it successfully influences commercial transactions. As a social factor it contributes in no small degree to the formation of artistic sense among the people. Always displayed conspicuously and in continuously increasing numbers, changeful, too, with every day, it has been called, not inappropriately, "the poor man's picture gallery." If the poster be inartistic, so will its influence for the elevation of taste—if you please, of thought—be

Designed by Mucha.

FRENCH POSTER FOR A FIRM OF PRINTERS.

lessened. So much might be said of those posters which are grossly immoral, but which, fortunately, are only a small part of the whole. If in turn the poster is typical of true form in art, and representative of trained, intellectual, artistic thought, its presence must cease to be an offense and its social tone will be elevating and inspiring.

The modern poster is not representative of art but of a phase of artistic development. In a social way it provokes *some* persons who lack self-restraint; is impatiently tolerated by the very *few* whose artistic sense is so highly endowed that they fail to appreciate anything beyond the canvas of a Raphael or Angelo; and by the *many* it is simply accepted for what it is worth.

M. Maindron, in his exhaustive work on the poster, as well as some of its less painstaking historians, has seriously set forth that the poster is no new thing, that its origin is of remote date, and its use continuous from the early centuries down to the present day. It must be confessed, however, that the forms of publicity employed before this century have little real connection with the modern poster. Of this we may be assured from a comparative survey of the facts. The poster, and especially that of this *fin de siècle* period, has no prototype in any preceding century, for its predecessors were not pictorial in the same sense and were never exploited on a wide scale.

A few pictorial posters were produced, in France chiefly, in the first half of this century, but they were fugitive and soon forgotten. It remained, then, for the modern poster, that which is generally described as pictorial and decorative, to become the product of our own time.

Thus was it created in France, in Paris, where the very atmosphere conduces to the development of things artistic. Here the pioneer in the creation of the pictorial poster was Jules Chéret. With him its history begins, and his creations, now numbering hundreds, the product of less than thirty years, fill a large place in the story of this phase of artistic development. Born in France, he was trained as a lithographer, and when but a small boy went to London, where he was employed until about 1866, when he

Designed by J. C. Leyendecker.
MAGAZINE POSTER.

returned to Paris, his recent employer standing behind him in his determination to revolutionize the business of advertising by the production of a new kind of poster.

Chéret's success was almost immediate and each year brought him new laurels. His talents have been exploited by the proprietors of almost every kind of business desiring publicity. His poster pictures have caused much of a transformation in Paris. The tall, sentinel-like kiosks of the main thoroughfares have become veritable monuments of color; the dead gray walls of the long boulevards and streets have been warmed into life, decorated with the most startling, astounding figures, and set off by the most extraordinary combinations of color, mainly the creations of Chéret. And these mural fancies, drenched and beaten by the rains, burned again by the sun, torn and shattered by the winds, and then replaced again and again by others bearing the same glowing characteristics—these posters which live but a day—they have called forth the praise of competent art critics, and the applause of a very large part of a keenly interested populace.

Chéret's genius in poster-making has baffled imitation. His subjects, no matter for what the poster is intended, are women; radiant, bewitching, evanescent, always sprightly, ever the very essence of liveliness, elegant, but sometimes suggestively sensual, and now and again bordering upon the vulgar. In Paris they delight the eye and are, in the main, applauded.

Chéret is the pioneer in posterdom, the genius in art, above all the colorist, a complete and absolute chromatic master. His methods are peculiarly his own and no design of his is left to be reproduced by less experienced hands, for they are all drawn by the man himself upon the lithograph stone, which permits of no correction, and from which they are directly reproduced.

But the art of poster-making in France is

Designed by Ethel Reed.
BOOK POSTER.

not confined to Chéret. Eugene Grasset is a notable contemporary whose work invariably bears the stamp of dignity. With a style less bold than Chéret's, his posters contain more of detail, are far richer in tone and less violent, if you please, in the impressions which they convey. Two of his most notable designs have been made for an American magazine, *The Century*. The first was "The Son of Austerlitz" poster which was used to advertise Professor Sloan's "Life of Napoleon." This is probably the only poster which has been honored by a reproduction in stained glass. Grasset's second design for *The Century*, "Napoleon in Egypt," is if anything a finer piecé of work and has been given high rank.

Designed by Eugene Grasset.
MAGAZINE POSTER.

Here Napoleon is seated upon his white charger with rich barbaric trappings of red and gold. The arm of the conqueror is extended, pointing to the Pyramids as if uttering his ringing address: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you from the summit of the Pyramids." Past him march the troops. The yellow glare of the desert, the dun-colored sky, and the brilliant uniform of Napoleon make an unusual harmony of color, the whole affording a most effective picture.

It is worthy of note that Grasset and Steinlen and Forian, two other successful artists, resident in France, whose posters deserve much commendation, are all Swiss. Still others in France whose designs are of engaging interest are Cazal, Bac, Métivet, Realier-Dumas, Boutet de Monvel, Guillaume, Toulouse-Lautrec, Willette, Lefevere, Mucha, Bonnard, Anquetin, Ibels, and De Feure.

Designed by Von Zumbusch.
GERMAN PERIODICAL POSTER

In England, where the poster has not by any means gained the vogue that it now has in France or the United States, the list of artists who have designed more than one poster is not a long one. It includes among others the pioneers Walter Crane, Fred Walker, and Professor Herkomer, R. A., the late Aubrey Beardsley, and the contemporaneous artists Dudley Hardy, Maurice Greiffenhagen, the brothers Beggarstaff (Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson), A. A. Turbayne, E. Hassal, E. F. Skinner, and L. Raven Hill.

The two artists whose posters have been most conspicuous in England within recent years are the late Aubrey Beardsley and Van Beers. Beardsley's posters have done

service for books chiefly, while Van Beers' have announced theatrical performances for the most part, being not unlike those of Chéret's in their general characteristics.

Confined almost entirely to England is the practice of utilizing the paintings of famous artists for commercial posters. This is still another phase of the poster and one which has been of doubtful expediency. Such posters are purely pictorial and not in the least decorative. Thus the familiar "Bubbles" of Sir John Millais, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1896, was purchased at great cost by the proprietors of Pears' Soap, which it has since advertised, the necessary commercial additions having been made in the painting. The same is true of "The Wedding Morning," by John K. F. Bacon, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1892 and purchased by the proprietors of Sunlight Soap for similar use. These paintings once secured are only changed by the addition of the name of the articles which they are to advertise. They are first commercialized, and then, like most posters, are reproduced from stone by the lithographic process. Business firms have appropriated some of the paintings of the best English artists for commercial use as posters, and even Rubens and Rembrandt at this late day have been made to do service for some articles of trade.

The pictorial poster of good design and artistic merit is the exception in England. Most English posters are little more than colored typographical displays which are usually as ugly as they are numerous. London is literally plastered with dull, monotonous signs of this sort which actually detract from the charm of life, and go to make one feel always a sense of its depression, its cheerlessness and dejection. To be sure, colors are used, but even the most brilliant hues lend very little enthusiasm to the admonitions which they convey in severe letters and which are repeated, without change, day after day and year after year. Usually but two colors are employed in a single typographical poster of this kind. Blue letters on a white background and red on white, together with their opposites, are the color schemes most commonly in use.

Soap, strangely enough, is the most widely advertised article of trade in England, and it is represented everywhere

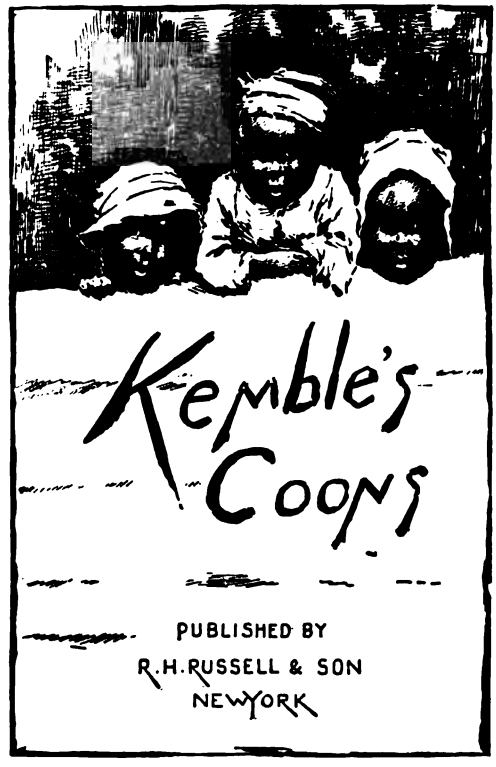
Designed by Maxfield Parrish.

BOOK POSTER.

chiefly by highly colored typographical posters. The ordinary observer can repeat almost unconsciously the poster legends of the soap-makers, not without feeling resentful, however, for their ill-fashioned manner

of expression. Thus one learns in the shortest walk in London perforce of the omnipresent soap-makers' appeal that one soap is "matchless for the complexion," that another "cleanses," that still another is "the queen of toilet soaps," and that "in the world of beauty" some other variety is supreme.

In the main, English posters are uninteresting and monotonous, utterly devoid of humor and lacking in artistic qualities, either pictorial or decorative. In a recent article on English posters, Mr. M. H. Spielmann was led to observe: "Humor undoubtedly has its uses. One day all London was smiling at the matinal welcome, 'Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?' as it had before smiled at a negro cupid whose body had been washed pink by a judicious use of the same commodity, but humor in posters usually takes the form of well-known statesmen nailing down carpets or manning boats, very little indeed that is really witty."



Designed by E. W. Kemble.
BOOK POSTER.

Designed by A. B. Wenzel.
A POSTER GIRL.

Notwithstanding the fact that the modern poster has made but little headway in England, up to date it is not improbable from the success achieved by the comparatively few good English posters which have been published that the beginning of a new and desirable advance has been made. At all events, many persons will indulge in the hope that aggressive advertisers, and particularly those who put cleanliness even before godliness in the widespread advertising of soap, will have the goodness, not to say enterprise, to clothe their admonitions in more attractive and artistic garb.

In Germany the poster had until recently practically little importance from an artistic view point. Those articles which are announced by the poster are commonly represented by highly-colored show-bills of fancy lettering and lacking the points which go to make up artistic designing. The advance has begun, however, and already the indications point to the production of an increasing number of artistic designs.

The Dutch poster is a rarity also, although I recently observed a number in Holland which were striking and attractive and gave evidence of much power in art. One particularly, a highly conventionalized design for salad oil, made by J. Thoorop, is extremely decorative and exquisitely colored. The Dutch posters, though few in number, are remarkable in that the modern art of advertising on the streets, in magazines or newspapers, is but little understood or practiced. Indeed, so free are the public places and the periodicals in

Designed by Maxfield Parrish.

COMMERCIAL POSTER.

Holland from advertisements of any sort that it makes almost an immediate impression upon an American trained to the extensive use of printer's ink for the purpose of publicity.

With us in the United States the poster has developed rapidly. It was in the nature of things that it should be promptly seized upon and its commercial utility substantially appreciated, since it is here that the art of advertising has reached its highest development and received its widest practical application.

In America the poster has had abundant opportunities for development. Its history begins with the circus, and not until fifteen or twenty years ago was the final step taken which has made our posters things of beauty, commendable for their artistic excellence. The original posters were crude things, printed from wooden blocks, first in black and white and then in illy combined and proportioned colors. Such were the show-bills which heralded the approach of the circus twenty-five and twenty years ago.

Nor was the theater slow to adopt this means of advertising. A rare and good specimen of the poster of the period to which I refer is that drawn by Joseph Baker in 1877 and printed from wooden blocks for the theatrical announcement of the comedians Stuart Robson and William H. Crane. It is a poster typical of the period in which it was used, but primitive and crude in every part of its making.

In the early eighties the wood block gave place to the lithograph stone, the soft effects of which supplemented the harsh printing from wooden surfaces. This improvement was first undertaken by the Strobridge Lithograph Company, of Cincinnati, which has continued through the years the high standard of its product. For long, however, the lithographic process was much perverted. The improvement which its use made possible, particularly in the harmony of color, was not achieved until persons of real artistic sense were engaged to make the special designs for such reproduction.

Literature has given to poster designers their greatest inspiration, and the large number of periodicals in this country has

Designed by Edward Penfield.

MAGAZINE POSTER.

notably influenced the development of art. By far the greatest number of artistic posters made with us are those announcing the publication of books, magazines, and newspapers.

Of all the names of French and other artists which have dignified the poster none are more conspicuous in its history than those which America supplies, among them: Louis Rhead, Will H. Bradley, Edward Penfield, Ethel Reed, Maxfield Parrish, H. L. Bridwell, and J. J. Gould; and again, Charles Dana Gibson, George Wharton Edwards, Will H. Low, and J. C. Leyendecker, whose posters, though few, are none the less notable.

Invading all fields, the modern poster has not been content to withhold its influence from politics, and in the last presidential campaign it was pressed into service along with the lithographic pictures of party candidates. Both sides in the contest employed the poster for the first time on any appreciable scale in the history of politics in this country. While large pictures of political candidates have been used before, it is a fact that they were never so generally and systematically distributed and displayed as in the campaign of 1896. And the influence of the pictorial poster, except locally, was never before exploited in a political way. In addition to the use of this new form of publicity in politics, it is worthy of note in this connection that for the first time one of the national committees in the same presidential campaign made one advertising contract alone amounting to $16,000 for the purchase of advertising space in the opposition journals. This space it used to print epigrammatic statements in support of its cause. These arguments appeared in the advertising columns of journals committed editorially to the opposite side and were printed as advertisements, without the least deception as to their true character. This is but a single illustration of the methods and devices which American genius has at hand to employ in the matter of publicity.

But interest in the modern poster does

Designed by George Wharton Edwards.
MAGAZINE POSTER.

Designed by Louis Rhead.
BOOK POSTER.

not cease when the printed sheets are hung upon the walls to be weather-beaten and then replaced by others. The poster has a literature. In France several pretentious volumes relating to it have been published and illustrated in colors; in America, in addition to two recent books, many magazine articles have appeared, and in England a monthly magazine is devoted to the poster and at least one volume has been brought out. And again there have been held here, as in France, innumerable poster exhibits.

But the collector is the person most interested in posters. In Paris the business of poster collecting is prosecuted by very many persons of more or less artistic taste, and the same is true of this country. There are doubtless quite as many persons who have followed the craze simply because it is a craze and who have little intelligent appreciation of the modern poster. And since there are collectors there are also poster dealers, who undertake the business of selling posters as they would books. M. Ed. Sagot, a Parisian publisher, has issued an illustrated catalogue of more than one hundred pages, in which nearly 2,500 posters are listed for sale. There are also many other dealers in Paris and in several cities of the United States. Inasmuch as a small edition of the average poster is published, and there are usually no reprints, they take on added value as they grow scarce, and frequently command high prices. Formerly the bill poster was the subject of much interest to the collector, for he was the source chiefly from which copies of the new posters were to be obtained. But now very many posters may be obtained of their publishers for a nominal fee.

In the great variety of poster designs which have been made, representing widely different nationalities, there is practically but one idea in common. It is the employment of feminine figures, from the classic maiden to the sprightly women of Chéret. An examination of any collection will demonstrate this, and what is true of one collection is true of all. Here we find the origin of "the poster girl," whose presence in contemporaneous literature is most marked. Women form the chief subjects of the modern poster, which a critical examination will show to be but a picture of life, a reflection of the life that is lived to-day.

As symbolized in the poster, life may be either of the type of the French boulevards or music halls or a more staid atmosphere. It may be wholly free from restraint, unconventionally conventional, or in reality conventional. Whatever life is we may be sure to find its reflection in the light and shade of the poster. Certain it is that the poster follows national lines, those of different countries differing widely in their essential characteristics. Thus are the French unlike the English and both are dissimilar to our own.

The requisites of a good poster are few

THE REAL ISSUE
UNITED STATES MINT.
MILLS OF THE UNITED STATES
I do not know what you think about it. but I believe it is a good deal better to open up the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the World.

A POPULAR GOLD STANDARD POSTER, USED IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

but important. It must first of all express an idea in pictorial form so forcibly, so directly, and so clearly that the picture, were it to appear without lettering or title, would seem nevertheless to speak, in part at least, its own title. The execution of this pictorial idea should be artistic and decorative in the sense that it may not offend the eye, and especially that it may attract interest. Preferably, the poster should be beautiful, but it may be strikingly odd, broadly humorous, conventional or unconventional, or both, and still make its point, as if indeed its appeal were totally esthetic. In point of color it should not be violent, nor yet too somber. Generally speaking, the colors of a good poster will not alone be effectively *contrasted* or harmoniously *blended.* They will above all be in *accord* with each other.

A POPULAR FREE SILVER POSTER, USED IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

It is doubtful whether line or color is most essential to the poster. It is enough that they are interdependent and necessary to each other. The line of the pictorial poster describes its original idea within limits and is relieved by the color scheme which lends to it the required energy, aggressiveness, or enthusiasm. It is color which gives life to the picture. In the color of the poster lies its suggestiveness, oftentimes heightened to sensuality, as in the case of many Chéret posters. Thus line and color combine to form a perspective which makes the poster impressive and real. And then the lettering must be accomplished so that it may conform to the style of the design and do its part of the whole.

Chéret's expressed idea of a poster is that "it should be as simple as possible." He says: "I consider the introduction of at least one figure—and I need hardly say that of a lady for choice—is indispensable. The figure should of course be elegantly and brightly dressed in some striking costume, not likely to go out of fashion as long as the poster is to be in use."

Altogether, the modern poster is a combination of ideas. It must tell its story briefly and simply, so that he who runs may read. It must have individuality to the point of making an immediate impression for itself; it must be sufficiently artistic and decorative to represent the standard of the commodity which it advertises and which it may be assumed is invariably high; it must contain in the simplest form possible the concentrated thought of the artist. The original design must moreover be sympathetically and well reproduced, whether by lithography or the ordinary processes of printing. Then, if it is a good poster, it will be talked about and achieve its aim.

A WALK THROUGH THE LONDON PARKS.

BY LUCY WALTERS.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

OPPRESSIVE air, roaring tumult, rows of houses looking much the worse for the clouds of smoke, an almost inextricable string of cabs, omnibuses, and freight wagons through which the streams of humanity push themselves with the greatest difficulty—that is London! Golden sunshine, the quiet of a church, the velvety green grass-plots, the shimmering mirror of the water, the boskets in their gorgeous coloring, and the shady avenues—this is the parks and gardens of the queen of the Thames, the refreshing oases in the desert of the life and activity of the great city.

Indeed, no city in the world has such an expanse of "green" to show as has London, from the small squares, which form the central point of the converging streets and often consist of only a few dozen trees, to the interminable pleasure grounds of Regent and Hyde Parks; the latter, together with the Kensington Gardens, from which it is separated only by the Serpentine, is principally the rendezvous of the people in high life, and Rotten Row on a beautiful summer day displays everything of elegance, beauty, and distinction which London has to present. Carriage after carriage, drawn by splendid horses, roll through the wide shady avenues; Amazons in tight-fitting riding-habits and streaming veils, horsemen in faultless jockey costumes, and children on Scotland ponies, on the promenade the men with the inevitable button-hole bouquet, the ladies in the most elegant costumes, all jostle one another—a gorgeously colored, glittering picture which impresses itself indelibly on the memory of the beholder. The waters of the Serpentine shine and shimmer and the troops of happy children, who enjoy themselves on the bank of the stream feeding the ducks and sending off their little sail-boats, raise a shrill shout whenever some of the fugitive fox-terriers from the avenues attack the harmless water birds, which, cackling and flapping their wings, fly back to their watery element.

While the "upper ten thousand" of London have a rendezvous in this part of the park shortly before the late dinner hour, the socialists prefer to hold their meetings at the entrance of Marble Arch, and it is a strange spectacle to see the moving mass of people who listen to the speakers, applauding or grumbling. These speakers have their platform built under the clear heavens, in this way saving the rent of a room and the cost of lighting, and there, gesticulating and raising their voices loudly, they harangue the public that comes and goes at pleasure and joins in the discussion. Although the debates are fought out with great lung power and lively volubility, they are on the whole very harmless, and universal serenity prevails here oftener than in the halls. Even the usually stern policeman amuses himself here, and he allows every one to say as much and what he pleases. In England everything is free: dogs from muzzles and chains, and men from the oppression of the liberty of the press and of speech.

A few hundred steps farther a new tableau is unfolded to the view. The grass-plots stretch away to an almost interminable distance, and to make the idyl more complete here are to be seen flocks of sheep grazing and bare-footed shepherd boys, who, lying stretched out full length on the ground, gaze into the blue heavens and let the sun shine down on their bare heads. But they also endure a great rain shower with the same stoical tranquillity, for the English, especially the Londoners, are not particular about the weather, and "A fine day, isn't it?" is the usual greeting, even when the fog lies thick and heavy upon the

sea of houses. Yes, it even happens that a man, surprised by a sudden shower, flees to the refreshment pavilion and then the landlady serves the inevitable tea with "Fine day, isn't it?" while the rain pours down in streams over the gallery and on the walks. In this case the answer "Y—yes" comes out in a somewhat doubtful manner, and this incomprehensible, pretentious manner of the foreigner calls forth a reproachful shake of the head, and "madam" draws back unwillingly behind her bubbling samovar. The traveler leaves in haste this temple of refreshment, from whose horrible drinks and hundred-year-old cakes the harmless foreigner cannot be warned enough.

Over the splendidly colored boskets of the Kensington Gardens, which are of great interest to the botanist, we come, on turning to the left, to the Albert Memorial, one of the greatest monuments of the world, that raises its shining spire far above the gigantic trees of the surrounding country. "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public," says the glittering gold inscription of the temple-like building. The magnificently constructed groups at the four corners embody Asia, America, Europe, and Africa, while the frieze gives an artistic representation of great scholars and artists from the ancient to the present time: Virgil and Goethe, Phidias and Thorwaldsen, Hiram and Erwin von Steinbach, Pythagoras and Reynolds stand peacefully in a row together. A crowd of people almost always surrounds this interesting work of art, and here, especially on Sundays, or on the bank holidays, can be heard the most profound observations concerning music, science, etc.

But, *revenons a nos moutons!* One can say this in the true sense of the word, for if he turns to Regent Park he will find, as in Hyde Park, a crowd of comfortably grazing herds of sheep, which are typical of the English landscape. On Sunday are gathered together the lost sheep of the human flock for divine worship in the open air, even if they are on the point of plunging into the worldly joys of a game of cricket. Yet indeed no one who witnesses such a service under the shade of the trees of Regent Park and has heard the sweet tune "Nevermore to Walk Alone" could tear himself away from the delight of this moment. Hence the listeners are for the most part more attentive under the green, leafy roof through which the sunbeams glisten than in the pillared halls of the gigantic, gloomy St. Paul's Cathedral. The principal stream of ramblers has been brought to a standstill before this "church in the open," but it flows farther on more quickly while the closing song is being sung.

The particular place of attraction appears to be the Zoological Gardens, situated in the northern part of the park. After having admired there all kinds of tame and wild animals and having amused himself with monkeys and snakes, the splashing sea-lions, and the apparently somewhat *blasé* crocodiles, and having made a visit to the lion family, the sight-seer tries to comfort himself in the elegant rooms of the newly opened tea-salon, in which the national drink, with the inevitable marmalade and jelly, are served by blond-haired nymphs, wearing in their high, artistic coiffures an elegant bit of lace. Here in this hall is a good opportunity for observing the crowd which outside loses itself too much among the boskets and the gardens. After a glance at some of the soul-satisfied pieces of humanity feasting on their water-cresses, you cannot wonder at the Darwinian theory. How well all of them take to this green food—father, mother, child, each one holds a bundle of cresses in the hand and they pluck off the leaves with their teeth.

Regent Park offers the most magnificent places for games of all kinds, where the small and larger children enjoy themselves. If you follow the wide cross-way, you will reach Primrose Hill and enjoy there an enchanting view over the interminable sea of London houses from the one side, and over the beautiful green of the parks from the other side, supposing that the fog did not bar the view. There is al-

ways a little fog, yet it appears as a peculiar kind of art. The sun lights up all these English landscape pictures, not blinding and scorching, but as through a soft veil. Toward Marylebone Road, enclosed and inaccessible to the great crowds, lie the royal Botanical Gardens, which are a delightful stopping-place for every friend of nature embellished by art. The grounds have a characteristic beauty. A small museum on the left side of the park contains, besides an extensive collection of stones, a large number of other more common things, for example, a gigantic cotton-tree under glass. Distant from the delightful colony of the gigantic pelargonien groups "Napoleon's willow" (taken from a root in St. Helena) sadly droops its aged branches upon the emerald lawn. Upon the right side of the principal path a highly original parterre unfolds itself to the view in the form of a fan, and steep steps lead by a winding way to a beautiful little Belvedere, and from there one can see only the green, and can forget entirely that he is in the midst of a great city.

In an entirely different part of London, in the wretched East, lies Victoria Park. The wide road leads through the whole city, through Whitechapel and Hackney Road, with their large yet so unspeakably poor-looking houses. Also here in Victoria Park there are wide, well-kept lawns, shady trees, and artistically laid out flower parterres, the latter almost too artistic. These parterres, built up several stories high, in spite of all their beauty in color scheme and form, have a provoking resemblance to the English bride's cake.

Owing to the situation of Victoria Park, as in Southern Park, situated in the southern part, the best people are not found there; but it is really just as well and more necessary for this dreary part of the city to have such shady places for recreation, such broad green lawns for the children to play on. And how happily the troops of small children tumble around here at cricket, what joyous laughter sounds from the swings and the gymnastic grounds! The small pale faces become rosy with happiness and then the features of the mothers, often so sorrowful and careworn, clear up a little.

Battersea Park, in the southwestern part of the city, is also a place of recreation for the poorer class of people, but the surroundings are pleasanter. The wallflower grows abundantly before the small low houses, and the vines of the red blossoming bean climb up to the roof. The north side of the park borders on the Thames and a wide beautifully-built bridge here connects Battersea with the better part of the city, Chelsea, out of which a crowd of visitors stream into the gardens, especially the children, who find splendid play places here. They come by the hundreds: first all the small babies, which on the arm of the mother or nurse look like a bundle of white lace and are carefully covered with the long light veil; then the regular Kate Greenaways in their short dresses with their little bare legs and enormous sun bonnets; the half grown youths, a part in very scanty toilets, boxing and hunting around the banks of the small pond or measuring its depth, a part as small young gentlemen in short jackets, showing them to be members of the gymnasium. And the more mature youths? There are lawn-tennis parties, a concert pavilion, a great promenade, and in the shady avenues the couples wander, exchanging the old and yet ever new protestations of eternal love.

In Battersea, as in Hyde and Regent Parks, not only the merry son of Mars in the bright red uniform takes his pretty "maid" to walk, who has then exchanged her white cap for a more or less elegant hat with feathers, but also the young merchant has a rendezvous with his sweetheart. The old men prefer to read their newspapers and the matrons ply their knitting needles or do some similar work.

St. James and Green Parks, situated in the midst of the city, near Buckingham Palace, and separated from one another only by the wide "Mall," have more the stamp of distinguished simplicity; water also here enlivens the landscape, and beautiful old trees stretch forth their wide, shade-dispensing branches over the paths.

And Finsbury Park in the north, Victoria Embankment near the Waterloo Bridge, Queens Kennington and Camberwell New Park, like a number of open gardens, are all a blessing to the neighboring population. They all have splendid places for the children to play in and are kept in the neatest order.

Not lying in the midst of the city and yet inseparable from her park territory are the Kew Gardens, which every Londoner knows and loves and to which real pilgrimages are made. The botanist finds here the rarest plants, carefully classified and labeled; whoever wishes to study woods sees in the museum a superior collection from all parts of the world; the gardener will be delighted with the arrangement of the hothouses, as practical as it is beautiful, and with the cultivation of the plants. For one interested in art there is a picture gallery. There are magnificent winter gardens in which one looks down from high galleries upon a forest of palms, and the Chinese tower offers a distant view as far as beautifully situated Richmond. In the broad grounds one can admire grass-plots and rosaria, and take solitary rambles in the shady walks. Here the sun shines from a slightly cloudy heaven upon a lake surrounded by rushes. There is a mysterious rustling in the tops of the Lebanon cedars and in the branches of the weeping ash, hanging deep down in the water; from the thicket near by comes the call of the wild pigeon; the fragrance of a gigantic blooming linden fills the air, buzzing bees and bright butterflies flit about joyously. It is like a dream of fairyland; and no sound of the rushing life and activity of the giant city near by penetrates into this quiet sanctuary. But turn back from this small paradise into the interminable London and the atmosphere which surrounds it seems doubly oppressive. Cheapside and the whole city are embedded in clouds. It is the notorious English fog. Softly and heavily its gray-yellow folds are laid upon the high rising towers of Westminster Abbey, upon the old gray walls of the tower; it sinks slowly down upon the streets, subduing the din of carriages, obstructing the view, concealing all London by an impenetrable veil. And now it is time to wrap yourself in a mackintosh, for the rain-drops are falling, first slowly, large and heavy, then thicker and thicker. "*Il pleut des chats*," the French would say, shivering, but the Englishman happily raises his gigantic umbrella and says pleasantly, "A fine day, isn't it?"

HYPNOTISM.

BY ARTHUR MACDONALD.

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IN a new line of inquiry, although the phenomena may be as old as mankind, there inevitably arises a confusion of ideas. Each investigator starts out from some special point. At first the facts are isolated and often seem to be contradictory. But as investigation progresses, increasing greatly the number of data, points that had little meaning come to assume in the light of other facts a definite significance. Then classification begins, and we see the foundation of a science gradually forming. Such in brief has been the course of hypnotism.

When in France some ten years ago many cures by hypnotic suggestion were reported, the Germans, who had little confidence in the French, were naturally credulous, and with the exception of a few men regarded these cures as mythical. Here, as in other instances, the French have shown themselves to be the innovators. But the Germans, though cautious at first, never fail, when once they have entered a field, to carry investigations on with their well-known thoroughness.

One of the men who were instrumental in introducing the study of hypnotism into Germany was Professor Forel of Zürich.

At this time the writer had the privilege of attending his clinics. Many experiments were made. Forel in the presence of the class hypnotized a trained nurse and extracted a tooth without her feeling it in the least. In another experiment he told her, while in the hypnotic state, that at the next meeting of the class she must take his hat down from its place when he began to lecture and place it on his manuscript. This was done in the presence of the class. In a week from this time, when the next lecture took place, as Forel began to speak the nurse arose, then hesitated somewhat, and finally took his hat down from the nail upon which it was hanging and placed it upon his manuscript. She was of course in her normal state, not knowing she had been told to do this a week before when in the hypnotic condition. Her hesitation was due to her normal disinclination to the impropriety of interrupting the professor in this way. But her normal hesitant feeling was not strong enough to overcome the command which was impressed upon her very forcibly the week before, while she was in a hypnotic condition. There were, so to speak, two selves in conflict, her normal self and her hypnotic self, and the stronger self prevailed. Forel admitted in both experiments that he could not be certain that the hypnotic command would be obeyed. He repeated the command to her several times with much emphasis saying, "You must take my hat down, you cannot help it, it is absurd not to do it." "Your tooth will not hurt, you cannot feel it; you will not know it is out."

It is unnecessary to remark that this uncertainty of causing the hypnotic self to control the normal self would seem to make the application of hypnotism in most surgical operations as impracticable. The reader may ask, could a criminal command be so enforced upon one in a hypnotic state as to result in an overt act in the waking state, that is, is a post-hypnotic crime possible? An answer to this question would take us too far at present, but it may be said, in a general way, that it depends upon the strength of the normal moral self, whether the criminal hypnotic self can overpower it. It is obvious that it would be easier to hypnotize a person to commit a crime who had already done such things. Thus moral habits, well formed, are a safeguard under all conditions, for even in the hypnotic self, they rise up unknown to the normal self and resist the operator's criminal suggestion.

In this study we wish to deal with the curative side of hypnotism and more especially with recent experiments and views of French specialists.

If waking is the true expression of the active and free mind, sleep on the contrary is the expression to a variable degree of its non-activity. The complete isolation in which sleep places the sleeper in removing him from all cause of distraction, and the auto-suggestion to put his mind and organism in repose produce a reparative and beneficial effect, which gradually by the distribution of the nervous forces restore the equilibrium disturbed by work while waking. Hypnotic sleep is produced by the same concentration of mind as ordinary sleep, but instead of being due, as in the latter case, to self-suggestion, it is effected by suggestion from without.

Subjects plunged artificially into the most profound sleep, in place of a general and absolute isolation of the senses, may retain a slight connection of thought and sensation with the hypnotist alone. This is because they fall asleep thinking of him, and their active thought continues automatically from them to him. The proof of this is that the subject only performs acts suggested by the hypnotist. If prolonged natural sleep, effected by an habitual and unconscious suggestion, restores poise and nervous energy, all the more has artificial sleep, properly directed, like results, especially if prolonged for some time. Simple affirmations to the waking subject sometimes have the power to produce curative effects, and these affirmations may become much more efficacious if they are made during artificial sleep. In this case the subject, isolated from the world and retaining but a greatly diminished sensibility,

cannot be distracted by impressions previously felt. At the same time his will has lost its initiative; he accepts and submits to what is imposed on his mind.

Incitation, which is called suggestion, addressed to the mind of the sleeper whose inert nervous force is centered in the idea of sleep, must without resistance direct this force by turns to any part of the organism; from this results an action on the organs, in proportion to the amount of attention fixed on the idea of sleep. When a suggestion is made to cure the sleeping patient, deprived of initiative power, it causes either a depression or an excitation of an organ or a part of the nervous system; or the brain diminishes its active influence on the tissues according as the nervous force is accumulated in it; or, on the contrary, it augments this influence in the same proportion. The more emphasis there is centered on the idea of sleep the greater become the curative effects obtained by suggestion; that is, the nearer we bring the subject to a state of profound somnambulism, the more susceptible we render him to a quick and complete cure.

Whatever method may be employed to obtain the cure of the sick submitted to suggestion, whether simple affirmations of suggestive force are made to them when awake, or whether favorable emotions are produced, we induce in the diseased organs effects either sedative or exciting according to the curative idea which we express. These actions could not be produced if the mental and physical faculties were not transformable, if the mind was not closely allied to the matter. Suggestions cannot cure all morbid affections, but it has at least, and especially in sleep, a beneficial influence over them, even those which are incurable.

With the aid of Professors Bernheim, Beaunis, and Liégeois, Liébault was enabled to produce on a hysterical somnambulist, the apparitions of reddening spots on the skin, blisters and stigmata, by the single action of the idea they had suggested. On other subjects they obtained separately like results. If emotion is added to the power of suggestion to reinforce it, the results are still more decided. In two somnambulists they were able by simple suggestion to produce the slightest modifications in the skin. As a result of strong emotion added to suggestion they caused a redness in the form of a double cross to appear on the hand of one, and blisters of the epidermis on the hand of the other, which took several days entirely to pass away.

The suggestion during natural sleep must be made without the consent of the patient and not at his instigation. Suppose the consciousness of the sleeping subject to have been previously freed from all imaginative representation and a receptivity created similar to that of the ordinary hypnotic subject and conformable to the laws of the diminution of consciousness. The intervention itself must convey suggestions, distinctly articulated, in such manner that there is synchronism between the emissions of the voice of the therapeutical psychologist and the respiratory movements of the subject. It would be well to suspend the intervention whenever the patient gave evidence of waking up, or his respiration quickened. The suggestion should never be brusque or sudden and the beginning and end should be thus: the one gradually increased, the other progressively diminished, but both enunciated in a purposely drawling and monotonous voice. When the suggestion is finished the subject must continue to sleep, to dream of the things suggested, and not to waken until the hour determined upon.

Suggestion during natural sleep has right to a prominent place in the treatment of mental diseases. It also finds place in the diverse branches of the psycho-therapeutic domain. In this way we may learn more as to the psychology of sleep.

Mesmerism, hypnotism, and suggestion are perhaps effects of the same cause, but these effects are certainly produced under different conditions and according to different laws. Boirac agrees with Durand de Gros that suggestion and mesmerism are two distinct agents equally real and independent one from the other, which can counterfeit each other as they can also combine for the

production of common effects. Thus there may be suggestion without mesmerism and mesmerism without suggestion. There may be a pseudo-mesmerism, which is but suggestion, and a pseudo-suggestion which is only mesmerism; finally, there may be inseparable mesmerism and suggestion; suggestive mesmerism or mesmeric suggestion. That suggestion exists without mesmerism is continually proved. "When," says Boirac, "without looking at or touching a subject, I say, 'Close your eyes, now you cannot open them,' and he vainly tries to do so; when I add, 'They will open of themselves when I have counted seven,' and the effect announced is produced, it is evident that mesmerism has nothing to do with the phenomena and they must be explained by suggestion alone."

But suggestion is not only independent of mesmerism, it can in many cases take its place or rather simulate all its effects. Here, for example, is an experiment often tried with certain subjects. I place my open hand above the hand of the subject; after several seconds he declares that he feels a very strong impression of heat; presently this heat becomes intolerable and he begs me to take my hand away. I reply that I do not hinder him from withdrawing his but after unsuccessful effort he declares it impossible, and in fact the hand seems to be paralyzed. Nevertheless it moves, rises or falls as soon as I make these movements, as if an invisible thread attached them. Would one not believe one's self to be in the presence of a veritable magnetic phenomenon? Yet there is nothing but the counterfeit of magnetism by suggestion. To convince one's self it is only necessary to change one condition of the experiment, that which permits operator and subject to suggest unknown to each other. Example: I say to the subject, "Close your eyes, now you cannot open them," and the subject makes vain efforts to unseal the lids. If then I begin by holding my hand above his, to make it rise or fall, as he is not apprised by sight he feels nothing and does not move. My hand, a moment before so efficacious, no longer exercises any influence. But there are cases where, suggestion being eliminated, the magnetic effects remain just as distinct and complete, the subject being *truly* magnetic and pseudo-magnetic or purely suggestible.

It is evident that suggestible subjects with whom we can obtain the counterfeit of magnetism are more common than the true magnetic subjects, therefore Bernheim and all pure suggestionists are of good faith when they claim to have victoriously refuted mesmerism.

Boirac cites two out of five cases of persons who possessed this remarkable element. The one G. P., a young electrician; the other L. V., a student of law and philosophy. In experimenting with them, precaution was always taken to bandage the eyes; then they were told to tell as soon as they felt anything. Under these conditions the most varied and precise effects were obtained in all parts of the body, corresponding to positions and movements of the operator.

In the case of G. P., Boirac once placed mesmerism and suggestion in opposition: he says, "I told him I wished to experiment on the time necessary to produce the magnetic effect and asked him to tell me the instant he began to feel it. I said I would act exclusively by attraction in his right hand and asked him to concentrate all his attention on that side. After this preparatory suggestion I said, 'I begin,' making a movement with the right hand but without placing it opposite that of my subject. At the end of two or three minutes the subject, who was very attentive, murmured: 'It is strange but I feel absolutely nothing,' then suddenly, 'Oh! I do feel something, only it is in the left hand and is not an attraction but a tingling or pricking.'" Boirac had in fact silently placed his left hand (which always produced tingling, while the right produced attraction) close to the left knee of G. P.

This proves, in this case at least, that suggestion is powerless to simulate the effect of magnetism. When the subject is eminently suggestible, he may be advised to fix all his attention on one of his hands, being told that he will feel attracted by an irre-

sistible force. As soon as the operator says, "I begin," the subject's hand rises, although the operator has made no movement. In this instance suggestion simulates magnetic action perfectly, but if at the same time without saying anything the operator places his right hand *vis-a-vis* to his other one it will be attracted, the two effects being simultaneous. Identical in appearance, they are in reality produced by two distinct causes: the one by magnetism, the other by suggestion.

Again, the subject being still in the charmed or credulous condition, it is suggested that, in order to act exclusively on one side of his body, the operator will render the other inert, and he ascertains that there is in fact paralysis and anesthesia of that side. Here again the operator has obtained by suggestion a phenomenon of attraction in the members where sensibility and motility remained intact, but if he place his right hand near the knee or foot paralyzed by suggestion, he finds that in spite of the suggestion there are movements of attraction.

Thus not only can mesmerism produce its effects independent of suggestion but it can in certain cases annul the effects of suggestion. There is consequently, besides pseudo-suggestive mesmerism, a pseudo-mesmeric suggestion. If it is scientifically proven that magnetism exists, it becomes necessary to have regard to its possible intervention in the *ensemble* of phenomena attributed to hypnotism and especially to suggestion.

The Nancy school said with justice that the old magnetizers did not cease to make suggestions unwittingly and suggestionists should expect to have it said that they have unwittingly employed magnetism. It is possible that the gaze, the contact, the passes, and the personality of the operator do not act on certain subjects except through purely suggestive influences, but it is also possible that with certain other subjects a magnetic influence is added to or takes the place of suggestion. As long as these two agents, each as real as the other, are always liable to enter into play and combine their actions, neither has a right *a priori* to the effects produced by one to the exclusion of the other.

It is then permissible to suppose that if certain operators, such as Liébault, Bernheim, succeed so easily in suggesting so large a number of persons, it is not alone because of their great skill, their long experience, and consummate knowledge of suggestive technic, but that they unwittingly possess an exceptional magnetic power. This too would explain the great inequality in the operations of different suggestionists.

One of the phenomena which most attracted the attention of the ancient mesmerists was that known as the "charm of a look." In certain subjects there has been found a peculiar disposition to fall under the fascination of a gaze by an action analogous to that which takes place in certain animals; such was the case with a young lady artist treated by Bérillon. When enjoined to look the operator in the eyes, this person's eyes would open wide, the pupils dilate, and a singular fixed look come into them. One would say that there was in the mind of this subject but one fixed idea: not to lose sight of the eyes of the operator. In fact, if the latter rose the subject also rose; if he turned his head she leaned forward and endeavored not to lose sight of his eyes.

The spontaneous apparition of this somewhat rare phenomenon was observed from the beginning of the hypnotic treatment. The patient had suffered for several years from an involuntary habit of putting her paint brushes between her lips in order to better point them. The result was a saturnine intoxication. No advice, no effort of her will could break the habit. At the first treatment the therapeutic aim was reached. The operator said, "You can no longer put your brushes in your mouth and if you try to do so your arm will become paralyzed."

The patient, on returning to the clinic, complained of a persistent numbness in the arm, which while it prevented her from carrying the brushes to her mouth, also hindered her from painting. A suggestion was made that would enable her to work but

at the same time prevent her from putting the brushes in her mouth. It was then only necessary to develop in her the faculties of visual memory and the manual ability necessary in the practice of her art. This was an easy task, as she distinctly belongs to the visual type and was gifted in the highest degree with visual memory.

Those subjects susceptible to fascination owe it to the facility with which they concentrate their spontaneous and voluntary attention in the visual function.

The fixity of gaze that one experiences on realizing the charm is but the experimental exaggeration of one form of attention. It is probable that identical phenomena could be produced in those subjects who belong to the auditive type by calling their attention to agreeable and captivating sounds.

We should discriminate between the prognostic and treatment of obsessions which result from a series of incidental causes (moral shock, fear, etc.), and those united to a constitutionally hereditary condition. In the first case the prognostic is more favorable and treatment by hypnotic suggestion is indicated.

In such cases, the treatment, which is necessarily long, must be methodical and progressive. The first treatments are confined to having the patient remain seated in an attitude of sleep with the eyes closed. In this way the mental education of the subject begins; he becomes more and more docile, more and more ready to be hypnotized. From the moment the first light sleep appears the arterial tension is lessened and this lessening of the tension is perceptible to the sphygmomanometer.* Soon the sleep is augmented and the patient can perform automatic acts. By these physical gymnastics one succeeds in modifying the normal condition of the subject and awakens in him diverse aptitudes of his cerebral activity.

It was by this procedure that Dr. Bérillon undertook the treatment of the following case: The patient on returning home one evening was informed that a neighbor in an access of frenzy had attempted to strangle her child. The woman was very much distressed and passed a bad night. In the morning as she went to embrace her child she felt a strong impulse to squeeze his neck. Seized with alarm, she rushed to her physician, who tried to reassure her. From that time she was obsessed by the idea of homicide. The least contact with her child or even the thought of him was sufficient to arouse this obsession and throw her into a paroxysm. She was submitted to mental treatment and recovered entirely.

One of the interesting studies is that of the artifices by which suggestion is reinforced. In the following case the artifice consisted of a psycho-mechanical action. Mr. T., fifty-six years of age, had from his infancy the habit of biting his finger nails. In spite of all efforts in that direction he had been unable to break himself of the habit. In the face of such an automatic habit one might well believe that the mental condition of one so disordered must present other manifestations, but there was nothing of the kind. Mr. T. was neither vicious nor impulsive; he felt himself capable of resisting many temptations, but the habit of biting his nails escaped the sovereignty of his will.

When asked to explain the mechanism of his habit, he said: "I know the habit is very annoying and I attribute to it a series of gastro-intestinal troubles. I also believe that it has aggregated pulmonary affections. I have a most ardent desire to be cured. I have followed the advice of the most celebrated manicures, but the habit persists in spite of my efforts and vigilance. I cannot look at my nails without feeling ill at ease and humiliated." It was at once agreed that the patient undergo psycho-therapeutic treatment, but as he showed disquietude at the idea of being hypnotized it was proposed to treat him by suggestion in a waking state, which proposition he accepted. In order that the mental impression might not be inefficient the suggestion was reinforced by a mechanical process—the efficacy of which had many times been verified with children. The patient being seated in an arm-chair

*An instrument to measure blood pressure in the arteries.

with his arms resting on those of the chair, the operator took hold of his wrists, and said, "Try to put your hand to your mouth—you cannot, the pressure which I exercise on your hand is an obstacle which you cannot overcome. Now whenever the habitual impulse returns you will feel this same pressure on your hand. The resistance, however, will not be caused by my hand but by your own mind, in which I have created a brake. The force expended to throw off the brake will give you time to recover yourself, to become conscious of what you were about to do, and interpose your own will."

This exercise was repeated several times for each hand and the seance was ended. Three days later Mr. T. again called on the doctor. He had not once put his fingers to his mouth. He said that every time his hand rose automatically he had distinctly felt a heavy sensation in the forearm which prevented the movement. This sensation of pressure was such that his arm felt really numb and it would have cost him considerable effort to overcome it. He desired to have the resistance reinforced, as it seemed to diminish on the third day. A second seance of suggestion was given and it was not necessary to renew the treatment.

Six weeks later Mr. T.'s nails had grown long and he was convinced that he was definitely cured of the habit.

We have given these cases of cure through suggestion to illustrate their naturalness. While there is a tendency to make them either "wonderful" or mythical, they are in reality no more complex a phenomenon than sleep itself. The desire to make them of a miraculous origin was due to a failure to comprehend their real nature. There may be those who are skeptical as to hypnotic phenomena, but a skepticism that remains such in the presence of facts refutes itself.

HOW THE PRESIDENT DRAWS HIS SALARY.

BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS.

THE president is the one man in the pay of the United States government who is not required by the law to sign a pay-roll. The cabinet officers are compelled to sign the pay-roll of their respective branches of the government each month. The name of a secretary in all such cases stands at the head of a long list of the employees in his department. The money to liquidate these salaries is then drawn from the United States treasury and distributed throughout the various branches of the government service.

The exception to the rule of drawing money from the United States treasury to pay government salaries is in the case of the Supreme Court. The chief justice of the United States and the associate justices of the Supreme Court are paid directly through the attorney-general's office.

The earlier presidents, while virtually paid each month in the same manner as those of the present time, did not go through exactly the same formula as is now required by the law governing such business. They were paid by a check upon the bank with which the United States government at that time regularly transacted its financial business. Then came the establishment of the United States sub-treasury in 1846 and the order of things was changed in that instead of the president receiving a check upon a national bank, the check for each month's salary was made out upon the greatest bank in the United States, the one with a national and international credit—the United States treasury.

In this way there is now always affixed to the president's check the name of one of his cabinet officers, that of the secretary of the treasury. The other two signatures, without which the check, or, more properly, the requisition, would not be valid, are those of the United States treasurer and the United States comptroller.

The amount paid each month to the

president, the twelfth portion of his annual salary of $50,000, is $4,166.66.

A requisition is each month originated in the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants, which is then signed by the assistant secretary of the treasury. This much done, the document then starts upon an interesting bit of travel. It is not sent direct to the president, but must first go to the auditor of the state and other departments, by each of which it must be approved and returned to the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants in the Treasury Department. An "accountable warrant" is then drawn for one month's pay and the amount charged on the books of the division against the president's salary account. This warrant has then to be signed by the secretary of the treasury, countersigned by the comptroller, and sent to the Division of Accounts, Treasurer's Office, where it is completed. This important paper has to be placed in an envelope, sealed, and given to the care of one of the trustworthy messengers employed in the United States treasury. This man delivers the warrant to the president's private secretary. The president indorses the warrant and deposits it in a bank or draws the money on it, as he chooses.

In order to make the amount of annual salary—$50,000—payable so that there shall be no surplus at the end of the year, the chief magistrate is paid $4,166.67 for each of eight months and $4,166.66 for each of the remaining four months.

The Treasury Department does not and in fact could not very well recognize any fraction of a day in the payment of salaries, and on this account the salary paid an outgoing president is not looked upon as paying him for his services up to the moment of the inaugural ceremonies for his successor on the 4th of March. It pays him according to the established order of things up to midnight of March 3.

This arrangement naturally necessitates the peculiar state of affairs by which the incoming president really begins to receive his salary as president of the United States from midnight of March 3 prior to the time when he takes the inaugural oath, and as he continues to be a private citizen until after that important ceremony at noon on the 4th of March, he is virtually receiving the salary of a president of the United States for twelve hours prior to the time when he is installed in office and by the law is actually entitled to that salary or the portion of it that would accrue from a twelve hours' holding down of his claim upon the highest honor in the gift of the people of the United States.

At the close of a president's term of office there is prepared in addition to the "accountable warrant" for the current month for which it is issued, what is known in the treasury as "a settlement warrant." This is in the nature of a clearing-house certificate and is held by the Treasury Department in proof of the fact that the president during his four years of office has been paid the sum of $200,000.

Ex-President Cleveland holds among the curios with which his new residence at Princeton is enriched, a warrant for the smallest amount ever issued by the Treasury Department. This is for the sum of one cent. The warrant was issued to cover the balance due on his salary for the month of June, 1895. Mr. Cleveland was so amused at the receipt of this extra warrant for one penny, which had, of course, been through the red-tape process described, that he preferred to keep it as a curiosity rather than deposit it to swell his bank account.

For the sake of convenience each president during his term of office keeps a regular account with one of the banks in Washington City. Upon Riggs' Bank, recently created Riggs' National Bank, the greatest amount of presidential favor in this respect has fallen. So much so that in official circles it is frequently alluded to as "the president's bank." It is the oldest bank in Washington, and undoubtedly, despite its modest appearance, the wealthiest in the District of Columbia. Ex-President Cleveland during his two terms of office banked at Riggs', as did also President Lincoln.

President Grant during his two terms as chief magistrate kept an account with the First National Bank of Washington.

THE KITE IN WAR AND PEACE.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

IN the past year the experiments with kites for war and meteorological purposes have been phenomenal in results that prophesy revolutionary changes in these two departments in the near future. The kite has been taken from the small boy and developed into an article of scientific value. After two thousand years of aimless existence as an article of pleasure for the children of many nations it enters upon its sphere of usefulness with literal "flying colors." A few years ago when kite-flying became a scientific pastime, it was predicted that it would open up new fields of investigation, but it was hardly expected that such rapid strides would be made in the experiments as those already recorded.

The kite has obtained a recognized status in two distinct fields, and experiments are made along these lines for practical results. It first won its success in aiding meteorologists to register atmospheric conditions at varying heights above the sea level. The early history of kite construction is probably known to every one, and the development of the modern kite from the old, clumsy affair of our boyhood days to the modern tailless kites which soar a mile or more above the earth has been frequently dwelt upon. The first essential of progress was to construct kites that would float at immense altitudes, and to equip them with apparatus to control and direct their movements. For the first few years the improvements were all made along the line of building kites of the correct type so that high altitudes could be reached. The Eddy, Hargrave, and Potter kites were the best known in this country, and each contributed toward the same general end.

In the last year fewer experiments have been made in designing the shape and size of the kites than formerly, and more time has been given to the construction of delicate meteorological machinery to record the condition of the atmosphere at various altitudes. The experiments with kites for meteorological observations have been conducted largely at the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, and at Arlington, near Washington, where the Weather Bureau has established a kite farm. This latter aerial observation station is one of sixteen under the control of the bureau, the others being located at Cincinnati, Omaha, Topeka, Knoxville, Pierre, S. D., Duluth, Cleveland, Cairo, Ill., Sault Ste. Marie, and Little Rock. At each station kites are flown almost continuously, and observations of the upper layers of atmosphere recorded.

The kites are flown singly and in tandems. The latter method is adopted because it is easier to handle several medium-sized kites than one enormous one. The pulling capacity of these tandem kites is so great that steel music wire has to be employed to hold them. This wire is capable of sustaining a strain of three hundred pounds, and yet it is so light that it weighs only fifteen pounds to each mile length. This steel wire is wound on an improved windlass, which is a modification of Sir William Thomson's apparatus for deep-sea sounding. The wire is reeled upon a drum, which holds about 40,000 feet of it. The wire after passing through several pulleys is attached to a spring which records the exact strain that the kite is imposing upon the wire. By this means a continuous record of the pull is obtained. A ruled paper is arranged so that a small needle or pencil records the pull of the kites at every moment of the day. Likewise there is a little machine that registers exactly the amount of wire that is out. The whole windlass apparatus is operated by steam, and the kites can be pulled down in the face of the strongest gale.

The kites carry the recording instruments up with them, and these little inventions are

the results of recent work and study. Four separate instruments have been consolidated into one, and complete it weighs less than three pounds. This improved instrument is suspended from the kite at the end of a long cord. This meteograph, as it is called, automatically registers the humidity, the barometric pressure, the temperature of the air, and the velocity of the wind. There is a record sheet printed in four divisions for registering these different conditions of the upper atmosphere. Before the kite is sent up the meteograph is carefully compared with standard instruments. Then each recording pen is adjusted, and the whole instrument is put inside a thin covering, which has openings for the wind to pass through. The instrument makes its record for the day, and then the meteograph is again compared with standard observatory instruments.

By means of an ingenious arrangement cameras are carried up by the kites and pictures of the surrounding landscape taken. These bird's-eye views are of great value, and intensely interesting to the general reader and student. Since 1894 the ascent of the kites at the Blue Hill Observatory has been advancing until an altitude of 11,224 feet above the sea level was reached on August 26, 1898. The average altitude at which observations were taken in the past year has been 8,000 feet. The records of the atmosphere taken at this extreme height have been fruitful of good results, and the work is carried forward every day by enthusiastic experts.

The size of the kites for this purpose has steadily increased along with other improvements. The kites used have been from seven feet high up to ten and twelve feet. Larger kites are made for war purposes, but it has not been demonstrated yet that an excessive size has any particular merit for meteorological observations. The heights reached with kites are not equal to the highest balloon ascension, but up to an altitude of 12,000 feet the kite gives better satisfaction than the balloon. The kite is less expensive and easier handled than the balloon, and the weather records can be taken more accurately. In the case of the balloon the altitude cannot always be accurately regulated, while with a kite this can be done very easily. It is believed that an altitude of at least three miles will be reached this year by some of the new kites now used on the different kite farms or stations.

The registering of the atmospheric currents at different altitudes above the earth is of far-reaching importance to the Weather Bureau. One of the most interesting results so far obtained is the forecasting of cold and warm waves. Such changes in the weather are apparent at a great height long before any indications of them on the earth's surface can be detected. Consequently the Weather Bureau, with its sixteen different kite stations, can get early warning of an approaching wave either of cold or heat much sooner than by the old method. The kite records have shown the approach of an atmospheric change of this character fully twenty-four hours in advance of the first symptoms at the surface. As the science of weather-predicting advances, the instruments for reading the changes and interpreting them are developed and improved, and each year the work is further systematized and rendered more effective. In the future of this department of science the kite is destined to play an important part, and its present achievements are only the beginnings of its new history.

For war purposes the kite has a less certain outlook, although experiments are being made in this line which enthusiasts believe will result in the substitution of the kite for the balloon. In England experiments with war kites have been pursued with more vigor than in this country. Capt. B. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, has been one of the most persistent and successful workers in this field, and he has succeeded in building the largest and most powerful kite in existence. His ambition was to build strong, wieldy kites which would have a lifting capacity of several hundred pounds. In 1893 he succeeded in building a kite with a wind surface of some one hundred square feet, and

capable of lifting fifty-six pounds off the earth. After achieving this result, which was an astonishing success, he enlarged the size of his kites, using stiff bamboo poles for the sticks, and stout canvas for the surface. In the following year he had a kite thirty-six feet high, and with an area of five hundred square feet. The real trouble in building such a huge kite was in making the framework light and strong enough. Repeated experiments were disappointing, as kite after kite collapsed when exposed to a gale, but one day in June of 1894 a kite actually lifted a heavy man clear of the earth. The man was seated in a basket, and the kite carried the two several feet in the air. But while this achievement rewarded the experimenter's efforts it did not solve the problem before him. Rather it disclosed the fact that such large, unwieldy kites were not practicable. So after a few more experiments he returned to smaller kites, and added carrying or lifting capacity by harnessing several of them in tandem. Three or four of these smaller kites harnessed together could perform the work of one large, unwieldy kite more satisfactorily and at less expense of time and worry. The large kites were constantly getting beyond the control of the flyer and dashing themselves to pieces against various objects. For critical work in war times they would prove entirely worthless.

The size of the tandem kites which Captain Baden-Powell used successfully is about twelve feet high, making an area of surface exposed to the currents of air about one hundred and twenty square feet. Three or four kites of this size harnessed in tandem form were capable of lifting a man at almost any height, depending of course upon the strength of the wind. But whenever the wind died out a little the heavy load was apt to be dropped to the earth in rather unceremonious speed. These unpleasant experiences made it hardly safe for a man to risk his life in a basket lifted to a great height above the earth. To make such an ascension comparatively safe a parachute was resorted to. A permanently distended parachute was attached to the basket so that in the event of the ropes breaking or the wind suddenly dying out, the man in the basket would be dropped to the earth gradually. This invention seems to cover the ground so well that little fear is experienced by those who go up with the kite.

At Ipswich several public exhibitions of kite ascensions have been given, and members of the British Association of Science have witnessed these novel experiments with considerable interest. In most of these ascents the altitude reached by the basket with its human freight has averaged one hundred feet; but there is no reason why higher altitudes should not be reached, except at this stage of the experiments it is considered the part of wisdom to move slowly. Five kites are harnessed in tandem, and they are secured by two leading strings which run to the ground at widely separate points. The basket is suspended between these leading strings by means of four cords, which after being attached to the car continue to the earth, where they are held by those who guide the kites. By means of this apparatus a man can be lifted from the earth to a distance of several hundred feet into the air when there is practically no wind blowing. In a strong gale of course the lifting capacity of the kite is much increased.

The value of the kite for war purposes would be for observation and signaling. Unlike balloons the kites would be almost proof against the enemy's bullets. No real damage could happen to it unless a bullet happened to cut one of the leading ropes, and such a possibility is so remote that it can be eliminated from the question. The kites have other advantages over balloons for war purposes. The whole apparatus can be rolled up in a compact bundle and carried by two men. Everything included, the kites weigh not more than two hundred pounds. A war balloon, on the other hand, must have a special carriage for it, and another cart must accompany it to carry the cables and winding drum. It takes some little time to inflate a balloon, and unless it is kept floating in the air all of the time an ascension cannot be made in

an hour or two after the order is given. The tandem kites, on the contrary, can be unpacked and floated in the air in less than ten minutes. The balloons are dependent upon gas for their successful operation, and the army using them must either carry machinery for manufacturing the gas or for carrying it in compressed form. Otherwise to cut loose from the base of supplies would make the balloons absolutely useless. The kites as now built are neither dependent upon gas nor wind. They can be floated into the air on a still day without difficulty. A complete kite outfit would cost so little compared with a balloon that the two are not to be considered in the same class.

Thus it is that the kite is expected to play an important part in the wars of the future. Within a year or two great improvements will probably be made in manufacturing war kites. Progress in this line is so rapid that the description of the kites of one season will only faintly apply to those six months or a year hence.

It is intimated that kites may prove of great value in other lines in the near future. One is that of life-saving at sea. A modern kite of large dimensions could be put up from the deck of a ship off shore, and it would pull a life-boat or raft to the shore in a few minutes. One could drag a raft with several people on it to safety in a storm if the wind was blowing toward shore. It is thought that kites could be made powerful adjuncts to our present life-boats and life preservers in saving human life at sea, and experiments are being made continually with this object in view.

The old plaything of children for centuries past is thus rapidly growing into great scientific importance. For hundreds of years it was passed by as unworthy of an adult's serious attention; then suddenly the bright idea of some scientist brings it into public notice, and before a decade it enters into the debates of scientific bodies and is made the object of endless discussions and costly experiments.

THE BLACK ASTRONOMER.

BY GABRIELLE MARIE JACOBS.

ABOUT two hundred and twenty years ago, a poor girl named Molly Welsh, a servant on a dairy farm in England, was accused of having stolen some perishable article. Whatever her offense, she was tried, and, by the then rigorous laws of her country, sentenced to transportation, the fact that she could read barring her from still heavier punishment. On her arrival in the New World she was sold as a redemptioner for a period of seven years, to defray the expenses of her transportation. Her purchaser was a tobacco planter on the Patapsco River. She is described as "a person of exceedingly fair complexion and moderate mental powers."

With regard to Molly Welsh's seven years of servitude history is silent, but she determined during that period to become a landholder herself. On obtaining her freedom she purchased for a nominal sum a tract of land a few miles from the present site of Baltimore. In 1692 she bought two negro men from a slave-ship which had just cast anchor in Chesapeake Bay. One of these men was industrious, humble, and trustworthy; the other, named Banneker, the son of an African king, was a man of dignified manners, pleasing disposition, and imposing appearance, but prone to show his royal blood by a marked disinclination for work. At the end of five years their owner liberated both and married Banneker. Four children were born to them.

Banneker lived and died a heathen. His eldest daughter married a native African who had become a Christian, and who, on his baptism by the name of Robert, had received his freedom. On his marriage with Mary Banneker he took her surname, having none of his own. They had one son, named Benjamin, and three daughters.

On March 10, 1737, Robert Gist conveyed to Robert Banneker and Benjamin Banneker, his son, one hundred acres of land, the price being seven thousand pounds of tobacco. This tract was in the wilderness, ten miles from Baltimore, which settlement, in 1740, was surrounded by a board fence as a protection from Indians, and as late as 1754 was a village of scarcely more than twenty houses, straggling along the hills to the right of Jones' Falls.

Benjamin Banneker's English grandmother taught him to read, and sent him to a small school near her residence. Here he learned to write, and studied arithmetic as far as "double position." It speaks well for the character and circumstances of his immediate ancestors that they were both able and willing to give him what, though only a taste of an education, was probably as much as would have fallen to the lot of any peasant youth, at that time, in Europe. He had not reached manhood when he was compelled to become one of the bread-winners of his family. This he did cheerfully; but, while engaged in the rough labor of the pioneer, he lost none of the knowledge he had acquired, and continually added to it. He was able to borrow few books and to purchase fewer still, but so diligently did he use his few advantages and opportunities that, long before he had reached middle age, he was regarded as one of the best informed men of his day and locality.

His earliest achievement was the construction of the first clock in the valley of the Patapsco, and probably the first of which every portion was made in America. Banneker, who was then about thirty years of age, had never seen a clock. He used a watch as his model, laboriously carving from hard wood the various portions of the mechanism of the clock, and accomplished with infinite painstaking the difficult task of making the hour, minute, and second-hands correspond in their movements.

About this time he purchased from a neighbor a large Bible, in which he recorded his own birth thus:

Benjamin Banneker was born November the 9th, in the year of the Lord God, 1731.

The success of Banneker's invention was the most important event of his life, for some years later it brought him to the notice of two brothers named Ellicott, English Quakers, who, after a successful business career in Pennsylvania, established in Maryland, in 1774, a settlement devoted to milling and manufacturing. They were men of culture, foresight, and sound judgment. They were also highly skilled in mechanics and personally superintended the construction of the flour mills which were the nucleus of the manufacturing and educational center now known as Ellicott City. Soon afterward a store was opened beside the mills. Boarding-houses for the workmen were erected, and the new settlement soon boasted a post-office and a daily mail. Maryland had already two weekly papers—Green's *Maryland Gazette*, established in 1745, and the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, first published in 1774.

From the neighboring farm of Benjamin Banneker and his then widowed mother came a goodly share of the food supplies for the workmen. At this time Banneker was in the vigor of manhood. He was an industrious and thriving farmer. He had horses, cows, and many hives of bees, kept his grounds in fine order, and cultivated a good garden. He and his mother owned seventy-eight acres of the farm purchased from Robert Gist, the remainder having been divided among the three daughters.

The negro inventor spent as much time as possible in studying the, to him, wonderful machinery of the mills. Long after they were built, he continued to find in their operation a source of wonder and delight. Thus he became acquainted not only with the Ellicott family, but with the settlers of the surrounding country, who resorted to the mills with their grain to purchase goods and to receive their letters and newspapers. The mills became the rendezvous of the gentle and the humble of the entire country-side. Among them were men who were able to appreciate Banneker's unusual attainments, great modesty, and general good conduct. With such, he was sometimes induced to lay aside his habitual reserve.

Banneker was forty-five years of age when George Ellicott, one of his youthful friends, loaned to him Mayer's "Tables," Ferguson's "Astronomy," Leadbetter's "Lunar Tables," and a number of mathematical instruments. Their owner forgot to explain the use of the instruments, but Banneker's ingenuity triumphed over his ignorance, and Mr. Ellicott's later explanations were not needed. So impressed was he by Banneker's earnestness and ability that between them sprang up a friendship and sympathy which ended only with their lives. It is recorded of George Ellicott that, at the age of seventeen years, he surveyed the first and shortest highway between Frederick and Baltimore.

These books and instruments opened to the dusky mathematician a new world. Thenceforward astronomy became the great passion of his life. The death of his mother just at this time left him the sole occupant of his little farm-house. Having reduced his material wants to a minimum, he devoted his nights to the observation of the heavenly bodies and his days to mathematical calculation and the unavoidable duties of his farm, reserving only a few hours for sleep. His period of recreation was the twilight hour, when, being a musician and a versifier of some ability, he seated himself beneath a large golden-willow tree in the middle of his orchard and played on the flute or violin the songs of the day, or an accompaniment to his own verses. As soon as darkness fell, he threw himself on the ground, and, wrapped in a heavy cloak, watched through the long night hours the movements of far-distant worlds. Slowly but surely he mastered the laws by which they were governed. His first calculations were based on the tables of Ferguson and Leadbetter, in each of which he discovered one error. Later, he worked from logarithms of his own computation.

Though his astronomical studies were begun at a late period of his life, his unflagging industry and marked success bear striking evidence of his great natural ability. The extraordinary results of his work were achieved at an age when profound study and sustained effort are, to most persons unaccustomed to them, not only irksome, but frequently impossible.

In the meantime, his farm suffered neglect, his reputation for industry became clouded, and his thoughtless neighbors began to speak of him as "a shiftless fellow." A horse and a great-coat were stolen from him, and he was even threatened with murder.

He then endeavored to relieve himself of the care of his farm by renting out the land in small portions, but his tenants were neither punctual nor honest. If he urged the need of what was due him, they became insolent, and he frequently sacrificed his rights in order to preserve peace, once consoling himself with the sententious remark that it was "better to die of hunger than of anger." At length he decided to sell his farm for an annuity. From such data as he could obtain, he carefully calculated the chances of his life, and his unfailing friends, the Ellicott family, purchased his farm on the terms that he proposed, viz.: an annuity of £12 Maryland currency, or $33⅓, with the privilege of residing on the land during his life. This done, he determined to put his knowledge to practical use by publishing an almanac. With no aid from any one, and no tables except his own logarithms, he commenced his laborious task.

In 1790, he was invited by Mr. Andrew Ellicott, a son of one of his patrons, to assist in the work of running the boundary lines of the District of Columbia and surveying the sites for future public buildings. So highly did Commissioners Thomas Johnson, Daniel Carroll, and David Stewart appreciate his efficient service and unobtrusive nature that they begged him to occupy a seat at the dining-table used by them and the surveyors, but he modestly declined to do so, and continued to be served at a side table in the same room.

When he returned to Ellicott's Mills, he expressed pleasure in the work in which he had assisted, and described the commissioners as "a very civil set of gentlemen, who overlooked my complexion." He spoke lightly of his share of the work, but boasted

that he had achieved a victory in having conquered his one weakness—a besetting fondness for drink. He did not take a single drop of intoxicating liquor during his entire service as assistant surveyor. He said: "I feared to trust myself even with wine, lest it should steal away the little sense I have."

He immediately resumed work on his almanac, which bore the following title: "Benjamin Banneker's Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland Almanack and Ephemeris for the year of our Lord 1792, being bissextile or leap-year, and the sixteenth year of American Independence, which commenced July 4, 1776. Containing the motions of the sun and moon, the true plans and aspects of the planets, the rising and setting of the sun, the rising, setting, and southing, place, and age of the moon, etc. The lunations, conjunctions, eclipses, judgment of the weather, festivals, and remarkable days."

At this time Banneker was in his sixty-first year. His almanac, financially as well as scientifically, was a success. It was published by Goddard and Angell, a Baltimore firm. It contained a brief notice of Banneker, written by Hon. James McHenry. The publishers gave the author a flattering editorial notice, announcing "a complete and accurate ephemeris for the year 1792, calculated by a sable son of Africa." They bespoke support for the work, not only for its intrinsic merits, "it having met the approbation of several of the most distinguished astronomers of America," but to controvert "the long-established, illiberal prejudice against the blacks."

So rare are copies of this almanac that there is none even in the Library of Congress. Some years ago, leading dealers in old and rare books estimated its value at $50 per copy.

Banneker felt that he had earned respect for his race, and he sent to Thomas Jefferson, then secretary of state, a manuscript copy of his production. It was accompanied by a long letter, in which he advocated, in remarkably pure English, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He reminded Jefferson of the war by which, in spite of much discouragement, and seemingly by a miracle, was conquered the tyranny of the British crown; he declared that the freedom enjoyed by the white population of the country was "the peculiar blessing of heaven," and, in the deathless words of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," etc., he plead for the liberty of his own race. To this letter Jefferson replied as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, August 30, 1791.

SIR:

I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 19th instant and for the almanac it contained. Nobody wishes more than I do to see such proofs as you exhibit that nature has given to our black brethren talents equal to other colors of men, and that the appearance of a want of them is owing merely to the degraded condition of their existence, both in Africa and America. I can add with truth that nobody wishes more ardently to see a good system commenced for raising the condition both of their body and mind to what it ought to be, as fast as the imbecility of their present existence, and other circumstances which cannot be neglected, will admit.

I have taken the liberty of sending your almanac to Monsieur de Condorcet, secretary of the Academy of Science at Paris, and member of the Philanthropic Society, because I considered it as a document to which your whole color had a right, for their justification against the doubts which have been entertained of them.

I am with great esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, THOMAS JEFFERSON,

Mr. Benjamin Banneker,

Near Ellicott's Lower Mills, Baltimore Co.

M. de Condorcet left on record his high appreciation of the work in question. Banneker continued to publish an almanac each year until 1802, when age and infirmity compelled him to relinquish his labors. It has been said that "all who had known his grandfather, the African prince, conceded that it was from him that the student grandson inherited the fine qualities of mind through which the name of Banneker became famous." Would it not be fair to consider that it was from his English grandmother that he inherited at least the energy by which he was enabled to conquer difficulties and achieve greatness?

Banneker's skin was not of the blackest hue, but his features were of the African type. His hair was long and pure white, and his favorite attire was gray cloth of a fine quality, and a broad-brimmed hat. He was never identified with any religious body, but frequently worshiped in Quaker meeting-houses, on which occasions he leaned on his staff in reverent attitude.

His home was a log cottage, one story in height. Its situation was not only pleasing, but admirably adapted to the study of natural phenomena, the various phases of which were the life-long delight of the dark-hued sage. The cottage commanded a view of the near and distant hills and the Patapsco River, one half mile away. In the middle of the cottage stood a large oval table, covered with books and papers, for Banneker's reputation as a mathematician kept him in constant correspondence with other men eminent in the same science.

His greatest error was in the computation of the duration of his own life, for he lived eight years longer than he had estimated, but the Ellicott family generously paid his annuity until his death. He died suddenly, after a noonday walk, October 9, 1804. While his funeral was in progress, two days later, his cottage, with nearly all its contents, was burned to the ground. Fortunately the oval table, the books, manuscript, and mathematical instruments, which he had bequeathed to Mr. George Ellicott, had already been carried to that gentleman, and the large Bible which Banneker had long owned and read had been taken away by one of his sisters, and is still in the possession of her descendants.

Banneker had always enjoyed the blessings of freedom, for he was the son of free parents, and the right of suffrage in Maryland was not restricted to free white males until 1809. Neither the site of his birthplace nor his grave was ever marked by a memorial. He was buried on a hill-side, near to his own property, but, by the strange irony of fate, the exact location of his grave is now unknown. A public school building for colored pupils in Washington, D. C., known as the "Banneker" school, is believed to be the only monument to the genius of the negro who, at the dawn of the nineteenth century, foreshadowed the advancement of his race which marks that century's close.

SOCIAL PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

BY ALFRED FOUILLÉE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE French Revolution in rightly destroying privileges and monopolies, as did the reform in England, went so far as to destroy the very principle of association. This was its great mistake. The Revolution believed that in doing this it only established democracy; but it opened the way for plutocracy. When once men were declared free, equal, and brothers but not rendered so, what was to be the principal sign of social superiority in a civilization becoming more and more industrial? Riches. Besides, under this rule of pretended equality capital alone had the right of associating, and it profited by it. Financial excesses broke out in the new society like a disease. The people excited by their tribunes saw only the evil. From this sprang that plausible appearance which excesses of capitalism gave to accusations against capital itself. The uninformed crowd perceived only the surface phenomena and the exceptional abuses. How could they comprehend the social and economic causes by which intelligent men knew how to profit, the services that certain of these men might render to all while enriching themselves?

The character of the most sociable nation was to undergo in the highest degree the rebound of a new order of things which left individuals at swords' points with each other. Conditions, formerly almost im-

movable, were thrown into confusion by the Revolution. Instead of each one remaining in his native sphere, the members of the different classes underwent a sort of sudden stirring up, which elevated some, lowered others, enriched these, ruined those. Ambitions could not fail to be excited by this movement; *nemo sorte sua contentus* took on a sharp reality; the dislocation of the old state of things made people dream of even greater upheavals.

It must be recognized, also, that the evils of former times had been replaced by others. The introduction of machines and the development of manufactures changed the conditions of workmen. As the Revolution had left workmen isolated like grains of sand, the famous law of supply and demand could not act in its sincerity. Finally, the new organization enveloped a contradiction which could not fail to become visible with the progress of science and industrial implements. On one hand, science rendered these implements less and less individual, more and more collective and social, by incorporating in them the scientific work of generations; on the other hand, the state scarcely allowed any other great association than itself to exist in France. From this there was finally to result the thought of entrusting to the state the social management. Thus socialism took its birth from the excess of an individualism which had no other curb than the state itself.

By the side of all these evils in the new social state, did not good still exist, less apparent because it concealed itself, less noisy because it acted in place of speaking? The fundamental virtue of the economic order is work, with its complement, economy. Idleness certainly has not increased among the French people during this century, and economy has become greater in France than in any other nation, with the result that capital is more widely disseminated there than anywhere else. Here is a first step in social progress.

In England there are only 200,000 holders of national bonds, with an average revenue of $555.75; in France there are 4,000,000, with an average revenue of $780. For one English creditor of his government there are seventeen French creditors of theirs. With us it is the people with small incomes whose labor has amassed the $780,000,000 of the savings-banks distributed among 8,600,000 bank-books; it is the peasants, the steady workmen, the employees, the humble citizens who own the stocks of the railroads.

Thus while by their labor and by their spirit of order they were acquiring the soil upon which they were born, our agriculturists found means to make those little accumulated savings to which foreign nations are happy to have recourse. The French peasant, the principal owner of the French soil, has become, in our day, the money-lender of kings. Statistics show that the French are in great majority the owners of their own homes. England is a nation of tenants; France a nation of proprietors. We may well ask, where are in France those exterior signs of real and definite decadence; decrease of work, indifference of the peasant to the soil, great uncultivated lands? Nowhere else does there exist such a proportion of proprietors or such an attachment to the family property and home.

In France the system of ownership and inheritance, such as the Revolution established, could not fail to produce particular and original results. The law which prescribes the almost equal division of inheritances among the children has doubtless been one of the causes to which is due the insufficiency in the development of our race, which is our greatest peril. But from the social standpoint this equal division of inheritances has produced the diffusion if not of riches at least of well-being. There are scarcely any great fortunes now in France which go back to three or four generations; those as old as this are maintained only by marriages which bring in new subsidies. At the same time that the great landed properties have been divided by death the number of small owners has increased without interruption. You will see in the country to-day pieces of ground where divisibility has been pushed to its last limit. Collectivists announce the reformation of the

large estate, but for one domain which is rebuilt ten inheritances are parceled out. This parceling out ends by producing at certain points a sort of rural proletariat. The wage-earners of this proletariat, not having a portion of soil sufficient to retain them, become fascinated by the apparently higher salaries of the cities, and especially by the more agreeable life of which military service has given them the illusion. They emigrate toward the great cities, and here is one of the worst sides of the present situation in France. As to their bit of land, it finally passes into the hands of proprietors who cultivate it themselves. It is this last movement which ends in taking it away altogether. Economists draw from this this conclusion: in place of a financial feudalism exploiting the country we see a financial democracy developed.

It remains to be seen whether the economists perceive all the elements of the question and give each its legitimate place. Does the development of the financial democracy, which is incontestible, exclude the financial aristocracy, which may very well exist in the face of the democracy itself? The economists seem to us to pass too much in silence the facts of concentration. Certain great financial fortunes have disappeared, remarks M. D'Avenel, but they have been replaced by much greater fortunes. Owing to certain industrial, commercial, and financial enterprises there have been concentrated in certain hands immense fortunes of international rather than French origin, which unite, it is claimed, under three or four heads as much as ten or twenty billion francs, while the wealth of France is valued at three hundred billions.

France is, however, far from offering the spectacle that the countries especially industrial present, where concentration goes on increasing until it produces real monopolies. We are only at the day-break of great capitalistic syndicates.

If free competition made the life of ancient capitalistic individualism, it is certain that it is gradually being broken down at many points by immense national and international companies. In many countries the protective system only favors this movement. On this account it is difficult not to foresee the moment when it will be necessary, in order to protect the public against the great companies, to establish a law in regard to syndicates which shall have to do with the different relations into which individuals may enter; associations of capitalists, associations of workmen, and, finally, the state.

One movement of major social importance is the decline of revenues and interest. The lowering of land rents, in spite of all protective laws, continues to be effected under our eyes. City property itself is diminishing in returns and value. The loan will doubtless never become gratuitous because it is the price of a service rendered to the borrower who cannot demand the service, but, as a result of economic laws, the loan tends unceasingly to approach gratuity without reaching it. Two elements constitute interest, the recompense of the capital and the premium on the risk. These two elements have been decreasing in France as elsewhere. Production having increased unceasingly, saving upon production has also increased, and the amount of capital offered upon the market becoming enormous, the law of supply and demand could not fail to lower the rate of interest. Capital in increasing more and more becomes its own rival and limits its profits. Acting in this fashion by the slow laws of nature, the fall of interest, the economists say, is eating away pacifically but surely the revenues of the idle.

The constant fall of prices by the contraction of exchanges and the depression that it makes production undergo tends to lower wages. Here is one of its bad results. However, there is a minimum of subsistence below which wages cannot decrease and which is not as elastic as the minimum of profit and rent. Although rent and profit may fall to zero the diminution of wages, happily, cannot go to the point of compromising, on the average, the life of the workman. Besides, as in the preceding period the workman reached a sort

of better life with new needs, his legitimate resistance to the lowering of wages is greater and more efficient. From this double cause comes this happy fact, that wages do not diminish as much as profits or revenues. Here is an advantage and an element of progress for the working class, who thus find themselves ascending, although very slowly, while others descend and while the revenues of capitalists diminish.

It may be added that, on the whole, science has a liberating tendency; it works for all. The effect of machinery has been to increase what economists call the product of human effort, that is to say its productive power and utility, by the simultaneous utilization of the forces of nature. Now, in spite of the inconveniences it caused at first, two happy effects have resulted from it: first, the lowering of the price of the product, which thus became accessible to a greater number of consumers and to the workers themselves; and second, an increase of wages.

Nor is this all. In proportion as the remuneration for work increased the duration of this work diminished. Fifty years ago the working day in factories, manufactories, and most shops was twelve hours at the minimum; days of thirteen and even fourteen hours were not rare. To-day it is difficult to determine an average, because the duration of a day's work varies according to the region and the time of year; nevertheless the length of the real day of work has been placed by economists at ten hours and a half, and two thirds of the days are of ten to twelve hours.

Of what does it avail, some one asks, that wages are increasing if living is becoming dearer? This is, in truth, one of the bad sides of the situation, but statistics prove that the increase of wages very much exceeds that of food and clothing and that the material condition of workmen is becoming better.

Other considerations show that the amelioration of the lot of workmen is real. Fifty years ago when industry was setting out from the chaotic period the workman had to be content with his actual wages without any accessory advantages. To-day in all the great industries of transportation, mining, metallurgy, the manufacture of chemical products, and in very many of the spinning and weaving mills the workmen receive gratuitous aid in case of sickness and profit by a retiring pension, not to speak of other accessory advantages, such as gratuitous heat, cheap lodgings, etc. It is difficult to estimate strictly how much these advantages enter into the increase of well-being, but it is manifest that this increase is very appreciable.

If certain capitalist concentrations have been able to be produced and become unjust in our century, it is because they have to deal with mere shapes of men. The English labor unions by their cohesion and discipline have succeeded in making the great manufacturers bend to their wishes. The Knights of Labor in the New World have also undertaken the economic redemption of workmen.

Is France, as it has been claimed, particularly rebellious to this last form of progress? How many theories, paradoxes, and commonplaces have been announced with regard to the greater or less development among different people of the spirit of association. It has been maintained that this spirit is very mediocre in France on account of some fatality of race. According to some we are too individualistic, according to others not enough so. Foreigners ask with irony how the people who call themselves the most sociable happen to have so few societies and associations. Are the English individualists more sociable than the French, they say?

No, but the very excess of sociability is not always a good mental condition for the development of particular associations. The French mind has an aspiration toward the universal. It loves general ideas, and, moreover, because of its sociability it applies them voluntarily to others, to all humanity, as well as to itself. When it is individualistic it is so for itself and radically without concerning itself as freely as other nations with particular groups and

particular associations; these do not offer to its view either the universality with which it is charmed or the personal and individual liberty with which it is equally charmed. This is why a spirit too rationalistic, joined with a sociability too universal and too undetermined, has little favored the development of associations which involve interests common to a group and by that very fact a utilitarian preoccupation.

And yet, although still inferior to those of Germany and Italy, cooperative societies are increasing in France. Our 1,200 societies of consumption have a considerable number of adherents. Our cooperative credit societies, still too few, include 26 popular banks and 126 agricultural associations.

The association of capital was the first and dominant phenomenon of the first two thirds of this century in France, as elsewhere. We owe to this an extraordinary development of industry and riches; but it has favored the spirit of speculation and is rightfully reproached for having done nothing to develop morally the persons associated. A new fact marks the last third of our century; it is the appearance of the second economic type of association, that of persons united by contract. Machinery itself, after having put the personality of the workman in bondage, tends to-day toward his emancipation.

The law has authorized professional unions, while at the same time demanding that they confine themselves to their proper functions. An unfortunate tendency of the labor union, which commences to show itself even in England, is to return to the principle of the closed corporation by limiting the number of workmen of the same trade. With us the unions manifest this tendency to privilege even more. It leads them to an abuse of power analogous to that with which they reproach the coalitions of capital, but much more violent and injurious. Our syndicates have yielded to a double temptation; that of imposing their tyranny upon all workmen and of imposing themselves upon the public powers as the exclusive representatives of the world of workmen. In France the chiefs of labor organizations engage in politics much more than they do in work.

However, economists agree that for ten syndicates more or less illegally constituted and dangerous, there are a hundred which conform to law and render the greatest services. We have in France nearly 6,000 unions, 1,818 unions of employers, 2,378 labor unions, and 1,800 agricultural unions.

The very wealth and power of labor associations will result in becoming guarantees of moderation. In England before running the risk of losing their reserves the associations weigh with care the chances of success, and do not risk themselves lightly. If in France the unions are responsible for great abuses, this is in part because they are not yet so powerfully organized as in England. Their numerical inferiority insures also their moral inferiority by giving them over to unscrupulous leaders, to excitable young men, to extremists. In the measure that they become stronger and larger they will see this violent minority drowned in the mass; resolutions which bind all the members will be taken with greater reflection and more maturity. Besides, the very power of these associations by the fear inspired in employers will dispense with the necessity of strikes.

But the abuse of power must be feared and bridled. We may some day see a federation of unions appear, a government within a government, without duty and without responsibility, dictating orders to eight million workmen, stopping work according to its caprices. Do the workmen comprehend that the members of this great federation will be named not by universal suffrage, but by a suffrage of two or three degrees and usually by an infinite minority of electors? Do they believe that those elected will have the capacity to govern according to the wishes of all the bodies of the state? It is on this side that society must defend itself. Our present laws in regard to unions assure their most complete irresponsibility, permit them to change into secret societies, and confer upon them a perpetual ownership. Here are dangers which demand the attention of the legislator.

THE TYRANT BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

BY EDMUND VANCE.

AH, yes, old friend, I'd gladly spend
A peaceful time together,
To idly walk and read and talk
And love the world and weather.
But faith! my dear, see who comes here
To mock at all we utter;
I take his blow, I humbly go—
What he commands, that must be so—
For he is Bread-and-Butter.

I haste along to join the throng
Who slave at book and barrow—
"Your pardon, pray, you're in my way;
This walk is rather narrow.
What! you resist? By foot and fist,
Good sir, go seek the gutter!"
'Tis rude, I know, but men are so
And give each other blow for blow,
Impelled by Bread-and-Butter.

How glad the hue of softest blue
Which fills the sky above us!
How fair the scene of restful green;
Ah, sure the gods must love us.
The bright springtime, the summer's prime,
The fall with leaves a-flutter,
The winter's birth—yes, all the earth
Is beautiful, but beauty's worth
Is naught to Bread-and-Butter.

Alas! sweet art, that we must part,
But so decrees the tyrant.
Ambition rest, nor beat your breast,
For you're a vain aspirant.
Love, go your way. Quick, quick, obey!
'Tis treason that you mutter.
Why, what are you that claims a due
Against the power all grovel to—
The tyrant Bread-and-Butter?

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.

The Philippine Campaign. Because of the exchange of troops and the violent storms and unusual rainfall of the rainy season military operations were practically suspended during July and the first half of August. An exception was the capture of Calamba, a town about thirty miles southeast of Manila on Laguna de Bay, by an expedition under General Hall, on July 26. Four days later the Filipinos made an attempt to regain possession of the place but were readily repulsed. The inactivity of the army in the field was compensated by elaborate preparations for an energetic campaign at the opening of the dry season. The recruiting of the new volunteer regiments went rapidly forward, and the Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Regiments were expected to be ready to sail early in September. A plan was formed to strengthen the cavalry branch of the service by sending eight troops of the Third United States Cavalry to Manila and organizing a new volunteer regiment on the plan of the Rough Riders for service there. These reinforcements, it was estimated, would bring General Otis' forces up to 48,000 men.

MAJ.-GEN. ELWELL S. OTIS.

The fleet in the Philippines was also increased by the purchase of thirteen of the boats used by Spain in policing the islands. Most of these are gunboats of light draft which will be valuable in the lagoons and rivers of Luzon, where the Filipinos have heretofore been able to elude pursuit.

General Otis and the Reporters. Dissatisfaction with General Otis' censorship of the press led the newspaper correspondents at Manila to cable statements from Hongkong, on July 17, to the effect that important items of news had been suppressed and too optimistic a view of the situation in the Philippines given to the public. The text of the complaint, which was signed by the correspondents of the *New York Herald* and *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *New York Sun*, *Chicago Record*, *Chicago Tribune*, Associated Press, and Scripps McKae Association, was as follows:

We believe that, owing to official dispatches from Manila made public in Washington, the people of the United States have not received a correct impression of the situation in the Philippines, but that these dispatches have presented an ultra-optimistic view that is not shared by the general officers in the field.

We believe the dispatches incorrectly represent the existing conditions among the Philippines in respect to dissension and demoralization resulting from the American campaign and to the brigand character of their army.

We believe the dispatches err in the declaration that "the situation is well in hand," and in the assumption that the insurrection can be speedily ended without a greatly increased force.

We think the tenacity of the Filipino purpose has been underestimated, and that the statements are unfounded that volunteers are willing to engage in further service.

The censorship has compelled us to participate in this misrepresentation by excising or altering uncontroverted statements of facts on the plea, as General Otis stated, that "they would alarm the people at home" or "have the people of the United States by the ears."

Specifications: prohibition of hospital reports;

suppression of full reports of field operations in the event of failure; numbers of heat prostrations in the field; systematic minimization of naval operations, and suppression of complete reports of the situation.

The administration, after considering the matter, decided to ignore it and leave General Otis free to deal with the correspondents as he saw fit. A dispatch from him made public by the War Department a few days later denied that he had consciously sent misrepresentations but said that his dispatches had perhaps been too conservative at times. He expressed the opinion that it would be unwise to punish the correspondents for their disregard of military authority, as they were evidently courting martyrdom.

SECRETARY JOHN HAY.

As considerable criticism of General Otis' conduct of the war followed the publication of the statement and rumors of a plan to supersede him were rife, President McKinley took occasion to quiet them by sending him an expression of confidence in his ability and judgment, and assurances that his course met with the hearty approval of the government.

The Alaskan Boundary Dispute.

Although the indefinite postponement of further sessions of the Anglo-American Joint Commission, which followed closely upon the return of Senator Fairbanks from a visit of investigation to Alaska, looked unfavorable for the settlement of the boundary dispute by direct negotiations, yet early in August Washington authorities were hopeful that at least a temporary understanding might be reached by negotiations being carried on through Secretary Hay and Mr. Tower of the British Embassy in Washington.

The point at dispute is briefly this: The Alaskan boundary was determined by a treaty between Russia and England, made in 1825. This convention declared that the boundary should run from the head of Portland Canal along "the summit of the moun-

tains situated parallel to the coast" till it reached the 141st meridian and thence north to the Arctic Ocean. Later it was found that for most of this distance there were no ranges parallel to the coast, but another article of the treaty provided that when the mountains "shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the coast" the boundary should be "a line parallel to the windings of the coast and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." It is the question of deciding what "parallel to the windings of the coast" means that has caused the misunderstanding. The Americans claim that the thirty miles should be measured from the head of navigable water in the several bays which indent the coast, while the Canadians assert that the boundary should run parallel with a line extending from headland to headland across these indentations. The boundary Great Britain claims would transfer to Canadian sovereignty Dyea and Skaguay, two towns built up largely by Americans; while the American claim would cut Canada off from a port upon Lynn Canal, the entrance to the passes running overland to the Yukon gold regions. Early in August it was thought that perhaps a compromise might be reached by granting Canada a free port upon Lynn Canal. Although the proceedings of the Joint High Commission have not been given to the public, it is understood that both parties were willing to submit the question of the disputed territory to arbitration, but the Americans insisted that the third arbitrator should be a South American, while the British delegation stood out for a European. Considerable comment was evoked late in July by a speech of Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Opposition, in the Canadian House of Commons, in which he proposed that in order to bring the United States to accept Canada's terms, the Canadian Parliament should pass a bill excluding all but British subjects from mining privileges in the Yukon region. This proposal was not supported by the Canadian premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, who counseled moderation for a time at least.

HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

SENATOR C. W. FAIRBANKS.

The Transvaal Crisis. The concessions made by the Boer Volksraad were not immediately accepted as sufficient by the British government, but a disposition was manifested to wait and see if they were genuine and would not be counteracted by

further legislation. The gravity of the situation is shown in the following extract from a speech delivered by Secretary Chamberlain in the House of Commons, July 28:

The question is one of our predominance, and it is a question of peace throughout the whole of South Africa. Our prestige is being hindered by the present state of things, and it is absolutely necessary that the matter shall be settled satisfactorily.

Immediate and substantial representation for the Uitlanders is required. The latest proposal of President Krüger marks the first advance in the business. The government regards it as evidence of a conciliatory spirit and a real advance from the previous proposals, and hopes to find in it a basis of satisfactory settlement. The government has made no threats and issued no ultimatum, and it is not going to hurry. While the government intends to exhaust all moral pressure, it has come to the conclusion that the grievances of the Uitlanders are substantial. It has taken up the case, and will not rest until a conclusion satisfactory in its opinion has been reached. I anticipate that the government's efforts will be successful, though the situation is undoubtedly a difficult and anxious one.

At the same session of the House Mr. Chamberlain announced that he had proposed to President Krüger that the new franchise law be submitted to a body of expert, influential South African lawyers, who should decide whether it gives the Uitlanders adequate political rights.

CAPT. ALFRED DREYFUS.

M. DE STAAL.
Chairman of the Peace Conference.

The Dreyfus Trial Opened.

General de Gallifet, minister of war, has won unbounded admiration by the way he has shown himself master of the situation in France. Twice during the past month he had the courage to remove officers high in power; the first was General Pellieux, transferred from the important command of the Paris garrison to the insignificant post at Guimper because he was detected in a falsehood in a matter connected with Colonel Picquart; the second was General de Négrier, removed from command and from membership in the Supreme Council of War because of an address censuring the government. General Gallifet further displayed firmness in instructing Major Carrière, the government's representative at the Dreyfus court-martial, that the new trial was to be limited to the points enumerated by the Court of Cassation, viz., the authority of the *bordereau* and the betrayal of the documents mentioned in it. These instructions greatly limited the scope of the trial, but Dreyfus himself was anxious for a full acquittal of any possible charges and M. Mazeau, president of the Court of Cassation, was quoted as saying that it was legally impossible to circumscribe the inquiry

at Rennes. In the meantime preparations were completed for the trial, which opened August 7. The government was said to have summoned seventy witnesses, among them five ex-ministers of war, ex-President Casimir-Perier, Count Esterhazy, Colonel Picquart, Col. Paty du Clam, and numerous other important personages. Extra telegraph instruments and operators were provided and arrangements made for the accommodation of journalists, so that full reports of the trial might be promptly given to the public.

The Peace Conference. The delegates to the Peace Conference at The Hague ended their labors July 29th. As a result of their deliberations a formidable document was framed for submission to the various governments represented. The protocol summarizes the work of the conference and enumerates three conventions and three declarations as follows:

First—A convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes.

Second—A convention concerning the laws and customs of war on land.

Third—A convention for the adaptation to naval warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864.

Three declarations concerning (1) the prohibition of the throwing of projectiles or explosives from balloons or by other analogous means; (2) the prohibition of the use of projectiles having for their sole object the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases, and (3) the prohibition of the use of bullets that will expand easily in the human body.

The following expressions of opinion are also embodied in the protocol:

First—The limitation of military charges, which at present oppress the world, is greatly to be desired for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind.

Second—The question of the rights and duties of neutrals should be inscribed on the program of a conference to be held at an early date.

Third—Questions relative to the type and calibre of rifles and naval artillery should be the subject of study by the different governments with the view to arriving eventually at a uniform solution by means of a further conference.

Fourth—A special conference should be shortly convened for the purpose of revising the Geneva convention.

Fifth—The following questions should be reserved for the examination of future conferences: (1) A proposal tending to declare the inviolability of private property during war on land, and (2) A proposal regulating the question of the bombardment of ports, towns, and villages by naval forces.

The various conventions and declarations required separate signatures; sixteen governments, through their delegates, signed the first convention, fifteen the second, and

COLONEL PICQUART.

fifteen the third; seventeen the first declaration, sixteen the second, and fifteen the third. The final act reviewing the work of the Congress and recommending future conferences was signed by all the twenty-seven countries represented.

The United States signed the first convention, providing for a permanent arbitration tribunal, but expressly stipulated that nothing in the convention should be construed as binding the United States to interfere in European matters or tolerate interference in American affairs. The American delegates also signed the first declaration, but declined to sign the second, because their instructions forbade their

taking steps to restrain the development of inventive genius in implements of war. They refused to sign the third declaration, because it prohibits only a certain form of bullet and permits others equally cruel. A marked feature of the convention was the prominent part taken by and accorded to the American delegates, and another was the almost complete unanimity of the American and British representatives.

The work of the conference is, of course, not binding upon the respective governments until it has been ratified by their treaty-making powers, hence it is impossible to say yet how much it accomplished in practical results, but its work as an educational force is of great importance. The czar may well congratulate himself on having been the leader in such a movement, even though the reduction of armaments, the main purpose of the convention, was not accomplished.

JUTARO KOMURA.
Japanese Minister to the United States.

Japan's New Place Among the Nations.

Ever since the China-Japanese War the world has realized that a new star has appeared in the constellation of nations, but not until last summer was Japan formally recognized as an equal by the civilized powers. On July 17 treaties went into effect with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, and Peru, and on August 4 with France and Austria, which acknowledge Japan as holding equal rank with the countries named. By the new treaties the special rights of foreigners in Japan are abolished; instead of being amenable to the laws and consul of their own country, as formerly, they are subject to Japanese laws and jurisdiction. On the other hand, the whole of Japan is now open to foreign residents and trade. Under the old treaties foreigners could not purchase property, or carry on trade, or travel without a special permit, outside of the five treaty ports.

President Heureux Assassinated.

On July 26, Gen. Ulisses Heureux, president of the Dominican Republic, was slain at Moca, whither he had gone to quell an insurrection anticipated there. His assassin was a man whose father Heureux caused to be put to death some years ago. Upon Heureux's death Vice-president Figuero, of the republic, immediately assumed the presidency, but there seemed evidence that he would not be permitted a peaceful administration, as armed uprisings were occurring in various places under the leadership of Juan Isidro Jiminez, a revolutionary leader who has several times attempted to become dictator of the country. The United States ordered the cruiser *New Orleans* and the gunboat *Machias* to Santo Domingo to look after American interests. Heureux was a prominent figure in West Indian politics. He was elected president of the Dominican Republic in 1882 and served one term. In 1887 he was again elected and had served continuously up to the time of his death.

A New Secretary of War. On the 1st of August Gen. Russell A. Alger retired from President McKinley's cabinet and the Hon. Elihu Root succeeded him as secretary of war. Mr. Root is a prominent New York lawyer and is said to have been chosen in preference to a military man because of the number of law points likely to arise in determining upon a form of government for our new colonies. Mr. Root seems to enjoy in a large measure the confidence of the country in taking up his new and difficult duties.

The Cleveland Street Car Strike. The prompt action of Mayor Farley in calling out the militia put an end to what was practically a Reign of Terror in Cleveland. On July 17, the employees of the Big Consolidated Street Car Company again went out on strike, claiming that the company had violated the agreement entered into three weeks before. For a time riot reigned supreme, the strikers or their friends even going so far as to make repeated use of dynamite to destroy cars and other railroad property. Troops to the number of 1,300 were called to Cleveland before order was restored. In the presence of force the strike assumed another form; a boycott was instituted so rigid that people riding upon Big Consolidated cars could barely purchase the necessaries of life, especially in the outlying districts, and the cars, though running regularly, were almost deserted. Early in August most of the troops had left the city and the boycott seemed giving way.

Strikes in Brooklyn and New York. The middle of July an abortive attempt to produce a strike on the lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was made by the union workmen. About a thousand men took part in the strike, mainly on the old Nassau lines, but they were not supported by the majority of the employees and after a week, during which some rioting occurred, the strike practically died out. An attempted strike on the underground electric lines of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, which occurred at the same time, shared a similar fate. The principal grievance of the strikers was the alleged violation of the ten-hour law. Governor Roosevelt has directed the State Board of Arbitration to ascertain whether or not the law is being disregarded.

Pingree's Plan Defeated. The attempt of Governor Pingree to obtain three-cent street-car fares for the city of Detroit was again thwarted during the second week of July, by the vote of the city council not to grant the "working" franchise asked by the governor. It will be remembered that last spring Governor Pingree was made one of a commission of three authorized by the Michigan legislature to arrange for the municipal ownership of the Detroit street railways. The commission entered into negotiations with the railway companies for the purchase of their lines for $17,500,000, but the supreme court of the state decided that the city could not constitutionally own the roads. Thereupon the governor planned to organize a company which should purchase the roads, establish three-cent fares, and agree to sell out to the city whenever it could constitutionally purchase. The street-car companies were ready to sell providing they were guaranteed by a "security franchise" which provided that if either interest or principal were not paid as agreed upon, the street-car system should revert to the original owners with a forty-eight-year franchise. The "security franchise" was embodied in an ordinance which passed the city council but was vetoed by Mayor Maybury and lacked sufficient votes in the council to be passed over the mayor's veto.

The street railway companies, who had introduced three-cent fares pending the conclusion of the purchase, returned to the old charge of five cents. A noteworthy feature of the struggle was the solid opposition of the Detroit papers to the governor's plan. They claimed that the purchase price was more than the roads were worth and that the new company would not be able to pay expenses and interest on its bonds and thus the old companies would be sure to regain

possession, with their franchise extended. Governor Pingree does not admit permanent defeat. It is said that he will bring the issue before the people by becoming a candidate for mayor.

Conventions. The twenty thousand Epworth Leaguers who met at Indianapolis, July 20–23, were an enthusiastic company and enjoyed to the full the hospitality of the city and the excellencies of a program crowded full of helpful services. Although the convention was an international one the Methodist Episcopal churches of the United States and Canada naturally furnished most of the delegates and the meeting gave renewed evidence of the disappearance of sectional lines. According to the report of the general secretary, the Epworth League now numbers 26,450 chapters, with a membership of more than 1,750,000. During the last two years chapters have been organized in Liberia, Hawaii, Alaska, and Russia. The next international convention of the League will be held in San Francisco in 1901.

The thirty-eighth annual session of the National Educational Association was held at Los Angeles during the second week of July. The low rates and many side excursions, as well as the character of the meeting itself, attracted a large number of teachers from all parts of the Union.

Robert G. Ingersoll. On July 21st the great agnostic died suddenly at his summer home at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. It is difficult for his contemporaries to form an impartial judgment of this man, who for years was the most prominent opponent of the Christian faith, or to measure the extent of his influence. A profound and logical investigator he never was, and throughout his life failed to comprehend the underlying spirit of Christianity. His scathing satire and ridicule of dogmas, which he mistook for vital principles, doubtless influenced many who failed to detect his sophistries, but they could not permanently affect the church, unless, perchance, by leading it to place less emphasis upon non-essentials and more upon the unassailable Christ. While best known as an agnostic lecturer Colonel Ingersoll attained note as a lawyer and politician. His success in all these lines was due to his talent of oratory. He had a creditable but not brilliant record as colonel in the Civil War. He was a native of Dresden, N. Y., and the son of a Liberal Congregational minister. The persecutions his father endured at the hands of orthodoxy are said to have caused his intolerance of Christianity.

Obituary. On July 18, Col. A. L. Hawkins, commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, died on the transport *Senator*, which was bearing the regiment home from Manila. His body was brought home for burial. Colonel Hawkins had done gallant service with his men in the Philippines and his death before reaching home, after he had endured the rigors of the campaign, was especially sad. His home was at Washington, Pa. He had been talked of in connection with the nomination for state treasurer of his state.

On the same day occurred the death of Horatio Alger, the well-known writer of boys' stories, at Natick, Mass. Mr. Alger wrote in all about seventy stories, of which "Ragged Dick" is perhaps the most popular. He aimed to make honesty and industry attractive to young readers and the favor his books enjoy attests his success.

The Baroness de Rothschild, whose generosity helped to brighten so many lives, died in Paris July 20, at the age of seventy-four.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, a daughter of Chief Justice Chase and wife of a former governor of Rhode Island, died at Washington, July 31. She was a woman of remarkable beauty and brilliant social qualities and was one of the leaders of Washington society in ante-bellum days.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Educational.

No man can have more at heart the interests of American universities than President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, who has been connected with so many of them and is now at the head of one of the largest. That he knows their history, appreciates their worth, realizes their dangers, and holds for their future the highest hopes and ideals his volume on "University Problems"* proves. The initiatory address is that delivered at the opening of Johns Hopkins University in 1876, the second served on a similar occasion at the University of California, and the remainder were delivered at various observances at Johns Hopkins, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Washington and Lee, the Columbian Exposition, etc. President Gilman uses a scholarly, dignified style, his pages are rich in illustration, and his sentiments are so sound and his ideas so practical that one is assured that in the hands of such stanch advocates and wise directors the future of our schools of higher learning is bright.

The history of education and educational movements are subjects with which teachers should be familiar. A series of books which give information of this kind is known as "The Great Educators." These books are largely biographical in nature, but the authors, while delineating individual characters and describing achievements, are at the same time setting forth in a most admirable way the principal events of educational history. "Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States"† is the title of one of this series, and the author, Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, has employed his usually clear and elegant literary style to give the readers an idea of the great influence of Horace Mann on the educational movement in the United States. The influence of the Arnolds‡ on education in England is set forth by Sir Joshua Fitch in an easy, attractive style, and the author also gives his estimate of Matthew Arnold's position as a poet in connection with interesting biographical details. Rousseau and his system of education is the theme of a third volume‖ of this series, which is written by Thomas Davidson, and with a facile pen the author points out the fallacies of "Émile, ou de l'éducation." His criticisms, which are keen and perspicuous, are founded on Rousseau's works, many selections from which are included in the text of the book.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has been a leading spirit in educational reform for thirty years or more, and during that time he has made important addresses and written valuable essays on educational matters. These have been collected in a volume to which has been given the title "Educational Reform."* Higher and liberal education, the grammar school course, medical and ministerial education, the relation of the common schools and colleges, and the college curriculum are some of the subjects the writer has treated in his well-known clear and scholarly style.

A growing interest in the study of child life promises to revolutionize many long-accepted notions of the nature and training of children. Perhaps the most suggestive of recent volumes on the subject is "A Study of a Child,"† a continuous record, fairly complete from birth to eight years of age, of the life of a child who is reared and trained according to the theories of Froebel, Herbart, and Preyer. Naturally the volume is of especial interest to three classes, the psychologist, the mother, and the educator, all of whom are sure to find in it valuable hints for their fields of work. But the record is fascinating even to the ordinary reader, revealing the growth, now gradually, now with marvelous rapidity, of the intellect, showing the results of wise encouragement in some directions, of thwarting in others, and emphasizing the value and danger of imitation, of curiosity, and of affection, all so strong in the child. It is from such carefully prepared records as this that the true nature of the child will eventually be understood, and its training and education be modified to meet its requirements and develop most wisely its dawning intellect.

To those who have the interests of higher education in America at heart a recent volume of essays‡ by George Trumbull Ladd, professor of philosophy in Yale University, will be agreeable reading. The first two relate to development of the American university and the place of the fitting school; the third is an argument for the so-called "old" education, as advocated at Yale, in preference to the "new" as adopted at Harvard; the last

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* University Problems in the United States. By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D. 319 pp. $2.00. New York: The Century Co.

† Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D. 332 pp. $1.00. —‡ Thomas and Matthew Arnold and their Influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., LL.D. 286 pp. $1.00.—‖ Rousseau and Education According to Nature. By Thomas Davidson. 259 pp. $1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Educational Reform. Essays and Addresses. By Charles William Eliot, LL.D. 418 pp. $2.00. New York: The Century Company.

† A Study of a Child. By Louise E. Hogan. Illustrated with over 500 original drawings by the child. 220 pp. $2.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

‡ Essays on the Higher Education. By George Trumbull Ladd. 142 pp. $1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

discusses very fully the essentials of a modern liberal education. All of them bear the stamp of broad scholarship, sound thought, and high purpose.

To apply the principles of psychology to the art of teaching has been the aim in "Psychology in the Schoolroom."* Beginning with the relation of psychology to physiology, each faculty of the mind is thoroughly analyzed, its application to the government and instruction of children is discussed, and practical suggestions are offered for the conduct of teachers in developing or arresting incipient tendencies in the children under their supervision. The volume is very interesting and helpful, and ought to commend itself to all guardians of children and youth.

Samuel T. Dutton, superintendent of schools in Brookline, Mass., contributes to the literature on modern education ten interesting and scholarly lectures on "Social Phases of Education in the School and Home,"† confining his attention to the social effect of education on the child, the home, the school, the vocation, the church, the criminal, and the community. An account of the Brookline Education Society and its work concludes the volume, in which parents as well as teachers will find much of suggestion and inspiration.

Of equal interest and value is a series of essays ‡ on educational problems by Paul H. Hanus, assistant professor of the history and art of teaching in Harvard University. The greater part of the volume is devoted to an excellent study of the aims in grammar and high school teaching, with suggestions concerning courses and methods best calculated to develop the individual child and prepare him for social service. Mr. Hanus holds lofty ideals for the teacher, but he does not exaggerate the importance of her work, and his conclusions are well founded.

In her work in the Day Training Department in Owens College, Manchester, England, Catherine I. Dodd has successfully carried out the principles of Herbart in regard to the methods of teaching children. In a little volume entitled, "Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching,"‖ she has concisely expounded and illustrated these principles, applying them to English primary schools. The methods employed to systematize the knowledge already possessed by the young minds and to awaken an interest in farther study are so simple and natural that it does not need the mind of a psychologist to recognize their superiority to the artificial system so generally in use in England and America. The author presents her subject in great completeness, and the tables, drawings, and schemes of lessons are valuable aids in applying the principles.

The report to the American Historical Association* by a committee of seven of the leading teachers of history in our colleges and universities contains valuable information and suggestions on the study of history in secondary schools. The importance of historical study is emphasized, the programs for four and three years' courses are offered, the amount of history required in the entrance examinations of the leading institutions is discussed, and reports are made of the extent and character of the study of history in the United States, Germany, France, and England.

Wilbur S. Jackman, of the Chicago Normal School, has compiled a very complete manual† for the use of pupils in nature study in the grammar grades. It provides directions for field work, how to make the necessary apparatus, lists of equipment, points to be noted in the examination of objects, and questions to answer. Many subjects which in later study are classified under biology, botany, astronomy, geology, meteorology, and physics are covered in a general and interesting way, and a good foundation for later work assured.

The recognition in the schoolroom of the important fact that mental dulness is more often caused by physical defects than lack of intellect makes some study of the physical nature of the child imperative. Dr. Stuart H. Rowe has furnished an admirable text-book‡ for this purpose, in which he describes the more noticeable results of the common deficiencies and provides tests to prove their existence and extent. Sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, the muscular and temperature senses, motor ability, enunciation, nervousness, fatigue, disease, habits of posture and movement, growth and adolescence, are among the subjects which receive treatment.

Fiction.

The readers of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" will be glad to know that that wonderful tale of deep-sea life did not exhaust the author's store of knowledge. Close upon its great success comes a volume of short stories,‖ each a complete picture of some phase of life in the depths, and each so perfect of its kind that it is

* Psychology in the Schoolroom. By T. F. G. Dexter, B. A., B.Sc., and A. H. Garlick, B. A. 413 pp. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.

† Social Phases of Education in the School and Home. By Samuel T. Dutton. 259 pp. $1.25.——‡ Educational Aims and Educational Values. By Paul H. Hanus. 211 pp. $1.00.——‖ Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching. By Catherine I. Dodd. With an introduction by Professor W. Rein (Jena). 198 pp. $1.10. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* The Study of History in Schools. Report to the American Historical Association by the Committee of Seven: Andrew C. McLaughlin, chairman; Herbert B. Adams, George L. Fox, Albert Bushnell Hart, Charles H. Haskins, Lucy M. Salmon, H. Morse Stephens. 267 pp. 50 cts.——† Nature Study for Grammar Grades. By Wilbur S. Jackman, A.B. 407 pp. $1.00.——‡ The Physical Nature of the Child and How to Study It. By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D. 207 pp. $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‖ Idylls of the Sea. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., First Mate. With an introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. 266 pp. $1.25. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

difficult to choose any for special mention. "The Birth of an Island" and "In the Crow's Nest" are wonderful bits of word-painting, while the vividness with which "A Submarine Earthquake" and the method of "Running the Easting Down" are described leaves the reader with a thrill. Seven studies in marine natural history furnish interesting reading, and a proof that Mr. Bullen is a marked exception to the average sailor in his great powers of observation and his knowledge of book-lore. Certainly no ship ever furnished a more extraordinary first mate, and he must feel that a life of such exceptional privations and dangers has earned its reward in the pleasure he is able to give to a multitude of readers and the fame it has brought to himself.

The first literary work done by the author of "Quo Vadis" has been recently translated by Jeremiah Curtin and published under the title "In Vain."* It is a story of Polish student life and presents phases of social life peculiar to the Polish university. It may not be fair to infer that in it the young author drew from his own experiences at Warsaw, where he was at the time a student, but he writes as from personal knowledge and one can be certain that much is described as Sienkiewicz himself saw it. Written at the age of eighteen, the story is naturally immature and inconclusive, but it contains much of real merit, proves that the student already possessed a deep knowledge of life and its problems, and reveals many of the qualities whose perfect development in later work contributed to his fame.

When King Richard of England was crusading in the Holy Land he and a small following were suddenly surrounded by the Saracens, and Richard was all but captured when Godfrey de Bersac cried, "I am the king! Save me!" thus rescuing Richard and making himself a prisoner. Around this incident Mr. Sheppard Stevens has woven a pretty story,† told by three people. The old nurse recounts the first meeting of her charge, the Lady Joscelyn, with Godfrey, the brief courtship, his departure on the crusade, and her mistress' forced marriage with her brutal cousin. Godfrey takes up the tale, and his adventures in Richard's army, the sad story of his boyish squire, his life as a captor to the brother of Saladin, and final escape are related in quaint but vigorous English. The third tale, told by Godfrey's brother, now a chaplain in Lady Joscelyn's household, recites the return of Godfrey, the violent death of the drunken husband, and the eventual happiness of the brave knight and noble lady. Mr. Stevens has admirably reproduced the life, customs, and superstitions of England at that period, and his story is as artistic in treatment as pleasing in conception.

Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier is the first to discover in the summer school materials for the novelist, and he has utilized them very effectively in a story* of an English composition class in the Harvard Summer School. "The Pedagogues" differs from the ordinary college story in proportion as the summer school of necessity differs from regular college life, and presents the unusual aspect of a deserted campus, closed buildings, and the typical student replaced by the half-educated, often crude, but ambitious common-school-teacher. Mr. Pier displays much ingenuity in the delineation of his characters and the unfolding of a plot which involves them in a series of embarrassing, ludicrous, and yet pathetic mistakes and culminates on the last day of the term in a really masterly scene, which serves to rectify matters and leaves them all wiser if not happier people.

A collection of fifteen short stories† written by Edward Bellamy will be received with unusual interest on account of the author's more ambitious work and comparatively recent death. Among them many readers will recognize and gladly reread a few which first appeared as magazine stories, such as "An Echo of Antietam," "A Love Story Reversed," and "A Positive Romance." These stories contain much variety in subject and form, and not a few possess great originality and even daring in their conception. It is in his delineation of the various characteristics of village life and the creation of love scenes that Mr. Bellamy's work seems most natural and possesses the greatest charm. The volume is prefaced with an interesting biographical sketch by William Dean Howells.

The "luck" which falls to Tom Benton‡ seems for the most part to be of a very bad sort, and the reader almost despairs of seeing his ability and energy rewarded before the bars of copper prove to be gold and he can return to Kitty with his promise fulfilled, eventually to gain his long-sought and well-earned happiness. But while one resents the unmerited hardships of the lad's numerous adventures, their recital furnishes exciting chapters, at the end of each of which one is only too content if his luck brings him through alive. The perils of the sea seem to be growing in attraction for authors, and Mr. Hamblen has admirably depicted a goodly number.

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*In Vain. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. 237 pp. $1.25.——† I am the King. Being the Account of Some Happenings in the Life of Godfrey de Bersac, Crusader-Knight. By Sheppard Stevens. 213 pp. $1.25. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

*The Pedagogues. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. 287 pp. $1.25. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

†The Blindman's World and Other Stories. By Edward Bellamy. With a preparatory sketch by W. D. Howells. 415 pp. $1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

‡Tom Benton's Luck. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. 374 pp. $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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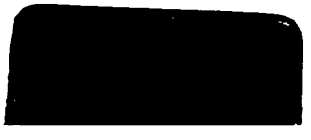

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